

Ah, Western Poetry

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Submitted: March 31, 2006

Updated: March 31, 2006

Cowboys, bandits, saloons, and gunfights. Poetry about the humor and brash of the West.

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Chapter 1 - Old-Fashioned Night At The Saloon(My favorite)

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1 - Old-Fashioned Night At The Saloon(My favorite)

It was the rustling of the barmaids skirts,
The sound of drunkards laughing,
That surely brought me on my knees,
And all the patrons laughing,
My gun in hand I bellowed out,
The whole bar roared with laughter,
Upon my head went back my hat,
From the hands of some poor, bruised fighter,
I clapped my hand upon his back,
Knowing that the tough one's gotta hurt,
I grinned and grabbed some random hand,
Twirled my partner 'round,
As night became a sober nun,
I headed myself out,
And jumped up on my horse's back,
Only to fall down,
My horse in mocking jubilee,
Snorted with laughter, neighing all the way,
I couldn't help but laugh myself,
And yawned a mighty great,
Entering through the corral,
Walking pass the gate,
I collapsed myself upon my bed,
Cowhide for covering lace,
And as I started of to sleep,
I heard of myself say, "Ain't a life no better than that, of a cowboy's I'd rightly say."