

THE OUTLAW

Sometimes at night his whinnied neigh
Is challenged from afar;
Inert forms spring from sleep, but stay
Awake with baffling jar;
He dares them with elusive snort,
He mocks them to the breakneck sport.

In dead of night he oft will find
The docile feeding herds;
He leads them off unto his blind
By instinct lacking words;
He loves the free, the juicy range,
Where years have wrought no seering change.

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His colts are on the watered grass,
His harem 'neath his eye;
He watches every futile pass
That brings a cowboy nigh;
And never shall man's chilling bane
Hold one more grip upon his mane.

He's just an outlaw of the plain,
As roguish as can be,
Living his life anew again,
Intrepid, shrewd and free—
An outlaw every brazen hoof,
The sky alone his vaulted roof.