

THE OUTLAW

He seems to plan the thing alone,
To end the vile disgrace;
He tarries long, all seeming blown,
For just the time and place;
And when the rousing moment piles,
Finds him aquiver, full of smiles.

He fights more wisely you may know,
And quickly is it done,—
A whirling buck, a twist, a throw,
A cowboy pitched and spun;
He heaves the rider gripping hard,
He piles him off, vexed, bruised and jarred.

And still he fights in fury hot,
And clears a little space;
Not one of all the startled lot
Can drop a rope in place;
He staves them off with nimble heels,
And sundry strangling bites and squeals.

The saddle works a trifle loose,
'Tis lashed across the plain,
He kicks it off, nor calls for truce,
But vanishes again;
He seeks the stamping-grounds afar,
Prepared to wage more equal war.