

The Real Cowboy

Looking into a cowboy fella's face
man-to-man, you can read him complete:
how hard his Levi-thighs feel;
how his crotch rides in rough-out chaps;
how his salt-sweat gloves taste
when he bites the leather fuckfinger
in his strong white teeth
to pull the glove off his hand;
how rough his hands must feel,
because every one of those cowboy faces
has been real familiar with rope,
and quick with knots,
since he was a kid
in muddy boots with undershot heels;
what he smokes, chews, snorts, drinks;
how his slightly bowed legs
stance for a piss in a dusty corral;
what kind of big-dicked livestock
he raises for stud;
how much he knows firsthand
about fist-and-arm's length
insemination,
about castration of big bull nuts
and stallion balls,
about branding irons and guns and
traps and trucks;
what his armpits, and rosewatered hair,
smell like, before, and after,

his bunkhouse hosedown;
how his feet set in his
dirty cowboy boots;
how cut, or *uncut*,
shows in the squint and look
of his cowboy's eye,
the devil with blue eyes
and blue jeans,
just sizing you up, rodeo-style,
mano-a-mano. Whoopy-tee-yi-yo!