

COWBOYS

Fred and Whiskey were pardners
They always rode together
Across the brush and sage
To the sound of creaking leather.

When they tired of cowboys
Stalking Indians they would become
And when the fun was over
Rest, and home to Mum.

It seemed never ending
This idyllic state of play.
Never do we know life
As lived from day to day.

Fred has gone on further
His place is empty on the mat
And Whiskey, his old pardner
Is a very lonely cat.

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