

CHOICES

The furrows all could've been made by a rake,
the stubble was grey like steel.
His nose was bent from many a break
from a fist or a chair you could feel.

The gaps between his teeth were hid
by a moustache stained and yellow.
Those ivory stubs were marked the same
by coffees and cigarillo.

He couldn't be measured in weight or size
like most were judged to be.
you only had to watch him move
to know there's more'n you'd see.

He was just an old and bent cowboy
who'd rode the range too long.
He'd left his youth on the back of a horse
and he wondered if he'd done wrong.

"If I had worn a suit and tie
just like those banker guys,
I could have eaten Cordon Bleu
with sweets and apple pies".

"Or maybe sat at a fancy desk
with carpets all around".
"A padded leather chair so high,
my feet don't touch the ground".

"But then I guess I'd never see
a sunrise greet the morn,
or hold a calf within my arms
soon after it was born".

“I’d never get to sit around
a campfire in the night,
or whoop it up in a rowdy bar
and dance and drink and fight”.

“I’d never get to be at one
with deep and endless skies,
or see a coyote ‘neath the moon
and hear its mournful cries”.

“And now as I get older here
and age eats at my soul,
I’m happy with the part I chose,
I played a leading role”.

“A man must choose his path in life
and see it to the close.”
“The other fields are not so green,
and honey rarely flows.”

“Don’t spend your life just wishing for
the way things might have bin”.
“The other guy is wishin’ too,
that he was you, not him”.