

The Ballad of Dozer Paul

*Now here is the story as told to me
by a logger that I once knew.
A story that's real, so help me God,
and mostly it's all true*

'Twas in the spring near Gilpin town
when Alex was going to haul,
he needed to fix the road up some
so he called on his best man Paul.

Now Paul was a hot shot dozer man
he'd built a hundred roads,
they needed to get that trail in shape
so Alex could haul his loads.

He started to clear one early morn,
the dew fresh on the ground.
Just pushin' the dirt all by himself
with none of the crew around.

But that didn't bother Paul too much
there's little that he did fear
except for maybe a couple o' things,
(I'll explain them both right here).

Now Paul had a fear of "Buttercup"
(that's what he called his spouse)
she ruled his life with an iron will,
(at least around the house).

The one thing that ol' Paul feared more,
(and I'll have to give him this),
was a slimy, slitherin', sneaky snake
or anything that would hiss.

He'd always sweet-talk "Buttercup"
and stay on her good side,
but every time he saw a snake
he'd run like hell and hide.

Now Paul was busy pushin' dirt
just cuttin' 'round a knoll,
he hooked a rock face with his blade
and gouged a nasty hole.

A big ol' hunk of rock broke free
and opened up a crack,
he saw a writhing shadow move,
and chills ran up his back.

He killed the engine on his cat
then sat and concentrated.
Was what he thought he saw in there
that thing he dearly hated?

His eyes grew big as saucers then
his face went mighty pale,
when all at once a million snakes
crawled down that bank of shale.

It really seemed like that to Paul,
a hundred then some more
came slithering down towards the cat
and swarmed the forest floor.

He'd never seen so many snakes
his blood no longer flowed.
He felt a warmth between his legs
and cared not if it showed.

He sat there tryin' to catch his breath,
he knew he had to move
when first one snake, and then some more
crawled up the track-pad groove.

It wasn't long before they reached
the deck where he had stood,
but Paul was not still standing there
he'd climbed up on the hood.

He knew he had to move again
they'd soon be at his feet,
he saw that some already reached
the wet spot on the seat.

He grabbed the shovel from the rack
in case he had to jab
and climbed on up the sweeper post
to stand atop the cab.

Now late that day at Alex's shop
he'd yet to hear a word,
he wondered if the road was done
and why he hadn't heard.

He drove on up to Pauls' old house
and spoke to "Buttercup".
"That useless man don't get home soon,
I'll smack him like a pup"

She thought that maybe Paul had gone,
like many times before,
to have a beer with his old pals;
forgot what home was for.

But Alex figured Paul would not
forget to let him know,
that he had finished with the road
and everything was go.

"Perhaps he's had a breakdown then,
the old cat slipped a track."
"I'll run up there and check on him
and call you when I'm back."

“You think he might of hurt himself?”
 “Bein’ up there all alone.”
 “You go and find my sweetie pie
 and bring him safe back home”.

“Now don’t you fret and worry none,
 I’m sure he’s quite OK,
 there’s no one tougher than your Paul,
 I’ll fetch him right away.”

He drove up to the logging block
 and down the new cut road
 it looked like it was set to go,
 to haul out every load.

Around a corner, there’s the cat
 just sitting at full stop,
 and there was Paul, standing tall
 and waving from the top.

Alex pulled up near the cat
 and opened up his door,
 “don’t get out, yelled Paul in fear,
 there’s a million snakes or more”.

“Rattlers, great big rattle snakes
 they came from out that pit
 they crawled right up here on this cat
 ‘bout gave my heart a fit.”

‘I don’t see nothin’ movin’ ‘round,
 said Alex with a sneer,
 you sure you weren’t just seeing things,
 have you been in the beer? ‘

“Alex boss, you know me well
 I would not tell a lie,
 when I saw all those rattle snakes
 I thought I’s gonna die.”

Alex tried to coax him down,
there were no snakes around.
But Paul just said, "there's no damn way
these boots will touch the ground."

"Just bring your pick-up over close
behind those two big rocks,
I'll jump from where it's safe up here
and land down in your box."

So Alex drove the truck around
and Paul just jumped in low,
then shinnied up around the cab
and through the side window.

Alex eyed him up and down,
he looked an awful sight,
all his clothes were stained in sweat,
and God, his face was white.

Alex asked him 'bout his pants,
"They're wet from waist to knee."
Paul just kinda mumbled some,
"I must have spilled my tea."

So Alex took him home that night,
back home to "Buttercup"
and when he told her of his day,
she hugged him like a pup.

"My sweetie-pie, you precious thing
you haven't even ate.
You go and have a long hot bath
I'll fix you up a plate."

The next day Paul felt better some
but did not go to work,
with "Buttercup" so spoilin' him
to leave, he'd be a jerk.

A couple days and he went back
and wandered 'round the cat,
he stayed alert with every step
and 'specially where he sat.

Now Paul's gone back to pushing dirt
and cuttin' fire guard,
but he won't build another road
till all the ground's froze hard.

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11/12/14

