

## **“The Misfits” Revisited**

**When you chased, lassoed the mustangs,  
Tying hooves to necks of down  
Weighed by tires heavy as trucks,  
You wrenched the galloping out of me  
Till I found my rage...**

**Butchers!  
What is the spirit if not these horses  
Wild first to last, these zeniths, comet-  
Tailed, free as the sage, the mountains,  
The thousand miles of it?**

**That is me down there in the dust.  
That is you who cannot see yourself  
For the sign of dog food dollars,  
A cowboy’s wage, the dream  
Gone to blood.**

**Put my blood on your fingers.  
Lick clean. Let whiskey drown the taste.  
The taste will come back, the beleaguering  
Fever and freedom here truly trotting  
Beyond your ropes which shake and shake.**

**Lost boy, lost cow poke,  
I will be gone from you now.  
I left when you started  
Though you didn’t quite realize,  
Stoking my hope on the fire  
Of your kindness, that blaze  
Where you just might  
Change your mind.**

**If you do it, do it not for me,  
Mare with a foal’s faith,  
But the stallion within you,  
Misfit majestic and dying breed  
In this age of the slaughterhouse.**