

## Raw Desert Poet

My mind is impliant, to boss man and plow, so  
As they spring from the desert, I write the words raw,  
Now with broken rhythms, I sing raw the songs,  
Of mountain men wild, fighting bear and the law.

I breathe raw the dry wind, whispering through branches;  
I glide over mountains, and wear down high hill.  
I stalk now my prey, through the eyes of coyote,  
My leg muscles flexed, as I spring for the kill.

My home is the desert, my joy rests in longing,  
Dry dust is my color, and sage is my smell.  
I sleep with the stars, of the milky white pathway,  
And eat with the rattlesnake, cougar, and quail.

I soar on the wings, of hawk my companion,  
We swoop down on squirrel and rabbit when near.  
The cattle I loathe, for their tameness so dull,  
The sheep are the bane, of all free spirits here.

I challenge the wolves, that howl with the night wind,  
and battle with fierceness, their sharp fangs and claw.  
The land here is wild, steep, rough and rugged, so  
I sing forth the words, as they rise, rise up raw.

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