

Days Gone By
(In Haiku-type Poetry)

By Hap Hansen

Once upon a time,
living life was easier,
as horse riders know.

A cowboy whistling
with a bass guitar strumming
songs of troubled times.

Train whistles at night
echoing through the prairie.
A faint, moaning sound.

The wide-open range.
A black stallion to ride
and cattle lowing.

Coyotes on the prowl.
Loneliness overwhelming.
Cowboys riding herd.

Payday is coming!
Money to buy nights of love.
Morning hangovers.

An old cowboy's life.
Never to be seen again,
this side of heaven.