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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien
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Pecos Bill: A Limerick Saga

by Joe R. Christopher

Pecos Bill and the Eastern Dude

When Pecos met up with a gent
Who was wearing a bowler sans dent;
In ostrich-skin boots,
Who was smoking cheroots--
Died Pecos of laughter sans stent.

For Randall Hayes Christopher,
because you were, after all, born in Texas.

Pecos Bill and his Foster Siblings

When Pecos grew up with coyotes,
He howled till he made ev'ry note tease:
He yodeled each night
And scratched with all might--
With his hind quater legs, how he smote fleas!

Pecos Bill and the Stagecoach Robberies

When Pecos was needing some money,
He decided Wells Fargo was funny
For driving those stages
All loaded with wages--
"To this bear, they're ol' trees filled wi' honey."

Pecos Bill and the Dance-hall Whore

When Pecos wa sloshing down whiskey,
He started to feel a might frisky:
He hired for one night
Old Bessie Delight,
But she paid him next day 'leven fifty.

Pecos Bill and the Buffalo Hunts

When Pecos with Kiowas ride,
They hunted the bisons with pride--
But Pecos'd not end 'em,
He'd catch 'em and skin 'em
And loose 'em to grow a new hide.

Pecos Bill and the Texas Longhorns

When Pecos had staked property
And run all his kine with esprit
He said on his spread,
"Ah'm not clippin' a head--
They ain't horns, but just handles fur me."

Pecos Bill and the Oklahoma Tornado

When Pecos went riding the sky-cone,
Its buckings and pitchings were high flown,
Sun-fishing, back-flipping,
Side-winding, earth-skipping--
While Pecos spurred flanks of that cyclone.

