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By The Light of The Western Moon

by Priscilla Johnson

Ma and Pa went down to the breaks
one moon bright summer night taking the LTD.
It was a big ol' car, a low riding car,
rumbling over the cattle guard.

On the trail as Pa was searching and counting,
the tires on that low riding big ol' car
slowly bogged down near the creek.
Pa got out and surveyed the damage.
Ma got ready to walk by tying her floppies
with strips cut from one of her endless supply of head scarves.
They both knew that ol' LTD was sunk up to its hubcaps.

Shadowed by a lovers light,
old enough to know better but too old to care,
they walked hand in hand down Highway 30.
"Gee pa," Ma said, "Isn't this romantic?"
But Pa was put out.
"Hell," he said, "I'm just glad we can see the rattlesnakes."

By the light of the western moon, two lonely people, who were not
really alone, walked a familiar lonely road.

*(Priscilla Johnson, a graduate of Southwestern Oklahoma
State University, lives in Red River, New Mexico.)*