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Priscilla Johnson

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Cowboy John and the City Slicker

by Priscilla Johnson

The cowboy's eyes twinkled
As he talked to the man.
His tilted and sweat stained
Hat resting on his wrinkled brow.
His chambray shirt was partially unbuttoned
Where I could see tufts of silvery hair, and
An old fashioned undershirt beneath.
As he talked, his right hand
Mechanically reached into his left shirt pocket,
And he pulled out a Bull Durham tobacco bag.
To my delighted eyes, in true cowboy movie style,
He rolled his own cigarette.
I asked him to please show me
How he did such a thing again.
His answer—
Well mam,
I ain't smoked this one yet.