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Cowboy's Prayer / Eakly

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Whatever his name, he played an important role in Western Oklahoma history

Cowboy's Prayer

By Pam Daugherty

Late one night, after his rounds,
 A lonely old cowboy bedded down.
 He felt in his bones the time gone by,
 and knew that soon he would die.
 So he talked to the Lord to set things right,
 And put his soul at ease before he went to sleep that night.
 Often spoken, but never really heard,
 These are that cowpoke's final words:

"Now I lay me down to rest,
 I pray you know, Lord, I done my best,
 To live in the ways that you see fit,
 And not to fall into Satan's pit.
 I've worked many a day, and worked 'em hard.
 I've come early, stayed late, and gone that extra yard.
 So when I come callin' Lord, I hope you'll find it in your heart,
 To let me bring along a few things that are tools of my art.
 First off, there's my horse; I'd be lost without him.
 You see, on earth, he's been my only friend.
 And not meaning to push you into somethin' by force,
 But to do my job right I'll need the tack that goes with him, of course.
 And if it's not too much trouble, I hope,
 I could sure use a brand new rope.
 These are just things that helped me get by,
 And I'd like to take them on with me after I die.
 You've been good to me, Lord, and I hope you understand,
 That I can't live in either world, except as a cowhand.
 So the last thing I'll need is a wide open space,
 When you come to lead me from my final resting place.
 Thank you, Lord, for letting me get that off my chest."

It's an easily identified place

Eakly

By Con Hood

Each of us has our Eakly tucked
 away, like lace within a fragile box
 kept fresh with sachet. We have
 locked our little box inside the trunk of memories,
 "youth" engraved in lower case across the top.