



10-15-1984

Saddle Sores

R. R. Chapman

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

Recommended Citation

Chapman, R. R. (1984) "Saddle Sores," *Westview*: Vol. 4 : Iss. 1 , Article 26.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol4/iss1/26>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



Saddle Sores

— by R. R. Chapman

Up while the stars are twinkling, the sun scarcely tumbled to rest
the cook rattling pans and plates, more noise than a runaway herd
or a hailstorm in the spring ever makes.

Where would you say that it happened?

Where on earth could it be saddle sores under the saddle, sores
under the cinch, saddle sores under my britches rubbing and
grinding away.

Get up and eat, you dumb puncher, it's time you were miles on your
way. The sun will soon be shining. Get up and pay for your bed.
If the scab comes off with your britches, better your bottom than
your head.

Over the hills and arroyos, cattle must be ever on your mind but
nothing — no nothing can erase the saddle sore on your behind.