

Whiskey

By Kimberly S. Brown

The storm was coming faster
Than I'd ever seen before.
And the cattle all were restless,
They somehow knew what was in store.
My pony, he was prancin'
And I spoke in a soft voice:
"Whiskey, we're on duty,
"And we simply got no choice.
"We stay here with these doggies,
We can't cut and run."
And I swear he somehow told me,
I'm with ya til the sun.

Now the lead cow she was movin'
And she took the rest along.
We tried riding them in circles.
Tried singin' them a song.
But when that clap of thunder
Followed the first lightning strike,
We nearly were run under
In a plains stampede at night.

I slapped Whiskey with my spurs
And he leapt into a run.
We had to catch the leaders
We had to make them turn.
The river, it was swollen
And it was just ahead.
Three hundred cattle runnin'
They sure as death were dead.
But old Whiskey he was stretching
And he gained at every bound.
Across the brush and gullies
Across uneven ground.
He ran as if he knew that
It was them or us tonight.
And my money's on the cattle
But my heart just held on tight.
Through the flashing lightning
And through the pouring rain
We chased those horn-ed demons,
I thought it was in vain.

But just as I was ready
To give up on the chase.
Old Whiskey he'd just started
And he doubled up his pace.
The waters were a closin';
Four hundred yards to go.
And somewhere deep inside him
Whiskey seemed to know,
That quarter mile was his game
He forgot the other three
He'd run across the valley
Flat out, and carrying me.

Well son, we caught those leaders
Before the river's banks.
And turned them from the danger,
I cannot take the thanks.
All credit goes to Whiskey
That pony saved the day.
And I pause here to remember
Beside that horse's grave.
The lessons that he taught me
Are far too many to name.
But the one that I'll remember
Is always to be game.
He gave his all to finish
What he knew that he must.
All I did was pen this,
But in Whiskey, God, I'd trust.

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