



# Penned by Lantern Light

This column will spotlight members of the Western Wordsmiths Chapter of the Western Music Association. It will highlight an invited poet guest with possible short biographical information of his/her works. If a member of the Western Wordsmiths Chapter and if interested in submitting one piece of original work for publication, please contact the Western Wordsmiths chapter president.

*Floyd Beard is the 2017 WMA Male Poet of the Year and winner of the Poetry Contest. This is his winning work.*

## The Carlsbad by Floyd Beard

*Intro for your background and edification: The prospectors headed westward, In search of the mother lode. They endured the broiling sun and soaking rains. JB Stetson saw their plight, So he invented for them a lid. The first style was known as the Boss of the Plains. Though the miners took right to it, The Cowboy also saw its worth. But they rolled the brim and creased the dome a tad. Then they proudly wore their Stetsons, The former Boss of the Plains. For the new crease was know as the Carlsbad. Many, many decades later Hollywood made a film, Lonesome Dove, and it created quite a fuss. In it a cowboy proudly wore his Stetson. So now the crease called Carlsbad Is known by everybody as The Gus.*

*It had hung there in the corner  
T'was its place for 50 year,  
On the old tarnished coat rack by the door.  
Inch wide ribbon made of satin  
Once did proudly wrap the sphere,  
Though sweat stains bleached its glory long before.*

*But each stain holds a story  
Memories the felt holds tight,  
Of a life with a cowboy it could tell.  
There were times it filled with laughter,  
There were times as dark as night.  
Each memory, every stain, it knew them well.*

*It could recall in days of young  
When it proudly rode the range.  
T'was a crown upon a young cowboy free.  
On the wind they rode together.  
And to some it might sound strange,  
But a cowboy's hat is all it wished to be.*

*Now the grease and stains hold stories  
Of the rim rocks that they rode,  
Of rains as thunderstorms discharged their lights.  
Grand horses beneath the leather;  
Freezing rides on nights it snowed;  
Every trial, all their rituals and rites.*

*Of the time it turned a cow,  
Slapped her fully in the face.  
Broke her challenge and sent'er on her way.  
The times it caught rainwater.  
Times it urged a faster pace.  
Times it twirled when he was sociable 'n gay.*

*It was with him as a young mvan,  
Bold and strong their wanderlust.  
The grasslands and the mountains wore their track.  
It rode with him every outing  
Through each whelm and sun baked gust,  
As their circles took them out then brought 'em back.*

*Yes, and how he loved the horses;  
Beauty, strength, astounding power.  
With fervor he looked forward to their ride.  
Rocky trail or through a tempest  
Nor did matter time nor hour,  
His accomplice that hat he wore with pride.*

*Now his hands are scarred and bugged  
And arthritis call them home.  
His bones recall each bad wreck with a sigh.  
And the hat is bent and dusty  
With salt stains that ring the dome,  
A tribute to the miles that have gone by.*

*Yes, it is a JB Stetson  
With a crease of Carlsbad,  
The old satin band now frayed with fuzz.  
It still hangs there in the corner.  
It belonged to my granddad.  
I pray I might be half the man he was.  
F E Beard. 8-2-17*



### FLOYD BEARD

Floyd Beard and his wife Valerie are ranchers in the canyons of Southeastern Colorado near Kim, Colorado. Floyd writes down his experiences and observations while in the saddle working cattle, turning these thoughts into stories and songs. Floyd has been writing for over 30 years and has been presenting Cowboy Poetry from the Mexico border to Stony Plains, Alberta, Canada. Floyd's stories are inter-woven with his western code of high ethics and integrity and are richly sprinkled with humor. His philosophy is simple: "Life is a journey not a destination, and is best viewed from atop a good horse." Floyd was honored to be named the Western Music Association's 2016 & 2017 Male Poet of the Year. His poem, "Ain't a Hermit,"

won the Spur Award for the 2016 Best Western Poem by the Western Writers of America. [www.floydbeardcowboy.com](http://www.floydbeardcowboy.com)