



# 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.

## A Cowman's Lot

Two on the ground at the end of the day  
And a heifer waitin' for night.  
Front's movin' in with the clouds thick and gray;  
Her bag's gettin' swollen and tight.

Still in the saddle where he'd been all day,  
Knowin' sure tonight things would freeze,  
Looked at the clouds like folks do when they pray;  
"Lord, what makes 'em pick nights like these?"

He hazed her out from the rest of the cows  
And into a dry calvin' pen.  
Scattered straw he'd saved for times such as now  
In a shelter, out of the wind.

Unsettled and restless, the young cow paced.  
He'd seen this in calvin' before.  
She'd delay if he remained in her space;  
He backed off and gave her some more.

The first flakes to fall were wet and wide-spaced;  
A warning - soon they fell quicker.  
Wind and Dark were neck and neck as they raced,  
The cowboy pulled on his slicker.

He thought of supper; a wife who'd worry,  
She'd watch for his truck at the gate.  
He with a heifer no man could hurry  
And decided supper could wait.

But most cowmen, at the end of the day  
Would likely reflect on this spot -  
He asked for this job and it weren't for pay,  
It's the love of a cowman's lot.

Written by  
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Mike Moutoux  
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The temperature dropped, snow turned now to ice;  
Stung his face like splinters of glass.  
Through squinted eyes he watched her circle twice,  
And then take a place in the grass.

She laid down and pushed, then stood up and  
    strained,  
Two circles, then back in the grass.  
One foot was glimpsed but she stood up again,  
looked his way - and the moment passed.

He turned to his chores to get out of sight,  
Reminded she needed her space.  
This labor could last plum into the night  
And nothing would quicken the pace.

He fed all the horses, rode 'mongst the cows,  
Usin' time he knew she required.  
He rode back when done to check on her now,  
And hopin' she wasn't too tired.

Two feet now emerged where just one had shown;  
She labored, her calf to expel.  
The cow then uttered a low quiet moan  
And stretched out to rest for a spell.

In five more minutes a small head appeared,  
Meantime the merc'ry was fallin'  
The calf was soon out but the rancher feared  
It'd need help or death would be callin'.

But the heifer's up, inspectin' her work.  
Soft lowin', she battled the cold.  
Nuzzled and licked, the calf shivered and jerked.  
The man marveled as instincts took hold.

She licked the calf clean, he tried out new feet,  
Nose divin' plum into the ground.  
He then got a taste of mother's milk sweet  
And latched on to the spiggot he'd found.

The man grinned, to hear the smack of wet lips;  
Knew the calf was gettin' his meal.  
Inner warmth would soon spread from nose  
    to hips  
and Mom's rough tongue would seal the deal.

Steward of cattle, of birthright and land,  
He'd not think of quittin' this spot.  
He's there, if needed, to lend her a hand;  
The best friend this young cow has got.



**Terry Nash** lives on a small ranch in Loma, Colorado, where horses, cattle and hay are the mainstays of his and his wife Kathy's semi-retired life.

When not working to support his cow habit or riding on the mountain checking cattle, Nash can be found at various gatherings all over the West reciting his original cowboy poetry and many classics.

He was honored in 2013 and again in 2014 to be a finalist for the Western Music Association "Male Poet of the Year."