

## The Real Cowboy

Looking into a cowboy fella's face  
 man-to-man, you can read him complete:  
*how* hard his Levi-thighs feel;  
*how* his crotch rides in rough-out chaps;  
*how* his salt-sweat gloves taste  
 when he bites the leather fuckfinger  
 in his strong white teeth  
 to pull the glove off his hand;  
*how* rough his hands must feel,  
 because every one of those cowboy faces  
 has been real familiar with rope,  
 and quick with knots,  
 since he was a kid  
 in muddy boots with undershot heels;  
*what* he smokes, chews, snorts, drinks;  
*how* his slightly bowed legs  
 stance for a piss in a dusty corral;  
*what* kind of big-dicked livestock  
 he raises for stud;  
*how* much he knows firsthand  
 about fist-and-arm's length  
 insemination,  
 about castration of big bull nuts  
 and stallion balls,  
 about branding irons and guns and  
 traps and trucks;  
*what* his armpits, and rosewatered hair,  
 smell like, before, and after,  
 his bunkhouse hosesdown;  
*how* his feet set in his  
 dirty cowboy boots;  
*how cut, or uncut,*  
 shows in the squint and look

of his cowboy's eye,  
the devil with blue eyes  
and blue jeans,  
just sizing you up, rodeo-style,  
*mano-a-mano. Whoopy-tee-yi-yo!*