



Duty and the Cowboy

By Mariecor Agravante

You watch him ride the broncos
With saddle control and skill,
And you think he's some cowboy
From a western Pleasantville.

Maybe he's from Wyoming
Or even from Montana—
Boy! He can surely lasso
And lead with just a bandana.

He talks about chuckwagons,
Ranch life, chaps, and the frontier;
And although he's pure country,
He's much more than he appears.

He's been deployed 'round the world
As a military man;
He's seen combat Over There
In foreign Afghanistan.

Maybe why he does so well
At the Wild West Rodeo
Is because he's out taming
Unseen wounds we don't yet know.

Mind you, he ain't to be feared,
Instead we should all thank him
For protecting our freedoms
And our idealism.

So when he has a far-off look
And works that lariat true,
Remember he's a cowboy
Who served our Red-White-and-Blue.

