

## **Western Wisdom**

I found a piece of Western wisdom

while wondering lonely

Across this arid landscape.

My heart leapt—

an echo of the West—

As I discovered

the Frontier of my own mind.

Like a shepherd among sheep,

I was lost, cursing dark skies

and Death disguised as a wolf.

The setting sun gave way

and I wept as my eyes beheld

Distant visions of a mad past.

I found a piece of Western wisdom

buried beneath the bones

of indian chiefs and lone cowboys.

Their unmarked graves

stank like decay and desperation.

Yet, I could hear their voices

on the horizon, unsettled.

Ghosts of the Old West whose

Sad songs still haunt

the midnight air.

I found a piece of Western wisdom

On a dirt road that stretched

for miles, untouched

and abandoned.

A place Time forgot long ago.

While the city lay behind,

a silhouette of Iron and Steele.

I play the anti-hero in this epic.

A small town nobody with

even smaller ambitions.

I found a piece of Western wisdom

hidden within black ink and white spaces between words.

It's as if Romance asked Reality

to dance and the two have since become one.

And as I flip through the dusty

pages of History, I see

What tangled webs we've spun.

Our woes were not born of Nature,

But ushered into this world by Man.

Indeed, I found a piece

of Western wisdom

Inscribed on scraps of paper-time.

And now it's my voice

I hear humming on the edge

of the horizon

It's my turn to add a verse

to this great American poem.