This Cowgirl's Lament

by Jane Flett

A tornado and peacock were bred in his paddock;
the couple gave birth to a turquoise lasso.

It lapped round my heart, soft as oil, iridescent,
and I gave up right then on stacked shelves and school.

I fled to a ranch that was smitten with roses,
where buttercups bucked amongst horses and whips.

I learned to smoke Camels which glowed red at sunset,
a circle of fire like a solar eclipse.

My cowboy drank moonshine and kissed like a comet
his lips were chipotle, his tongue was cayenne.

He blacked both my eyes for a bet with the mountains
and locked my heart out of his opium den.

I guess he was a Mustang, his temperament feral,
he needed horizons upon which to roam.

When I scattered my Tarot, it came up the Priestess,
so I bandaged my bleeding, and headed for home.

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