Old Rodeo Man

Lee Robison

The ground is an absolute, the air lets you down. The way you leave your bronc sustains a conspiracy of violence you embrace the way you mean an oath. Forever. Without fault forfeit or regret—a repossession of what you will never let go, even when you lose stirrup grip and (if ever) your life.

Some say God’s not in heaven, but in the fling of self into chaos, and He’s there not to stop your fall, but to join in the glory of your need to make every ride—if often much harder to ground than bone prefer—always as close to the whistle as will will provide.

LEE ROBISON lives in Maryland with Kathy, his wife of twenty-seven years. Before Kathy, home was his parents’ ranch in Montana.