

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.