Poetry Series

Kendra Tyler

- 12 poems -

Publication Date:

July 2012

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Kendra Tyler on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Kendra Tyler (04/01/1976)

I started writing then things were bad at my house when I was teenager. Everyone would read my poems and say I was good. But when ever I read them I thought they sounded dumb. No confindence... I started with friendship poems and love poems and broken hearted poems. Then I got into cowboy poetry. Being as A Cowgirl is part of my life style. I have quite a few of cowgirl poems. And a few outdoor poems. Mostly about fishing and Hunting. Writing got me thru alot of stuff in my life. I haven't written any books but I do have a few published in the International poetry society.

A Cowboy's Good-Bye

The time has come for me to say,
Good-bye to cowboy friends.
Through our trails may be miles apart.
May our friendship never ends.

This gather's going to be my last,
For soon I'm headed South.
When spring brandin' smoke is in the air
I'll shed a tear no doubt.

You all have meant so much to me,
Of my life you're now apart.
Each one of you has got a bunkhouse space
That's deep here in my heart.

Good-bye to you and Oregon
For you see I'm Prineville bound.
No more my pony's feet on rocks
They'll tread a softer ground
And though I'll never ride again.
Up here where the eagles scream
I'll ride forever with each one of you
Through these mountains in my dreams!

Kendra Tyler

A Hunter's Favorite

A Hunter's Favorite
When a man spends his life on horseback
And the back country been his home
There are things he learns to love
As across the range he roams
There's the scent of burning cedar
And the rhythmic sound of a flowing creek
How the sunshine warms his cheeks
And the song of a lone Elk Bugling

There's the smell of boiling coffee
Or a lonely coyote call
The way other hunters pass by with a
Friendly way
Or a second chance on an Elk on
An early morning jump
A light from a kerosene lamp
And the fall leaves floating down
From the skies
These are just a few
Of a hunter's favorite things

But there's one thing the hunter
Loves more than all the rest
That makes him glad to be alive
And puts strength in his heart
It's not the midnite sun sitting on
The mountain's ledge
It's not the brand new pair of hunting boots
And the money in his jeans
Or a pot of pinto beans

It's the promise of loyal friends
That the hunt will be fun
It's the tracking of Elk herds on the run
It's the Lasting Legacies that shot a
Royal Elk here many years ago
This smell that every hunter loves

No matter what
And this silent sound that
Chases frowns away
No matter what the reason is
Is a simple thing that fills his heart?
With peace from crib to cane
The gift that brings life to his home
The silent sound of snow…

Kendra Tyler

Angel Of the Range

Her image is there on horseback
In the mountains or even the plains
Just beyond the reason of dreamers
This angel of the range

She's there in every campfire
Her eyes shine in the coals
Every lone some rider's love
In their heart and soul

Her smile is in the sunrise
Her tears are in the rain
Her laughter tinkles from the creeks
To ease each cowboys pain

Where emptiness is all they feel
` Cause they've been alone too long
She's there to hold them close to her
Soothing with the night bird song

She's a different gal to every puncher
No buckaroo sees her the same
She's short, tall and dark, or fair
And may not even have a name
Yes, she is the same yet different
To you this may sound strange
She's every lonesome rider's sweet heart
She's the Angel of the Range.

Kendra Tyler

Determination

Sometimes we sit and dream
About the things we would die to do
Not if you look into your heart
You will see your dreams can come true
So you say you will try
And will probably fail
But your dreams will still live
So get up and stand tall
You can look at others
To see your inspirations
But look no further than yourself
To find determination.

Kendra Tyler

He Never Said He Loved Her

He took off his saddle from his horse
And laid it on the ground
Grabbed some coffee limped to the fire
Where the boys had gathered ` round
The talk was of women, cowboy
And the deeds they had done
But when it comes to women
Hell, there was only one

She was born in East Montana
And her name was Ida Mae
He saddle up and rode away
Felt the west a callin'
From somewhere in his soul
Never really talked much about it
But she knew one day he'd go.

Of all the people that he'd known of
She was the very best
And if they'd met a different time
His wanderin' heart would rest
But wanderin' is what a cowboy does
It is his way of life.

It's hard to make a woman
And the west both his wife
It's sad he couldn't remember
If they're blue or if they're green
But damn, she had the sweetest eyes
He had ever seen

Her eyes were like the spring time
Her lips were like the dew
Her hair was like the Aspen leaves in the fall
With the sun a shinnin' through

The night got kinda of quiet
And no one made a sound
The boys were pounderin' their cowboy lives
Just starin' and toein' the ground
He never said he loved her
And kinda wonder why
He sipped his coffee stared at the fire
And tear formed in his eye.

Kendra Tyler

Kendra Tyler

Nuts and Bolts

I remember it was years ago
Back when I was green
A driftin' about from place to place
Young hungry and lean
I hired on a horse ranch
Up the Colorado way
Breaking colts which suited me fine
So I decided to stay
There was an old cowboy by the name of Ben
Who worked this outfit
And when it comes to taming horses
I've seen nobody better yet
He could take a wild white eyed nag
And in an hour or two
The horse would do just about anything
That old Ben would ask
His voice was low and smooth
And his hands had a velvet touch
And I figgered there must be a trick to this all
So I asked him if there was such
He sat there kinder thinking
A scratching on his chin
Spit out a string of tobacco
And looked up at me and grinned
"Well kid, " When it comes to horses
There ain't no formula to horses
They all pretty much want to be man's best friend
But if yer asking me
For some wise words of some sort
That you could put down in some quote
Well, when it comes down to horses
It's just all about Nuts and Bolts
And he must've seen my puzzled look
For he continued to explain
"It's really pretty simple
And it works just the same
For Studs, Mares, Fillies,
Or even Feisty Colts."
"If the rider is a little NUTS
The horse is sure to BOLT! "

Kendra Tyler

Rain on the Range

When yer boots are full of water
And yer hat brims all a drip
And the rain makes little rivers dribblin'
Down yer horse's hips
When every step yer pony takes it pert
Nears bogs him down.

It's then ya give to thinkin' of them
Boys that work in town
They're maybe sellin' ribbons or they're
Maybe slingin' hash
But they've got a roof above'em when
The thunder starts to crash
They do their little doin' be there
Wages low or high

But let it rain till hell's a pond
They're always warm and dry
Their beds are stuffed with feathers
Or at worst with plenty of straw
While yer Ol' soggy slogans may
Go floatin' down the draw
They've got on a rope to fret about that
Kinks up when it's wet
There ain't no puddle formin' the
Saddle where they set

There's women folk to cook'em up
The chuck they most admire
While you gnaw cold hard biscuits
` Cause the cook can't build afire
When yer ridin' on the cattle range
And it hits a rainy spell

Yer whisker git plum mossy and you
And on everything from leather
To the making of yer sack
And ya git the chilly quivers from
The water runnin' down yer back
Ya think about them ribbon clerks
And call yerself a fool

Forever punching' cattle with a horse
Between yer knees
Instead of sellin' ribbons and a takin' of yer ease
Yer shore do git it pounderin' bout
Them jobs in town
Where slickers ain't a-drippin'
When the rain comes slicin' down
It's misery in yer gizzard and ya
Sure do aim to quit
Ya figgered ya can't git

But when ya got yer neck
All bowed to quit without a doubt
The rain just beats ya to it
And the sun comes bustin' out
Yer wet clothes start to steamin'
And most every where ya pass
You notice how that week of rain
Has livened up the grass
That's how it is when cowboys
When a rainy spell hits
They hang on till its over- then
There ain't no needed to quit!

Kendra Tyler

The Fence

His eyes peered down the old rusted barbwire fence,
His look became longing.
As if in defense, his dry lips parted.
And he began to say,
As with this fence his hands
Began to play

"To some this is a barrier to me
Its strands of life
Each post lined up to suffice
So each strand of wire stretched
Straight and true
Never guarateenin' that somethin' won't
Get through you see those barbs
They're for defense
Like life itself we all have a fence."

Then slowly removing his hands
From the wire
He pointed out a post that
Had caught on fire
Proof that not everything respects this
Man mad barrier as we see so much in life.

That we are rejected "But the post still stands
And so must we, still be tall, proud and free."
The places it had been mended were many, "But the fence still stands."
He cleared his throat, "Because it never was neglected and fixed when it broke."

"Nurtured by hands that cared
Like the hands of GOD the gift of life he shared.
So like the fence if we take heed and fix it when in need it shall go on."

But not forever because like life
It gets too old
The mended places no longer hold,
But in its' place a new one will be built.
He then turned to the mountains
His face was worn and just
Like life a new child will be born.

Kendra Tyler

The Race

Pullin' stickers from his hide
That cowboy cussed his horse
"Damned old mare just blowed right up
Don't know what that source."

Mad as hell and full of dust
He limped on down the road
That horse of his just looked on back
No way that she'd be rode

Each time she come within' his reach
Step out and off she'd go
Just a ways ahead of him
Teasin' don't ya know

"Com'on back, don't do this now!
You damned OLD REPRO BAIT
Rover's dog food is what you'll be
That's bound to be yer fate! "

An hour passed and lots of space
Was covered by those two
He'd get close and off she'd go
None of this brand new.

` Bout half way home his damn sore feet
He sat down by a tree
That horse was off away from him
Lookin' back to see

Was mid-day now, the shade was cool
Decided "What the hell, I'll rest my bones
And cool off here, Sleep fer just a spell."

Don't give a damn ` bout you horse
"I'll let you walk on home
Won't get no grain from me tonight! "
You'll stand there all alone

Now, asleep fast and deep ya see
That cowboy snoozed away
His horse stepped as he snored
To her it was just play!

A sudden shook had wakin' him up
His hat was gone from his face
Was in the mouth of that old horse
And down the road she RACED!

Kendra Tyler

Kendra Tyler

There's Something

There something' that I left behind,
What is it I just don't know?
Maybe be the Indian heaven Mountains
Trimmed with a foot or two of snow
Could be the lower fall's creek
The Race track or the pants
There's somethin' that I left behind
A strange feelin' I can't help.
May be that big bull Elk?
That I spotted of the breaks

Could be that big Ol' settin' sun
The one shinnin' off the lake
May be that age old cowboy
And the nite we talked for hours
Can't put my finger on it
Even though I've scoured and scoured
I feel as though I've left behind
Somethin' that's worth a lot
I wish I knew just what it is
Or just what I've forgot
But for now I'll have to ponder
Think back a day or two
Back to those times I enjoyed myself
Beneath a sky of blue
It somehow has got the best of me
Not knowin' what it is

I some how can't remember
In my mind I can't relive
May be the friendly folks I met
Could be the Hunter's wave
May be that never ending road
Could be the rocks and sage
But when I think back to what it is
All I see are pretty hills
The only thoughts that come 'cross my mind
Is the beauty this land fills?
The wind that waves through a field of wild flowers
The mountains just above
The Deer that pepper the landscape
This land I truly love
The rolling mountains
As far as I can see
The colors of this rugged mass
Takes my breath away from me
So it will have to stay a mystery
These unsolved thoughts I find
Until I'm back in Ol' Carson
Maybe then it will come to mind

Kendra Tyler

Kendra Tyler

To Those I Love And Those Who Loved Me

When I am gone, release me, and let me go,
I have so many things to see and do.
You must not tie yourselves to me with tears,
Be Happy that we had so many years.
I gave to you my Love, but you can only guess,
How much you gave to me in Happiness.
I thank you for the Love you have shown,
But now it's time I traveled on alone.
So grieve awhile for me, if you must.
Then let grief be comforted by Trust.
It's only a for short time that we must part,
So Bless the Memories with your Heart.
I won't be far away, but Life goes on,
So if you need me, Call and I will come.
Though you can't see me or touch me... I'll be near,
With all of my Love around you soft and clear
And when this way you must come,
I'll greet you with a smile and a 'Welcome Home.'

Kendra Tyler

Where to Go

A young cowboy went to his partner
His mind was laid heavy with doubt
He asked, "Could we vist a while
It's hard figurin' everything out."

"Some say my fire has too many irons
There's not enough of me to go around
That I'm flyin' too high for my own good
And it's time I come back to the ground.

"Others say I need new direction
That my pursuit have real goal in mind
There are other things I should be doing
That would be more deserving of time, "

"But some think I've got something special
And to go for it all that essential
If I'd give it my time and my effort
With hard work, I might reach my full potential."

His older friend squatted on haunches
With a stick he started scratching the earth
Said, "Each man must make his own choices
Free agency's given at birth."
"Your pendulum swing on inertia-
The proddoin' and pullin's not needed.
You might lost your axis or even yerself
If all advice given is needed."

"Don't let threads be wound into cables
Bust'em now and set your mind free
There's no one as able as you are
To pilot yer own destiny."

"Now saddle up with the things that I told you
Leave man's little world far behind
Find sanctuary out on the cow range
Let the wind do its thing on your mind."

"Catch a good travelin' Bronc
The time you spend out there won't scar
Trot off ` cross the desert and search for that trail
That will help you find out who you are."

So he did,
And while he was out there where cows roam
Big country and blue skies
Made his problems seem really quite small
When he compared'em to the
Size of the world

And this intricate scheme of it all

So the moral to this little story:
Is when yer mind is all clouded with doubt
Go out on the mountain to pounder-
It's there that you'll figger things out…

Kendra Tyler