

Poetry Series

Kendra Tyler
- poems -

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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 confidence... 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

Being A Cowgirl

Many people I meet
Don't seem to understand
Why a person in their senses
Would want to be a cowhand
It's hard to explain in words
The deeper reasons why
But I feel brave today
So I'll give it a try.

It has to do with nature
The good and also bad
The Challenges of elements
The happy moods and sad
Moneys isn't the object
Though all must making aliving
The animals aren't a dollar bill

When to help them yer doing
Many cowhands mean and tuff
When seeing a snowbound calf
Melts and turns their hearts to mush
To act on it's behalf
It has to do with horses
A very common affection
Not just a passing fancy
More like a drug addiction

A natural love for horses
To ride and bein' in a saddle
Just leads a person by the hand
To want to be with cattle

It has to do with living
And doing what you please
Concering occupation choice
One's mind is all at ease
Competeing isn't the issues
When riding the range
Doing the job for the love of it

To some this all sounds strange

It has to do with trying
Wight blood and guts and sweat
Determination like the onces
Upon whose back you sit
Not a life for faint and heart
With a dream awry and gamed

If 'You've Never Been Bucked Off
Means You Never Gotten ON! '
I guess it was the other day
My only day off the week
I should have stayed indoors
And quiet there to seek

But it was nice and warmed that day
As long as I was doing this now
I might as well help the neighbor
And put ol' Mouse behind a cow
So to some this is a mystery
But it's very clear to me
If I wasn't cowgirlin' for aliving
I'd still Cowgirl for free,

Kendra Tyler

Camp Dreams

It could be a log cabin
In a clearing way up high
Or a set of well used wall tents
Crouched beneath an Autumn sky

It could be just a backpack tent
Set by the forrest's edge
Or maybe just a sleeping bag
On some wild mountain's ledge

What ever kind of camp it is
Will be plumb full of cheer
'Cause the very fact it's set up
Means the best time of the Year

There'll be coffee on the campfire
A hint of snow-edge wind
that sets the tree's quakin'
As a friend comes ridin' in

There'll be silhouettes on tent walls
As an old huntin' tales are told
And the crisp clear-spilt of fire wood
As the Axe blades fights the cold

Then gradually the camp'll quiet
As hunter's hit their sacks
To dream ELk Dreams
Of Black -necked Bulls
And Massive white -tined Racks

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

Drugs

It never too late to start all over again
To love the people you caused the pain

I said it was this morning when you saw yer good friend
She only has a dollar left, until next Monday
Because she spent all on something to comfort her mind

We know you pop a lot of pills
But I've never touch anything that my spirit could kill
You know I've seen a lot of people walking around here
With tombstones in their eyes

But the pusher don't care if you live or if you die
You know the dealer; dealer is a man with enough pills on his hand
The pusher is a monster and god is an actual man
The dealer is saleing you a lot of sweet dreams

It's never too late to start all over again
To remember what loving the people you caused pain too
Never too late to push the pusher man aside to start over again

Kendra Tyler

Dust Devil

Chaps that slap the saddle keep time to
The rhythm of hoof beats
Low cattle calls
Rumble like thunder
From the throats of cowboys
And blend with
The moans of the herd

In the foggy down
The shadows of
Horse and man and cattle
Creep across the plain like ghosts
But don't rub yer eyes
To clear the vision
In a blink
They are gone
And all that is left
Is the echo
Of man and beast
And a dust devil
Kicking up the dirt...

Kendra Tyler

First Kiss

Strolling hand in hand through blue shadow mist
Begging with eyes for that first kiss
Love and laughter abounds through the night
Overflowing a soul beaming with life

Passion consumes when eyes first meet
Lips are pursed and craving their feast
Yet nothing happens something a miss
Never getting to share that first kiss

Standing alone region in hand
Watching the herd surveying the land
Remembering the boy from way back when
Dreaming of what I might have stayed then

Nudged in the back to tighten the cinch
The one I love is ready to ride fence
Wore out boots and a pocket full of change
The love of a life on the wide open range
Making a choice to ride and roam
Never knowing the love of a husband and home
Sitting a saddle twelve hours a day
Choosing to live the cowgirl way

If ever again walking through mist
Chancing to share that first kiss
Hang up the spurs put the saddle in the barn
I'll take the husband and start my own farm.

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

I Feel Like A River

Sometime I feel like a river
Calm and peaceful going with the flows of life
Full of beautiful and mysterious things
Very complex waiting for discovery
From others and myself

Sometimes I feel live a river
Polluted, angry, raging, uncaring
And unfeeling I feel like
Drowning myself! I feel like rising up
I am a tide of emotions, when I feel like a river

When I feel like a river
I want you to come in and explore
Something's my scare you
Some may delight and mystify you
But I need you to keep fishing
When I feel like a river

Kendra Tyler

In Control

The saddle horn came up
Punching me in the gut
The back of my neck
Bounced off his butt

My left stirrup came `round
And smacked in my knee
Blood rushed to my head
I could no longer see

We smashed into the fence
Ripping my leg and my jeans
The bronc was wearin' down
I was coming apart at the seams

All at once he just quit
And put his head down to blow
I looked at the boys an' announced
I `bout near Lost Control...

Kendra Tyler

Keepers Of The Flame A Special Breed

They say the cowboy has passed away
That untamed breed so brave
The old stage have sacked their saddles
Some buried in unmarked graves
The prairie is peaceful and silent
Void of hoof beats and shouts,
And those who tamed the WILD WEST
Their lamps have all gone out.

The old bunkhouse and barn
Nestled `neath the cotton wood trees
Have vanished as withered grass
A sad, sad thought to me
But the memory lingers still
Of days forever gone
But cowboy's songs and poetry speak
A dialect all its own

It speaks of round-ups and branding times
The trail drives, and stampedes;
Of dust storms, droughts and prairie fires
The making of a breed
And when the cattle are bedded down
A time for grub and rest
The cowboys recite and sing his song
As the sunsets in the West
So lets all rekindle the camp fire
We'll sing cowboy songs and recite

If the wood jingler will jingle the woods
We'll keep the fire burning bright
The old-timers have long been gone
I hear new voices sing and shout
Old Father Time keeps marching on
But the fire will not go out.

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 figured 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

Ridin' Drag

Now I got my kerchief pulled up snug
That helps me quite a bit
My hat brims bent down o'er my eyes
I wish some wind we'd get
It's always blowing hard out here
This used to make me nag
But not it's settled down to naught
' Cause I'm here ridin' drag

The trail boss said, "He put me here
The most important job."
' Cause here's where cows get lost most times;
Or rustlers came to rob
But all that you can see back here
Is some old steers tail wag
But I think there's some other "CAUSE"
He put me ridin' drag

Those two on point have ever thang
One Left and one Right
They never have to eat dirt
And they see every sight
They see the mountains, sky and trees
And night time they shore brag
But you can't see them purdy sights
When back here ridin' drag

Then what's on flank can move around
And keep them hides in tow;
Sometimes one might be strayin' off,
So after him they'll go
But most times they just ride along
With nary a slip and snag
While us three cowboys cough and spit
Us three who're ridin' drag

I wonder if it's fer the time
When we'd just left the ranch
Went to town and came back drunk

He had me at right flank back then
When this beef took a chance
I roped that mangy hide
But he kept runnin' up ahead
Right passed the trial boss ` side
Steer went to the left I went to the right
Roped cinched on the saddle horn
That trail boss wounded up on the ground
With his new britches torn
I done my job I got the steer
But I'm the Scalawag
That tore his pants to him
That's why I'm ridin' drag

Or it could be the time I found
This snake there on the trail
And fearing it would scare the herd
I took it by the tail
And flung it far as I could fling
But on his saddle bag
Is where that rattler ended up
So I'm here ridin' drag

Or it might be the time I ground
That dry old cow chip up
And mixed it in with coffee beans
Then when he poured a cup
Why, we all had the biggest laugh
To watch him spit and gag
But I bet that's the reason why
He put me Riding Drag.

Kendra Tyler

Same Moon

The same moon shinnin' on you and me,
In its golden glow I imagine I see.
My reflections shinnin' bright in your eyes,
As I lay in my bedroll `neath
The great Western skies

The camp fires fadin... a breeze starts to blow.
Storm clouds are building to the South real slow,
Night birds call it's your name the speak
Each raindropp that falls is a
Kiss on my cheeks.

You're the one that I've always loved,
You're the one that I'm thinkin' of
Because you're the reason why
I'll love you forever as the years go by.

The sun's just breakin' over the hill
As I wake to sounds of the mocking birds trills.
Dew sparkles like jewels in the grass
As my pony heads for the last mountain pass

The shadows have shortened to the
Top of the day
My pony's pace quickens `cause
He knows his way
Though it's still several hours
To our old home place
Where I'll gaze once again on
Your loving face

The stars in the dipper shows
That it's late
As I stop to open the last wooden gate
Light from the window casts a warm yellow glow
N` smoke from the chimney's curlin' softly and slow.

I step off my pony... you come to the door.
Then I'm bein held in your arms

Once more
Now, I'm where I really want to be
With the Same Moon shinnin' on you and me

Kendra Tyler

She's A Barrel Racing Angel

In the Arizona sunlight
In the Colorado moonlight
When she gets there, gonna feel alright
Now she's feelin' so tired...
She got her big bay horse,
One she calls the Rollin' Sun.
The hard-runnin' faithful one,
Out in front of all the rest

She's a barrel racing angel
Out there somewhere in the west

Well I wish you could have seen them
At the short go in Cheyenne,
Ol' Sun he's rollin' like a thunderstorm.
Fast as lighting on the plains
Now they're tired and sore
But they gotta go some more
On the road to Las Vegas
There is no place to rest

Cowgirls are special when they follow their dreams
Even race is a brand new start
Some are running for the sake of running
Some are running from a broken heart
Just one thing you got to know
You can't hold her, you gotta let her go
You can't catch a silhouette
She's like ice, she's like fire.

They're gonna fly as one
She and Rollin Sun
Out among the stars
Ahead of all the rest
She's a barrel racing Angel.

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 guaranteein' 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

The Road Often Taken

Given the choice, I'll always take the trail
Towards the lofty ridges
Where the winds brush the pines long needles
And timber rattler's hide
Where it's colder, steeper, riskier and the path
That's place I chose to ride

Along canyon rim where the coyote trots
And he hunts for his harried dinner
Where I am riding at eye-ball level with a
Hawk on a thermal glide
If there's cow escapin' the flies and heat

Or a bull loungin' like an unrepentant sinner
If you need a cowgirl to head up there
Then, you've tricked into believein' you see it all
And there's something about just sharing the air

Up there where the ELK herd graze
Guess you could say, I'm a high ridge runner
Down deep in my simple little heart.

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

What Is A Cowgirl

What is a Cowgirl? They ask? And I say...
A woman who lives in the far flung West
Who's chosen to remain there
Who loves the cowboy life the best
And forever the prairie and plains

Her heart beats with a feeling of love
Weather single or a cowboy's bride
For her ancestors, settlers or the Great West
A feeling of belonging and pride

She was a bronc-rider in the Wild West Show
Trick riding and roping in fearless ways
Still racing and roping, ridin' rough stock
A Rodeo Champion who's honored today

The times she'd been hurt and has suffered
In the great vast arena of life
She picks up her hat and dust herself off
Continuing on, over coming her strife
Many days that she rides
O'er the prairie
suffering the cold the wind the rain
the beauty of the West comes shinnin' thru
Doesn't move to their cities so bright
Just can't understand this feeling of hers-

For this land and this life
That she'll fight
She's proud of her cowboy heritage
She's trying to help you save it fer ya
She's true to this way of life
Of the West
Now, that's a Cowgirl
Honest and True
That's what a Cowgirl Is!

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

Who Am I?

I am a cow jumping over the moon
On a starry sky night
I am a cat meowing at the door
Let me in she says
I am a herd of horses running
Through the prairie free as the wind can be
I am a pack of wolves' howling at the moon
With a deep voice
I am car racing down the highway
With cop lights after me
I am a pair of jeans
On my boyfriends body
I am an Indian woman
Weaving a blanket for my husband
I am a snake
Sneaking around the garden
I am a rose at bud
Learning how to grow in the garden of love
I am shoes on my mother's feet
For she walks upon me
I am my dad's glasses
Cause he sees through me
I am my brother's snow board
So he can wisped down the snowed bound mountain
I am sister friend
I am a road of only hope and growing the
Way I know how I might have a few dead ends but
I will ways learn the best way I know how
And please just least to stand by me when you
Can I understand if you have better things to think about...

Kendra Tyler