

Winter Cowboy: Today's Trail

In lands where winter whispers white,
A cowboy rides as day meets night.
Not of old, with lasso and steed,
But a modern soul, where old paths lead.

His hat, snow-dusted, shades his eyes,
Against the glare of vast, cold skies.
His horse, a pickup, rugged, strong,
Carries him where the days are long.

The prairies vast, now fields of frost,
Echo the tales of the lost.
Yet in his heart, the fire burns bright,
Guiding through the longest night.

Through snowflakes that dance in the chill,
He upholds the cowboy's timeless will.
A symbol of grit in the modern age,
A living chapter, not confined to a page.

His journey under the winter moon,
Sings a tune of a resilient croon.
The spirit of the West, forever alive,
As the winter cowboy continues to thrive.




Thom Barrett