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Dodge City

Donald Barbee

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Dodge City

Donald Barbee

little dust little weed
the Elevated grain and
the little tree Wyatt
earp West and
fourteenth
the bush fingers of
long concrete

apostles mostly rustlers
all twelve in your pocket
for the bigger glass
to swaddle their
bellies, their buckles
manhood at half-mast

so the dust turns to
mud in midnight
so they trek their way
down
each with their Pharaoh,
fleeing from the banks
but it's just the dirty,
dirty Arkansas
and the sun will be up
in six hours
and another whore in
slow gallop towards
Tulsa

