

# Poetry

## Inyo

I wrote this poem not long after we sold our ranch in 1985. The winter prior to selling we had subleased some of our ranch for a producer with a bunch of yearling crossbred steers. Those things hit the ground running and never quit until they were loaded back on trucks the following fall. They swam the river, climbed the mountains, and invaded every neighbor's ranch for miles (as far as 15 miles away). The poem is about the last 10 or 12 head that we couldn't find when we gathered the bunch. I finally cut their tracks and found they had headed up into the White Mountains and were watering at a little spring I didn't even know existed. They saw me on horseback and headed off to parts unknown. I took off at a run to get them to turn toward the Valley; my dog got there too and was nipping at their noses, which turned them. It was a wild and crazy run off the mountains to the Valley. It was a hoot.

My memory drifts to that day  
when I was a cowboy far away.

Off in the distance I can see  
a little dust trail following me.

We have just made a wild and crazy run  
down off the White Mountains, oh what fun!

My horse and me, and that old blue dog  
she's now off in the distance at a slow jog.

On a mountain up near the sky  
after renegade steers was why.

The steers made a wild and crazy dash  
we three took off quick as a flash.

We tried to head to the valley wide  
that little blue dog still at my side.

Near the head of the bunch we turned the herd  
the little dog listened to my words.

She snapped at the leaders and turned their heads  
and to the valley below the steer bunch sped.

The hours were long, the day was hot  
we were soon all a tired and weary lot.

The heat was taking its heavy toll  
my old blue dog began to slow.

But on she came at a steady pace  
not to be left from the frantic race.

Distance grew between the horse and dog  
though on she came at a steady slow jog.

I'm back to the camp long before the dog  
unsaddle my horse and I wait for the dog.

Off in the distance I could see  
that little dust trail heading toward me.

And she still keeps a trotting along  
she'll be to me before too long.

At last a final dash and run  
again she's having lots of fun.

She runs and jumps and wiggles and squeals  
she wants to show me she has lots of zeal.

A tired and worn out dog she is  
but dignity and grace she gives.

Whenever I get down and blue  
I remember that day I once knew.

With a little dust trail following me  
and I was a cowboy, it was great to be.

Yes I was a cowboy for a part of my life  
and I had a blue dog to help with my strife.

A long hard distance I'll have to go  
to find a better friend than my Inyo.

—By Robert Pearce