

**EVERY EDUCATED FELLER
AIN'T A PLUMB GREENHORN:
COWBOY POETRY'S POLYVOCAL NARRATOR**

by
Barbara Barney Nelson

In January of 1985, folklorists "rediscovered" cowboy poetry with the organization and phenomenal success of the Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko, Nevada and numerous subsequent gatherings across the west. Although this attention has given cowboy poetry a wide audience, even groupies, I believe the genre has suffered—chiefly because the old collective narrative voice is being lost. In old cowboy poetry the dramatic, sometimes unreliable, sometimes trickster narrator usually speaks with a plural voice (we) representing the culture, usually as a minor character within the drama, watching from the fringe of the action.

Perhaps one of the most useful critical tools with which to illuminate cowboy poetry may be Native American criticism which has begun to investigate the tribal storyteller, who like the anonymous cowboy poet, did not "consider himself the originator of his material but merely the conveyor."¹ Laguna writer, Leslie Marmon Silko, goes to great lengths to maintain the integrity of oral storytelling in her written work and takes "pains to indicate how even her own speech is the product of many voices."² National Book Award winner, Barry Lopez, adopts this view and says the position of the storyteller in a community is "not to be the wise person, the person who speaks from his own wisdom but to create an atmosphere in which the wisdom of the world (or tribe) becomes apparent."³ The concept of copyright to the old storytellers and poets

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would have made as little sense as buying a pair of Levis someone else had already worn out.

A classic example of this traditional, anonymous, plural-voiced, narrative cowboy poem is “The Zebra Dun.”⁴ The poem was allegedly authored by a black cook working for the John Z. Means and George W. Evans Z Bar Ranch on the Pecos River in West Texas in the late 1800s,⁵ but no one really knows for sure. It simply springs from the cowboy culture.

“The Zebra Dun” follows a complex narrative structure: author–implied author–dramatized “polyvocal” trickster narrator–implied dramatic audience–target audience—and finally, modern reader. To clarify these terms: the actual author is the black cook; the implied author is some anonymous cowboy poet. The dramatic “polyvocal” trickster narrator tells the story on behalf of the culture from the fringe of the action to an implied dramatic audience of fellow cowboys. Perhaps even one more layer, an actual listener could be added since poems were also often used within the culture to target specific individuals. Keith Basso, in *Wisdom Sits in Places: Landscapes and Language Among the Western Apache*, explains the way Apache storytellers use their stories to teach their children, to “stalk” or show forgiveness to a wayward member, or to cheer up a friend.⁶ This is similar to the way cowboy poetry is sometimes used. For instance, I was once chattering and joking in a crowded restaurant when a friend at the table asked me if I knew Bruce Kiskaddon’s “Little Blue Roan.”⁷ I quickly realized that I had not been “paying attention to my horse’s ears” and my glib remarks could be hurting someone at a nearby table. So I reined in my wayward tongue. As Apache Lola Machuse explains in Basso’s book, we were “speaking with names,”⁸ only in my case we were using cowboy poetry instead of Apache stories. So at this surface level, “The Zebra Dun” poem might be used to target a person who had been too quick to judge by surface appearances: dress, physical fitness, skin color, or even gender.

On the surface, the poem also addresses the issue of prejudice, but appears to be a simple little tale about a heroic greenhorn riding a bronc and humbling the cowboys. A modern audience, unfamiliar with cowboy

culture, might believe the stranger really was a dude who successfully makes the good ride based on his personal fortitude. According to the literary critic, Seymour Chatman, a good hero should succeed; this produces moral satisfaction in the audience.⁹ The trickster narrator in “The Zebra Dun” would fulfill this desire and convince a non-cowboy audience that this “dude” can ride the zebra dun because he is god-like, a super-man, a hero.

However, like a pool hall hustler, the stranger is no dude, but a sly cowboy who is carefully orchestrating the drama. Cowboys have a reputation for putting greenhorns on bad horses as a joke, but in reality good cowboys would not intentionally take a chance on hurting a person who does not ride well—unless that person somehow made them mad and invoked their desire to “teach” that person a good lesson, which is exactly what the stranger is doing. He knows just how to irritate cowboys—by talking too much and using jawbreaking words. Basso explains a similar situation in the Apache culture: “persons who speak too much insult the imaginative capabilities of other people, ‘bloeking their thinking,’ ...and ‘holding down their minds.’”¹⁰ Since Apaches began raising cattle and riding horses about the same time the cowboy culture sprang into being, it would be interesting, but probably impossible, to determine who might have influenced whom. In any event, the “dude” in the poem—in order to be assured the cowboys will decide to teach him a lesson and not rope out a totally gentle horse for him to ride—talks too much and brags about all the tough men he’s seen and places he’s been:

[He t]hen began to talk and tell about foreign kings and queens,
 About the Spanish War and fighting on the seas
 With guns as big as steers and ramrods big as trees,
 And about old Paul Jones, a mean fighting son of a gun
 Who was the grittiest cuss that ever pulled a gun.
 Such an educated feller, his thoughts just came in herds,...

His bragging finally make them “sick” and they “began to look around” for a way to play a trick on him.

The zebra dun is an archetypal horse/devil/dragon/monster to the modern reader. However, to the target audience of cowboys, the fact that the horse stands perfectly still for the saddle—"Ol'Dunny stood right still, as if he didn't know"—is a sign he is not the least afraid of humans or unbroke. The horse is a wise old broke horse who is probably just a little "cold backed" and can be counted on to buck enough to buck off a dude. When the ride begins, Dunny throws his best move against the stranger by hovering straight up, seeming to be about to go over backwards, a trick that will sometimes scare and loosen even a good rider, and tries to paw the bridle off to gain control:

When the stranger hit the saddle, Ol'Dunny quit the earth
 And traveled right straight up for all that he was worth.
 A-pitching and a-squealing, a-having wall-eyed fits,
 His hind feet perpendicular, his front ones in the bits.

A squealing horse also "sounds" like he is a lot tougher to ride than he is. I've heard a good cowboy joke that a particular horse didn't really buck him off, but the horse was squealing so much that he got scared and jumped off. The cowboys have chosen the horse for the stranger to ride with care. If the stranger had really been a dude, he probably would have gently just fallen out the back door when the horse reared, or gotten scared of all the noise and jumped off. No harm done, nobody hurt, but the dude would have learned a lesson. None of this horse nonsense bothers the stranger, though, as he stays both in the saddle and coolly in control.

Then, in the tenth stanza, a key word occurs which is usually misspelled in modern reprints of the poem, as it is in this copy from Hal Cannon's collection *Cowboy Poetry: A Gathering*: "He thumped him in the shoulders.." (emphasis added). The stranger did not "thump" the horse in the shoulders, but he thumbed him. Jabbing a horse in the shoulders with both thumbs and running the thumbs up the horse's neck is called "thumbing" and irritates and tickles a horse somehow, usually causing even a gentle horse to buck. So, by thumbing the horse, the

stranger is actually asking for more action from the dun. With this word, the implied dramatic audience, the target audience, and knowledgeable modern readers should realize they have been “had” by the narrator and the poet. The stranger was no dude. He knows that a broke horse who is a little cold backed might give a good show if thumbed.

Within the traditional cowboy culture, a person just did not ride up to a wagon and ask for a job. If so, the boss would probably simply say there were no openings. A good cowboy also never wanted to have to ask for a job; the boss should offer one. But neither employer nor employee wanted to be turned down or judged as “not good enough.” Like Arthurian knights, a good crew consisted of more than just a bunch of cowboys doing a job; they were a closely knit, efficient team, bonded together through a long sifting process, just like the poetry. Hiring was done carefully. So the stranger is actually a good hand who is tricking the crew into letting him apply for a job by showing his abilities.

The poem follows many traditional narrative techniques outlined by literary critic Wallace Martin in his book *Recent Theories of Narrative*: we have been impeded in our recognition of the truth by a riddle, at the end we are “startled” into an awareness, and when we “return to the story and reread it in light of our new knowledge”¹¹ we recognize a double logic which is, in retrospect, quite obvious and inevitable. Only a good hand would have been confident enough to go looking for a job dressed like a dude. Only a good hand would have been able to eat a big breakfast, knowing he was going to have to ride an “outlaw” in order to prove himself:

He looked so very foolish that we began to look around,
 We thought he was a greenhorn that had just ‘scaped from town.
 We asked if he’d been to breakfast; he hadn’t had a smear;
 So we opened up the chuckbox and bade him have his share.
 He took a cup of coffee and some biscuits and beans,...

Only someone who regularly ate at a cowboy wagon would choose coffee, a biscuit, and beans—items the cook would surely have and could

easily spare. The one person even the stranger did not dare to make mad was the cook, especially since the author was supposedly a cook.

Finally, only a good hand would use a method to apply for a job which both compliments the crew and gains their respect with a good cowboy trick. He knows they will give him a horse that will buck a little, but not one of their really tough horses. If he had ridden their toughest horse, he might have made the rest of the crew jealous. He didn't want to show them up or beat them at riding tough horses. He just needed the opportunity to show his skills somehow and, ideally, entertain them a little in the process. Within the culture, the poem models complicated human behavior which forms friendships, trust, and respect.

The trickster narrator also redeems himself with his dramatic, target, and implied audiences by exaggerating the riding skills of the stranger: "The stranger sat upon him and curled his black mustache,/Just like a summer boarder waiting for his hash." Anyone who has ever ridden a bucking horse knows that the jerking and snapping going on would cause even a good rider to pull his moustache out, unless the horse was just a pretty easy buckner, which this horse obviously must have been. This excessive bragging by the narrator calls attention to the fact that he has intentionally misled the audience. The cowboys are fooled by their own "tendency to generalize," a structural tool of narrative discussed by Martin.¹² By missing the obvious hints that the "dude" was actually a disguised cowboy, this target audience will be somewhat embarrassed over their own lack of observation and awareness.

In addition, the "hero" dude is no hero, but actually only a mortal cowboy, enjoying the easy ride he tricked the crew into giving him. The hero is an alien figure to the cowboy culture but has been imposed upon it through dime novels and the tourist eye view. Arnold Krupat explains that the hero was also imposed on the Native American culture by Euro-American editors who manipulated Indian autobiographies in order to please their hero worshipping readership.¹³ The "hero" in "The Zebra Dun" is so mortal, he even misses a loop occasionally as the narrator tells us he is able to "catch them feet nine out of ten"—rather than ten out of ten. The stranger is good enough to be a member of this crew but he can't walk on

water. He can be one of them, but no star. At this deeper level of understanding, the poem might be used within the culture to teach a young person how to apply for a job, to remind someone about the finer points of friendship, to chastise a braggart, or to help a newcomer feel welcome.

However, after cowboy poetry became a public performance, this plural-voiced democratic and dramatic narrator—which post-structural theorists like Mikhail Bakhtin call “polyvocal”¹⁴—began to disappear. The performance aspect began to change the cowboy poet as it encouraged competition, egotism, commercialism, and copyright. In many places, perhaps everywhere, rural people who once wrote or recited cowboy poetry to their peers are silent. The poetry gatherings have made them self-conscious, embarrassed, and many do not want to be labeled a “cowboy poet” anymore.

The performances also changed the poetry itself. The new cowboy poetry seems to address a spectating audience rather than speak on behalf of and to a specific dramatic audience of working class cowboys. The narrative voice changes from polyvocal to first person singular and becomes more autobiographical, didactic, and omniscient. The audience/poet relationship is no longer we/us but me/you, self/other. The poet regards the audience as outsiders who need to be either educated or impressed.

New poetry attempting to educate the audience deals with promotion of causes and addresses the audience in a condescending, even hostile, manner. Contrast “The Zebra Dun” with these lines from a modern poem, “Eminent Domain,” written by Montana rancher Wally McRae and recited at the 1985 Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko, Nevada. The narrator is addressing a government representative who has come to buy land, or take it, for a new utility development:

You pandering blights! Don't tell me of you rights.
 Right and obligations are twain.
 Land's earned by sweat and love—not threat
 Of Eminent Domain!¹⁵

Although he would expect cowboys in the audience to agree with his sentiment condemning strip mining, (“...you’d rip in, with your dust and din,...’Public need’ we’re advised to heed,/But it somehow comes out, ‘private gain’”), and they probably will, but the working-class cowboy culture is not actually represented or addressed. The voice in the poem is first person singular. One individual, a landowner, is speaking to a general public audience and denouncing the practice of taking private property from landowners for “public good.” The poem contains no story, no archetypes, no cowboy culture, no myth or allegory. This poem’s narrative voice is actually the author’s own voice, recounting autobiographical events and feelings. There is no sense of democratic equality or common ground between the author and the intended audience, but instead a right/wrong, me vs. them, didactic point of view. The meaning is fairly straightforward except possibly with an unintended ironic twist for Native Americans because the land in question was once part of the original Crow reservation.

McRae’s elevated vocabulary—using words such as profane, restrain, heed, rune, enterprise, bane, abuse, pandering, blights, and cower—was also something traditional poetry intentionally avoided for reasons the stranger in the Zebra Dun knew well. Even Ivy League college graduates like Dartmouth’s Gail Gardner went to great lengths to adopt the “tawny grammar”¹⁶ of cowboy lingo, as he does in this sample:

Then they sets up and turns around,
And goes her the other way,
An’ to tell you the Gawd-forsaken truth
Them boys got stewed that day.¹⁷

Critics of modern narrative go so far as to say that linguistic differences are in fact ideological differences and there are “vital connections between languages and the different codes we live by.”¹⁸ The ranching and cowboy cultures have been under extreme attack from several groups for the past few years. Since many of the stories being told about the culture are no longer positive, the result has been defensiveness. Instead

of displaying pride in the culture by adopting the traditional humble cultural “lingo,” some believe that one way to combat the illiterate cowboy image is to adopt the language of the educated Euro-American. Numerous modern theorists have pointed out that language is power. Language often supports and is controlled by the ruling economic base of an ideology and when a culture forsakes its own native language or traditional dialect in order to adopt another, the entire cultural philosophy can be affected. Only time will tell whether or not this change in language was a good idea.

Poems in the second category of this new poetry, intended to impress the audience favorably, are often self-promoting (the time I rode the Zebra Dun impressed everyone with my skill), simple rhymed jokes, or designed strictly for entertainment and to provoke an emotional response in the audience. Unrhymed, politically correct, and scholarly cowboy poetry is intended to elevate the craft from the depths of doggerel into literary respectability. An example of the best of this new kind of scholarly poetry is “The Hand” by Paul Zarzyski in which he compares the hand of an elderly South African black man to the hand of the white aristocrat who says the two of them are not equal. The poet agrees, but places the working black man in the superior position. Zarzyski’s well-crafted contemporary poem says the black man’s hand looks like

...a landscape of canyons,
 coulees and arroyos, buttes and mesas, mountains
 and plains the black man might have ridden,
 had he been born of another geography
 and time—just another wind-burned hand
 of a cavy man, sinew and knuckle,
 flesh and blood, pocked, porous, scarred,
 and dark as lathered latigo.¹⁹

The poet is obviously well-educated, conscious of racial issues and class divisions, aware of the power of poetic imagery, and embraces the academic respectability of the modern unrhymed style.

Traditional cowboy poetry is often criticized for its sing-song rhyming and defenders claim the rhyme is used primarily to aid memory. However, *The Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics* suggests it is erroneous to see narrative poetry as stories told in verse simply to aid memory. The rhythms of verse, says the *Encyclopedia*, are associated with “magic,” “incantations,” “myth,” and “religious festivals.”²⁰ The rhyming in cowboy poetry, because it is so obviously not a part of normal cowboy speech patterns, seems to add a sense of mystery, to conjure another time and another place. This is similar to the traditional distancing openings of “humma-hah” (meaning long ago) with which Silko says Pueblo storytellers begin their stories, or the traditional opening of fairy tales which begin with “once upon a time.” Thus, even though a rhymed poem is probably being recited within the culture in order to illuminate or comment on an incident which happened recently, the rhyme adds “distance” and softens any connection between the poem or chastisement. Again, only time will tell whether or not the change is valuable to either the culture or the genre.

Another contrast between this newer, more didactic voice and traditional cowboy narrative is clearly apparent in poems with religious subjects. Traditional poetry like Gail Gardner’s “Sierry Petes,” better known as “Tying Knots in the Devil’s Tail”²¹ simply points out the similarities between the devil and an old renegade steer: horns, cloven hoofs, tail, and bad attitude—none of which were too dangerous even for drunk cowboys to handle, especially if they teamed up. Another cowboy favorite, Bruce Kiskaddon’s “Judgement Day”²² compares fall shipping to the dreaded day of judgement. In the end, the Boss of Heaven judges these wild cowboys by their own book of range rules—instead of the commandments the others were being judged by—because, as an angel explains to the narrator: “You can never judge a cowboy by another feller’s laws.”

The narrative voice in all of these old religious poems again represents and addresses the entire culture as a group. The speaker is one of the boys, a fellow sinner. As partners or as a group, they will all stick together and somehow get through the wreck, like they always do. If not,

perhaps they can somehow use their trickster minds to figure a way in, sometimes by solving a riddle like which one of a group of look-alike old angels is Adam (“The Belly Button”—Adam didn’t have one!)²³ or after being rejected, they might “accidentally” spur a horse in the shoulder so that when the horse quits “bucking” and the dust settles, they just happen to end up inside the pearly gates (“Stan from Brewery Gulch”).²⁴ If going to heaven just doesn’t work out, they will simply wake up back in camp with frost on their bed tarp, wishing they hadn’t been thrown out just for trying to seduce an angel (“A Cow Boy’s Dream”).²⁵ In contrast, many new poems set the authors apart as saved sinners who have changed their evil ways, are now better than the average sinner, and would like to recommend their beliefs to the unsaved sinners in the audience.

When an old poem involved breaking a law, bucking off, being made a fool of, or getting old—situations the voice speaking for the culture would not feel comfortable blaming on someone else—the narrator takes credit: for a murder (“The Dude Wrangler”),²⁶ cattle stealing (“Little Blue Roan”),²⁷ mistakes (“The Old Nighthawk”),²⁸ bucking off (“The Strawberry Roan”),²⁹ or a somewhat justified sinful show of pride (“New Boots”).³⁰ As a group, cowboys often claimed divinity; as individuals, they claimed to be pretty sorry.

It is equally erroneous to say that old narrative cowboy poetry stems from autobiographical personal experience. Both poetry and the cowboy culture have a larger base. Cowboy poetry springs from the oral tradition. These old poems came through the same rigorous sifting process which brought us Beowulf, and they address the great universal themes: man vs. God, the Devil, or nature (“The Sicrry Petes”),³¹ man vs. man (“Silver Bells and Golden Spurs”),³² man vs. woman (“The Pecos River Queen”),³³ and man vs. self (“Glory Trail”).³⁴ Cowboy poetry should be considered American myth, that “crop” of wild literature which Thoreau says a country bears only before its soil is exhausted.³⁵

The muse who inspired the Greeks, Arthurian romance, Shakespeare, Tolstoy, and the nineteenth chapter of Revelation sprang from the hoof print of a horse. In the old poetry horses were teachers not simply stages upon which heroes sat. Every horse taught a different lesson. The Zebra

Dun teaches that even an old cold-backed gentle horse might be useful in the right situation—if the rider is smart enough to know (maybe by thumbing) how to ask the horse for help and cowboy enough to handle the help when the horse gives it. This respect for even an old horse can again be illuminated through Native American criticism. Paula Gunn Allen says, “The American Indian universe is based on dynamic self-esteem...[and] the ability of all creatures to share in the process of ongoing creation makes all things sacred.”³⁶ Just as the purpose of traditional story in native culture is usually based on inclusion into a community rather than exclusion, so too is the purpose of cowboy poetry. In the end, the crew, the old Zebra dun, the cook, the narrator, and the stranger are all equally respected and included in the circle.

Further, Allen does not believe that labeling marginalized literatures as “folklore” is always, or perhaps ever, accurate since the literature is “neither primitive, in any meaningful sense of the word, nor necessarily the province of the folk; much of the literature, in fact, is known only to educated, specialized persons who are privy to the philosophical, mystical, and literary wealth of their own tribe.” She explains that:

The significance of a literature can be best understood in terms of the culture from which it springs, and the purpose of literature is clear only when the reader understands and accepts the assumptions on which the literature is based. A person who was raised in a given culture has no problem seeing the relevance, the level of complexity, or the symbolic significance of that culture’s literature.³⁷

A surface interpretation of cowboy poetry is available to a wide audience, but the true meaning of the old poems is known only to a few. Curiously, a democratic form of government (like King Arthur’s round table) sprang up in horseback civilizations around the world and throughout time. It disappeared when the horsemen began to spend too much time in town.

The Zebra Dun³⁸

We were camped on the plains at the head of Cimarron
When along came a stranger who stopped to arger some.
He looked so very foolish that we began to look around,
We thought he was a greenhorn that had just 'scaped from town.

We asked if he'd been to breakfast; he hadn't a smear;
So we opened up the chuckbox and bade him have his share.
He took a cup of coffee and some biscuits and beans,
Then he began to talk and tell about foreign kings and queens.

About the Spanish War and fighting on the seas
With guns as big as steers and ramrods big as trees,
And about old Paul Jones, a mean-fighting son of a gun
Who was the grittist cuss that ever pulled a gun.

Such an educated feller, his thoughts just came in herds,
He astonished all them cowboys with them jawbreaking words,
He just kept on talking till he made the boys all sick,
And they began to look around just how to play a trick.

He said he had lost his job upon the Santa Fe
And was going across the plains to strike the 7-D.
He didn't say how come it, some trouble with the boss,
But said he'd like to borrow a nice fat saddle hoss.

This tickled all the boys; they laughed way down in their sleeves,
"We will lend you a horse just as fresh and fat as you please."
Shorty grabbed a lariat and roped the Zebra Dun
And turned him over to the stranger and waited for the fun.

Ol' Dunny was a rocky outlaw that had grown awful wild,
 He could paw the white out of the moon every jump for a mile.
 Ol' Dunny stood right still, as if he didn't know,
 Until he was saddled and ready for to go.

When the stranger hit the saddle, Ol' Dunny quit the earth
 And traveled right straight up for all that he was worth.
 A-pitching and a-squealing, a-having wall-eyed fits,
 His hind feet perpendicular, his front ones in the bits.

We could see the tops of the mountains under Dunny's every jump,
 But the stranger he was growed there just like the camel's hump.
 The stranger sat upon him and curled his black mustache,
 Just like a summer boarder waiting for his hash.

He thumped [thumbed] him in the shoulders and spurred him when he
 whirled

To show them flunky punchers that he was the wolf of the world.
 When the stranger had dismounted once more upon the ground,
 We knew he was a thoroughbred and not a gent from town.

The boss, who was standing round watching the show
 Walked right up to the stranger and told him he needn't go.
 "If you can use the lasso like you rode old Zebra Dun,
 You are the man I've been looking for ever since the year one."

Oh, he could twirl the lariat, and he didn't do it slow;
 Could catch them feet nine out of ten for any kind of dough.
 One thing and a shore thing I've learned since I've been born,
 Every educated feller ain't a plumb greenhorn.

NOTES

1. John Bierhorst qtd. in Louis Owens. *Other Destinies: Understanding the American Indian Novel* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1992), 10.
2. Arnold Krupat. "The Dialogic of Silko's Storyteller," *Narrative Chance: Postmodern Discourse on Native American Indian Literatures*, ed. George Vizenor (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1989), 55-68.
3. Edward Leuders, editor. *Writing Natural History: Dialogues with Authors* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1978), 23.
4. Cannon, 8-10.
5. John Lomax. *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*. 1938. (New York: Macmillan, 1964), 78.
6. Keith H. Basso. *Wisdom Sits in Places: Landscape and Language Among the Western Apache*. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996).
7. Bruce Kiskaddon. *Rhymes of the Ranges: A New Collection of the Poems of Bruce Kiskaddon*, ed. Hal Cannon (Salt Lake City: Gibbs M. Smith, Inc., 1987), 70-71.
8. Basso, 80-81.
9. Chatman, 85.
10. Basso, 85.
11. Wallace Martin. *Recent Theories of Narrative* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1986), 47, 58, 177.
12. Martin, 68.
13. Krupat, 55.
14. Mikhail Bakhtin. He published numerous books on literary theory, one good source would be: *The Dialogic Imagination: Four Essays*, trans. Caryl Emerson and Michael Holquist (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1981).
15. Wallace McRae. *Cowboy Curmudgeon and Other Poems* (Salt Lake City: Gibbs M. Smith, 1992), 18. Recording available: Hal Cannon, editor. *Cowboy Poetry: The Best of the Gathering*. Recorded 1985.
16. Thoreau, 625.
17. Gardner, 1.
18. Martin, 148-149.
19. Unpublished manuscript in author's private collection.
20. Alex Preminger, editor. *Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1965), 542.
21. Gardner, 1.
22. Kiskaddon, 65-66.
23. From author's private collection.
24. Kiskaddon, 104-105.
25. Kiskaddon, 36-39.
26. By Gail Gardner in Cannon, 5-7.

27. Kiskaddon, 70-71.
28. Kiskaddon, 85-88.
29. By Curley Fletcher in Cannon, 57-59.
30. Kiskaddon, 84.
31. Gail Gardner. *Orejana Bull: For Cowboys Only* (Prescott: Sharlot Hall Museum Press, 1987), 1.
32. Anonymous. *Cowboy Poetry: A Gathering*, ed. Hall Cannon (Salt Lake City: Gibbs M. Smith, Inc., 1985), 52-54.
33. Anonymous in Jack Thorp. *Songs of the Cowboys*. 1908. (Bedford, MA: Applewood Books, [n.d.]), 39-40.
34. Badger Clark. *Sun and Saddle Leather* (Boston: The Gorham Press, 1915), 77-80.
35. Henry David Thoreau. "Walking." 1862. *Walden: and Other Writing of Henry David Thoreau*. ed. Brooks Atkinson (New York: Random House, 1965), 620.
36. Paula Gunn Allen. "The Sacred Hoop: A Contemporary Perspective." in *The Ecocriticism Reader: Landmarks in Literary Ecology*, eds. Cheryll Glotfelty and Harold Fromm (Athens, GA: The University of Georgia Press, 1996), 244.
37. *Ibid.*, 241.
38. This version is from the Cannon, 8-10.