

## **THIS POETRY DISEASE**

Don't anyone move!  
this is a screw-up  
I mean a hold-up,  
Actually I give up.  
I'm so fed up,  
With all this cowboy poetry craze,  
This malaise,  
of well-turned phrase.

Every one of the cowboy persuasion  
Who wears this hat you see.  
Is now afflicted with this awful disease  
of reciting poetry.

Why, every cowboy I have ever know  
is talking like a metronome...

And that is why I am here my friends  
For the culprit is hereabout  
A hint?  
Well, I caught this horrid disease  
In a town well known for sleaze  
A place called the Sweetwater Hotel  
In Elko, Nevada.

A woman there,  
a maiden fair,  
began this all 20 years ago,  
She is the one who set loose this  
plague upon the range.  
Now I have deal with foot rot, pink eye  
And even with the mange,  
But this damn cowboy poetry  
Is the worst damn disease  
Ever let loose upon the range.

And that is why I am here  
To apprend the woman let loose  
This crime of rhyme.  
Yes, she is here with us  
but never fear...  
She is within our grasp.

Punishment?  
A fine or jail will not suffice  
No, we have found the ultimate price  
Payment for this heinous crime.

We intend to make the culprit  
suffer just like us,  
Let her live with rhymes,  
day in day out, forever...

The solution is simple,  
And she won't be lonely.  
The punishment is matrimony  
Sarah Sweetwater, you are allowed no plea,  
Sarah Sweetwater, will you marry me?