



Lookin' for the Dust

I sent them off early with water, lunches, and coats.
They're cowboys and cowgirls, so there's no need to dote.

They caught their horses and saddled up in the dark.
A breakfast of biscuits and gravy were right on the mark.

They head north in the truck and trailer.
I get one last wave from my girl Saylor.

They have to move some cows, and they'll check some gates.
They'll be gone most of the day; I hope it won't be too late.

When they ride with Pa he says, "We'll be done by four."
They've ridden with him enough to know the hours will be much more.

Around six I look north up the dirt road.
I'm lookin' for the dust which means, they're coming back to our abode.

Several miles down the road I see the dust I've been looking for.
Soon they're unloading their horses and walking through the barn door.

The day was long, but all is well.
We go into the house; they have some stories to tell.



~Sariah K.