



Cody and Chip

R.F. Tripp

Chip and Cody, neighborhood rangers,  
are kind to cats, their mothers, and strangers.  
They're quick with a smile, quick on the draw,  
quick to uphold the Young Cowboy Law.

They ride horse-cycles through young summer breezes,  
doing what's right, what's fun, and what pleases  
through cul-de-sac canyons, yards of cut grass,  
now and then stopping to let a car pass.

Long days in the saddle, and so much to do  
taking care of the ranch—and they only two!  
And climbing those trees, it's got to be done!  
—though some people think they do it for fun.

You can tell they're real cowboys, just by their names,  
like Roudy and Smoky and Younger and James.  
You just couldn't do such great cowboy feats  
with names like Bryon, Shelley, or Keats.

They pledge to be partners, no matter what,  
and practice together the real cowboy strut.  
But they won't tell their moms—who might have a fit—  
that they're working for distance on a good cowboy spit.

And at dusk when they're tired of rounding up cattle,  
and sore from so many days in the saddle,  
chasing through badlands robbers and strays,  
learning the West and its wonderful ways,

they lie on the grass and watch the white herds  
of clouds and drovers riding on birds,  
as slowly, surely, into dreams they slip  
...Buckaroos forever, Cody and Chip.