

“Dead Man’s Hand”

By Matthew Nation: 1st Place, Cowboy Poetry
Writing through Art Literary Competition
Adairsville High School
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In a Saloon outside Oregon
On a cool winter’s night,
I’ze playin’ a game of poker
And my cards were just right.

The people I’ze playin’
Seemed in a daze,
I was a lit’ tight on money
I think I’ll just raise.

When the pot seemed just right
I decided to call.
When a Chinaman burst in
Like he just broke the law.

His face seemed familiar
It didn’t seem right,
If I recall hes’ah from a wanted poster
I’d seen the previous night.

Out flew my colt
Then it looked into his soul,
With authority in my voice
I said, “You’re Chin Chang Col!”

He jumped from the table
Almost out of his skin,
“You’re the dirty dog
That murdered those men.”

I fired my revolver
Right at his feet,
And he started to dance
Along with the beat.

The beat of my piece
POW! POW! POW!
“You’ll pay for the injustice
You’ve done to this town.”

Once I felt that the Chinaman
Had had his fill,
I thought that there's a chance
I'd strike a deal.

You come with me peacefully
I'll keep you alive,
But if you put up a fight
I'll make sure you die."

Him not moving a muscle
I went to slap on the cuffs,
Then that stupid Chinaman
Tried to call my bluff.

With one bullet in my chamber
I shot him dead to the ground,
Because what he didn't know,
I was Sheriff Brown....