

Poem by Tony Branquinho April, 2000

RENEGADE

Listen closely everybody of what I am about to say. It was upon hells half acre on the ranch they call Janeway.

Now four long years a band of steers have been roaming out there free, and it was stated by the boss, now is the time to capture them you see.

The leader he was solid red, with horns that curved straight down. We called him the devil as he led his four black hided disciples around.

We had tried so many times to bring these outlaws in. Yet they seemed to disappear a few miles before the pen.

Finally Big John had it, he said one fateful day, we are bringing in this outlaw heard and this is the way.

He called together his cowboy crew, the best in all the land, riding and roping were in their blood, and he knew they would make a mighty stand.

He looked like a Calvary general; positioning his men, then the outlaws they were jumped and the rampage did begin.

The steers they broke to the left instead of the right, down the canyon they did run like thieves in the night.

Then big red he broke form the pack to make his final run, to get away from the cowboy's like so many times before he had done.

But it was Mark riding hard, in hot pursuit of the pack, made a move on the beast and never did look back.

As he closed upon him, he shook out another coil and dropped his loop around his neck; old reds temper began to boil.

The first contact he had with a human in four years, the moves he made I'll never forget for a fourteen hundred-pound steer.

He jumped up straight into the air twisted like a top, bellarin and bawlin, not thinking of coming to a stop.

You could see the rage in his eyes for fact that he had been caught, and getting free in his mind was his only thought.

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Red spun around and made a run at Mark and his horse, but the quick instincts of this cowboy saved them both of course.

As big red made another pass, this other cowboy, I am not sure who, came in and roped him by the feet his loop was pure and true.

The big giant steer lay there; stretched upon the earth's floor, then three more cowboys helped tie him down then took off after the other four.

It was as if you see the four black steers knew their leader had been taken, and these other outlaws were in the pen before the next mornings cooking of the bacon.

Well it took for years of trying to run those renegades in, and I know on thing for certain I would do it all again.

For it is not just the excitement, when you catching wild cattle, it is the friendships you make while riding in the saddle.