

This little story – I would like to share
about two Park Wardens on Horse patrol
So ---- pull up a chair;

RIDERS IN THE RAIN

Looking out the cabin window – with a cup of brew
watching low clouds and drizzle – but East the sky is blue

From a pocket he unfolds a plastic cover for the stetson on his head
it looks like a big bubble – or maybe a turban instead
I may have had one sometime and left it in a pack
or used it for garbage – maybe a stuff sack

His 'Hat Safe' on – he dons his slicker – shining with an oily glow
it covers him completely from his neck down to his toe

I step in the saddle wearing my old hat and worn jacket
its drizzling a bit – but the clouds are not set

The sun comes out – I look at my plastic hatted pard
he looks uncomfortable and hot in his slicker of lard
He finally stops and carefully folds all his gear
I wait patiently in the saddle and try not to leer
I rest on my horse – I am grinning inside
I try not to show it – why weaken his pride?

We ride along further – the clouds come in fast and low
He stops to gear up again – Oh this day will be slow
He says “put on your slicker” - I blow him a kiss
He yells over the thunder - “God will get you for this”

The clouds open up – my hat is as wet as can be
If I didn't have ears I wouldn't be able to see
Over soggy jacket I put on my slicker – the neck chewed by a mouse
there is a rip on the side – as big as a house
My partner looks comfortable – I'm wet from inside
nothing is dry – not even my hide

The sun comes out again – the clouds start to drift
My friend folds his gear – my ears start to lift

There is no more to this story – just want you to see
that riding in the rain tells something about your personality!