

The Mail Carrier's Lament

by Frank R. Giblin

I'd rather sort cows and be riding the range
than sortin' out letters, tho' some think it strange —
They say it's a good job and it pays all the bills,
but I'd rather work cattle and be roaming the hills.

I'd rather wear chaps and hear the jingling of spurs,
than wear the postal blue trousers and hear the barking of curs.
I dream of tossing a loop at some bellowing calf,
not making my rounds on time and a half.

I think of the cactus, the sage, the coyotes sad wail
not mailbox upon mailbox while delivering junk mail.
And if anthrax's a threat, I'd guess it'd be better
to catch it from some ol' sick cow
than from some dang terrorist's letter.

Oh, I'd trade this postman's life for a cowboy's today —
but with the bills I've run up, I sure need the pay.
So, I'll be making my rounds thru' the rain and the hail
and hoping that someday everyone goes to e-mail.