

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 13 *CutBank 13*

Article 32

Fall 1979

Riding Line

Ralph Beer

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Beer, Ralph (1979) "Riding Line," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 13 , Article 32.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss13/32>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

RIDING LINE

Father, we ride our line again
and still you take the Roan.
High country this steep
makes even your tall horse blow.
Our trail takes us over clatterrock,
past a fallen jack fence. We stop,
wonder who piled rocks and rail
so high among the limber pine.
Far down the Prickly Pear
a train bugles, echoes Piegan
off the Elkhorns, cries
twilight over Casey Peak.

This country changes after dark.
Strike two chunks of quartz,
watch the dim white fire.
Ahead, I see you look back
over your shoulder, past me,
seeing yourself at twenty
ride your tall roan laughing
into the Clancy Bar.
Lower, three rotten jacks still walk
a buffalo trail, canter like old men
on a spree. They lean on the evening
and watch us pass.