

Brenn Hill "Cottonwood"

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Around the rim on Cottonwood
There stands a cedar shack
And a pole corral to pen a bronc
And a shed to hang your khack
Beneath the peak of lodgepoles
Between an aspen stand
Behind the crest of cedars
That stretch the broken land
Between the sage and the timber
Where cattle often hide
Where I ride to each December to curl up inside
And look up at the windy peaks
And feel the fire's glow
Then trot out through the morning
'Cross the dusted winter snow
Around the rim on Cottonwood
A brand new lion track
That dots a line up through the draw
And slowly circles back
Where somewhere in the bitter night
He drifted like a spirit
Beyond the realm of vision
Not I nor horse could hear it
But yet the proof that there he crept
Cut fresh into the snow
And still I shiver at the thought
Of where and why he goes
Around the rim on Cottonwood
Where deep the canyon cuts
Into the mountain's very bowels
Its twisted winding guts
The frozen rivers down below
And warm springs on the hill
At minus seventeen and more
The water's running still
And running deep are shadows now
For day does not stay long
Soon the full moon rises high
And I can hear the song of one lonely coyote
Singing farewell to the sun
Sending out the call that finally evening time has come
Around the rim on Cottonwood

My fire's burning down
My cabin warm
My ride was good
My sleep is sweet and sound

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