

Boot Hill

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The grave yard was old and unused, It matched the starkness of the land.



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The grave yard was old and unused,

It matched the starkness of the land.

Just upon a barren hillside,

Where cacti now made a stand.

Words were barely legible,

On what crosses that still graced the site,

As I crossed under a port with a cross,

I feared coming here at night.

The tomes of the old west, claimed this was "boot hill",

A place where the evil were laid,

This was the end of the rope,

The terrible price they must have paid.

Over there one had killed twenty men,

Just beyond a bank robber had been shot.

There was no good written in this graveyard,

No kind word for any in the lot.

I wondered if words had been read over them,

Or were they just dumped in these lonely graves,

For the Good Book once told me,

Itâs the soul that needed to be saved.

Bowing my head, I sent a message,

Tho many years had been passed by,

A hot arid wind brushed me,

In my thoughts did I hear someone cry?

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The black line stretches before me,
The flashes of white, eaten by the speed.
I left that lonely graveyard,
And prayed I helped their need.

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