The Cowboy and Camel are Strange (poem)

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The Cowboy and Camel are Strange

The cowboy was king in his day.
With studs, and with kids, he did play.
   No authorities tried
to lock him inside
or stop him from having his way.

A hero to those partly grown,
as symbol he stood quite alone.
   His rivals, for years,
were never his peers.
In school yards he beat every clone.

But one of his foes reached new lows
and made up a camel to pose
   in cartoons where the scenes
are the envy of teens
(who whisper and gawk at his nose).

In touching the dreams of the young,
this camel does not use his tongue.
   This face we all know.
It's "Genital Joe."
It's mute ... but at least it's well hung!

Both the camel and cowboy hang out
with children - so parents, look out!
   There's no sheriff in sight,
this evil to fight.
They're pushers - of that there's no doubt.

If you care for children who must
cope with strangers you can't fully trust,
   Don't believe the smooth lies
of these sinister guys.
They can not deny their gold lust.

Our kids are not safe on this range.
The cowboy and camel are strange.
   Too seldom they've heard
a discouraging word.
Let us pray that this soon will all change.

Rick Pollay, McGillivray Falls, BC
(somewhere West of Laramie)