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Put up your Duke

Russell S. Moorehead

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Put up your Duke

When John Wayne's horse died,
the property master stuffed it full
of hay and dragged the
teddy-horse around the set,

and when I was a shining
writer, I'd dazzle myself with nothing
to say of any worth whatsoever.
Big John rolled across the big
screen for years before
folks finally discovered that
his bay mare had rigor mortis
and a pair of training wheels,

and it doesn't matter
much that I'm a sculptor who can't
throw clay worth a damn 'cause
I have a prepaid order from
an art dealer in Santa Fe.

—Russell S. Moorehead