

Sidney Rodeo

**by Celie Kloewer
Pre-Vet, Freshman**

Sidney Night

Spin me, Paratrooper,
Send me on
To high above the skies
In Nine Dragon's Eyes
To come back down
More whirling around
The lights flashing
In sparkling nights
Are bright then black
Wait, now I'm back
With Octopus arms
To wrap me around
The fresh night air
And take me smiling
Down to land;
And my shoulder
Softly touched by
Some bull rider's hand
Shall not shiver nor give in
As I'm claimed yet free
And the lights still spin
All around me
Only to slowly dim
Down in the park
To mottled moonlight
Between trees' leaves.
The laughing ceases
And so do the words
Till morning comes
And we both are gone.

Sidney Morning

Then shall stand
The still Paratrooper,
It's arms outstretched in the sun
As if begging for the night.
The nine dull dragon eyes
Can't wink out their light
Nor whirl around in a flashing night.
The hot sun bakes the arms
Of towers throughout
The vacant whirl land
As the day keeps it still.
From the distant shade
Of a flap of canvass
Gently rising and falling
In the breeze,
I quietly watch
As a cowboy sits, dreaming,
On the Octopus' lower-most seat,
Of the night that has passed
No longer to meet
The lights and the laughs
He knows will come back
A full year from now.
He may not return
And I may not either
But the night now spent
Was spent for the night
Not for tomorrow.