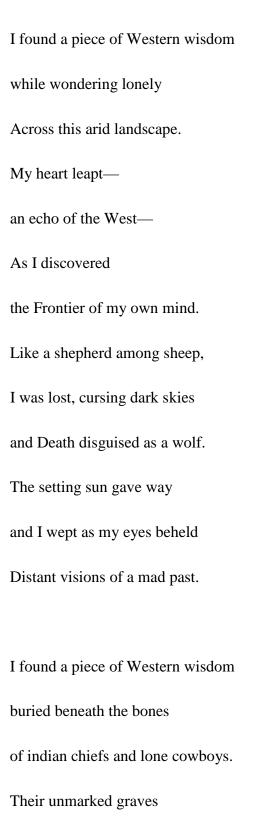
## Western Wisdom



stank like decay and desperation. Yet, I could hear their voices on the horizon, unsettled. Ghosts of the Old West whose Sad songs still haunt the midnight air. I found a piece of Western wisdom On a dirt road that stretched for miles, untouched and abandoned. A place Time forgot long ago. While the city lay behind, a silhouette of Iron and Steele. I play the anti-hero in this epic. A small town nobody with even smaller ambitions.

I found a piece of Western wisdom hidden within black ink and white spaces between words. It's as if Romance asked Reality to dance and the two have since become one. And as I flip through the dusty pages of History, I see What tangled webs we've spun. Our woes were not born of Nature, But ushered into this world by Man. Indeed, I found a piece of Western wisdom Inscribed on scraps of paper-time. And now it's my voice I hear humming on the edge of the horizon It's my turn to add a verse to this great American poem.