

TRAP TROUBLE

Cowboy Poetry by Dena Fritz

NOTE: Things you may want to know before reading this—

- A jaw trap looks like a jaw with big teeth and is meant to catch the prey by the foot and is held in the ground with a stake and a long chain
- A pole cat is a stinky old skunk
- Tomato soaks are suppose to remove skunk odor
- A live trap is a rectangular cage that simple traps the animal, unharmed
- A chicken hook is a large hook that is used to catch chickens by the leg, a lot like a sheep herders crook
- Cowboy poets use very poor English!!!
- Have fun and laugh

I'm not sure how the trap was invented
But with some more thought, some flaws coulda been prevented
First that jaw trap with the long set chains
Works just fine for coyotes on the plains
But it ain't real good for under the coop
Cuz that critter still ate a bird and is now trapped under the stoop
I go get a partner, usually my spouse
To pull the chain so I can shoot the dirty louse
Well this ain't too bad if the critter is a coon, rabbit or rat
But it ain't real pleasant when it's an ole pole cat
With a lift of the tail, the scent does fly
And wounded, crawls back under the stoop to die
I stink to high heaven and so does the house
Not to mention one very upset spouse
After a few months of tomato soaks, it's time to trap again
This time, I try a live trap, borrowed from a friend
I set it by the coop in plain sight
And catch victim number one that very night
Now here's the problem with this live cage
How do ya get rid of a skunk in rage
A bullet may dent that borrowed snare
And besides, shoot'in that close to the house again, I wouldn't dare
But lucky for me, my know-it-all uncle is here
Give'in me a way to empty that trap without foul'in the air
He says you take a long stick and you pull it away
As long as that skunk's face'in you he can't spray
I decide I got nothing to lose and rig up a chicken hook
Drag'in that pen out to pasture, eye to eye that skunk and I look
By golly, if that didn't do the trick
Fact, I think I'll do it again it was so slick
The very next time I'm half way to where I want to be
When that stick brakes and it's just that skunk versus me
Well, he's still face'in me, to myself I think
He shouldn't be able to make too much of a stink
So I reach down with my hand real fast
And I'm a guess'in that skunk was part gymnast
Cuz we never lost eye contact as his rear lifted over his head
Next thing I knew, I was lay'in there, wish'in I was dead
But there is a moral to the story, don't believe all your uncle's yap'in
And next time, hire him to do your trap'in