**Marshal Wolves**

*Fairview Inn- September 7, 2015*

Marshal Wolves Are Howling On My Trail.

Fifty Below.

North Wind Blows.

Twenty Mile Steady.

Forty Mile Gusts.

Ten Feet Of Snow.

Jumped My Extradition

Habeas Corpus Bail.

Fugitive Warrant Out Of Tupelo.

Want No Part.

Of. No More Jail.

Just A Bad News Self Defense.

One Sided Gun Fight Dead Man Tale.

Looking Over My Shoulder Since.

Hit North Country Back In Sixty Four.

Changed My Name.

Two Or Three Times Before.

Slipped Right In Through. Mounties Deep Woods Line.

Night Time.

Back Country Door.

Only Clothes On My Back.

Twenty Bucks.

Dog. Ten Inch Forty Four.

Deep In The Bush.

Since Sixty Nine.

Hanging Out On The Yukon.

Holed Up At Forty Mile.

Moose. Salmon. Grouse. Potatoes. Cabbage. Rose Hips.

Sourdough Sparked Blueberry Salmonberry Raspberry

Prune O.

Ain't Seen The Sun For Way Beyond.

Way Beyond.

Beyond. Quite A While.

Marshals Showed.

With That Cool Calm Cold. Polite. Lawman Smile.

Said Hello Son.

Come On.

Good To See You.

We Got You A Special Your Name Writ.

Still Gave Em Just One More Slip.

Magic Trick.

Pulled My Dog Team Hole Card.

At Three AM.

Cut Their Gas Lines.

Cashed In.

My Good Bye Chips.

Their Snow Machines

Won't Run When They Can't Get Fuel.

Marshal Wolves Are Howling On My Trail.

Fifty Below.

I May Be Seventy Nine.

But Legs Still Fine.

Too Old To Die.

In A Government Cage.  Powders Dry.

Gun. Knife. Axe.

Jerky. Tea.

Tinder. Flint. Steel.

Bivy Sack.

Mind Sharp. Real.

Don't Look Back.

Still Skocum.

Still Got Nerve.

Still Got. Moxie.

Still Can Hide Like A Snowshoe Hare.

Ride Like I Don't Care.

Fight Like A Grizzly Bear.

Run Like A Sitka Deer.

Make A Real Time Show.

Don't Know.

Fear.

On The Jump Again.

Back Mushing.

On The Disappear.

Get Away.

North Country Road.

On The Real Time Go.

Marshal Wolves Want Me.

No Way.

Not To Be.

Sorry. Warders. Grabbers.

Non. Nay.

No.

Not Today.

It Won't Be So.