

The Cluck o' the Wheels

THE FELLERS THAT WRITES aint got 'round to tell
 Of the bullies that battled the gumbo hell,
 And plowed through the muck of the alkali flats,
 —And didn't wear "chaps" and ten-gallon hats—
 But rastled with broncs that was half wild cats,
 And herded them 'long with a single jerk line;
 Blazed their own trails to the camps and the mine—
 They didn't mark trails them days with a sign.

They didn't write of nights by lonely camp fires,
 In a land of far places,—and oak-hearted liars
 That set in the light of the camp's warmin' blaze
 And thrilled of adventure in dim, misty days
 On trails far beyond the blue and the haze
 Where sky-roof meets Earth; of days cold and long
 Of Injun and horse thieves, and the lilt of the song
 In the cluck o' the wheels as they jogged along—

Men now are the oxen and men are the mules,
 And these have but muscle and brawn for their tools;
 And men are the drivers that goad on and spur
 To keep the wheels turning to make the soft purr
 That comes when they cluck in the road's muck and stir;
 For these were the fitted to trade and to gain,
 And theirs were the string teams that crossed the great plain,
 And these hooked their fellow men strong to the chain.

Dead, too, are the camp fires along the freight trail,
 The freighter has gone and gone is his tale;
 Not one hooks the swing teams strong to the chain*
 To pull the vast cargoes across the wide plain,
 For the cluck o' the wheels we listen in vain.
 But string teams will always be trudgin' the road,
 And there'll always be drivers to prod and to goad
 The dumb, sweating creatures that pull on the load.

*The teams working anywhere between the wheelers and the lead horses.

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Yvonne Yeh

Memphis Modern

Monday, March 17, 2025

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Saddle up, partner, and ride into the sunset of adventure. Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, where the prairie winds whisper tales of long-forgotten outlaws, and the scent of sagebrush drifts through the evening air. Cacti stand tall like silent sentinels, and the dust kicks up beneath steady hooves as galloping dreams chase the open horizon. Nulla fringilla nisi vel justo, like a cowboy's lasso catching the morning light, circling wide and true before landing firm.

Tempus fugit, just like a wild mustang, untamed and free, racing against the wind with nothing but open land ahead. Donec ultricies sem vel urna, strong as a cowboy's handshake, built on trust and unspoken bonds. Maecenas vel nisl eget nunc auctor tristique, the way a seasoned rider knows the rhythm of his horse without a single word spoken. In the quiet moments, Sed non metus id quam laoreet egestas, a steady hand on the reins, guiding the herd as the sun dips below the mesa. The fire crackles under the vast, starlit heavens, casting long shadows on weathered boots and worn-out trail maps. Quisque placerat justo nec urna fringilla, like the steady hands of an old rancher breaking in a wild stallion, patience and grit written in every line of his face.

Out here, the West is wild, the heart is restless, and every trail tells a story. Pellentesque habitant morbi tristique senectus et netus et malesuada fames ac turpis egestas, like wagon wheels carving history into the dry, cracked earth. Every tumbleweed rolling past carries whispers of gunfights, lost gold, and the dreams of those who came before. The frontier stretches far and wide, a canvas for those bold enough to paint their legend upon it. And so, with dust on their boots and fire in their souls, they ride on, into the great unknown, where the journey is only just beginning.

8 pt

10 pt

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Aenean ut justo ut metus faucibus scelerisque—sturdy as a well-worn saddle, guiding drifters through rolling hills where coyotes sing their midnight ballads. Proin ornare libero at sapien, a lone rider against an endless sky, spurs jingling with each measured step. The fire crackles under the vast, starlit heavens, casting long shadows on weathered boots and worn-out trail maps.

Tempus fugit, just like a wild stallion, untamed and free. Donec ultricies sem vel urna, sturdy as a well-worn saddle, guiding drifters through the rolling hills. Maecenas vel nisl eget nunc auctor tristique, like campfire stories passed down through generations. Sed non metus id quam laoreet egestas, a steady hand on the reins. The West is wild, the heart is restless, and the journey is only just beginning.

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14 pt

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Riding the Frontier in Memphis Style

Grit, Glory, and a Galloping Heart

A Lone Rider, A Fading Sunset, A Story in Every Letter

Feathers in the Wind, Tales of the West

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