

# **THOSE GATES** (subtitled **Jeans Too Tight**)

**By Katie Maddox**

**“I’ll get the gate!”—Oh, blessed sound  
Which keeps my feet up off the ground  
And in the stirrups, their proper use,  
And, in the saddle, my caboose.**

**Why, oh, why must they sag and scrape  
And thereby hamper our escape??  
The bolts don’t fit into the holes,  
So we must lift up on the poles.**

**With all our might we hoist and push  
And try to get the timing right,  
Cause if you get into a rush  
It only will prolong the fight.**

**And oh, those gates of barbed wire—  
How they do provoke my ire!  
Your fingers are in danger mortal  
When you try to close this portal.**

**I like those gates that freely swing  
And simply latch with slot or snap.  
To these my horse’s skills I’d bring.  
Together we could bridge the gap.**

**Those other gates will bear the curse  
That can’t be got from back of horse!**