

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!**