

I Went into the Maverick Bar

BY GARY SNYDER

I went into the Maverick Bar
In Farmington, New Mexico.
And drank double shots of bourbon
 backed with beer.
My long hair was tucked up under a cap
I'd left the earring in the car.

Two cowboys did horseplay
 by the pool tables,
A waitress asked us
 where are you from?
a country-and-western band began to play
"We don't smoke Marijuana in Muskokie"
And with the next song,
 a couple began to dance.

They held each other like in High School dances
 in the fifties;
I recalled when I worked in the woods
 and the bars of Madras, Oregon.
That short-haired joy and roughness—
 America—your stupidity.
I could almost love you again.

We left—onto the freeway shoulders—
 under the tough old stars—
In the shadow of bluffs
 I came back to myself,
To the real work, to
 "What is to be done."

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