

King of the Wild Frontier

by Darrell Petska

Ahead squats the Alamo, dangling its destiny,
and though you've exchanged Old Betsy
for a bible and a fiddle, you take refuge inside:
Santa Anna's after your coonskin hat.
From the rampart you trumpet Psalm 144—
your Kentuckian drawl baffling the enemy,
so you fiddle a melody to lull the clamorous horde.
Their cannons answering, you flee to the chapel.
Your foe's right behind, breaching the walls,
swarming the chapel, demanding your surrender.
"OK, fine," you're about to say, "no need to
get our shorts in knots over lousy real estate."
Then you notice some boy in the shadows, eyeing
you—Davy Crockett! Now, surrender's no option.
You wink to the kid, grab the altar's crucifix,
and start cracking heads.

