

## The Ballad of the Sick Pen

They loaded me up in South Florida  
And I don't know much about highways  
But they must of taken a scenic route  
Because I reached Texas in thirteen days

On arrival, things got hectic  
In fact you might say it was hell  
They tipped my horns and branded me  
And did a few things I won't tell

They gave me an antibiotic  
And a shot of vitamin A  
They gave things I can't pronounce  
And all I really wanted was hay

They ran me down an alley  
Into a pen with feed troughs slick  
On the seventh day a cowboy said  
Why, that unlucky critter's sick

"Vaccinate, drench and dip him"  
From the office came the order  
They shot me so full of holes  
I can't hold my medicated water

But I still look kind of puny  
And as they pondered about my fate  
Somebody out in West Texas said  
"Why not inoculate?"

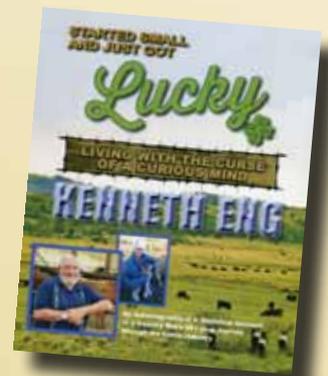
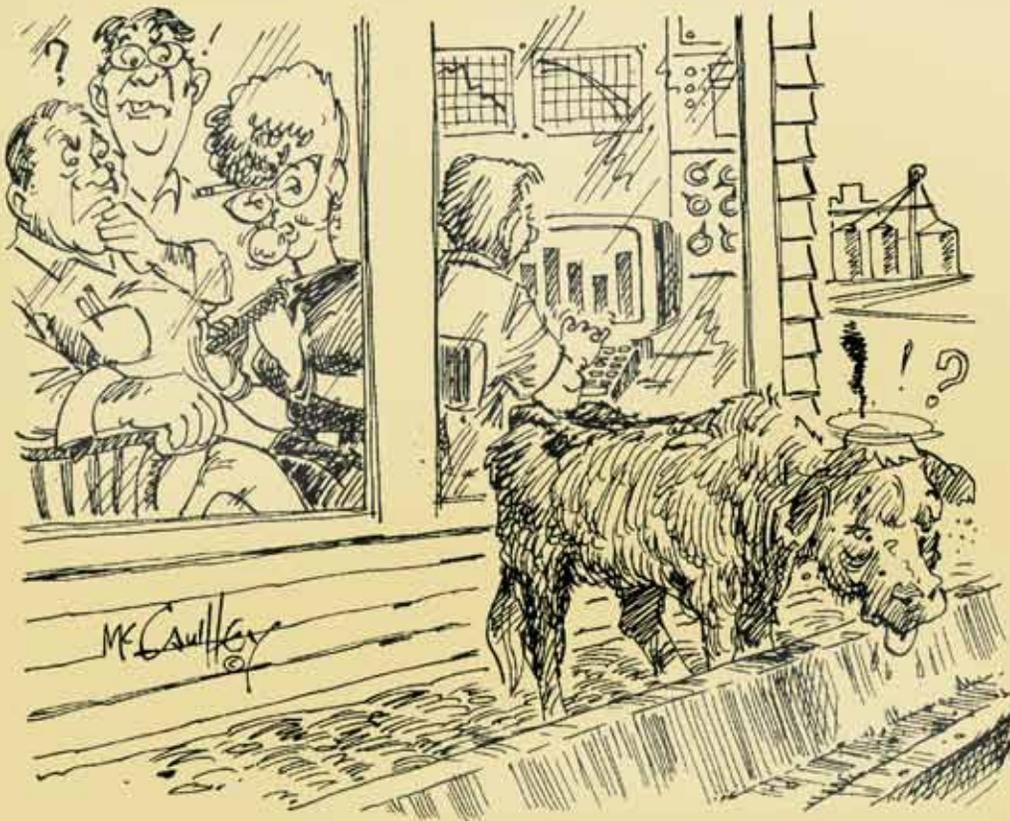
"Microbial are the answer  
To all your feedlot ills  
Just open up his little mouth  
And cram down those nasty pills"

I suppose I am grateful  
For all they've done for me  
The owner's a hellava businessman  
And the nutritionist a Ph.D.

The secretary is really cute  
And has a way with men  
The medicine man is sharp  
Guess he has a D.V.M.

The manager had years of experience  
And he can follow, or can lead  
By why can't they see what's killing me  
. . . Someone forgot to put out the feed

By K.S. Eng



Kenny Eng has a new autobiography titled "Lucky, Living with the Curse of a Curious Mind," out this September (2014). For all you Eng fans, the book can be ordered at [engnm@hotmail.com](mailto:engnm@hotmail.com) or call 601-731-2565, or 210-865-8376. You can also call 620-276-8793, the Territorial Magazine or write us at P.O. Box E, Garden City, KS, 67846 and we will forward your order to him.  
(The Editor)