



"Coffman Street" is a creative writing feature of THE CROSS PLAINSMAN, inspired by Robert E. Howard's life and literary achievement. I felt compelled to make use of the coincidence that the dirt road (the fact that it's a dirt road makes it even more appealing from my perspective) running past the west side of the Howard home in Cross Plains is also known as "Coffman Street."

## REH

by Frank Coffman  
(08/19-20/00)

There was, in him, a stirring of the blood,  
Awakening of native memories,  
So that the words poured forth in fabulous flood  
About dark craggy landscapes, savage seas;  
About barbaric realms and golden days  
Splashed with red carnage and the power of fist  
Made crystal in quick prose and lyric lays.  
There was in him a lifting of the mist.

And, as his fingers flew among the keys,  
From Underwood to Otherworlds they flew:  
Tales about those who drank life to the lees,  
Talespinning tall, until live legends grew.

And then – too soon, too young – the pyre desired,  
He deemed all fled, all done  
– and the lamps expired.