

The Buffalo Grass

Chris LeDoux

Its been forty-five days since the snows have begun
I stare at the fire and long for the sun
As the bitter winds blow through the mouth of the pass
I sit here and dream of the Buffalo grass

The ponies are shaggy; their coats have grown long
With heads down, they huddle together as one
At the window my breath forms a mist on the glass
As I patiently wait for the Buffalo grass

The Seasons still turn
And the prairies still yearn
For those who were here long ago
The Sioux have all gone and the Bison moved on
Soon, I will follow them home

Mollie passed in September and left me alone
Now my heart is as heavy and round as a stone
Too many years have gone by too fast
And I long for the feel of the Buffalo grass

The animals sleep while the world holds it's breath
The woods are as still and as silent as death
When the mountain streams flow, spring will follow at last
And the wind will blow free through the Buffalo grass

The Seasons still turn
And the prairies still yearn
For those who were here long ago
The Sioux have all gone and the Bison moved on
Soon, I will follow them home

The geese will return, a symbol of change
The elk will be foraging out on the range
Once again nature's palette will color the pass
And I will find peace in the Buffalo grass
Yes, I will find peace in the Buffalo grass