

## 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