

Ghost of the Plains

Thunder rolls across the plains,
Even the largest tree shakes.
Not a cloud in the sky,
Yet the ground quakes.

Over the rolling hills
A dark wave descends
Swarming o'er the grass
Round the twists and bends.

The herds of old
Roaming their free land.
Under no one's fire,
Under no one's command.

They live amongst the first
to make their home here
Those nations who behold
Them with great reverence.

These beasts show their love
With their meat and their bones.
Their hides give warmth and
Safety to homes.

For generations, they walk
Side by side through the grass
Neither knowing the horrors
That would soon come to pass
When the soldiers come
They spare no life
They come shooting the gun
And wielding the knife.

They shoot and they kill,
Decimating with haste.
Hide and horn stolen,
Body left to waste

These men have no honor,
They give no thanks.
They attack without warning,
The enemy, they outflank

The tribes fight bravely
to defend their kin,
but their fate is tied
to those creatures with fur skin.

As the herds fall apart,
The tribes are removed,
To ghettos and slums,
All government approved.

But those survivors live on
With strength in their hearts
Fighting to reclaim their land,
As do their animal counterparts.

—*Rosa Ubaldo*