

Go West

*billy k craig*

Whispered the

Promises-----

Like the once fleet buffalo

Racing

Across the prairie

Before the hide hunters

Fire

Vanished-----

Gone-----

Gone

The dreams

Like the countless

Indians

Chasing pilgrims

Who just shoot them

With their guns

Lover's dreams

Hushed and forgotten

Pressed between

The pages

Of a harlequin novel

Laid away

In a shallow grave

Like a dead bird

In an old shoe box

The frontier left

For those younger

And unafraid