

"Indian Tears"

-by-

Andrew Kicking Horse

Sagebrush, sagebrush, whither you blow,  
torn from your roots by a wayward soul,  
stripped from a land, sparse and bare,  
ripped from the pit of the devil's lair,  
whirled and buffeted, hither and yon,  
one moment here, the next you are gone,  
perhaps you'll find peace but I'll never know,  
sagebrush, sagebrush, whither you blow.

Coyote, coyote, hot on the trail,  
of rodent or rabbit or covey of quail,  
ever so cunning in your sandcastle home,  
but destined to dwell in it, ever alone,  
mournfully, mournfully, your nose to the moon,  
piercing the night with the coyote's tune,  
rising and falling in dismal despair,  
libido or logic, does coyote care?

Wild wind, wild wind, what stories you hold,  
the young and carefree, tired and old,  
the wisdom of ages, yet thirsty for more,  
wild wind, wild wind, searching mountain to shore,  
sing high in the night air, what ghosts do you see,  
blow gently, blow gently, your breezes to me,  
bring tales of past days in this Indian land,  
where it seems in dim shadows, teepees still stand.

Prairie, prairie, your silence once knew,  
buffalo, deer, and indians too,  
wild horses whose beauty once graced these plains,  
and now sighing wind, what still remains,  
Just a thread of grey concrete with cars screaming by,  
the sagebrush, the wind, the coyote, and I,  
and there in the dust my history appears,  
and all that remains are my Indian tears.

The End.