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Footprints

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FOOTPRINTS

by *Marianne McFarland McNeil*

One hundred years ago at noon,
 wave-rippled grass was lush and green;
 by night, light of cloud-cradles moon
 showed gaping ruts at trampled scene.

Wave-rippled grass was lush and green
 When the Run began,
 showed gaping ruts at trampled scene
 where eager men and horses ran

when the Run began
 Those thousands gained historic name
 in thrilling race of pioneers
 for hundred-sixty-acre claim;
 for right of land and pride and tears

in thrilling race of pioneers,
 thunder of hooves, whistles of trains.
 For right of land and pride and tears
 men settled Oklahoma plains.

Thunder of hooves, whistles of trains
 proclaimed new opportunity;
 Men settled Oklahoma plains
 in seas of grass where land was free.

Proclaimed—new opportunity—
 by night, light of cloud-cradled moon
 in seas of grass where land was free,
 one hundred years ago, at noon. ■

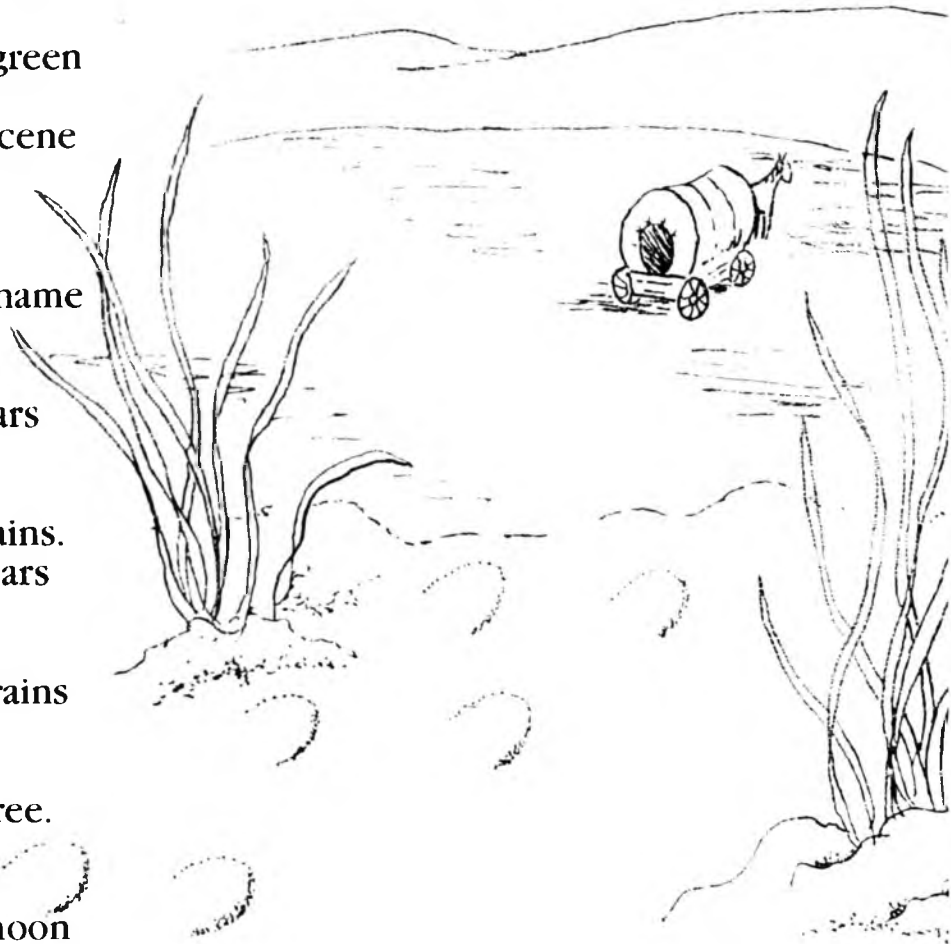


illustration by *Julie O'Reilly*

MARIANNE MCFARLAND MCNEIL, formerly of the Dakotas, is now a prolific writer living in Amarillo. She enjoys experimenting with various poetic patterns such as the Terzanelle, in which this poem is written.