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## Hide Hunter / The Hunted

Margie Snowden North

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# Hide Hunter

—By Margie Snowden North

He  
stakes his horse,  
crawls toward the buffalo herd  
Sagebrush is his shelter  
and he takes his “stand” for the kill  
flat on his belly.

A forked branch supports his gun  
while he picks them off,  
the leader first, then others...  
Drops them in a pile  
Three dollars a hide  
and today he drops a hundred.  
He  
is a rich man now  
With only the buffalo  
and future generations the  
Poorer. \*

# The Hunted

—By Margie Snowden North

Bison grow fat  
on grassy, wind-swept plains  
Hunters on horses dispatch arrows  
Death and slaughter reigns.

Butchering then,  
Bison meat stripped, pounded, dried  
Food for winter,  
For tipis, the hide.

While back on the plain  
Bison mill, stoically reband  
Await that time later  
when hunters come again. \*



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