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Hide Hunter / The Hunted

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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. *

Design by Marc Williams