



Bison Song

By Glenn Currier

Oh how the sadness in your wizened eyes
betrays your history on our mother earth
the plains whose dust your heard would fill the skies
your massive movement sounding your great girth.
For centuries your flesh and bones supplied
the native peoples from their very birth.
Whites took your land and brought your quick demise
to steal the sacred meaning of your worth.

But still with furry shoulders you stand tall
your sacred legacy of strength remains
we thank you for the blessings you still bring.
You ground us lifting souls to Spirit's call
you sweep and roar across our daily plains
reminding us to bow, then dance and sing.

Author's Note: Inspired by Rainer Maria Rilke's sonnet, "Archaic Torso of Apollo" Rilke's poem, in sonnet form, wrote beautifully what the white marble sculpture of Apollo (arms, and head no longer there) spoke to him. Here are his first five lines:

*We cannot know his legendary head
with eyes like ripening fruit. And yet his torso
is still suffused with brilliance from inside,
like a lamp, in which his gaze, now turned low,
gleams in all its power...*

Looking for my own piece of art, I found a wood-carved sculpture of a bison, given to me many years ago by my wife, that now stands on the top shelf of our garden room, a place of honor where it belongs.

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