

VACHEL LINDSAY (1879-1931)

The Flower-Fed Buffaloes (1926)

The flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
In the days of long ago,
Ranged where the locomotives sing
And the prairie flowers lie low:--
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass
Is swept away by the wheat,
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
In the spring that still is sweet.
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
Left us, long ago.
They gore no more, they bellow no more,
They trundle around the hills no more:--
With the Blackfeet, lying low,
With the Pawnees,¹ lying low,
Lying low.

¹ Blackfeet...Pawnees: Native American tribes