**Nebraska**

In September we passed through Nebraska.

It was a day of burning-hot sunshine and steady wind.

Heading west across grassy fields,

Stretching on past wind-bent trees on the plains

Black cattle held in by wood and wire fences

On an old trail of dusty buffalo.

We watched for miles for a glimpse of buffalo-

This is the Season-of-Passing across Nebraska.

To the North, clouds were lengthened by the wind.

Just above the tree-lined golden fields.

I could see an eagle perched on the wind above the plains-

A contrast to the firmly planted fences.

Made of gray wood, weathered pine - the fences.

Enough wood and wire to stop the buffalo

on the Northern Passage over Nebraska.

Eagle feathers spread in the afternoon wind

shadowed below on moving fields

an ecological balance on Midwest plains.

Roots spread deep with the soil of the plains,

Obscuring the splintered wood fences.

It’s been many seasons since the Passing-of-the-Buffalo

through the rich deep soils of Nebraska.

fires now flare up-fed by restless winds

quickly engulfing the auburn fall corn fields.

Fires sweep along the ground of wind-fields.

Buffalo ceased to cross these plains.

Killed by the hands that built the fences.

Trucks and cars now pass on the ancient trail of buffalo.

Signs give directions to pioneer museums in Nebraska

The air conditioned car holds a steady cool wind.

Outside, a steady hot wind.

Through the tinted glass we view the fields,

Consider the history of these plains

Neatly divided off by fences.

We see no buffalo,

In September, as we pass through Nebraska.

*Lynda McKinney Lambert.*

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