

Invitation

Our Mother Earth is manicured-
groomed into greater productivity
as the virgin grass that fed
our horses, our cattle, and our dreams
is exchanged for golden seas of grain
that will feed children
around an unkept globe.

The Ancient Ones who rode before,
enjoyed our company, all of us on horses
trained by the rider's wits and wills-
sharing stories of saddled romance
midst predawn nature.

These paternal Riders now ride by less often
and in longer circles - even stopped
overlooking the spectacle of our Mothers blood pumped out
for higher yields
and her waving pristine complexion is painted –Gold—
as she willingly gives herself
to feed the Insatiable masses.

As the past yearns to be remembered and the present longs for its
rooted nutrition...

Those Olden Riders will still tell their tales
to those who will ride with them,
hearts knitting together.
over the grassy hills that still resist
the Plow.