

White Heron Buffalo Dance

I heard tell of a buffalo man that wonder into trinidad land.

*An old railroad town with plotted streets and alleys that
ghosts only know.*

*He roamed these southwest facing hills. The wind messed
with his hair; the sun tanned his white hide, this would be the
place earth mother would open up to him.*

*With his trusty mate and two little buffalo boys in tow they
planted vines from biblical times. Them boys would poke and
prod that buffalo man, but he is steady and patient and post
by post they grew into fine young men.*

*It is in his DNA to build castle walls where they would dine
with family and friends, play petanque and make mighty fine
wine. The Great White Heron is the totem of their estate
standing watch over the tests of time. So on this God given
day, grow some horns, put on your hide, stir up the dust,
and do your White Heron Buffalo dance.*

Kirk Art