





## The Buffalo

The prairie grass sings along with the wind,  
As the ecosystem today still tries to mend,  
From the damage done many years ago  
By the genocide of the buffalo.

Great herds once roamed across the prairie,  
Going where led by the prairie fairy,  
Traveling with the raven and the vulture so black,  
The world was theirs until the attack.

It came with the train and settlers moving west,  
And it turned into a bit of a shooting contest,  
About whom could kill the most in a day,  
Settlement done the American way.

With the buffalo gone, there was no food,  
To the native tribes, an insult most rude,  
For these folks and the buffalo had a pact,  
Only take what you need and do not lack.

They had a relationship with the earth mother,  
They thought of generations one after another,  
They valued leaving what they had found,  
Ensuring that the buffalo was still around.

Then came the Europeans with gun and knife,  
Disrupting the balance, taking buffalo life,  
And also destroying an entire ecosystem,  
Turning the prairie into a victim.

Today we seek to turn back the clock,  
And take some action rather than talk,  
One key to the future of the human race  
Is to put carbon back into prairie soil space.

Carbon dioxide removal by prairie restoration,  
A key message in an Earth Church celebration,  
Along with not forgetting the buffalo,  
And what we did not so long ago.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here we remember the buffalo,  
And remove carbon too.