

WHITE BUFFALO

by Kathryn Lubahn

Oh how could I have not known
The White Buffalo is filled with snow?
Countless men have filled me with their heat
Relentless in their passion burning me
But sweetest of the Buffalo yours is a Winter fire
Burning across my body followed by prairie snow
My skin swells dark and full as February clouds
Descending close to ground in the heaviness of desire
My body aches with the volume of your passion
Rolling across the plains on a north wind
My blood boils with Buffalo clouds
And I wonder what will release
My biological atmospheric pressure
While the Buffalo Shaman dances magic
My response yields to the alchemy
Of the Buffalo God's eyes caressing me
Suddenly my retentive cells become atoms of snow
Spreading out into space with arms of lace
Crystallizing in the winter moon's night
Everything inside me opens up to flight
And I spin in the arms of my Buffalo lover
As the reincarnated Goddess of the Moon's snow