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