

THE HURRICANE HUNTERS

No fresh hoofprints circle  
the last cattle cistern; they're all headed  
for the scrublands of badgers and bobcats.  
Ole Hurricane, that wily mustang,  
must've guessed-- ain't no space to spare  
when ranchers rile up and load up.

Hate rides saddles bristling  
with Winchesters and double-barrels  
ready to make their point: Green plains  
and water are for cows, not to share  
with what oughta be in dog food cans.  
You hear me, Hurricane?  
I'll find you, I'm ridin' your own kind.

Bane of us all, I know it was you  
an' your mares  
that balded my best grassland. You  
an' the always-trailing herds of hunger  
you prob'ly sired half of. Black  
to the bone, scarred from years  
of bein' sheik, I've seen you fight  
for your harem, seen you beat out rivals  
with a bulgy-eyed stare, a flip of ravelly mane.

I've seen you bare your teeth, shake  
your head and whicker an equine dare  
that says no man can ride you, no rope  
can keep you an' I believe you. But now you got  
nine cowmen after your hide an' hair.  
And me, I've got an hour's head start.

Yeah, I see you yonder, Hurricane. Hurricane  
of the high plains, thirteen mares rich.  
My thunder is loud an' my aim is good.  
That's right, swear at 'em, nip their rumps  
an' move 'em out. Run 'em all day, run 'em fast.  
I want you out there, wild-shiny like obsidian  
with hooves as sharp, arrogant as the whine  
of that last ricochet off the rocks. I want you  
to hang on somewhere, Hurricane. While maybe  
my uncertain kind learns better how to weigh  
the balance of life and life.

--Glenna Holloway  
Winter, 1996, LYNX EYE