

HIGH PLAINS HURRICANE  
(Equus caballus, feral)

The thirsty herd's gone farther west,  
No trace of hoof prints anywhere.  
That wily stallion must've guessed  
There ain't no living space to spare  
When ranchers rile up and declare  
Range mustangs are the cowman's bane.  
Folks mutter with each summer scare  
About the horse called Hurricane.

Ole Hurricane's the devil's pest,  
Long scars dissecting heavy hair,  
His legends raking with the best.  
I've watched him curb a straying mare  
And beat out rivals with his stare.  
He stripped my grass then flipped his mane;  
I don't know why in hell I care  
About the horse called Hurricane.

Ten cowboys rode out on a quest  
To make his hated band beware  
Of grazing land. Three ropers messed  
With Hurricane and made him bare  
His teeth. They heard his whickered dare  
As he got loose with wit and strain  
While seven men set up a snare  
About the horse called Hurricane.

I watched them work and sweat and swear  
But it was bound to be in vain.  
They couldn't know I looped a prayer  
About the horse called Hurricane.