

## Invitation

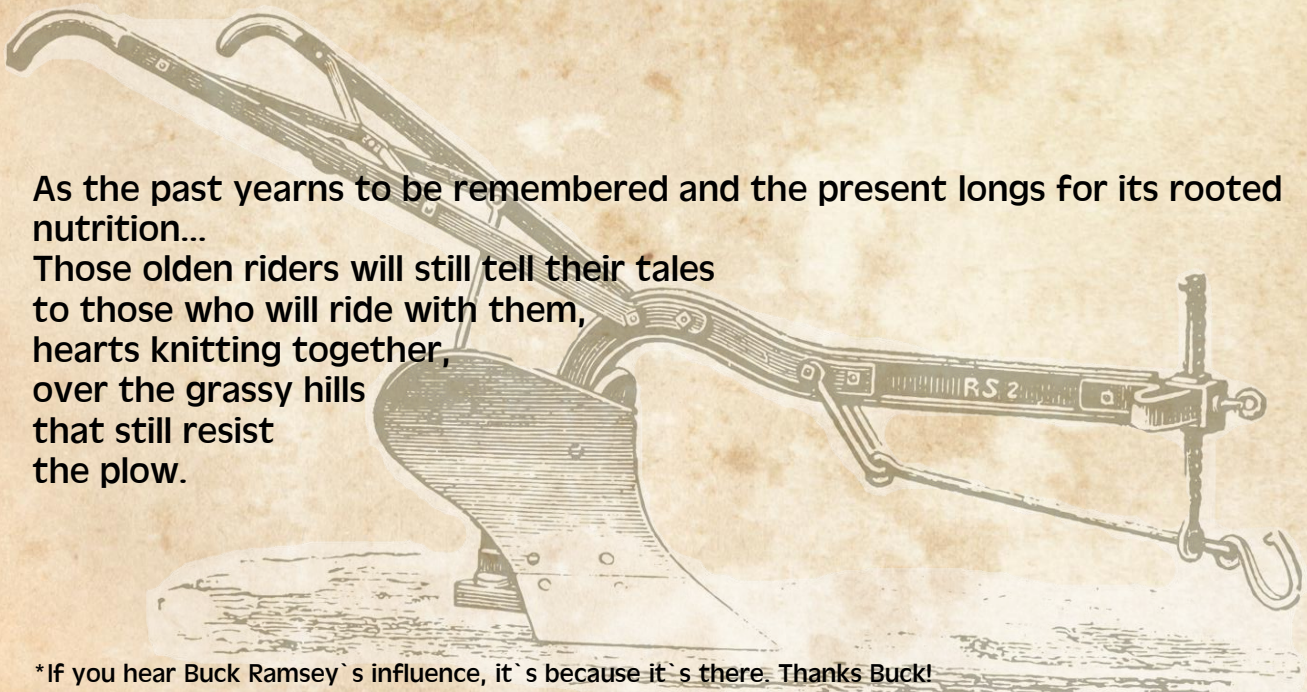
Our Mother Earth is manicured-  
groomed into greater productivity  
as the virgin grass that fed  
our horses, our cattle, and our dreams  
is exchanged for golden seas of grain  
that will feed children  
around an unkept globe.

The Ancient Ones who rode before,  
enjoyed our company, all of us on horses  
trained by the rider`s wits and wills-  
sharing stories of saddled romance  
'midst predawn nature.

These Paternal Riders now ride by less often  
and in longer circles – even stopped  
overlooking the spectacle  
of our Mother`s blood pumped out  
for higher yields  
and her waving pristine complexion is painted – Gold -  
as she willingly gives herself  
to feed the insatiable masses.

As the past yearns to be remembered and the present longs for its rooted  
nutrition...

Those olden riders will still tell their tales  
to those who will ride with them,  
hearts knitting together,  
over the grassy hills  
that still resist  
the plow.



\*If you hear Buck Ramsey`s influence, it`s because it`s there. Thanks Buck!  
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