

J.S. MacLean

Buffalo Stone

There are no answers on the plains
when the wind takes a breather
from sculpting the grounded main,
but bison can spot a rock of ice age
rough and solid upon the swells.
So in procession like hirsute monks
panting hymns of dusty devils
they circle that stone, rubbing in turns
to shed the itch, or unseen ticks.
They wear a ditch ten centuries deep
around the base until that erratic
is buffed to a luster like the first light
in lonesome space, or a white buffalo
guarding Black Hills. Stone still reflects
even the moon across the wallows
void now of beasts stumbled into visions.

J.S. MacLean lives in Calgary Alberta. His work has appeared in such places as *ditch*, *Why Vandalism?*, *Battered Suitcase*, *Structo*, *Soundzine*, *The Maynard*, *tinfoildresses*, and various others. Most recent work appears in *The Cimaera*, *The Toronto Quarterly*, *Wilderness House Literary Review*, and *Callused Hands*. In his spare time he wears various hats working on a newish online journal, *The Triggerfish Critical Review*.