

HERE Morris, on the plains that we have
loved,

Think of the death of Akoose, fleet of foot,
Who, in his prime, a herd of antelope
From sunrise, without rest, a hundred miles
Drove through rank prairie, loping like a
wolf,

Tired them and slew them, ere the sun went
down.

Akoose, in his old age, blind from the smoke
Of teepees and the sharp snow light, alone
With his great grandchildren, withered and
spent,

Crept in the warm sun along a rope
Stretched for his guidance. Once when sharp
autumn

Made membranes of thin ice upon the sloughs,
He caught a pony on a quick return
Of prowess and, all his instincts cleared
and quickened,

He mounted, sensed the north and bore away
To the Last Mountain Lake where in his
youth

He shot the sand-hill-cranes with his flint
arrows.

And for these hours in all the varied pomp
Of pagan fancy and free dreams of foray