

The Sunflower State

Once bison roamed the North Dakota plain
Traversing this wide open vast terrain
Expanding past their previous domain
In search of surplus food they could obtain.

But soon their open herds began to wane
Because they were unmercifully slain
Subjected to such agony and pain
In ways that were both cruel and inhumane.
This manner was the Badlands way to gain
Clear access for their westerly campaign.

Sunflowers have become a "golden grain".
Their yellow can be seen from an airplane.
This state that's never seen a hurricane
Has fearsome storms with winds and heavy rain
That twist and turn a rugged weathervane.

A Garden full of Peace will now remain
To help the current residents explain
The type of world we all hope to attain,
Thus forming a complete unbroken chain
In hopes that harmony we will regain.



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