

BADLANDS

By Kittyko
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**I'm Badlands, rough and rugged;
Big horned sheep and wild horses;
I'm so scary, crops won't grow—
Woo! There's a hairy buffalo!**

I'm sharp as cactus, smooth as stone;
Carved by years of erosion;
My wood's so scared, it's petrified;
My burs on your shoes wanna hitch a ride!
See, 60 million years ago, streams from the Rocky Mountains flowed;
Formed buttes and valleys and tablelands—
But you can call me *Badlands*!

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As the years went by I grew up—especially when the volcanoes blew up;
And sent dusty clouds of blue and gray;
That eventually settled as bentonite clay;
Whoa! There's lightning—it's gonna ignite;
My underground layers of lignite;
I'll burn the hematite—that's what scoria is;
See my beautiful layers of reds & oranges;
And now flash forward a few million years;
We got elk, we got bison and white tailed deer;
One hundred eighty species of birdies, wildflowers, and the Little Missouri;
Snakes, eagles, prairie dog towns—
I'm the baddest western land around

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