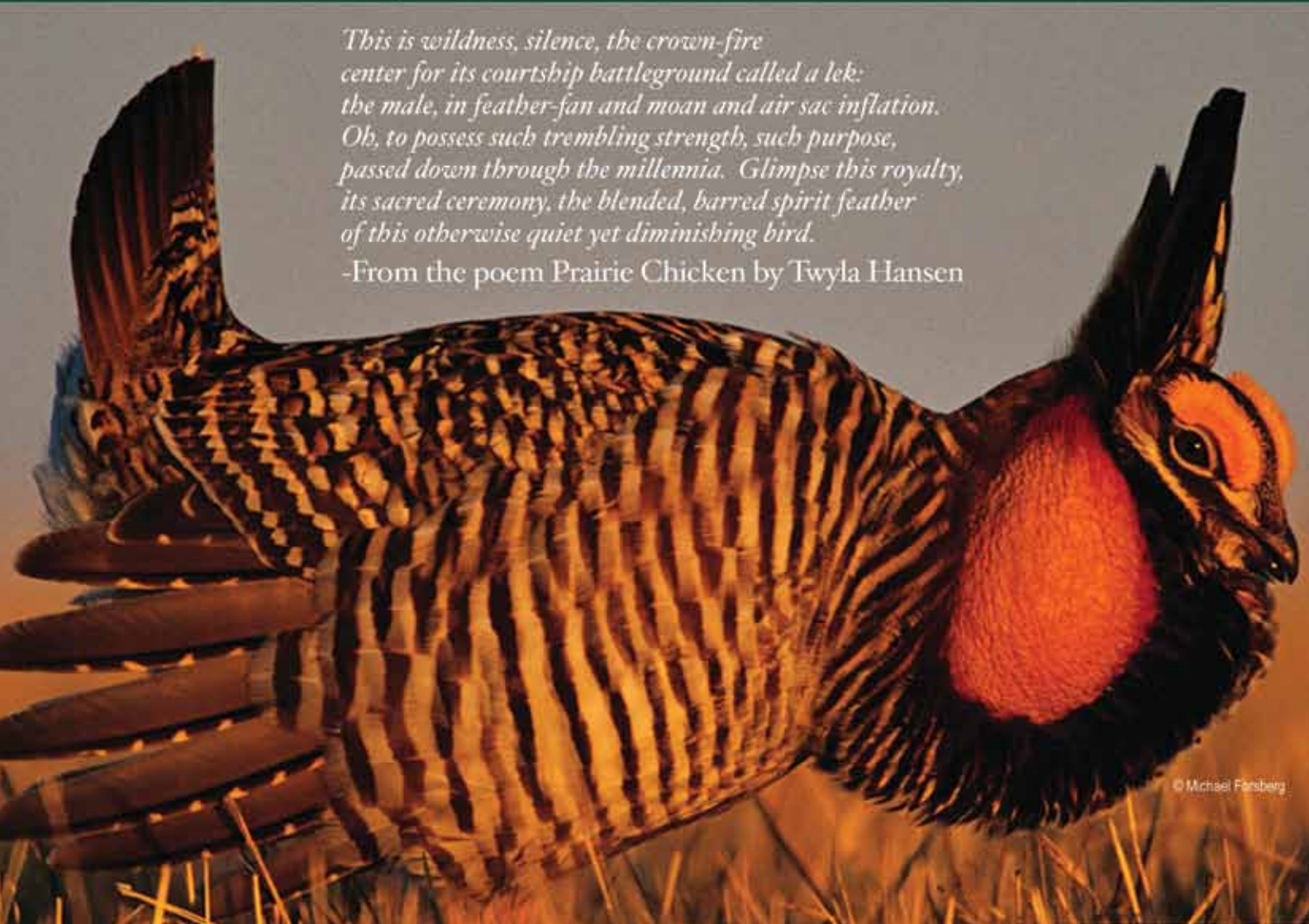


*This is wildness, silence, the crown-fire  
center for its courtship battleground called a lek:  
the male, in feather-fan and moan and air sac inflation.  
Oh, to possess such trembling strength, such purpose,  
passed down through the millennia. Glimpse this royalty,  
its sacred ceremony, the blended, barred spirit feather  
of this otherwise quiet yet diminishing bird.*

-From the poem *Prairie Chicken* by Twyla Hansen



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Greater Prairie Chicken  
*(Tympanuchus cupido)*