

“Caddo’s Soul”

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Caddo’s Soul

Caddo hums with history’s tune,
Bayou whispers beneath the moon.
Spanish moss sways, soft and slow,
As if it knows what the elders know.

Red clay roads and southern skies,
Where sunsets burn and eagles rise.
The cypress stand like guards of time,
Their roots dug deep, their stance sublime.

Ghosts of legends walk these lands,
Stories carried by calloused hands.
Oil and river, rail and song,
Caddo’s heartbeat—steady, strong.

From shaded porches, voices blend,
Neighbors greet like lifelong friends.
The past still lingers, thick as air,
Yet dreams still bloom—we plant them there.

Caddo’s spirit never fades,
Built on strength and love that stays.
Through every storm, through every mile,
Caddo stands—proud and wild.