

THE ARCHAEOLOGIST

by
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A shard of pottery, a crumbling bone,
An ancient basket or a bin of grain,
A yucca sandal, a grinding stone---
And he is back in the past again,
In the far, dim past when these cliff-house men
Dressed these stones and laid them true
In tower and wall for safety when
Should come once more the foes they knew.

Restorer he, of the strange, remote,
Unchronicled culture -- creator he;
Mouldering ruins which centuries smote
From stone by frost, when winds like a sea
Swirled sand and dust in the cliff-house rooms,
He lifts once more from the rust of time,
The kiva jar and the dead from tombs.
The timeless he restores to time.

