



EXCAVATION

by
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The thunderbird still flaps his bronze-black wings
Although the red adobe walls have crumbled,
And potsherds, stones and ashes, strangely jumbled
Lie with the yellow bones of shriveled kings.
The scarlet flowered pentstemon now clings
To the high tombs that careless time has humbled,
And on the mesa where the war drums rumbled
Among the cedar trees a blue bird sings.

An Ancient race has passed; the sun beats down
On pygmy men, who ply their pygmy spades
To salvage ruined beauty in a town
Scarred by the pillage of a hundred raids.
In a far land, an old curator nods.
Shelves sag beneath the weight of weary gods.

