

Go ye and look upon that land,  
That far vast land that few behold,  
And none beholding understand ;  
That old old land which men call new,  
That land as old as time is old.

The solemn silence of that plain,  
Where unmanned tempests ride and reign,  
It awes and it possesses you  
'Tis, oh, so eloquent !

A wide domain of mysteries  
And signs that men misunderstand ;  
A land of space and dreams : a land  
Of sea, salt lakes, and dried up seas ;  
A land of caves and caravans,  
And lonely wells and pools.

JOAQUIN MILLER.