

THE VOICE OF THE WESTLAND

Toil will be yours and labor—pain, as you hew you
a home,
Anguish, to bring 'neath your thralldom my virginal
gumbo and loam.
Your seed shall you sow in dire labor, pack it and
float it amain,
Visioning pioneer fancies, watching in hope and with
pain.
Blight will I send out upon it, freezing the green
entombed shoots,
Icy bombardments to bury green straw with the deep
hidden roots;
Drought when the parched fields are steaming, flood
o'er the water-logged land;
Fields that are golden and heavy my frost blight will
kill as they stand;
Stacks that in thanks you have garnered, rotted and
smoking I bring;
In dread you will gaze at my winter, feeling already its
sting.
Oh, you will curse and revile me—curse the forlorn
prairie sod,
Curse the dire land and its people—almost will you
curse your God,
Swear in my torturing blizzard, return to a gentler
clime,
Back to the land that nurtured you, that you left for
the glittering grime.
The snows and the toil of hard winter keep lurid the
flames of your wrath,
Body and spirit I harass as you sit by your desolate
hearth.