

THE PIONEER BREED

WE are our mothers' children;
This is our sires' behest:—
Lay your back to the burden,
Turn your face to the West!

Go! Where the stag breaks cover
And lone coyotes cry,
Over the uncrossed river,
Under the smooth-rimmed sky.

Delving your league-long furrow
Deep in the tufted loam,
Sleeping against the morrow
Snug in your wattled home,

Sowing the wheat and the clover,
Warily understand
You are the man and the lover,
She is the virgin land.

What if the land be barren,
Arid, rotten with rain?
Know ye the ways of women?
Go to your bride again!

Hold her against her season,
Hold, and bid her give birth!
Love with a blind unreason,
Lord of the pregnant earth!