

The Corn Husker

Hard by the Indian lodges, where the bush
Breaks in a clearing, through ill-fashioned
fields,

She comes to labor, when the first still
hush

Of autumn follows large and recent
yields.

Age in her fingers, hunger in her face,
Her shoulders stooped with weight of
work and years,

But rich in tawny coloring of her race,
She comes a-field to strip the purple ears.

And all her thoughts are with the days gone
by,

Ere might's injustice banished from their
lands

Her people, that to-day unheeded lie,
Like the dead husks that rustle through
her hands.