

The Train Dogs

Out of the night and the north;
Savage of breed and of bone,
Shaggy and swift comes the yelping band,
Freighters of fur from the voiceless land,
That sleeps in the Arctic zone.

Laden with skins from the north,
Beaver and bear and raccoon,
Marten and mink from the polar belts,
Otter and ermine and sable pelts —
The spoils of the hunter's moon.

Out of the night and the north,
Sinevy, fearless and fleet
Urging the pack through the pathless snow,
The Indian driver, calling low,
Follows with moccasined feet.

Ships of the night and the north,
Freighters on prairies and plains,
Carrying cargoes from field and flood
They scent the trail through their wild red blood,
The wolfish blood in their veins.

The Quill Worker

Plains, plains, and the prairie land which the sunlight
floods and fills,
To the north the open country, southward the Cypress
Hills;
Never a bit of woodland, never a rill that flows,
Only a stretch of cactus beds, and the wild, sweet prairie
rose;
Never a habitation, save where in the far southwest
A solitary tepee lifts its solitary crest,
Where Neykia in the doorway, crouched in the red
sunshine,
Broiders her buckskin mantle with the quills of the
porcupine.

Neykia, the Sioux chief's daughter, she with the foot that
flies,
She with the hair of midnight and the wondrous midnight
eyes,
She with the deft brown fingers, she with the soft slow
smile,
She with the voice of velvet and the thoughts that dream
the while,—
"Whence come the vague to-morrows? Where do the
yesters fly?
What is beyond the border of the prairie and the sky?
Does the maid in the Land of Morning sit in the red
sunshine,
Broidering her buckskin mantle with the quills of the
porcupine?"