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An Etching.

A high cold moon; stars gleaming hard and bright;
Upon the desert looks the mountain height,
Giant cacti, silhouetted 'gainst the sky,
Stand silent guard to lonely passers-by,
And throw grotesque long shadows on the sand
Which lies in drifts not made by human hand.
An old canteen half-buried in the trail —
What tragic story might not this entail?
A coyote lifts his shaggy head on high
And sings his mournful death song to the sky,
He wails it on in weird sad tones until
His brothers answer it from the far hill,
The moon sees naught of waste which 'neath her lies,
With her it lives, with her alone, it dies.

MARGUERITE WOODWORTH, Sem., '16.

