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Desert Magic

By PEARL R. CASEY

This is the Hollow of the Hand, the Source of Life,
Where a silver thread runs through the fabric
Like a pattern, untarnished and unshorn.
I see no barrenness—the brittle, surface-shell
Is a faithful covering for the germ of Life
Within this potent earth.

All things have meaning ;
Even the shadows, slantwise, reach out fingers
Toward the edge of consciousness,
Seeking the souls of those
Whose brief experience here has made them
Children of the Sun.

The dust coils sinuously like signal smoke ;
The heat-waves uncertainly subside
Like cobras, flaccid and inert
Before the piper's wail.

The strataed years are piled as evidence
That nothing here is lost ;
And for so long the winds have thinned the atmosphere
There is no room for pale emotion.
The land is wise and calm ; the stress of life
Is distant and remote
From such wide blueness and the sunswept space ;
The kind old gods remain,
Knowing they never shall be dispossessed
Of what has always been their own.