

XIII

Only a wall is left . . . the fallen frame  
Lies like a bleached and scattered skeleton,  
And they who thought to build and to reclaim  
Are gone, as wilder tribes have come and gone.  
With sun and wind across the burning sand,  
The desert ruthlessly has taken all  
That marked their brief intrusion save a strand  
Of sagging fence, a reach of silvered wall.  
Indifferent and timeless as the stars,  
Few are the records it will not erase—  
The futile footprints and the surface scars  
Of men too puny for its light and space.  
From age to age the waste shall brood and dream,  
Mysterious and silent and supreme.

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