

1936

Desert Lines

William Allen Ward

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Recommended Citation

Ward, William Allen. "Desert Lines." *New Mexico Quarterly* 6, 3 (1936). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol6/iss3/24>

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ley's earnest plea for brotherhood. But it was those like Arnold who made the dreams of Shelley ineffectual; and it is those who believe that love and compassion—embarrassed words as they are—are to be scorned who put them to distant and dreadful hiding.

So, you see, correspondent not forgotten, we return to you again in the end, even as Huxley. And why not? There are more to the mushroom family than toadstools!

WILLIS JACOBS.

Albuquerque.

Desert Lines

By WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

The time between the sunset and a star
Is filled with gold that sets the butte afire.
The gulch across the naked foothill's shoulder
Is a wound cut deep by some forgotten boulder.
The eagle sits on the canyon's crimson rim
Watching the panther far under him.
The moon above is a pirate ship of old
Sailing west in search of hidden gold.