THE INDIAN WEAVER

YONDER amidst the blist’ring sands,
The Indian’s rude-built hogan stands,
Under the blue and flawless sky
'Neath which fair crest and canyon lie.
Patterned with mystic, strange design—
With square and fret-work and bar and line—
Here on the loom behold it grow:
The blanket of the Navajo.

Ploddingly woven, thread by thread,
In white and black, in the gray and red,
Emblems bearing of life and death,
The lightning’s path, the storm-cloud’s breath,
Slope of mountain and drench of rain,
The four winds, issue of peak and plain,
Village, and journey long and steep,
The blanket fills while graze the sheep.

Patient the swarthy toiler weaves;
For friend or alien alike achieves;
Pictures a country loved right well;
Thereof old legends; and may not tell
Whether a pale-face eye afar
Will only a rug regard, bizarre,
Or see, interpreting the lore,
The Painted Desert on his floor.

EDWIN L. SABIN.