

Canyon Fever

(With Apologies to John Masefield)

I must down to the canyon again, to the lonely canyon and the sky,
And all I ask is a pretty big ruin and a shovel to dig it by,
And the wheel barrow's wheeling and the sand screen shaking,
And the hot sun on my face and a hotter day breaking.

I must down the canyon again, for the call of the clinking trowels
Is a come-hither call and a call of truer avowals,
And all I ask is a windy day with no fine sand flying,
And if there is rain and mud, let the hot sun start drying.

I must down to the canyon again to the active archaeologist's life
To a digging way and a troweling way that buries all personal strife,
And all I ask is a Chaco pot and a burial quite complete
And a hogan and a mattressless bed to rest my aching feet.

Eyer, Neola A. "Canyon Fever." *El Palacio* 43 (September 29, October 6-13, 1937): 73-74.