

Of the saurians of inland seas;
I have seen the bat-like Pterodactyl
With his bird-bill full of teeth,
And I've seen his *winged* fingers
With which he hung to the trees beneath.

But to me far more mysterious
Than all this paleontologic array,
Is the imprint of a human foot,
Preserved in granite slab of grey.
Who was he? Perhaps some cave-man,
Who gazed far out at sea,
And felt there a silent yearning
For God and Eternity.

—1923

The Coyote of The Plains

I have heard them on the hillocks,
'Mid the tall prairie grass;
I have heard them weirdly howling
To the breezes as they pass;
And for weird, uncanny yelping
The Coyote of the Plains
Can make more hideous noises
Than all of his kindred strains.

I have seen them on the prairies,
Chasing jack rabbits by relays;
I have seen them slyly slipping
Upon their feathered preys;
But for downright cunning thieving,
The Coyote of the Plains