

## Excavation

The little boy kneels  
At the sun dried mound of soil  
Left from the digging of a trench.  
He excavates roads to the summit  
For his toy trucks,  
Digging with a small shovel  
Whittled from a shingle.  
But frustrated by the dryness of the dirt—  
Too powdery to pack into walls  
Or hold the bank of a dugway  
Or make a proper tunnel—  
Like the good damp dirt down deep—  
He scrapes away the surface  
Repeating the desert child's litany:  
Dry dirt you go away. Wet dirt you come here.  
Dry dirt you go away. Wet dirt you come here.

—John Sterling Harris