

AT THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

I thought of Ozymandius when the sign outside
 Announced: "The Endless Adventure of Man"
 (Blithely dismissing the endless denouements
 Inside). In a sense, though; since
 We now men can survey the works of
 Our departed ancestors, I suppose
 A case could be made for there never
 Having been an end, yet.
 But what happened to the dinosaurs?
 Dinosaurs don't view deceased dinosaurs
 In museum cases, we men do.
 Who or what will look at us, mocking our
 Smug assurance, their bony, eight-
 Fingered claws scratching our glass?

—Hugh Miller

THE HARVEST

When the timothy was knee high
 We cut it down to let it dry
 Out in the fields where it fell.
 With a week of sun it will dry well
 Enough. Then we will round up
 A dozen men and we won't stop
 Until all the hay is laid away
 In the barn. It will be a long day,
 It always is. But before we sleep
 We will have made our cows' keep
 For another year. That night I
 Will sleep well and dream of high
 Fields in winter when the snow
 Locks them in and I have no place to go.

—William Virgil Davis