Indian Skull

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He had risen, too. "I know," he said.
We had both known.

**Indian Skull**

*By LeRoy Morley*

_Earth-stained, mouldering, grim relic of the past_
When red-skinned hordes roamed 'neath the prairie skies,
The skull sat in my hand and stared at me
And seemed to question who I was and why.
I so disturbed the comfort of its grave
Where it had lain, in peace, so many years
In darkness and at rest from all the strife
That it had known in former days when it
Had born the flesh, the hair, had known the blood,
Had held within its grasp the goodly brain
Of a great chieftain, best of all his tribe.

Two hundred years before, this chief had lived,
Had breathed the air, had ridden o'er the plain,
Had fought the Sioux, had killed the buffalo.
Now he was gone, and naught remained to see
But empty skull. Still, not quite empty,
For crawling things had chosen for their home
The rotting shell. Thought I: Thus will it be
With me, with all who live, with those unborn.
So will we pass away and so become
But shells wherein the crawling things may squirm
Their slimy lives away, and alien hands
Will desecrate our tombs that men may see
What sort of things we were. Our rotten bones
They'll put upon display. Our skulls they'll split
To see if we had brains, and if we had,
What sort of brains they were . . . It shall not be
The same with this poor skull. I'll put it back
Where it belongs; then I will go away
And let it rest till it, too, turns to clay.