



7-1-1987

# Excavation

John Sterling Harris

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## Recommended Citation

Harris, John Sterling (1987) "Excavation," *BYU Studies Quarterly*: Vol. 27 : Iss. 3 , Article 15.  
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol27/iss3/15>

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## 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