## A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



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## Painted Cave

## By JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

What artist wrought in this bleak studio—Ranging his simple records on the rock,
The proud horned leader of a mountain flock,
A sun enrayed, a serpent, wheels, a row
Of ripples, sprawled batrachians? Who can know
All that these weathered symbols meant? A guess
The experts venture, but stark wilderness
Swallows in mystery the curious show.

Pondering the secrets of this barren land
We linger. Shadows grow—the desert grays—
Then—stealing from those lost forgotten days
A nude swart shape beside us seems to stand,
Loving these ancient tracings of his hand,
Craving it may be some brief word of praise.