

## The Basket-Maker

Woman of the cunning craft,  
Mystic weave and weird design,  
Art where thought and skill combine,  
Tell us of this gift of thine,  
Was it heaven-quaffed?

Tell us, is thy work inspired,  
That so cunningly is wrought  
Fancy fine and tender thought?  
Art thou by immortals taught—  
Soul by spirits fired?

Who perception gave to thee  
Secrets of the field to know:  
Where the toughest willows grow,  
Where the finest grasses show,  
And rare colors be?

How didst chance to catch the glint  
Of the wild bird's painted breast,  
That from him thou might'st wrest  
Colors on his bosom press'd  
Thy rare work to tint?

Wonder-worker, woman, thou;  
Weaving songs and poems rare  
Dreams and visions passing fair,  
Epics of earth, sea and air,  
Tales of past and now.

Skill like thine is heaven-taught;  
By the magic of thy art  
Hopes and fears that throng thy heart  
Find a pictured counterpart,  
In thy basket wrought.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.