The Garden of Allah
Arizona California
When Nature had carefully moulded
The West into highlands and plains,
Had traced all the courses for rivers
And linked up the mountains in chains,
She turned to her palette and brushes
And gaily she limned every scene,
The mountains she motted with purple,
The prairies with yellow and green.

And, at length, when she came to the Desert,
Where perfumes pervaded the air,
She emptied her tubes on her palette—
The hues of the rainbow were there;
She lavished them all on the picture
And gave a new tint to each flower,
'Twas thus that the Garden of Allah
Became her most colorful bower.