



## Tracks of the Overland Stage

By Marshal South

Sketches by Norton Allen

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There's a valley I know in the wastelands  
Where, down through the greasewood and sage,  
Like a dim, ghostly thread from the years that have fled,  
Stretch the tracks of the Overland Stage.

Lone, ghostly and dim in the starlight;  
Grey, desolate and pale in the dawn,  
Blurred by heat-waves at noon-still o'er mesa and dune  
Wind the tracks of the wheels that have gone.

Old coaches whose wheels long have mouldered,  
Old stage-teams whose hoofs long are dust;  
Still, faint and age greyed, wind the old wheel-ruts made  
By tires long since crumbled to rust.

And down where the silence lies deepest --  
Like a lone, crumbling bead on a thread --  
In the mesquite-grown sands the old stage-station stands,  
Hushed with memories -- and ghosts of the dead.

The desert rays wake not its brooding.  
But oft 'neath the star-powdered sky,  
Round the walls on dark nights there move dim, ghostly  
lights,  
As once more the old stages sweep by.

And again, across dune, wash and mesa,  
As the dead years turn back on their page,  
Pass the dim, racing teams from a ghost-world of dreams,  
Down the tracks of the Overland Stage.

