The White Sands of Alamagorde

Was ever earth so virginal as this
Lying cool and white in the shadow
of the San Andres?
The rains and winds have left
no trace across your face.
The pocket mice with their small
feet
Make a pattern like lace across
your breasts.
Only the jack-rabbit dares your hair.
Like the Lady of Shallott you float
down to Camelot
And become the white woman of night
in the shadow of San Andres.