

CALIFORNIA.

FORGED by God's fingers in His furnace, Fate,  
My destiny drew near the glowing shore  
Where California hides her golden ore,  
Her rubies and her beryls; gross and great,  
Her varied fruits and flowers alike create  
Glories most unimaginable, more  
Than Heaven's own meadows match; yet this is  
sore,  
A stain; not one of these is delicate.

Save only the clear green within the sea—  
Because that rolls all landless from Japan.  
I did not know until I missed it here  
How beautiful that beauty is to me,  
That life that bears Death's sigil traced too clear,  
Blue lines within the beauty that is man.