To the Sun over the Americas

Golden God who midst o'er
The Inca peaks of Ecuador,
Lighest the living beauty of
morn
From Onalaska to Cape Horn,
Twixt Arctic and Antarctic
Sea;
Nourishing gods in rocks and
trees
And mountain-chains and prairie
flowers;
Through all their silent, Sun
drenched hours:
I do beseech you not despise
Us, crawling things cocooned in lies;
Pierce but these sheaths, and you shall know
How Sun gods seem, in embryo!

Oh, where moose-haunted forests are,
And lone lakes next the Polar Star;
Or under Cotopaxi's snow,
Or on the plains of Mexico,
Or where those secret cities stand
In an unapproachable, unknown land
Andean, where Indian Emperors reign
On pagan thrones unspoiled by Spain,
Or in the wastes where cactus blooms,
And yuccas, over dead empires' tombs
O Inca, Maya, Toltec still,
Have thou thy will; but have thy will!
And find some heart of ours to enshrine
Thy dragon dreams ere day decline!