

# On Recherche Le Dieu

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BY VIOLET MUSE

## In Indiana

I cry for a land that is far from here,  
That is for me filled with much mystery.

The birds shall trill in the mirth of the piccolo,  
The birds shall warble with the wantonness of water wooing  
painted foam.

I would have reptiles more venomous than vipers and more beautiful  
in their cruelty.

The trees should have leaves slenderer than the coldest star twinkle,

And pointed as the tips of poignards.

And there would be no people there but laugh and are childless.

All things shall be too gay for suffering;

All things shall be new there to me.

Then shall I re-name all these mysteries,

As I name all things beautifully strange, God—

Till they shall grow familiar and He shall disappear . . . .

I cry from my heart for newness.

## In California

I have reached the land that was far from there,  
The land that was for me filled with much mystery.

The birds warble endlessly with the song of the swallow;

The birds warble liltingly knowing no sorrow.

The sea fumes and frets with the mists overhead—

A golden haired lady arranging her veil,

An indigo boy calling out for a playmate.

The mountains are pale, blushing pink in the sunset,

And purpling dark in the distance.

The sky at night is bright and cloudless

While Venus is wooing the moon;  
The sky at night is light and soundless  
Stabbed with black palm leaves like tips of poignards

Yes, the mountains pale here;  
The sea—it is playful;  
And the mirth of the piccolo is godless.

But I have wandered about endlessly  
Trying to find a god  
In the songs that the birds warble liltingly,  
The joy that the sea sprays cheerfully,  
And the mountains whose color is pink;  
And I am haunted by black waters  
Leaving crisp ice terraces aloft on the dark banks  
As the river god creeps down.

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