

# Rita Green Breeze

## Selected Poems



# Rita Green Breeze

February 17, 1879 [Chillicothe, Missouri] –

February 18, 1955 [San Joaquin, California]

Sed ut perspiciatis unde omnis iste natus error sit voluptatem accusantium doloremque laudantium, totam rem aperiam, eaque ipsa quae ab illo inventore veritatis et quasi architecto beatae vitae dicta sunt explicabo. Nemo enim ipsam voluptatem quia voluptas sit aspernatur aut odit aut fugit, sed quia consequuntur magni dolores eos qui ratione voluptatem sequi nesciunt. Neque porro quisquam est, qui dolorem ipsum quia dolor sit amet, consectetur, adipisci velit, sed quia non numquam eius modi tempora incidunt ut labore et dolore magnam aliquam quaerat voluptatem. Ut enim ad minima veniam, quis nostrum exercitationem ullam corporis suscipit laboriosam, nisi ut aliquid ex ea commodi consequatur? Quis autem vel eum iure reprehenderit qui in ea voluptate velit esse quam nihil molestiae consequatur, vel illum qui dolorem eum fugiat quo voluptas nulla pariatur?

*Songs of the Sky-Line.* Los Angeles: J. F. Rowny Press, 1924.

# Skylines

Cardboard mountains, pasted high  
In jagged outline 'gainst the sky;  
Hazy drift of distant range,  
In opal hues, reflects the strange  
Gleaming gold on foot-hills' rim.  
O'er purple sage-strewn benches dim  
Rosy clouds to amber fade  
As dusk sifts down in night's soft shade.

# The Song of the Eagle

Lovingly dedicated to my dear mother

Ya he! Ya he! I am the eagle, yi! the mighty one!  
I soar aloft! I look upon the sun!  
Unto the four world-points I fare, calling,  
And as I wheel athwart the soundless blue,  
Up from the east and the white dawn riseth, faint.  
On, steadily, I soar to greet the Day-God—  
The Sun, Life-Giver, beams upon my pride .  
On conquering wings the teeming earth I circle  
To cry the glory of all things growing ;  
The forest's whisper, the voices of the sea.  
The scudding clouds I spurn!  
I spread my rain -plumes proudly!  
Fearless and swift I journey to the westward,  
Fearless and swift I glide upon the rainbow .  
Yi, triumphant, straight and high my pinions bear me  
To joy unchanging, and beyond!  
Then call I farewell to Day.  
Yi he ee go  
I am the eagle, yi! The mighty one!  
I soar aloft! I look upon the sun!

# An Indian Water- Sign

A water-sign the Pahutes made—

Two rocks upon a ledge.

They pointed toward a drift of shade

'Neath cliffs, at moisture's edge.

A hundred miles the runners fleet

Must face the desert's glare

With parching throats and swollen feet

They drink, then onward fare.

# An Indian Flute Call\*

Lightly sway the willow-branches in the breath of spring,  
Swiftly glides the rippling river, murmuring .  
Yellow plumes of bending grasses fringe the margin sere,  
While from out the deep wood calling sounds my lover's flute-song clear,  
Wa-lu, wa-lu, Dha-le-ee, Dha-lee,  
Wa-lu, Dha-lee, Dha-lee!

\*Set to music by Fannie Charles Dillon

# Thistle-Down\*

The desert thistle, gaunt and white,  
    Nods, dreaming in the dazzling light,  
    A wraithlike spirit of the land.  
    Its down drifts o'er the parching sand  
Like lives that wander in the night.

\*Set to music by Benedict Bentley.

## To a Horned Toad\*

Little spikey-headed creature,  
With your wide eyes, glittering, gold-rimmed,  
When I whistle softly-shyly  
From beneath the sage-brush peeping  
Out into the sun you side.

Fascinated by the whistling,  
Nearer now you edge toward me.  
Blinking, frightened, charmed to frenzy,  
On you glide, until my fingers  
Gently stroke your horny crestlet.

\*Set to music by Fannie Charles Dillon.

# Evening Sounds\*

(In memory of my dear father, who loved the open)

In the lazy light of evening when the quails begin to call  
And the hush of night comes creeping down the canyon like a sigh,  
From the rabbit-brush that's gleaming, yellow-gold, against the wall  
Of the rock-ribbed mountain ramparts where the bats begin to fly,  
Trills a sleepy-witted larklet, dreaming still he's on the wing;  
Bees well laden, buzzing, whirring, as they drone in homeward line  
Lull the twilight into darkness, softening the sounds that fling  
Strange dim echoes on the silence, from the valley to the pine.

\*Set to music by Charles Wakefield Cadman.

# Range Cattle

When the grazing is good at the water-hole's rim  
    And the herd, straying peacefully, nips the lush grass,  
Then the distance is short to the quenching of thirst,  
    While the cloud-shadows dapple the earth as they pass.

But when distance is long to the quenching of thirst,  
    When the grass is bleached grey in the wavering heat  
And the lizards lie panting, too sluggish to move,  
    Then the long-horns, that lead on their worn stumbling feet,

Coax the yearlings, alag with their heads to the earth,  
    And the calves, blinded, wobbling far out of the trail—  
So the herd wanders listlessly, silently back  
    To the rim of the water-hole, barren and stale.

## The Cloud-Burst\*

Down the deep wid'ning gorge leaped the cloudburst in fury.  
O'er the far-spreading plain raged the flood's devastation.  
While the flame-riven sky crashed it's wild road of thunder  
From the cliff's dark'ning crag shrilled the scream of an eagle.

\* Set to music by Fannie Charles Dillon.

## Comparison

Bright plumed birds, though they be songless, charm the eye,  
Gorgeous flowers, lacking fragrance, beautify.  
Luring women, empty-hearted, crucify.

# Sakura

(Cherry Bloom. To the People of "Pan")

Petals of cherry-blooms bright,  
    Joyous with odors of spring  
Flutter; oh petals of light  
    Wide o'er the meadows and fling  
    Rose-clouds of loveliness. Sing,  
Rollicking couriers of grace,  
    Symbol of essence bring—  
Soul of the Japanese race.

Radiance that sways in its flight,  
    Song of the birds as they wing,  
Fill with ecstatic delight  
    Butterflies. Gently they cling  
    Close to the blossoms that swing  
Free o'er the land's smiling face.  
    Cherry-bloom—exquisite thing—  
Soul of the Japanese race.

Art cannot picture the sight;  
    Delicate blossoms that swing  
Veils o'er a mystical rite.  
    Subtle the spell that you fling  
    Over the earth as you wing,  
Exquisite tracings of lace  
    Tinting the shadows that cling—  
Soul of the Japanese race.

ENVOY

Blooms that are mete for a king,  
    Fruitage of boughs in their place;  
These are the treasures you bring—  
    Soul of the Japanese race.

# Speed

Purr motor! purr motor! urge the spinning wheels.

Fling the dust in spurting sprays,

Cleave the road in skillful ways .

Purr motor I purr motor I race the flying fields.













































































































































































