

**LIGHT: A  
NARRATIVE POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649635658

Light: A Narrative Poem by Joaquin Miller

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**JOAQUIN MILLER**

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# Light

A NARRATIVE POEM

BY  
JOAQUIN MILLER



HERBERT B. TURNER & CO.  
BOSTON  
1907

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Published, March, 1907

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**FEB. 18, 1918.**

*The Plimpton Press Norwood Mass. U.S.A.*

### AN ASPIRATION

*LET me explain that this was penned amid the scenes described, in order to get the color, action, and atmosphere, and that from time to time fragments were in print during my wanderings; so you may find bits in the book not entirely new. But as these were photographs, so far as I could make them, they must remain unchanged.*

*My aspiration is and ever has been, in my dim and uncertain way, to be a sort of Columbus — or a Cortez. "And if I perish, I perish."*

*But I need room. I need not only the latitude but even the longitude of all known oceans and of all glorious nature to sail these uncharted buccaneer seas. For the tribute of song and story must be not only worthy them but of sympathetic interest and sincere concern to you, my ardent reader.*

*Besides and above all, despising the hazard of new work and ways, I aspire to picture the matchless, magnificent, and terrible splendors of our gold-strown and flame-fed Arctic Empire.*

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AN ASPIRATION

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*At the same time, please let me pioneer a little further and try to set the banner of Song on the sunlit Islands, along the sea bank of everlasting Summer, and over against the cloud-born battlements of our mighty American Ocean.*



**BOOK FIRST**





## CANTO I

### I

**A** YUCCA crowned in creamy bloom,  
A yucca freighted with perfume,  
Breathed fragrance up the blossomed steep;  
The warm sea winds lay half asleep,  
Lay drowsing in the dreamy wold  
By Saint Francisco's tawny Bay,  
As if to fold, forever fold,  
Worn, wearied wings and rest alway  
In careless, languid Arcady.

### II

Some clean, lean Eucalyptus trees,  
Wind-torn and tossing to the blue,  
Kept ward above the silent two  
Who sat the fragrant sundown seas  
Above the sounding Golden Gate  
Nor questioned overmuch of fate;