

## THE INDIAN UPON GOD

I passed along the water's edge below the humid trees,  
My spirit rocked in evening light, the rushes round my  
knees,  
My spirit rocked in sleep and sighs; and saw the moorfowl pace  
All dripping on a grassy slope, and saw them cease to chase  
Each other round in circles, and heard the eldest speak:  
*Who holds the world between His bill and made us strong or weak  
Is an undying moorfowl, and He lives beyond the sky.  
The rains are from His dripping wing, the moonbeams from His eye.*  
I passed a little further on and heard a lotus talk:  
*Who made the world ruleth it, He hangeth on a stalk,  
For I am in His image made, and all this tinkling tide  
Is but a sliding drop of rain between His petals wide.*  
A little way within the gloom a roebuck raised his eyes  
Brimful of starlight, and he said: *The Stamper of the Skies,  
He is a gentle roebuck; for how else, I pray, could He  
Conceive a thing so sad and soft, a gentle thing like me?*  
I passed a little further on and heard a peacock say:  
*Who made the grass and made the worms and made my feathers gay,  
He is a monstrous peacock, and He waveth all the night  
His languid tail above us, lit with myriad spots of light.*

## O INDIANO ACERCA DE DEUS

Vagueei pela beira da água, sob as árvores húmidas,  
O meu espírito embalado pelo crepúsculo, os juncos envolvendo-me  
os joelhos,  
O meu espírito embalado por suspiros e pelo sono; e vi as galinhas  
Numa encosta verdejante, escorrendo água, vi-as deixar de se perseguirem  
Em círculos e escutei a mais velha que dizia:  
*Quem tem o mundo preso no Seu bico e nos fez fortes ou fracas  
É galinhola imortal que vive para além do céu.  
As chuvas caem das Suas asas gotejantes, os raios de luar dos Seus olhos.*  
Avancei um pouco mais e escutei a flor de lótus que dizia:  
*Quem fez o mundo e o governa pende de um caule,  
Pois eu sou feita à Sua imagem, e todo este murmurar de água  
É uma gota de chuva que desliza por entre as Suas pétalas.*  
Mais além, rodeado de trevas, um cabrito-montês ergueu os olhos  
Repletos da luz das estrelas e disse: *O Desenhador dos Céus  
É um dócil cabrito-montês; pois, pergunto-me, como podia Ele  
Conceber um ser tão triste e débil, um ser tão dócil como eu?*  
Avancei um pouco mais e escutei um pavão que dizia:  
*Quem fez a erva e os vermes e as minhas penas garridas  
É um enorme pavão, e sobre nós Ele acena toda a noite  
A Sua lânguida cauda, iluminada por miríades de pontos luminosos.*

## THE INDIAN TO HIS LOVE

The island dreams under the dawn  
And great boughs drop tranquillity;  
The peahens dance on a smooth lawn,  
A parrot sways upon a tree,  
Raging at his own image in the enamelled sea.

Here we will moor our lonely ship  
And wander ever with woven hands,  
Murmuring softly lip to lip,  
Along the grass, along the sands,  
Murmuring how far way are the unquiet lands:

How we alone of mortals are  
Hid under quiet boughs apart,  
While our love grows an Indian star,  
A meteor of the burning heart,  
One with the tide that gleams, the wings that gleam and dart,

The heavy boughs, the burnished dove  
That moans and sighs a hundred days:  
How when we die our shades will rove,  
When eve has hushed the feathered ways,  
With vapoury footsole by the water's drowsy blaze.