

# Copa De Oro

(CALIFORNIA POPPY.)

Thy satin vesture richer is than looms  
Of Orient weave for raiment of her kings,  
Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious things  
Regathered from the long forgotten tombs  
Of buried empires, not the iris plumes  
That wave upon the tropics' myriad wings,  
Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings,  
Could match the golden marvel of thy blooms,  
For thou art nurtured from the treasure-veins  
Of this fair land; thy golden rootlets sup  
Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals spun,  
Her golden glory, thou! of hills and plains,  
Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup  
Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun.

*Ina Coolbrith, first poet laureate of California (1841-1928)*

