

## **Facing West from California's Shores by Walt Whitman**

Facing west, from California's shores,  
Inquiring, tireless, seeking what is yet unfound ,  
I, a child, very old, over waves, towards the house of maternity, the land of migrations, look afar,  
Look off the shores of my Western sea, the circle almost circled:  
For starting westward from Hindustan, from the vales of Kashmere,  
From Asia, from the north, from the God, the sage, and the hero  
From the south, from the flowery peninsulas and the spice islands,  
Long having wandered since, round the earth having wandered.  
Now I face home again, very pleased and joyous;  
(But where is what I started for, so long ago? And why is it yet unfound?)