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# Vista Through

SELECTED POEMS

by

Mrs. OPAL HEMLER

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FIRST EDITION LIMITED

SOUTHWEST PRESS  
DALLAS, TEXAS

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To  
*My Two Sons*  
FRANK TAFE HEMLER  
and  
GLENN O. GLAUSER





## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For gracious permission to reprint a number of the following poems the author wishes to thank the Cleveland Plain Dealer, The Packer Magazine, Bagology, The Capper Publications, Cleveland News, East Cleveland Signal, The Poetry Forum, Ohio Delphian Clarion, The Exposition Press, and the International News Service.



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## VISTA-THROUGH

There is no day so laden  
With grief and heartache too  
But somewhere in its measure  
It holds a *Vista-Through*

For clouds are ever shifting  
In a dome of clearest blue  
And soon will be revealing  
Heaven to earth in *Vista Through*

Though it gleams but for a moment  
Yet it lifts our faith anew  
To a plane of Understanding  
Love—that is the *Vista-Through*.

## MY BOYS

I count those years the richest  
That I have ever known  
Through which you chubby children  
Have to prideful manhood grown

I'm sure I'll never lose you  
Mem'ry brings you back again  
My solemn dark-eyed Frankie  
And my merry blue-eyed Glenn.

Your hands are filled with talents  
Your eyes are filled with dreams  
Your minds are ever questing  
Source of earth and sky and stream

You have brought me none of sorrow  
You have quickened all my joys  
And I pray in God's tomorrow  
I will still be near—My Boys.

## PUNCTUATION

I have some new ideas  
Of original creation  
But I'm afraid to write them  
For fear of punctuation

I choose a heavy sentence  
The one I hang my soul on  
Then somewhere in its structure  
It needs a semicolon

I hate the pesky comma  
It does not seem to function  
To show my shade of meaning  
Instead of a conjunction

I think I know the period  
And yet at times I doubt it  
Since I hate punctuation  
I write my thoughts without it

## OUTLINE

Morn-born  
Colic-frolic  
School and pedantry  
Love-kisses  
Miss-Mrs.  
Children 1, 2, 3.  
Hurry—scurry  
Eat—Worry  
Sleep and make the bed  
Sick.—Cure?  
Not sure.  
Evening—I am dead.

## A LAMENT

A shining slice of Heaven  
Was served me on a tray  
It was old man Fate who cut it  
From out the milky way.  
But I was on a diet  
Of conventional unleaven,  
I never should have eaten  
That tempting bit of Heaven  
I saw the starry raisins  
Frosting of angel's song  
I paid with indigestion,  
I had eaten dust too long.



## LULLABY HOUSE

The evening skies are barred with gold,  
While every window gleams  
And every little house of love  
Hangs out its shining dreams.

Within this mystic afterglow  
The little town is fair.  
The streets are paved with amber-stone,  
There's beauty everywhere.

But I am just a lonely soul  
Who looks with longing eyes  
Upon your little house of dreams  
Attuned to lullabies.

## PLEA TO POETRY

Poetry, I hear your siren call  
In dreaming, I have seen your loveliness  
I broke the chains that held me in their thrall  
And bleeding, come to you for your caress  
Your hair, as I imagined, gleams with gold  
Your mystic eyes are luminous but cold  
They banish me. Your gifts which I entreat  
Denied me, I lie fainting at your feet.

## IMAGINATION

Imagination is a magic wand  
That in our childhood days is tipped with stars  
And in a fairy land leads us beyond  
The commonplace to wave away the bars.  
All mysteries unto its will must bend  
It guides us to the land of "Let's Pretend."

Imagination is a cruel master  
When backs are weak from toil and feet are lame  
He goads us, merciless, to work the faster  
And flogs us into torment, into shame.  
He shackles us with fear and degradation  
We are poor slaves to *this* imagination.

Imagination is a silver arrow  
That flies from tautened bow string of the mind  
A shaft of light, so strong, so lithe and narrow  
Defying space, diviner realms to find.  
Our thoughts to follow it must soar  
Through every bondage, free for evermore.

Imagination is a spirit breath  
That whispers "all impossible is true"  
It rends the mysticism we call death  
To life, it gives a meaning ever new.  
The key is mine to open all creation  
As long as I can know imagination.

## THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

O, little fat God we call Cupid,  
You fly from your heavenly throne;  
You fan into flame with your bellows  
The hearts that you should let alone.

The sleek little hearts of us mortals  
Unconscious, they lie at your feet;  
Unmindful are they of the power  
Of love that is bitter and sweet.

Then why do you blow into passion  
The spark that is smouldering there?  
You leave in your own God-like fashion,  
Not once do you ponder or care,

That when you have started the fire,  
Conventions will soon stamp it out  
And leave but the cold and grey ashes  
For cruel winds to scatter about.

They never again can be living  
So please, little Cupid, count seven  
Before you bestow upon mortals  
That flame which belongs up in heaven.

## EGO

Astraea—the Goddess of Justice  
Will weigh in her golden pan  
A million million atoms  
To make the weight of man

So we feel quite important  
To know how great we are  
But should she change the atoms  
To weigh a single star

Ten thousand million million  
Of men—and many more  
She needs to keep the balance  
As even as before.

Then think of countless million  
Of stars, in the milky way  
And know we cannot see them  
As they are placed today

But only in formation  
Of a million years ago  
For centuries to planets  
Is time too short to know.

If you would keep your ego  
And save it from a jar  
Then compare yourself with atoms  
But never with a star.

## TO A DICTIONARY

Words and words that bud and bloom  
Delicate with rare perfume  
Bringing joy and understanding  
Flights of fancy, happy landing  
Bitter words that sear and scar  
Common words that soil and mar  
Mystic words of secret healing  
Maudlin words that go a-reeling  
Silly words of child and fool  
Smart young words all dressed for school  
Loving words to fill a need  
Wistful words that yearn and plead.  
Slangy words from out the sod  
Words of Faith to tell of God.  
Words of every kind and age  
Here I find you, page on page.

## WOODLAND FERN

Oh Woodland fern I wonder  
How many two times two  
Were multiplied and added  
To make this perfect you.

For airy leaves too tiny  
For human eyes to see,  
Are placed in line correctly  
To make your symmetry.

Yet I, of little wisdom,  
I fail to understand  
And dare to doubt the purpose  
Of that great guiding hand,

Which fashions your perfection  
Because you yield your will.  
Your silent faith is bidding  
My weakened doubts be still.

## GYPSY GOLD

Gypsy Gold will come to me  
If I dance and sing  
Wear a poppy in my hair  
Radiant with Spring

Do I please you, handsome lad,  
With your gold rewarding?  
There is lovelight in your eyes  
All my charm recording

Gypsy gold is hard to keep  
Slipping through my fingers  
When my hair is streaked with gray  
Youth no longer lingers

When the open road is cold  
And my wild desire grows tame  
I will trade your gypsy gold  
For your hearth-stone and your name

## WINDOWS

I like to gaze at windows  
And weave my dreams about  
The folks who passing by, look in  
The home folks looking out.

I like these cozy windows  
Where baby finger prints  
Have left fantastic patterns  
All framed in cheery chintz.

In spring they show a lacy frill  
That flutters in the breeze  
And lures the fragrant blossoms  
Upon the budding trees.

Windows are the eyes of home  
Sometimes with shades drawn low  
They slumber in dull vacancy  
And dream of long ago.

At times they close their eyes to grieve  
On some cold dreary dawn  
For one whose smile still lingers there  
Beloved life—that's gone.

And then again at Christmas time  
With wreaths that speak of cheer  
They sparkle forth in crimson light  
To greet a glad New Year.



## THE STOCK EXCHANGE

I went into a Stock Exchange  
I felt so dizzy-like and strange  
For figures most grotesque  
Paraded on the blackboard walls,  
Cascaded in the spacious halls  
And danced on every desk.

They made me want to run away  
Yet some attraction made me stay  
Like rising rosy vapors  
I took my savings from my sock  
Invested in some common stock  
And now, I read the papers.

In thrills I get my money's worth  
I do not read of deaths or birth,  
I get some great sensations—  
If prices drop, I get a shock  
But Gosh!—It's fun to watch my stock  
In New York Stock Quotations.

## SOUTH-WIND IS A FISHERMAN

The South-wind is a fisherman  
Who sails away at ease,  
Among the foamy waves of clouds  
Above the swaying trees.

He casts his net of Springtime leaves  
Into the silver stream  
Of molten moonlight everywhere.  
He fishes for a dream.

The South-wind is a lazy man  
He wearies of the deep,  
And when the little dream was caught  
The South-wind was asleep.

It tossed and writhed within the net,  
It sparkled like the frost,  
And while the South-wind lay asleep,  
The little dream was lost.

It swims so freely past the moon  
On flashing silver fin,  
Nor fears the net of Springtime leaves  
When moonlight nights begin.

## YOU CALL IT LOVE?

You call it Love, that lets you place another passion  
first?

You have not known the pain of Love, that agony of  
thirst

Which drags a soul through burning sands of torture  
to its stream,

Then fading in a mirage, leaves it writhing in the  
dream.

You call it Love when skies are fair and every happy  
chance

Is right? You often but mistake for Love her sisterly  
romance.

Her puny twin who only lives in bright and sunny  
form,

Who prates of Love's Eternity, then perishes in storm.

But Love is made of Godly stuff, her shining golden  
hours,

She dares to take from Paradise with her immortal  
powers.

At Battle's Front she boldly views the gory patch of  
Hell,

She guided pens of History when kingdoms rose and  
fell.

And for the siren song that ever lingers on her breath,  
We come in chains of slavery, so near to life and death:  
Our mortal eyes are much too weak to see her glory  
    long,  
We fain would die in rhythm to the singing of her  
    song.

You call it Love that waits through time until the hour  
    is late?  
Until the song of Love has changed into a chant of  
    hate.  
Until her Godliness is gone and all her ways are tame,  
You call it Love—I think you're wrong—It has an-  
    other name.

## CHRISTMAS QUEST

Over the rim of the rainbow  
Seeking the treasure of gold  
Knowing a wonderful secret  
Lies in its challis-hold

Praying for hatred to vanish  
Clamor and warfare to cease  
Where nations lie bleeding and ravished  
Forgetting the dear Prince of Peace.

Let the whole world pause a moment  
Lifting its voices to sing  
Carols of joy for the birthday  
Of the mighty yet gentlest King.

Over the rim of the rainbow  
Into the realm of the stars  
Love is the treasure we're seeking  
And Peace is its radiant bars.

## YESTERDAY'S CHRISTMAS TREE

I lie in the grey of the snow and the rain  
Lamenting my anguish of woe and of pain.  
For yesterday's joy brings me sadness today  
And yesterday knew me as youthful and gay.

I stood in the pride of my forestry green,  
I glittered and shone in the silvery sheen  
Of tinsel and baubles and angel wings  
And under my boughs were your Christmasy things.

I stood in your home and I knew of the joy  
Of a sunny haired girl and a fat little boy  
Whose eyes were as bright as the first April flowers,  
I cherish the memories left by those hours.

My strength will ebb slowly that now should be high.  
Dethroned, and forgotten, with rubbish I lie  
Yet I, who have shared of your Holiday cheer,  
Can go unto elements knowing no fear.

I lie in the grey of the vanishing snow  
Who only a very short season ago  
Was festive and gay, but today, as you see,  
I'm only a yesterday's sad Christmas tree.

## IN APRIL

Our dream boat was loosed from its ice-bounden  
plight  
It rushed down the stream in its silvery flight  
While velvety winds sped us on to delight  
In April;

Petals of blossoms were bourne on the breeze  
Love notes of birds from the far away trees  
Moonlight closed in on us, never said "please"  
In April

Even the stars seemed so restless in space  
Nothing familiar and nothing in place  
Only the moonlight that shone on your face  
In April

Are we to blame if we did not think twice  
Of older and wiser ones giving advice?  
Not when we're sailing to Moon Paradise  
In April.

## ALL COMES TO THEM THAT WAIT

The cat just sat on the mat and slept  
When he should be out to catch;  
The mouse with a louse through the house he crept  
To find somewhere to scratch.  
He snatched and scratched at louse who hatched  
Beside a steely trap.  
'Twas ease to tease, he smelled the cheese  
And nibbled it, when SNAP!  
He bit-it lit—'twas the end of it,  
Mouse and louse were wrecks.  
The cat that sat on the mat at that  
He ate the tails from the necks.  
All Hail! don't fail to heed this tale  
And learn to hesitate.  
The trend, my friend, is in the end,  
All comes to them that wait.



## ACQUITTED

I'd like to be a gypsy maid  
With coal black hair and eyes  
To wander ever fearlessly  
Beneath these changing skies.

I'd like to go a gypsying  
Upon a wild free way.  
To sleep beneath the stars at night  
And sun myself by day.

I'd like to go with you, my love,  
From all conventions free,  
For Oh! I want so very much  
To know you love but me.

I'd like to have the gypsy gift  
Your future life to see—  
But I would never want to find  
Another love than me.

For then, were I a gypsy maid  
And finding you untrue,  
I'd draw my bright stiletto forth  
And pierce the heart of you.

Then I should die of sorrow  
And we would both be dead,  
And so, perhaps it's just as well  
That I'm a blonde instead.

## THE WIND SONG

The waves of wind are breaking  
Upon the bending trees,  
A thread of moon above them  
A roar of many seas.

The song I hear is ruthless.  
The naked trees are truth.  
The wind is ever tearing  
My joyousness and youth.

The song my lips had fashioned  
The wind has blown away.  
My soul would follow after  
Conventions bid me stay.

For you, who love another,  
I'm sure you never knew  
That caught within the wind-song  
Is one I sang for you.

## MORNING

Morning comes, a graceful Spanish maiden  
With brilliant fan unfolded at her breast  
Her white mantilla with the dew is laden,  
Her dancing feet are tapping their unrest.

She banishes the shades with queenly gesture  
And like a tyrant, bids them bind their loins,  
Then from a silken pocket in her vesture  
She tosses to the world her golden coins.

Each shining bit has hope and promise in it,  
And peace and gladness to the weary soul.  
Be careful how you spend each golden minute  
For wasted ones she will exact a toll.

Then lift your eyes from yesterday's regretting,  
And let your song of praises fill the sky  
With joyful birds, that carol their forgetting  
Of sadness, when the morning dances by.

## MODERNISM

Our lives are growing more complex  
With every day, and hence  
We talk psychology and sex  
But little common sense.

We draw in angles and in cubes  
We call it modern art,  
But blend for me from color tubes  
The scenes that rest my heart.

We change our husbands and wives  
With loyalty forgot,  
We complicate our simple lives  
With modernistic rot.

## MARCH

March is the spirit dance of Spring,  
Like a weird wild witch, she has her fling,  
A scarf of sunshine at her throat.  
A siren wind, a robin's note,  
A bit of snow on a bluebird's wing.  
March is the spirit dance of Spring.

## TIME

Today, you say, will be the same as yesterday  
And yet

How many times the flaming sun has crossed  
The sky and set

How many signs have been inscribed on  
Mem'ry's obelisk

And often times the young moon grew into a  
Silver disk,

To fade again to nothingness and leave a  
Starlit train

The trees have bloomed and borne their fruit  
Within the summer rain.

And now they shed their leaves beneath the  
First cold touch of frost

So much of joy of life we've found—So very  
Much we've lost.

Today, you say, will be the same as yesterday  
And yet

It is a long, long time, my dear, since you  
And I have met.

## THE PARTING

Ah! we had lived together years  
Shared all our happiness and fears  
We climbed together to the mountain top  
And when I could afford a drink  
If you will only stop to think  
I shared it with you, every single drop.

And then I met a clever man  
Who had a dark and fateful plan  
And told me such a tale of baleful woe  
With all his oily-tongued seduction  
That you would cause me my destruction  
And made me promise I would let you go.

Now as I sat there weak but willing  
With all my spinal chord a-chilling  
I should have known it would be hard to part  
From friend so very deeply rooted  
Within my life so firmly footed  
To state a fact, it almost broke my heart

Well then his plan met with success  
And I sank back in weariness  
When you were gone and I was left to howl  
For when you really left my face  
You left a sore and aching place  
And one small Hell a-raging in my jowl.

So now I hope he's satisfied  
That part of me has surely died  
That you put up resistance, is the truth  
There is an awful lot of swelling  
That villian Dentist now is telling  
That I have parted from you—

WISDOM TOOTH.

## WITHOUT FLOWERS

Can you think of a flowerless earth  
Where green things could grow but for duty  
With never a bold, scarlet poppie  
Flambuoyantly blooming for beauty?

Can you picture a blossomless Spring  
Though fruits, with the Fall, follow after?  
'Twould be such a dull solemn thing  
For blossoms are trees' merry laughter,

With never the joy of the Lilacs  
Nor Hope that the field-lilies bring.  
Oh, the sky could give its oration  
But the Earth would forget how to sing.

## VACATION

Out on the road when the day is hot,  
Trying to get somewhere you're not.  
Hungry and tired and covered with dust  
Vacation time and vacate we must;  
Eat when you can from a can—and you pay  
Twice what would feed you at home for a day  
It's odd!

Back on the porch it's shady and cool  
Bath tub as good as a swimming pool,  
Restful old slippers, a robe and a pipe,  
Garden of vegetables—fruit that is ripe.  
Glad when I get there, my recreation  
Will be just to rest from this doggone vacation  
Thank God!

## THE ARTIST

The artist is a laborer, who asks  
No recompense except the joy of tasks  
And though the toil be arduous and long  
He does it to the rhymic lilt of song  
A siren tune, that lures from out his heart  
A vital spark and drops it in each part  
And when the work is finished from his hands  
And on a pedestal of beauty stands  
The world will pay its tribute to the art  
Of skillful hands that fashion from the heart.



## THE TOY BALLOON

Now Junior's toy balloon was red,  
So gay it was and airy.  
It danced upon its length of cord  
As lightly as a fairy.

And Sonny liked the toy balloon  
Nor cared to be without it,  
But since its insides were of gas  
It got puffed up about it.

Ambition over-powered it;  
It had no sense of duty:  
It pulled and tugged to fly away  
And know ethereal beauty.

At last, when Junior just forgot  
It jumped from out his hand  
And like a homing pigeon freed  
It left our earthly land.

It floated ever toward the sky  
On wings of winds it flew  
'Till mortal eyes could see no more  
That speck of red, in blue.

How far it went we never knew  
Perhaps where angels pass  
And laugh to see a tiny thing  
That's only filled with gas.

## SUMMER SANDS

Down on the fine soft sand I lie  
And I gaze at the deep deep blue  
Of an oval sky where clouds pass by  
Like misty dreams of you.

My thoughts are lazy, hazy  
With an ecstasy divine  
For in seeming—you are dreaming  
Dreams that blend themselves with mine.

The sands run through my fingers  
In a little fickle stream  
I wonder if as short as that  
Will be my lovely dream.

For sands are mighty flighty  
They never seem to stay  
In shape or form you've left them  
But change from day to day.

All yesterday's impressions  
You cannot find today  
Because a wave has lured them  
They forgot and ran away.

What is your plan, Oh fickle man,  
To think of me for aye?  
Or will I soon—with changing moon  
Be a thought of yesterday?

## SCARLET FABRIC

Dearest—The night in sombre robes  
On star bejeweled loom  
Has woven scarlet fabric  
From poppies fallen bloom.

From spray of blue-green waters  
From purple passionate wind,  
She wrought an opal border  
With shaft of moonlight lined.

To spread upon lover's couch  
It has a mystic charm.  
This morning I have found it,  
She dropped it from her arm.

Where baby feet of dawning  
Leave imprints on the dew,  
I found a cloth of scarlet  
To spread and wait for you.

## THE PRISONER

A katy-did was lost one night  
Within my room, yet out of sight.  
It hid within the curtain's fringe  
And made a noise like rusted hinge.

A throbbing chirp so shrill and high  
I could not sleep nor shut an eye.  
I sought the insect all around  
But katy-dids are mostly sound.

I traced it where it should be seen  
And found the tiny bug of green.  
I would have killed it, but it sung  
A song of cheery hope, and young.

I thought of summer speeding by.  
I thought of winter's steely sky  
When all the tiny things are still.  
I freed it at my window sill.

The outdoors chorus took on heart  
For one more obligato part.  
And all my dreams were made more bright  
Because, somewhere within the night

It sang its song on living breath  
Instead of lying stilled in death.  
A katy-did's a little thing  
But did you ever hear it sing?

## TWO ARTISTS

The dawn's a gay young artist  
With a jaunty red beret,  
With a velvet coat of purple  
And a flowing tie of gray.

He paints with daring colors  
Of a modernistic school,  
In most fantastic patterns  
He casts aside each rule.

The song he sings is merry,  
It echoes from the hills,  
'Til sleeping birds awaken  
To join its lilting trills.

The evening comes more gently,  
On tripod sits at ease  
With care selecting colors,  
To tint the skies and seas.

She knows the lure of settings,  
She dulls the twilight bars,  
Before she paints the glory  
Of her countless million stars.

The lullabye she's crooning  
In minor key so deep,  
The birds that meant to sing it  
Forget the tune in sleep.

## OUT IN LONELY PLACES

Out in lonely places  
Down in the moon's clear way,  
Lovely little flowers  
Decorate the day.

Turning baby petals  
Upward to the sky  
Bearing tiny traces  
Of life that's passing by.

Dropping with the night time,  
Falling part from part,  
Adding to the future  
Seeds from out the heart.

Out in lonely places  
Kingdoms rise and fall;  
Life and Death are struggling,  
To start or end it all.

Out in lonely places  
Let me sit and rest—  
Let me dream and ponder  
Thoughts I love the best.

Out in lonely places  
Let my last sleep be  
Just a little nearer  
God, whose thought was—me.

## ON THE STREET CAR

I like to ride on street cars  
Where people sit close by.  
I like to dream about them  
Just where and when and why?

Today I saw a lady  
As sweet as you could find.  
I thought that God had fashioned  
Her face to suit her mind.

But when I chatted with her  
I found her soul was small  
And filled with spite and malice  
Not like her face at all.

I saw a gruff old party  
With smile like quinine pills,  
I thought he must be ailing  
With many different ills.

He growled at the conductor,  
He glowered left and right,  
I pictured him a scoundrel,  
Perhaps a thief by night.

But soon—when I was leaving  
And found to my despair  
I had forgotten money  
With which to pay my fare.

Then he made haste to help me  
His voice was very kind  
And as I turned to thank him  
Again I changed my mind.

I like to ride on street cars  
But not read people's faces,  
For God in His great wisdom  
Distributed His graces.

Now some He marked with beauty  
And some have grace unseen  
Since I cannot distinguish  
I read a magazine.

## HOSPITALITY

Hospitality is more  
Than just an invitation  
It is an incense rich and rare  
Of spiritual creation.  
It rises from the plant of Love  
And all its lovely graces  
Is found in sincere kindness  
In high or lowly places.  
It clings to friendly handclasps  
And radiates a smile.  
I found true hospitality  
At your house all the while.



## UNDER THE HANGING LAMP

The hanging lamp was rosy-hued with thumb-print indentations

The crystal drops would clink like ice when moving in gyrations

My corseting was much too tight, but such was woman's life

We ate a red-cheeked apple and pared it with a knife.

We talked about the festival, the cake I meant to bake

We looked the family album through and smiled for young love's sake

Oh things were very different in that time of long ago

We sort of got acquainted in the lamplight's mellow glow

His kiss was no less ardent that sealed our vows to wed

Excepting that we really meant those words of faith we said

To live together always until Death forced us to part

It may have been old fashioned but somehow at the start

Of that new home was permancy and faith in God and

so

I'm glad your pa he courted me a long, long time ago.

## BRIDES

While night blooms into morning  
While the moon still woos the tide  
There will be June and roses  
And a young and slender bride,

Moving down the stairway  
With her smiling grace  
Mother's gown of satin  
Veil of Heirloom lace,

Standing in a garden  
Loveliness beside  
All the flowers attendant  
On the radiant bride.

Surely up in Heaven  
By the golden stair  
Will be a rainbow altar  
For Bride and Bridegroom there.

Wars and creeds of hatred  
With greed may rampant ride  
But June will bring the roses  
And its young and lovely bride.

## TO MY MISTRESS

She was built for my own pleasure  
Every curve was beauty's own  
And she was my dearest treasure  
Many joys we two have known.

No, of course she wasn't frigid,  
But she had a kindly heart  
She could not remain a virgin  
She held fire from the start.

She was dusky-hued and torrid  
Every line was meant to please  
And she brought me relaxation  
With delightful hours of ease.

Many jokes we shared together  
Under southern cross or far  
Where the northern winds were blowing  
Underneath the northern star.

We have traveled east to China  
Yes—you haughty dames, and then  
We have there been found together  
In some shameful opium den.

We have been to far Alaska  
Where amid the Northern lights  
We have shivered through the daytime  
And have huddled close at nights.

Through the world we went together  
Over mountains, rich in scenes  
From the land of Celtic races  
To the glowing Phillipines.

With the years she grows more mellow  
And new beauties she acquires  
When I press my lips upon her  
I still sense those ancient fires.

Though her figure's somewhat broken,  
She's a little overripe.  
But 'Til my last word is spoken  
I shall love her—MY OLD PIPE.

## A LIFT

Life is a bicycle—Fate the rider  
It winds its way through the stars  
And somewhere there he picked me up  
To ride on the handle bars.

I hold on tight—with all my might  
Lest I fall to the great unknown  
So through the stars—on the handle bars  
I ride—with Fate alone.

## SALES TAX

The breeze is taxed with many scents  
The sun is taxed with gold  
The moon is taxed with silver  
And when the leaves unfold

They will be taxed with green-backs  
I am taxation mad  
Where is the poetry and song  
That yesterday I had?

A penny here, two pennies there  
How can I be relaxed  
When every thing I eat or wear  
Is high in price and taxed?

I pay to live—I fear to die  
So here I am and here am I  
For Heaven's gate may not be free  
Perhaps they charge admission fee  
I think I'll go upon the dole  
And pay the tax upon my soul.

## ORANGES

Oranges, the shade of the sunset,  
Blended with gold of the noon.  
Oranges with sweetness of honey  
Gathered from flowers of June.

Oranges, with tang of October,  
Hold in their transparent cells  
Wine, that is gathered from Heaven,  
Drawn from those balm-giving wells.

Back in the Garden of Eden  
All was so gloriously fair,  
Eve should have passed up the apple  
When oranges were ripening there.

Apples caused shame and regretting  
So oranges were cheap at a price.  
Had Adam and Eve lived on orange juice  
Our home would be still Paradise.

## SONG OF ONIONS

Carrots get by on their color,  
Spinach gets by on its rep.  
Lettuce or beet for vitamins eat  
But give me the onions for pep.

Silver skinned onions or Spanish  
Or little ones, green on the top  
They build up physique, make you  
    strong where you're weak  
But socially cause you to flop.

For even the mildest Bermuda  
Cannot be forgotten when gone  
It is not erratic, but very emphatic  
Its melody *will* linger on.

## POEM TO POTATOES

The Irish call them “pradies”  
The Germans call them “spuds”  
The French dress our “potatoes”  
In frilly sort of duds.

Like cheese to make “au gratin”  
“French fry” in lard—or mash  
Or like the English bake them  
Into a corn beef hash.

Just any way you like them  
They keep you well and sound  
The many-eyed potato  
Is strengthened by the ground.

Your diet may be spinach  
If you want to be thin  
But give to me potatoes  
When I am out to win.

So eat potatoes from Peru  
Fixed in a foreign style  
And if you gain an extra pound  
Just exercise and smile.



## BANANA BALLAD

You speak of the virtues of oranges  
The nutriment found in the pear,  
But when you are talking "Bananas"  
No fruit ever grown, can compare.

You sing me a song about apples  
"In the shade of the old apple tree"  
But sing of the yellow banana  
And then you can yodel for me.

For down in the tropical forests  
Where born on a great leafy breast,  
Bananas are ripened in sunshine  
And given the richest and best.

They bring us the strength of the tropics  
They give us the Vitamine "D."  
Delicious, nutritious and wholesome  
They're growing for you and for me.

So sing about cherries and berries  
But I am a "hard-hearted Hannah"  
I want all my pep and my iron  
As found in the luscious *Banana*.

Bananas, Bananas, Bananas,  
For Basses and Lyric Sopranas,  
They give you your verve  
They build up your nerve;  
So try this upon your pianas.

## AN APPLE

O, The wonder of an apple  
Every mortal on this earth  
Should be mindful of its value  
From the first day of his birth.

For an apple caused his mother  
Pain, when he was born it's said  
And an apple caused his father  
Sweat of brow to earn his bread.

For his great grand-sire, Adam,  
Back in Eden's garden fair  
Ate the first forbidden apple  
And the trouble started there.

'Course he blamed it on the woman  
And because she had the brains  
To secure and taste the apple  
He got work and she got pains.

But perhaps the apple's worth it  
For most any tree I'd climb  
Just to get a rosy apple  
When it's ripe at Harvest time.

With its appetizing fragrance  
And its ruddy glow at night  
When within a dish reposing  
It reflects the firelight.

When its spicy flavored juices  
We extract in cider press  
And pour out an amber nectar  
Fit for Gods in tastiness.

When we sip that cooling sweetness  
In the bleak and wintry season.  
We must be a bit forgiving  
Mother Eve sure had her reason.

When it's dark our Fate is seeming  
Skies of grey with sunbeams dapple,  
When we have the time for dreaming  
And the wonder of an apple

## THE WIND

The wind is just an errand boy  
Who whistles as he goes his way  
His messages are pain and joy  
The wind is just an errand boy  
The world to him is like a toy  
To whirl around in play  
The wind is just an errand boy  
Who whistles as he goes his way.

## IAMBIC WAY

In May I write a triolet  
To trillium and violet  
A lyric to the rose I write in June  
July brings forth a ballad  
To a cool and crispy salad  
And August wins a sonnet to the moon.

In Fall, if I remember right  
I sing of some September night  
When starlight dulls the brightness of  
the day  
No matter what the season  
I can always find a reason  
To write a rhyme in some iambic way.

## RONDELET

Love is fond of masquerade  
Character of prince or devil,  
Love is fond of masquerade  
Often lures a man and maid  
Into sorrow, joy, or revel,  
Drags them down unto his level  
Love is fond of masquerade.

## THE WAY DOWN TO THE CORNER STORE

The way down to the corner store  
Is very short, that's true  
My mother says I'm gone so long  
She wonders what I do

I take a walk around each tree  
To leave my tracks in snow  
And later when the warm rains come  
I watch the long worms grow

They wriggle up between the stones  
And get so out of breath  
They cannot wriggle down again  
And shiver most to death

And once a mother bird flew down  
And slyly winked at me  
Then pulled a long one from the ground  
That I could never see

She dragged it out right by the head  
And took it to her bunch  
Of hungry little birds who had  
Worm sandwiches for lunch.

## SEA SECRET

Waves of Sea, You show your teeth  
In your moon-mad motion,  
Guarding coral caves beneath,  
Watch dogs of the ocean.

Must you froth and foam like this,  
So that skies above  
May not know the buried bliss  
Of your secret Love?

## LIGHT

The light comes in my window.  
White bandages of dawn  
Are bound about my throbbing pulse,  
For now the dark is gone.

Throughout a night of waiting,  
A hopeless night of tears,  
I've watched a struggling soul depart  
That hung between two spheres.

The sunlight gilds my window.  
It melts away night's bond.  
To me, it brings an empty day  
To her, the great beyond.

## CAVERNS

I've known these long dark caverns of the earth  
Where water, seeming dead, will rise to gain  
Its freedom, past its sombre funeral urn  
And send its stream through blackness  
Like a wraith.

It carves grotesquely solid banks of stone  
In likeness to the things we have not seen  
And some in imagery of things we know  
Weird beauty trails where waters wander free.

## MOUNTAINS

I've seen that high and lonely mountain peak  
Where earth's ambition is to reach the sky  
But where all living things and earthly-like  
Must perish on the way and never see.

The bare rocks etched in snow will rise alone  
To pierce the clouds, but at the will of time  
They too, will crumble back, for things divine  
Cannot be reached while we claim Earth our home.

## MY LITTLE SPOTTED KITTEN

My little spotted kitten,  
With eyes no gems could match  
With grace a God might envy  
And little claws to scratch.

My little spotted kitten,  
I'd like to know for true  
Why breath of life was given  
To a bit of fur like you?

You groveled in your blindness,  
You stumbled on your way;  
'Til nature in her kindness  
Let in the light of day.

You scrambled out your basket  
Your eyes were amber slits;  
You ran your course so catty  
And had your share of fits.

And then you started playing—  
We laughed to see you there;  
But you were very naughty  
To scratch my leather chair.

But one day you lay quiet  
And wistfully you cried;  
You looked for me to help you  
I couldn't—so you died.



O little spotted kitten,  
Why did you breathe this air,  
When all you left behind you  
Are scratches on my chair?

Like you, when life is ended  
And slipped into the past,  
I hope some one will find it—  
The scratch I've made to last.

## TO BIRDS

Bits of song and brilliant feather  
Faring ever with the weather;  
Grey birds, birds of brilliant hue  
Spring has come to us with you.  
When your songs so light and free  
Fill the air with melody,  
When you're busy with unrest  
Seeking mates and building nests,  
When you call to every seed,  
Then we know it's Spring indeed.  
Little packages of cheer  
Wafted softly to us here;  
Thoughts of God to mortals given  
Making Earth a bit like Heaven.  
Grey birds—birds of brilliant hue,  
Spring has come to us with you.

## AUTUMN

Autumn is a pirate  
Cruel his every prank  
Those he takes as captives  
Soon must walk the plank

Wintry seas await them  
While his cruel blade flashes  
Sun and frost are woven  
In his gaudy sashes

Skull and cross-bones gleaming,  
In his fiendish glee  
He slays little creatures,  
Butterfly and bee.

Hardy blooms survive him  
Steadfast in their places  
But he robs their beauty  
Leaves them dirty faces

Alright!—Pirate Autumn  
Winter is your friend  
But when Springtime sees you  
Your life of crime will end.

## IN MEMORY

You are springtime blossoms  
So pink and white and fair,  
With joybells ringing in your laugh  
And sunbeams in your hair.

You are sparkling sea foam  
That dances in its glee,  
Before the billows claim it  
To take it out to sea.

You are yellow butterflies  
That hurry in the sun,  
To scatter sweetness everywhere  
Before the summer's done.

'Tis cold the wind is blowing  
Its icy breath of fear,  
But you are ever near me  
With light and love and cheer.

So centuries may lumber on  
And time may take its cost,  
But spring and yellow butterflies  
And *you*, are never lost.

## CONFIDENTIAL MOON

Where the puny lights that men made  
Thread the sky with tinsel twine  
There's a great red moon now rising  
Low on the horizon line

And tonight she is accessible  
She's coming to my reach  
I'll pat her shining golden cheek  
A soft red peach

For usually she rides along  
With golden coach and train  
And when I gaze admiringly  
She treats me with disdain

Tonight her flashing signals say  
"You'll know the answers soon  
To all of Heaven's mysteries"  
And signs herself—Your Moon.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY

Today a door swings open  
From mystic shades of night  
The New Year softly enters in,  
He holds a torch of light.

Its flickering flame casts shadows  
Enlarged upon the wall.  
Portentous of we know not what.  
They weirdly rise and fall.

I fear these grotesque shadows  
Until their source I trace,  
And find the flame illumines  
A radiant angel face.

The gift he always brings is hope  
And faith to conquer fear  
Of unknown things, so with these gifts  
I greet the glad New Year.

## WITHIN THE HEART OF MOUNTAINS

Within the heart of mountains  
We watched the autumn day  
Unfold its wings of brightness  
And scatter golden spray.

Into the blue of waters  
To lie in their embrace.  
On yesterday-Beloved,  
We found joy every place.

Within the heart of mountains,  
All nature was so fair.  
Like oriental maidens  
Veiled in their dusky hair.

The hills lay veiled in distance  
In misty, hazy blue.  
And in their pungent beauty  
I caught a smile from you.

As rivers caught the sunbeams,  
I held its happy ray  
I found the world-Beloved,  
Was joyous, yesterday.

Within the heart of mountains,  
You'll find some memories  
A little dream child singing  
Forgotten melodies.

Where ways lead down to duty  
I left them in the hills.  
Why rob them of their beauty  
Where routine blights and kills?

Within the heart of mountains,  
If ever you should see  
My dream, my song, my memory,  
Just kiss them once for me.

## YOUR PROMISE

I stand on the edge of the Universe,  
Beneath is a turbulent tide.  
The star gleams are dimmed by the distance  
And all else is darkened beside.

I stand on the edge of the Universe,  
My poor hands are shackled with fear,  
You promised me you would be waiting,  
Let me feel that your spirit is near.

I cry lest I fall to the waters,  
I look at that far distant star.  
Beloved I call, can you hear me  
And come from wherever you are?

## SEASONABLE

I want to be a gypsy,  
To wander, free from care,  
When summer sun is shining  
And all the world is fair.

I'd like to be a pirate,  
Or something bad and bold,  
When Autumn days are gleaming  
With sparkling red and gold.

But with the stormy winter,  
I seek a homey nook.  
I find I grow domestic  
And have a yen to cook.

I bake a flock of doughnuts  
And spicy pumpkin pies.  
I smother steak in onions  
Beneath the wintry skies.

I pack away in tissue  
My little gypsy prayer  
I fold its gauzy winglets  
And wrap them up with care.

For now those dreams seem silly.  
But sure as anything  
I'll shake them out in brightness  
And want them back in Spring.



## RACES

Races—Races  
Rows of faces  
Try to pick a horse to win;  
Bugle calls,  
From their stalls  
Steeds are nimbly prancing in.

Number One  
Just for fun  
I believe that I shall bet;  
Then again,  
Number Ten  
Is a lovely looking pet.

At the post  
I won't boast  
But I think that I can see  
How to pick it,  
Buy my ticket  
On the nose for number Three.

They are off  
And I scoff  
For my horse leads by a neck  
"Come on Three  
Win for me  
Gee! I am a nervous wreck."

At the bend  
Near the end  
“Come on baby step some more  
Keep the pace”  
Now the race  
Has been won by number Four.

Well! I never!  
Who would ever  
Bet on such a looking nag!  
Good-bye money  
Come on Honey  
Put a winner in the bag.

Races—Races  
Love the places  
Where you bet and shout and swear  
Lose your shirt,  
Guzzle dirt,  
But you’ll always find me there.

## MOTHER AUTUMN

Mother Autumn comes to town  
In a russet checkered gown  
In her ample apron folds  
A wealth of colorings she holds  
Calls to fairies and to elves  
Tells them to bestir themselves  
Paint the apple's cheeks with red  
Purple grapes that hang o'erhead  
Gild the pumpkin, tint the peach  
And color everything in reach  
Then what paints remaining still  
O'er the flower gardens spill  
Blossoms there will help themselves  
And ape the handwork of the elves  
Red leaves slowly flutter down  
When Mother Autumn comes to town.

## FOURSOME OF BRIDGE

The telephone rings and I gladly exclaim  
“Why yes, Mrs. K. we would sure like a game,  
You come over here for the maid’s out today.”  
I snatch the dessert and I put it away  
And Junior is forced from the table in high  
Because he insisted on his piece of pie.

Arriving that evening, our greetings we say  
Then drag out equipment and start in to play,  
You pray for some honors like kings and some aces  
But cards like the mumps will just break out in places.

And brutally frank is each husband and wife  
And often you get a review of their life.

If you can finesse, then, “Your head’s on the level”  
But if it won’t work “You’re as dumb as the devil,”  
You bid “one” in clubs when it should be “no trump,”  
And somebody calls you a thick headed chump,  
Then on with the row—’til a keen sense of humor  
Will side-track the subject to Mrs. M’s tumor.

We lunch off of sandwiches, builded in haste  
And pie that I tell them I made for their taste.  
We wish them “goodnight” and the pretty things say,  
Then hubby will murmur in husbandly way  
While locking the doors after ousting the cat,  
“I wish you would learn to play bridge,” and that’s that.

## JEALOUSLY

Today I saw a lovely maid,  
Did I love beauty less.  
I know that I should hate her for  
That very loveliness.

For yesterday those eyes of blue,  
Above a rosy gown,  
They stole my lover's heart away,  
And Oh! my eyes are brown.

I am so very lonely now  
I don't know what to do,  
For all the wisdom of the world  
Cannot make brown eyes blue.

## ZENITH

Summon the moments and bid them wait  
Upon my each desire  
Tonight I wear my robes of state  
And the rubies of passion fire

I dine upon sea-dew and white dove's breast  
I sip of a pale blossom wine  
In the arms of my lover I sink to rest  
For tonight is all that is mine

Time will not serve me tomorrow  
Then I shall the servant be  
But tonight I am queen without sorrow  
Because my beloved loves me.

## THE ISLE OF DELIGHT

“The Isle of Delight” in morning sun  
Is gleaming green and blue.  
When simple folk their tasks begun  
I greet the day with you.

From rays of light on golden seas  
The sands shine at our feet,  
But leafy arms of mighty trees  
Will break the noon-time heat.

And there—the amber afternoon  
Is fabric of dreams come true.  
As filmy wings unfold to June  
My heart unfolds to you.

Then when the sun in westward flight  
Kisses the wavelets gay,  
They dimple and blush in rosy light  
And form a rainbow way,

That melts in purple and velvet blue.  
While shadowy twilight bars  
Are falling across the gates of day,  
All set with a million stars.

And the lock on them is the brassy moon;  
But day outlives the night  
While I have you and memory  
In the Island of Delight.

## DISAPPOINTMENT

The land of disappointment  
Is a steep and rugged isle,  
Where feet are apt to stumble  
You find it hard to smile.

Where eyes are growing heavy  
And hearts are weighed with fears  
For angry tides surrounding  
Are salty, like your tears.

But once you climb its steepness  
And reach the top alone,  
You find your way is smoother,  
Or else you've stronger grown.

And there, the gem of courage  
Is buried in its slope  
The brave alone can find it  
And see its rays of hope.

Its light will guide you onward  
You sail away with ease,  
And looking back, the island  
Is a mirage of the seas.



## IN A TAXICAB

When I can call a taxicab  
Upon a rainy day,  
Relax against its cushioned seat,  
Forgetting what I pay.

When I can buy a red, red rose  
Because I love it so,  
Nor be disturbed by any thought  
About the debts I owe—

When I can buy a velvet gown  
Nor ever ask the price,  
Just look a trifle bored and say,  
“I think it’s rather nice—”

Well, that’s the day for which I wait  
The day I’m longing for.  
If that day ever comes to me,  
Then I’ll want something more.

## PESTS

Mosquitoes—the bane of existence  
In vain do I offer resistance  
I use citranella  
It might be vanilla  
For all it can check their persistence.

That day when the world was created  
The Devil, a little belated  
Just sneered at the scene  
Of blossoming green  
And hissed through his teeth, “I’m frustrated”

Now he was a devilish prince  
He drew up his brow, like a prince  
From the dust of his horn  
The Mosquito was born  
To pester mankind, ever since.

## THE FLU

I knew not much of sickness  
I was a healthy beast  
And in this fermentation  
I was some cake of yeast.

But one day, over-tired,  
I met up with a germ;  
He made me his headquarters  
And knocked me for a term.

At first I struggled madly  
For I could never see  
How this world could be turning  
Without some help from me.

But, racked with cough and sneezing  
With chills and fever, too,  
I soon sank back quite weakly  
To have a spell of "Flu."

And when the worst was over  
Then I could plainly see  
How small my circling pathway  
And felt humility.

More calmly now I go my way  
My vision is more true  
Nor feel so big a cake of yeast  
Since I have had the "Flu."

## FLOWER FANTASY

The Larkspurs went out for a lark  
One night when the garden was dark;  
The Snap-dragons started to snap  
We'd like to, at least have a nap.  
They called for the Thistle  
Who blew on his whistle  
And put an end to the scrap.

Forget-me-not, little but mighty,  
Arose from his bed in his nighty,  
With wrath he was blue in the face  
As he shouted, "This is a disgrace  
When flower folk need beauty sleep  
Such racket and uproar to keep."

And he, in turn, wakened the daisy  
Who said the whole garden was crazy.  
Now Four-o'clock called, "Sleepy heads  
Go back to your soft downy beds,  
But I shall stay up in the warm night  
Enjoying the silvery star light,  
Get drunk on the wine of the Dew-drop  
At four in the morning I, too, flop.

Just then the Cockscomb crew for morn;  
A buttercup looked up forlorn,  
"It's little sleep I'll get  
With Canterbury bells a-swinging,  
And Blue-bells start their ringing."  
Up jumped a violet.

Slowly the garden took on order  
Row on row right to the border;  
Who would think to see them thus  
They had ever had a fuss?

## IS LIVING WORTH THE WHILE?

A rose of white  
In sunlight bright  
A stream that ripples by  
A friend that's true  
To laugh with you  
Or share a tender sigh.

A melody  
Of Ecstasy  
A tear and then a smile,  
A finished task  
Then dare to ask  
Is living worth the while?

## THE FISHERMAN

With reel and rod and rod and line  
He practised fishing lore,  
He learned to bait, to hook, to catch  
By practising on shore.

He sailed away at early dawn,  
Professional in art,  
A fishy gleam was in his eyes  
And murder in his heart.

He left the shore in a motor boat  
Put!—Put!—he sailed away  
We heaved a sigh for some poor fish  
But we had to dine that day.

We scoured up the frying pan  
We set the largest dish  
We sharpened up our appetites  
For several kinds of fish.

And when at last with eventide  
He fetched the fish he'd caught  
With reel and rod, and rod and line.  
But where? We vainly sought.

Until at last we found the catch  
Believe it or not, it's true  
That fisherman the cradle robbed  
Of baby fish, had two.

So much for reel and rod and lines  
Expense of which was sin  
When fish that size could sure be caught  
With an angle worm and pin.

## SONNET

### *CONTENTMENT*

I strive to pass my days in sweet contentment,  
Remembering how fair its grace can be,  
But always springs within me strong resentment  
For petty things that bind and fetter me  
I would be sailing on an ocean steamer,  
Or following some lonely forest trail.  
Perhaps to find the romance of a dreamer,  
Perhaps to know the friend who will not fail.  
I would be climbing heights of misty mountains  
In hope to find a view that none have seen  
I would be watching wanton play of fountains  
And lose myself within their rainbow's sheen.  
Yet I must find contentment—I am told  
But if I do—Then I am growing old.

## THE DOCTOR

The dreary night a child is ill  
You wait the dawning light  
To call the Doctor, that his skill  
May help to set things right.

To tell you why that little face  
Is feverish and red;  
To tell you why he lisps, "I'm sick"  
And holds his curly head.

For precious is the little form  
That holds a heart of gold  
A mind of fragrant flower stuff,  
Beginning to unfold.

And like the dews of early dawn  
Responds to every light.  
A child should never know the pain  
Of sickness in the night.

The Doctor comes in mercy's part  
You watch with tightened breath;  
He listens to the little heart  
While you have thoughts of death.

Until he turns in kindness  
His words bring comfort true  
"The chap has taken cold," he says,  
"But soon will be like new."



You run for a glass of water,  
Your heart is singing praise  
To God and all his angels  
For many happy days.

You'll hear his childish wisdom,  
And gone will be the night.  
And then you bless the Doctor  
Who came to set things right;

Who gave his skill and lifetime  
Increasing human power  
To conquer pain and illness  
And in that dreary hour,

When Nature's laws are broken,  
And punishment severe  
Is meted out, the Doctor  
Is God's own angel here.

## CHILDHOOD MAGIC

I knew a magic garden plot  
That God remembered—man forgot,  
And there it was my happy lot  
To have my childish fling,  
To dig for treasure in the earth,  
To dream sweet dreams, and give them birth  
Like silver bubbles filled with mirth.  
Oh! 'twas a joyous thing  
To search the garden all alone,  
To find a many-colored stone,  
And there among the grasses grown  
To draw a fairy ring;  
Then later, when the moon was bright,  
To creep outdoors into the night  
And, though my knees were weak with fright,  
I'd have a lovely view  
Of little fairy folk that pass  
Nor bend a single blade of grass,  
So small their chariots of glass,  
So much like drops of dew.  
And I, by leaning very near,  
Sometimes a tinkling sound could hear  
Of fairy laughter, sweet and clear,  
But I would never dare  
To linger long, for fear they'd see  
A mortal there, and punish me  
By magic spell or witchery;  
And so, with greatest care,  
I'd tiptoe softly o'er the green  
Back to bed again to dream  
Of moonlit gardens fair.

But I have lost my colored stone  
And with the years have older grown  
And now feel weary when alone.  
I wish that I could be  
Back in that garden plot in June  
A fairy ring beneath the moon,  
To draw and hear a fairy tune  
Within the Heart of me.

## THE RAINBOW

It's near the gates of heaven  
Where many pass within  
And doors are open often to the light,  
That all the steps of angels  
Have worn the sky so thin,  
That glory penetrates to mortal sight.

When clouds that float near heaven  
Have lost their weight in storm  
And all the air is clarified by rain,  
It's then that heaven's colors  
In harmony of form  
Will blend into a rainbow once again.

## BOY HEART

Boy heart—Joy heart  
Whence that Springtime gleam?  
From a world of Make Believe  
In a rainbow dream?

Child heart—Wild heart  
Toss a golden ball  
In the clouds, then run away  
Lest they let it fall.

Dear heart—Near heart  
I would read your eyes  
Symbols there of mystic things  
From some stranger skies.

Boy heart—Joy heart  
Old am I, and scared  
I would gladly follow you  
To joyland—if I dared.

## CINQUAINS

### RED MOON

Red Moon,  
You blaze your trail  
Through tangled woods of night  
You climb moon mountains where you build  
Campfires.

### INDIAN SUMMER

Bared trees  
Prepared for cold,  
Reflect a summer sun.  
New blooms spring up from sleeping roots  
And smile

### TWILIGHT

Twilight  
Is a caravan  
That winds across the sands of day  
And casts long shadows  
Where beasts pass  
Dream-laden.

## FATE

I go the way my forebears planned for me  
And walk with hope to some eternity.

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You offer me the wine of life  
    In awkward hands you spill it  
I cried to you in anguished woe  
    There is no more to fill it

I drank of that half portion  
    I sighed for joy in vain  
The part you spilled was happiness  
    The part I drank was pain.

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The wind laid cold fingers upon me  
And bent me to his wild will  
I was not afraid of his anger  
I trembled, but only for chill

For once in the sun's mellow glowing  
My poor heart was broken, until  
I learned it is hate that can frighten  
But Love has the power to kill.

## AFTERWARDS

The last slow step has sounded in the hall,  
The rented chairs are gone and now the call  
Of duty tells me I must fill this space,  
And move the things to their accustomed place.  
I stoop to pick a rose leaf from the floor,  
I open both the windows and the door,  
For ghosts of dying flowers linger near,  
Their heavy fragrance chokes my heart with fear.  
Then, when I go to place a single chair  
I find the spot is far too hallowed, where  
The coffin rested—Does an angel smile  
In tenderness, because I wait a while?

## DOWN A SUMMER HIGHWAY

Down a summer highway  
Your way ran with my way  
Harvest fields and hills of mottled green  
Hands that clasped so tightly  
Loving—laughing lightly  
You a king and I your giddy queen.

All the world completeness  
Pirates we of sweetness  
Stealing kisses far beyond a price  
Down a gypsy highway  
Down a tiypsy by-way  
Climbing from the vales to Paradise.

I desert the sure way  
Making my way your way  
Past the town and lily-studded lake  
Down a crazy highway  
Path of daisy by-way  
I will go with you for Love's sweet sake.



## GROWTH OF MUSIC

Out of those savage emotions  
Pulsing from barbaric beat  
Rising through church's restrictions  
Laughing in songs of the street

Music has flourished to science  
Measured and patterned by name  
Great souls have found inspiration  
Growing their wings at its flame

Guido to Wagner the sparks fell  
Causing a great conflagration  
Troubadours, Minstrels and Prophets  
Carried its song to all nations

Music, thou child of Euterpe,  
Where will your torches extend?  
On to the songs of the planets  
Forever and never to end?

Out of the opera and Anthem  
Up from our Jazz swinging beat  
Yours is the flame to illumine  
Where the now and eternity meet.

## ACROSS THE WATER

Often at night I awake to the cries  
From over the sea, when a soldier boy dies  
And all the great ocean cannot still the sound  
It pierces the sky and it vibrates the ground  
While winds of the night start to moan and to mutter  
As sighing great sighs they grasp at my shutter  
Even the stars seem to weep over head  
That a soldier boy, young and so valiant is dead.

## THE FINAL DECISION

If I had the power, divinely  
To give you the stars or the moon  
I'd give you a part you could play in the band  
And teach you to play it in tune  
For Life has its meaningful theme song  
And if from the very back seat  
You only embellish the singing  
With a slow and methodical beat  
But do it with care and precision  
With joy of a song well begun  
You'll find that the final decision  
Will give you—your place in the sun.

## TO JUDITH

Life at its dawning, all sparkling and new  
Streamers of sunrise and bird-songs brought you  
Bright little jewel to set in my ring  
Of Life and of Love and of every good thing

Tiny pink hands like the tendrils of vine  
Reach for assurance—here, darling, take mine.  
Roughened by labour, but wise in earth-ways  
May they prove helpful in your childhood days

Little bright eyes where some star-points still shine  
You are the babe of a baby of mine  
Making you two-fold as precious, my dear  
Kissing your feet, let me welcome you here.



## WEARINESS

The temple bells are ringing  
Across a sea of sleep  
Red poppy-dust is floating  
While I am sinking deep  
Into a maze of slumber  
Into a swans-down quilt  
While crumbling all around me  
Day towers I have built.  
Soft padded bells are tolling  
Monotonous and slow  
Upon a sea of circles  
The reeling tide ebbs low.  
The temple bells are silent  
The temple dome is white  
Anaemic shades approaching  
Will bear me through the night.









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