

"SONGS OF THE SOUTHWEST"

POEMS

by

JUANITA ELLIOTT



To the City Library
in my old "home town,"
Columbus, Georgia.

Oct. 12/45.

from
Juanita Elliott.

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by

JUANITA ELLIOTT



Author of "Wayside Notes Of A Gypsy-Foot", "Rainbow Ribbons", "Poems", "My Flower Garden" and "Memories Of A Soubrette" (a Theatrical story).

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This book is lovingly dedicated
to my Mother

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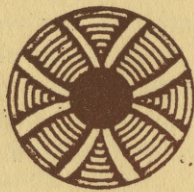
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"SONGS OF THE SOUTHWEST"

"Songs of the Southwest" let me sing,
Much joy to you I hope they bring;
Her beauty like some rhapsody
Plays o'er the mind and heart of me.

Fascinating land of romance,
A thousand pictures seem to dance
Before my eyes,—oh, one can see
How she enthralls with her mystery!

Never a morn, never a night
Comes, lest it bring some new delight;
"Songs of the Southwest" let me sing,
Her mystic charms to you I bring.



THE SOUTHWEST

To rhythmic swaying of Pampas
The desert wind hums a song,
And here and there wild canaries
Chirp and sing the whole day long.

The moon comes up o'er distant hills,
And in its' silvery light
Feathery bunches of Pampas shine
Like sentinels of the night.

The Yucca sends its' soft perfume
Far across the desert air,
I find my heart is quite in tune
With the silence everywhere.

Such a wild, wierd fascination
Is this beautiful Southwest;
With outstretched arms she welcomes you
To come and be her guest.

A LITTLE PRAIRIE TOWN

The deep blue of a night-time sky,
And the stars like diamonds stood
Twinkling down from the Dome above,
And from nearby in the wood
The glorious songs of mocking-birds
So clear is the desert air,
While the Texas moon shed its' light
On salt cedars everywhere.

The feathery boughs of mesquite trees
Danced and cast their shadows down,
While I waited at four A. M.
For a train in that prairie town;
Now I have traveled since that day,
Caught trains at sunrise and sundown,
But somehow, I never can forget
That little old prairie town.

"HOMESTEADIN' "

We're breakin' the land for the Homestead,
A sweet perfume fills the air,
Of sagebrush an' greasewood a burnin',
The smell of it's everywhere.

'Tis a pity to up-root beauty
Where Nature so interlaced
Her colors of pale green an' amber
An' brown all over the place.

The desert lilies and the cactus,
The crooked Joshua palms,
I hate so to cut an' to burn 'em,
Seems like destroyin' the charm.

But we've got to plant the alfalfa,
Cotton too, row after row;
Near the house we'll save a place
For flower gardens to grow.

Out here everything seems so different,
I don't miss the noise of town,
I feel like I'm nearer my Maker,
Plowin' an' clearin' this ground.

We're homesteadin' now in new country,
The ground we're having to break;
Though we're tearin' down much God gave us,
New things He is going to make.

DESERT BEAUTY

A desert path, cactus green,
Pisano Peak stands serene.

A sunset sky with bronze and blue,
It seems to speak of Peace to you.

Yellow flowers of Prickly Pear,
Smell of sagebrush fills the air.

"Lonesome," you say, "away out there?"
Not with His beauty everywhere.



THE COW-GIRL

Oh, the Cow-girls' life is the life for me,
I'm part of the West, and the West is free;
Astride my pony all day long I ride,
Just free to roam o'er the countryside.

Out on the trail when the day is dawning,
There's a fresh new start with each new morning;
Helping to drive the cattle toward the town,
Singing a song from sunrise 'til sun-down.

From the eastern sky whence the new light came,
To the western sky with its' sun-burst flame;
Just riding the plains in the fresh pure air,
And the sound of hoofs all around me there.

Oh, the Cow-girls' life is the life for me,
I'm hitting the trail while the wind blows free;
God is in His heaven, I'm in my throne,
A "queen" in my saddle, riding back home.

"BILLY IS SAD"

Billy is tied to the old corral,
His head hangs down, while he waits for Hal;
He wonders where "his master" has gone,
He paws the earth, and the day seems long.

He heard someone say "a new boss will come
To the old ranch-house, and make things hum,"
His master is not dead—he's just away
Until tonight,—it's his wedding day.



“THAT DRESSED UP COWBOY”

Fit as a fiddle, an' rearin' to go,
That dressed up cowboy from New Mexico,
He has fancy boots stitched in white an' red,
An' a ten gallon hat rests on his head;
His chaps are bran' new, a wonderful sight,
He's wearin' a shirt that's gaudy an' bright;
A coat o' leather, oh my, you should see
What a show a dressed up cowboy can be.
His spurs have a click, somehow, all their own,
He rode up upon a “Strawberry Roan”;
His wallet I think, would soon “choke a cow”,
But he wins the ladies, “yes ma'm, an' how”!
Fit as a fiddle an' rearin' to go,
That dressed up cowboy from New Mexico.

NEW MEXICO

Sometime when I'm away I jes' get to longin' so
For my adobe house back in New Mexico;
I want to see the greasewood an' to smell its sweet perfume,
I want to ride the trail as I hum a Western tune;
I long to hear Palomas a cooin' in the trees,
I want to see the Yuccas a swayin' in the breeze.

Yuccas* are “common”? You never saw a desert moon
Rise and cast its' magic glow on a field o' them in bloom;
Yuccas ain't pretty? You never saw a desert breeze
Shake 'em 'n make 'em look like some kind o' fairy trees;
Other places may be nice n' folks may like 'em so,
But my heart is ever loyal to old New Mexico.

*New Mexico's State Flower.

DESERT WILD FLOWERS

You plant the tulip and orchid,
You carefully nourish the rose;
But what of the desert wild flowers?
They're from seed that the Master sows.

The wild mustard and the "Trumpet",
The cactus that brighten each field;
Desert lilies which grow in the sand
Where only tall Yucca plants shield.

The wild snap-dragon, the sagebrush,
Then there's the sweet desert rose,
All brighten the world about us,
They're from seed that the Master sows.

His presence you'll find on the desert,
The simplest flower He knows;
Each one will cheer and inspire you,
They're from seed that the Master sows.



MEXICO

The long "pack trains", their backs piled high,
With much patience the burros ply
Between cities, where silk and beads
Mexicans sell, to meet their needs.

Slowly they go up mountains steep
Round winding paths where canyons deep
Are purple in the mystic haze
Which settles at the close of days.

A fascinating land of dance,
Rare beauty, quaintness and romance;
Where're you live, where're you go,
Your thoughts turn back to Mexico.

THE SAND DUNES

Like castles ever changing form,
Like homes deserted, left forlorn;
For miles and miles you drift and reach
From desert hill to wave-kissed beach.

Ever a changing, shifting scene,
So golden in the sunlights' beam;
Then silver when the desert night
Caresses you with a full moons' light.

At times I've seen around your spread
The sage brush with its' purplish-red,
And sometimes Yuccas rising high,
While the desert owls perch near by.

Sand dunes that drift and pile up high,
You're ever changing to our eye,
So as the desert winds doth blow,
Your "stately castles" come and go.



"WOODPECKER NESTS"

Woodpecker nests in Sahuaros!
Oh, tell me, strange little bird,
How did you happen to pick such
A place for a home? Had you heard
That desert breezes sing sweetest
Around your odd little nest;
That desert rain rocks more gently
Sahuaros that hold and caress?
Woodpecker nests in Sahuaros!
Each one seems to give the word,
And lo! A flock of woodpeckers!
A shy little, strange little bird.

A DESERT SUNRISE

I viewed the desert at sunrise,
And it seemed that out of the night
God held a beautiful mirror
Reflecting His wonderful light.

Dawn held a red ball of magic,
I saw as she turned it around
Such gay and beautiful colors,
They tinted the sky and the ground.

The sagebrush and greasewood turned pink,
While the road turned amber and brown;
The blue of the mountains vanished,
Revealing a small desert town.

Higher rose the ball of red,
The sky changed to a deeper hue,
With dashes of brightest yellow,
And a great silence thrilled me through.

The great ghostly cactus beckoned
A kind welcome to this new light,
And on the ground a misty haze
Turned to dew-drops all sparkling bright.

It filled me with awe and wonder,
I stood there amazed at it all,
This wonderful transformation,
And all at His beck and His call.

The sunrise revealed Him at dawn,
When an hour before all was night;
I realized then what was meant
When God whispered "Let there be light".

I learned that darkness and chaos
Are no part of His Infinity,
Beauty is there of His making,
We've only to look and to see.

LONE STAR OF THE LONE STAR STATE

The Lone Star beams on the Lone Star State,
Way out west on the prairie land;
The Lone Star beams on cities great,
And down on the Gulfs' silvery sand.

The Lone Star beams on fields of blue,
Where the Texas "Blue-Bonnets" grow;
The Lone Star calls, to it I'll be true,
In dreams I see the Alamo.

The Lone Star beams on battle fields great,
While the Texas moon shines above;
The Lone Star calls to me and makes
Me long for the land I love.

THE ALAMO COURTYARD

How many happy hours I've spent
Within your large arched walls,
And oft in memories today
Your ancient iron gates call.

They open wide and beckon me
To come and rest inside
A court-yard next the very spot
Where brave men fought and died.

Rows of old arched walls I picture
'Neath Texas skies of blue,
Walls covered with old vines, and flowers
Of different shades and hue.

Mesquite trees, and Huisache* where
"Palomas" bill and coo,
Peach trees in bloom,—banana trees
There you may also view.

Queer cactus and adobe walls
Send forth a breath of Spain,
If you have been there you will long
To go back once again!

*Pronounced Wee'-satche

TO THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER

Little river as you turn and bend
How many pictures you send!
I heard the call of a red bird near,
And found him in your waters clear,
He was perched so high in a Hackberry tree,
But above I could not see,
So I watched him in your waters calm,
And listened, while he sang his song.

Now you picture a willow tree
Bending o'er you gracefully,
Banana trees with blooms, and here
On the banks a cactus queer;
In you I see tall buildings too,
And here and there a sky so blue;
I study you, and somehow it seems
You are a river of golden dreams.

I stop and think as I write this verse,
Could we be like you, and pause to nurse
And reflect, and hold in our mind,
Each beautiful thing, each deed so kind,
Instead of rushing so madly on,
'Til our poor bodies are all but gone;
Maybe we'd live longer, be happier too,
If we paused to reflect Him, as you do.

AT THE MISSION SAN JOSE

I hear the bells of San Jose calling each day,
Calling me back to you;
In a Spanish Patio in days of long ago
You told me you'd be true.
I hear the Mocking birds sing, to me they always bring
Memories of you far away;
My guitar I softly play, 'neath a Spanish moon some day
I'll meet you at the Mission San Jose.



EL PASO

El Paso, you were rightly named,
For through your magic gates
One will find the land of charm,
And there romance awaits.

El Paso, by the Rio Grande
Where Pampas gently sways,
And where in raptured fancy I
Could dream away the days.

El Paso, with your city park
Where gaceful willow trees
Surround a little water pond,
How I recall all these!

El Paso, rightly named "The Pass",
A land of mystery—
Ever kissed by desert breezes
Which play a rhapsody.

Old Mexico at your front door,
Mt. Franklin standing guard;
City of wealth and industry,
Earths' riches in your yard!

In dreams I visit you again
And bask in your sunshine,
El Paso, city of my dreams,
For you I always pine.

"ROMANCE OF THE ROSE"

The loud click of castanets,
And a fiery Spanish dance
To the tune of "La Paloma",
Ah, it set them in a trance.

A red rose thrown at random,
Oh, if the rose could tell;
Now he is a Spanish dancer,
For into his hands it fell.



SPRINGTIME ON THE DESERT

I love the desert in winter,
And I love it in Springtime too,
Beautiful wide open spaces
Offering always scenes that are new.

The slopes with flowers of sagebrush
Mixed with Chollas turning sage green,
And way up high on the mesas
The Spanish Daggers can be seen.

What power maketh the desert
To bud and blossom as the rose?
Who turns the desert in Springtime
To a gay garden,—no one knows?

Ah! yes, 'tis the Master Artist
Who spreads out His colors at will,
Who brings forth gay Cactus blossoms
To brighten each valley and hill.

MESSAGE OF THE MOCKING BIRD

A Mocking bird sang in the Mesquite tree,
And this is what he said to me;
"It's true you live in an humble shack,
And of material wealth you lack,
But you are rich, yes, richer by far
Than some millionaires who think they are.

Why you have the blue of Gods' great sky,
And me to sing in a tree near by;
The desert sun and the fresh pure air,
The Painted Cliffs and Mesa there;
Silence that comes with each starry night,
So cheer up, cheer up, the world's all right!"

Just then I banished all longing to roam,
Contented I'll be in my desert home.

A MEXICAN LULLABY

Little brown baby with hair so straight,
Won't do for you to be up so late;
The sun is down, the birds are asleep,
And over the mountains the big moon peeps.
Little brown baby with big black eyes,
The stars are blinking from the skies,
So "buenos noches Senorita",—away to bed,
The Great Spirit watches from overhead,
And your Mother dear will stay close by,
So little brown baby don't you cry.

NEVADA NELLS' ROMANCE

I scrubbed and polished the tables,
I swept and mopped up the floor,
I washed and shined all the windows
And was starting work on the door.

Just then I heard such a clatter,
Says I to myself, "What is that?"
In a flash, standing beside me
Was a guy with a Cowboy hat.

His eyes were blue as the heaven,
His teeth were as shiny as pearl;
He gazed at me sweetly and said,
"Gee, Kid, I want you for my girl."

Now I ain't much on this "mush stuff,"
Takes bank rolls to knock me out flat,
But right then I fell, and fell hard
For the guy with the Cowboy hat.

Though I've only known him three days,
We are married now, have a flat
In Lovelock. Say kids, for romance
Pick a guy with a Cowboy hat.

"BLUE BIRDS AND BLUE BONNETS"

I found them in a Blue Bonnet field,
They were such a loving pair;
Oh, he was so gay and handsome,
And quite close beside her there
Two baby birds in a cozy nest,
Surrounded by flowers blue;
Blue birds and Blue Bonnets,
What a place to bill and coo!
Oh, Springs will come and Springs will go,
And may there forever be
A sky of blue and a bird or two
That will sing for you and me.



"ADOBES ON THE RIO GRANDE"

Adobes on the Rio Grande,
Mexican huts so quaint,
All "palaces" of mud and straw
Without a bit of paint,

Yet attractive and alluring,
They always beckon me;
I was thrilled, an old lady said,
"Oh, please come in and see.

I've made some pretty pottery,
I've made a rug so gay,
I'm sure you'll like my tamales,
No, child, you must not pay."

A flat dirt roof where cactus grew,
Two windows and a door,
But I found real hospitality,
Now could I ask for more?

"BEHOLD, THE DESERT IN BLOOM"

Flaunting its' flaming colors
Far across the shifting sand,
The Ocotillo* stands supreme,
It lures me to desert land.

"Desert Candles" will light my way
When the evening sun goes down;
The desert sands will be my bed
When I am far away from town.

Drunk with the wine of beauty,
O'er valleys and hills I tread;
I'll pick flowers of the Indigo bush,
Then I shall lay on my head

On a pillow of "Star-burst,"
As the stars peak from above;
I'll drift and dream that I'm a Queen,
For this is the land I love.

I'll make a lace gown of lupins,
As blue as the sky o'er head,
And trim it with desert lilies,
Lilies both white and red.

I shall make a crown of poppies,
For golden the crown must be;
I am drunk with the wine of beauty,
I am filled with ecstasy.

"Pipe Organ" cactus will play for me,
I shall dance to a merry tune;
Where're I look there is color,—
Behold, the desert in bloom!

*Pronounced Ock-o-tee'-yah.

"THE CALL OF THE SOUTHWEST"

Oh, the gypsy life is calling me,
It keeps calling me to go
To the great Southwest, where life is best,
For when I am there I know

That the peace of God is piled on top
The mountains and canyons steep,
And the God of Love watches above
While I pitch my tent and sleep

In a fairyland that's oh, so grand,
While the night birds sing a song;
I'll awake next day with a heart that's gay,
And I know I can't go wrong

For the gypsy trail I'm bound to hail,
Nature's calling me to see
The great Southwest, the land that's best,
Oh, that is the land for me!

"RAIN ON THE DESERT"

There's a strange smell in the air today,
I cannot describe it, friend;
The desert has started to blossom,
To color, there is no end.

Oh, it rained on the desert last night,
As if touched by a magic hand,
She brought forth o'ernight a gay carpet
Of rainbow colors so grand.

There's a strange smell in the air today,
No, I cannot tell you, friend;
It's like all the perfume of heaven
And all her colors did blend.

It stretches for miles to the mountains,
Then back to the valley again;
I cannot find words to describe it,
It's just rain on the desert, my friend.

"TO A RED BIRD"

Oh, beautiful creature,
So swift on the wing,
Perched high in a Mesquite,
To me do you sing?

To you, "feathered gypsy,"
A toast I shall drink,
For you bring me laughter,
And you make me think

Of all that is lovely,
Of all that is gay;
Beautiful Cardinal,
My guest for today!

TO PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

Angels dropped their pallettes of paint,
The green into tall Palms grew;
The other colors running wild
Made a Paradise for me and you.

Oasis in a fairy-land,
Just a rainbow land of dreams,
Flaunting back in eternal glory
The Creators' color schemes.

A LESSON FROM THE DESERT

If He can make the Desert bloom
And blossom as the rose,
He can fill your heart with gladness,
Content and sweet repose;
So do not mind the darkness,
The clouds will soon pass by,
Sometimes after showers there's
A rainbow in the sky.
The rose and gold seem prettier
If we miss them for awhile,
So do not mind the showers,
Look up,—resolve to smile.

"MY SPANISH TROUBADOUR"

Wine cups and desert lilies,
Spanish Daggers, too,
Above them for a canopy,
A Texas sky of blue.

Blue Bonnets and prickly pear,
A gentle western breeze;
A Texas moon, a Spanish tune,
With you and all these

I could ride on forever
Listening to your guitar;
Dear, my heart will follow you
And go where're you are.

Content was I 'til you came,
But content I'll be no more,
The Gypsy trail I shall hail
With my Spanish Troubadour.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SAGEBRUSH TRAIL

There's moonlight on the sagebrush
An' the dearest sound I hear
Is the sound o' someone ridin'
In the desert night so clear.

The sound o' hoofs a comin'
Up the Sagebrush Trail so long;
Someone's ridin' home an' singin'
Such a happy western song.

There's magic in the moonlight
When it hits the sagebrush trails,
Moon looks like a golden boat
As far overhead it sails.

An' what I like about it is
I know there'll always be
The sound o' someone ridin'
Up the Sagebrush Trail to me.

"A GREAT ADVENTURE"

The sand dunes are gay with verbena,
It's growing purple and wild,
And I haven't a care in the world,
I'm out with an Indian child.

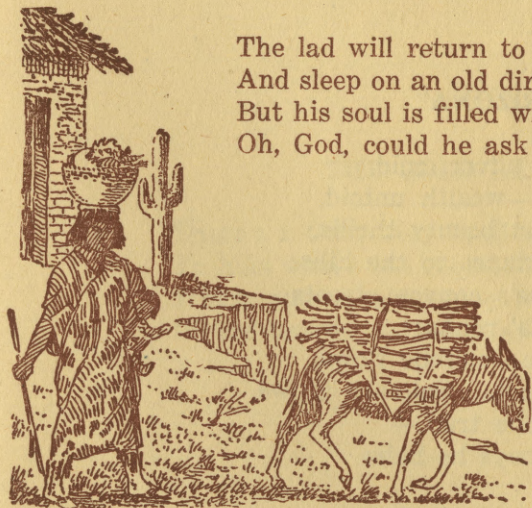
He takes me and leads me all over
To chollas, trumpets, and such;
We have lunch 'neath a Joshua palm,
This "sage," he tells me so much.

He tells of a trail that leads far away
Where cactus and beautiful things
Look up to greet a tall waterfall,
That tumbles down from the springs.

He has ridden the trails on his pony,
All the valleys and hills he knows,
Why he even found wood-pecker nests
Where the tall Sahuaro grows!

Now I must return to the Rancho,
All journeys must end, it seems;
I would rather sit 'neath a Joshua
With an Indian boy and dream.

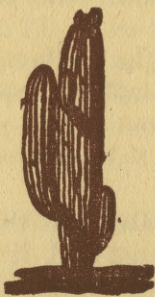
The lad will return to his hogan,
And sleep on an old dirt floor,
But his soul is filled with great beauty,
Oh, God, could he ask for more?



"THE DESERT"

(This poem is by my Mother, Mrs. A. M. Elliott)

Talk about your mansions and penthouses near the sky,
Give me my old adobe, where "Palomas" coo nearby;
Some rave about Broadway and the Night-clubs full of fun;
I'll choose the open spaces and the good old desert sun.
Broadways' lights are pretty, but they just can't compare
With stars that twinkle on the sagebrush way out there;
The open road where horned toads scurry in the sun,—
Until you've lived on the Desert, life has not begun.



"ARIZONA"

She has copper, silver, gold,
She has riches,—wealth untold,
Where the desert beauty thrills,
From the sand-dunes to the hills;
From old Bisbee's canyon streets
To the Catalinas' peaks;
From where the Colorado flows,
From where the tall Sahuaro grows
Up to the Apache trail,—
Happy he who says he hails
From Arizona.

SUNSET ON THE COLORADO

I stood watching the Colorado
Just before the sun went down,
It was at Yuma, Arizona,
That dear little desert town.

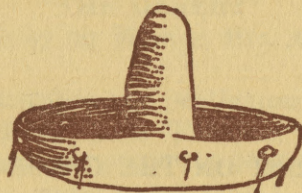
The river I saw was red with mud,
But under the sunset glow
It turned golden, then bronze and amber,
As shadows would come and go.

Looking across to California,
The sage-brush and desert hills,
Turning from pink to mauve and deep blue,
Now it lures and holds, and thrills!

Then a silence that seemed quite golden,
As wrapt in twilight it lay;
Sunset on the old Colorado,
The end of a perfect day.

THE GOLD LEAF TRAIL

There's a Gold Leaf Trail that winds away
To hills where the Aspens bend and sway,
Where snow-peaks shine in the glimmering sun,
Where heaven and earth and God are one.



“SENOR — SENORA”

A cobbled walk,
A plastered wall,
Iron balconies which lend
A touch of Spain, and seem to say
“Linger awhile, my friend!”

A red tile roof,
A flowering tree,
A garden in full bloom;
A patio, a man, a maid,
Stars and a full moon.

A wishing well,
A song, a veil,
Voices softly blend,
Joyful bliss, a lovers' kiss,
Romance which knows no end.

EL CAMINO REAL

“El Camino Real” means “The Kings’ Highway”;
“El Camino Real”, I recall the day
When in my little old roadster of blue,
Beauties along you way I would view.
“El Camino Real”, every tourist knows
From old Mexico up to Shastas’ snows;
“El Camino Real”, the stories you tell,
Of romance, and Padres and Mission bells;
Santa Barbara and Dolores too,
And then out by the Golden Gate so blue;
To San Luis Obispo again I stray,
“El Camino Real”, The Kings’ Highway,—
Oh, your Mission Bell signs all will recall,
“El Camino Real”, you are loved by all.

"EASTER AT MT. ROUBIDOUX"

On your summit a large cross stands,
The symbol of Him we all love;
Easter dawn breaks with its' promise
That His hand still guides from above.

The day is o'er, the sun sinks low,
The mountains turn purple and blue,
But the Cross stands there, eternal,
A message to me and to you.

THE OLD MISSION

Grey granite steps roughly hewn,
(Not smoothly chiseled by man),
Lead outside from Mission walls,
Oh, picture it if you can!

Like purple streamers dangling,
Wisteria greets the eye,
And bouganvilla blossoms
Climbing o'er a lattice high.

There the crowds gather each day
At the sound of Mission bells,
Feathery foliage of pepper trees
Hangs low o'er a court-yard well.

A two-wheel wooden ox-cart
To one side of the patio
Speaks of ancient times and folk
In the days of long ago.

The Mission bells keep ringing,
Sounding the hour of rest,
Palomas coo 'neath the eaves,
And the sun sinks in the west.



CAMPIN' ON THE DESERT

Did you ever spend a night
On the desert, far from home,
Snugly wrapped in your blankets,
List'nin' to some lonely moan?

At first you were sort o' fraid,
Scared o' frogs an' rattle-snakes,
Wishin' you were back in town,
Or somewhere else, then lan' sakes!

O'er the mountain comes a stealin'
A big full moon,—looks like gold,
An' it makes the desert look
Like some fairy-book of old.

The cactus you thought ghostly
All take on a look sublime,
An' the weird night-birds' callin'
Sounds just like some rare sweet chime.

When moon-beams kiss the desert,
Bathin' it with silver light,
'Tis then you learn to love it
An' forget that it is night.

The "Gypsy-life" keeps callin',
Callin' me from town to town,
To go campin' on the desert
When the evenin' sun goes down.

WHAT IS POETRY?

By Juanita Elliott

To me, there can be no definition of Poetry,—it is as variable as the wind—you feel it, and then it is gone. In an instant it is back, but in a different form.

If you are wise, and if you wish to compose poetry, then you will take heed and not let even a wee bit of it slip through your mind and fingers. Grasp it, hold it until you can mold it into shape, like the Sculptor molds the material before him, like the Artist spreads out the colors on a canvas, hastening to blend them before they dry.

Poetry? Ah, my friend, you cannot define it. It is a breath of God in the sweet perfume of tightly closed buds, which, as they open, reveal the star-shaped flower of the Narcissus, or the yellow centers of Orange blossoms, or the symmetrical petals of the Rose. Form. color, beauty, life!

Poetry? It is in the Autumn leaves when, overnight, they change from green to crimson and yellow. Chemistry! Is not that Poetry?

Bare tree trunks and branches creaking as they sway 'neath the weight of ice and snow, and the music of icicles as they break and fall. Natures' Symphony,—that is Poetry!

Dewdrops, like a jeweled carpet spread over Mother Earth, to be erased by sunshine,—revealing green grass and tiny wild flowers peeping through. Transformation! Poetry!

The symphonic pealing of Cathedral bells at noon-time in a crowded city; red geraniums in an attic window; the eternal energy of the Planets, held in their exact course by a divine Power; the rise and fall of the tide;—harmony, rhythm, action, energy, life,—Poetry!

Whether it be the raindrops on the windowpane, a little child's tears or a rainbow in the sky, the poet must let his heart beat to the rhythm of the eternal verities about him, and recognize them. Then, and only then, will he produce poetry with an appeal to the human heart—simple poetry, that all may read and understand.

OTHER BOOKS BY JUANITA ELLIOTT

Editor and Publisher of "The Chatterbox"

"WAYSIDE NOTES OF A GYPSY-FOOT"

50 poems which take you out into the great open spaces.

"RAINBOW RIBBONS"

75 charming poems which appeal to the human heart. A beautiful book, pages in pastel shades.

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30 Flower poems.

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A delightful story of travel and adventure, relating the authors' own experiences on the stage.

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