

The Early Works of Rosalie Tookey

Compiled by Keith and Linda Tookey

Edited by Keith Tookey

Dedicated to the memory of a beloved Aunt

Rosalie Tookey: The Early Works

*Found in a binder, titled,
Poems and Memories*
(Containing works from 1932 to 1941)

Contents

Hallowe'en
Christmas Greeting
The Wind
A Wild Rose
Buried Treasure
Autumn Moon
Book
Dawn
To A Daisy
Shadows
April Rain
The Rainbow
Pussy Willow
In Cherry Bloom Time
The Moon Ship
Spring Morning
To A Robin
Butterflies
Fur
For An Autograph
Spring
End Of Day
On Christmas Eve
Christmas Dawn
The New Year
A January Day
The March Wind's Song
Spring's Promise
Contrast
Little Brown House
A Thought
'Tis June
Moon Rise
A Bumble Bee
Grandfather's Cuckoo Clock
My Dream Window
To A Bird
Country Night

Homesick
Indian Summer
A Picture
When Aster's Bloom
Spring Is Just Around the Corner
Nightfall On the Plains
Dust storm
Dandelion
End Of an April Day
Spring Wind
Sailing
Thanksgiving Day
Moonlight in June
Drought
Aftermath
Dreaming
Deserted
Tonight's Hallowe'en
On Your Return
Symphony
Greed
Sharing
In My Garden
April On the Campus
Resurrection
Memory House
The Fairies
Autumn
Recompense
Thanksgiving
Though I Am Old
My Wish For You
Cathedral
In Palisade
On Class Night
October
Lullaby
Oblivion
My Friend
The House On The Hill
Troubadour

Hallowe'en

November, 1932

Goblins are flitting
Softly through the trees,
Little spooky noises
Come stealing on the breeze,
And riding on their broomsticks
Old witches may be seen;
Can you guess what night this is?
Of course; it's Hallowe'en.

Christmas Greeting

November, 1932

I know you've heard this greeting
On many Christmas days,
And I know that you have heard it
In a thousand different ways;
But just the same, I wish you
In a way sincere and true
"May you have a Merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year, too!"

The Wind

March, 1933

I've heard the wind on winter nights
A-whistling 'round the eaves,
I've heard it in the autumn, too,
When playing with the leaves.

I've seen the work that it has done;
To blow the kites on high,
And set the white clouds sailing
Across the blue, blue sky.

But though you see the work it does,
Or hear it at its play,
You'll never, never see the wind
E'en though you search all day.

A Wild Rose

June 1933

Beside a winding country lane
Where breezes blew in sweet refrain,
And bowing in the sunny noon
I saw the first wild rose of June.

It was a beautiful sweet bloom
All fragrant with its soft perfume;
With center of the purest gold,
A lovely flower to behold.

Buried Treasure

We found a mound out in our yard.
'Twas all packed down so nice and hard,
We knew right when we saw it there
It was a buried treasure rare.

We dug and dug all afternoon.
Oh, surely we'd find something soon!
When, sure enough, our spade went "thump"
For it had hit an awful bump.

Grade - 8.

Autumn Moon.

Oh, when the dusky shadows creep
To steal away the light;
When all the world should be asleep,
And little starlets shyly peep
Across the autumn night —

Oh, then up in the blue, blue sky,
Suspended in the air,
A silver disk comes riding high,
All flaming in the autumn sky —
It is the moon, so fair,

Oh, Autumn Moon, so round and bright,
Up in the air so high;
Shine through the long, cool autumn night
And make for us a lantern bright;
A lantern in the sky.

By Rosalie Tooke October, 1933

Books

When upon a winter night
Snow is falling, deep and white,
And chilling winds are seeking
every nook;

When the dying embers glow,
When the lights are burning low,
Oh, then I like to read a story book.

There, beneath the lamplight fair
Seated in an easy chair,
One can travel oh! so wide and free:
Visit where the Vikings old
Fought their battles, brave and bold,
Or go to China, far across the sea.

One may visit fairy-land
Where the dainty fairy band
Will dance in graceful circles o'er
the green.

You can hold "Alladin's lamp,"
Or may see a Gypsy Camp;
Or know a lovely princess, or
a queen.

When upon a winter night
White snow falls, so soft and light,
When icy winds are seeking every
nook;

When the dying embers glow—
When the lights are burning low,
Oh! then I like to read a story book.

By Rosalie Dookey
Book Week November, 1933

Dawn.

The darkness of the night is gone,
The skies are turning blue:
And all the grass, and flowers,
and trees,
Are wet with shining dew.

The little breezes wake and stir,
And through the garden stray:
While butterflies are winging high
To greet the coming day!

And tiny stars that twinkled,
bright
And hapily all night long,
Now slowly, slowly fade from sight,
While birds burst forth in song.

The rosy skies grow brighter; and
The breezes laugh and run,
As slowly, in the eastern sky,
Now comes the rising sun.

It casts long, silvery shadows fair
Across the smooth, green lawn;
And flowers all are joyful, in
The beauty of the dawn.

By Rosalie Tooley

April 15, 1934

To a Daisy

Oh, lovely Daisy, fair and white,
So joyfull in the summer light
With petals whiter than the snow,
You bow to passing winds that
 blow,
You swing and dance in pure delight
Oh, golden-centered flow'r so bright.

Oh, pretty Daisy, passing fair,
That plays in fragrant country
air;

Oh, why, you lovely snow-white
In lower,
Do not you grace a shady bower,
And in the lovely shadows there
With other flowers your beauty
share?

Is it because, if you're away
from green fields, where you
always play

The happy hours would seem
too long
Without the meadow lark's sweet
song?
Perhaps you'd miss the sun's bright
ray,
Oh, Treasure of the Meadows gay.

By Rosalie Tooke April 9, 1934

Shadows

When the sun slides down the
western steep,
And the robin calls "Good-night,"
Then the shadows softly, softly
creep
To steal away the light

Then Mother lights the candles tall,
But still the shadows stay;
And all around my bed-room wall
They skip, and dance, and play

But when the lights are all put
out

And Mother goes away -
Oh, then the shadows slip about
All through the night to stay

I play that they are all quite dear
And guard me 'till its light;
For they are Daries, dark and queer
That stay all through the
night.

By Rosalie Cooley April 10, 1934

April Rain

The golden sun is hid from sight,
The breezes blow in sweet refrain;
As softly, in the waning light,
The whole world greets the April
rain.

The March wind swept the barren hills
All clean and new for silver showers;
And now the gentle pattering thrills
The waking leaflets, and the flowers.

The brooklets break their icy shields
And wander onward to the sea,
While gay larks in the misty fields
Sing happy songs of April glee.

And all the raindrops seem to sing:
"Wake up! oh, grass and flowers dear—
Wake, butterflies and skyward swing
To see the happy world that's here!"

Oh, Winter! with your whitest
snow;

Oh, Summer, with your play-
time hours!

You cannot, for one minute know
The beauty of the April Showers.

By Rosalie Tokey April 3, 1954

The Rainbow

The summer clouds hung soft and
gray,

The raindrops fell all afternoon;
And on the grass and flowers gay
They played a soft and silver tune.

But just before the daylight died,
The sun shone through the mist
and rain;

And o'er the quiet countryside
The sunbeams danced on field
and lane.

And far above each leafy tree,
Gay in the endless blue — so high,
There hung, above the grassy lea,
An arching rainbow in the sky.

Some faeries must have hung it
there —
A bright bridge for their faerie
queen;

A lovely bridge, high in the air
Of lavender, and pink, and green.

The bright sun sank behind a ridge
Of hills, and left an afterglow;
But vanished was the fairy bridge—
The colors, and the gay rainbow.

And so through life, when we are gay,
The bright days vanish, by and by:
Like on some rainy summer day
The rainbows vanish from the
sky;

And leave us only mist and rain,
And zepheers cool that only blow;
But there is left in Memory's Chain
The beauty of the Afterglow.

By Rosalie Tockey April 18, 1934

Pussy Willow

In chilly March, when skies are
And cold north winds ^{gray} are still
at play,
When scarce a thing is showing green,
The Pussy Willow gay is seen.

When all the white, white snow
is gone
From wood, and field, from trees
and lawn;
Then Pussy bows and dances gay
In coat of softest, silken gray.

When early blue birds whistle clear
Announcing that the spring is
here,
When wee grass blades are dressed
in green;
Then Pussy Willow reigns as queen.

By Rosalie Dookey April 16, 1934

In Cherry Bloom Time

It's Cherry Bloom Time in the
valleys and hills,
The grasses awake and grow;
The blue-bird sings sweetly, the
gay robin trills
While softly the breezes blow.

The orchards are garbed in the
daintiest green
And blossoms of pink and white;
While here and there small
butterflies may be seen,
All happy and gay and bright.

The golden sun shines from a
clear sky of blue
While violets dance and swing;
The world is awaking to pure
joy anew:
It's Cherry Bloom Time in
the spring!

By Rosalie Dookey Apr. 23, 1934

The Moon Ship

The fair night sky is a silent sea
With waves of cloudlets dim
That float along by the ~~horizon~~^{sky-line}
Beyond the mountains rim.

The tiny stars are the fishes queer
All sparkling and true
That stay there all through the
darkest hours
And glimmer in the blue.

The crescent moon is some fairies
ship
That rides all through the night
And lights the skies in a splendor
rare -
A soft and glowing light.

The fair night sky is a glassy sea,
The stars are fishes shy;
And the crescent moon is a silver ship
That skims across the sky.

By Rosalie Dookey

April 30, 1934

Spring Morning

May 3, 1934

The fragrance of the lilac sweet is
drifting on the air,
While cherry blooms are falling down
like snowflakes everywhere,
The butterflies are dancing bright
beneath the flaming sky,
And, through the budding treetops
gay, the spring-time breezes
sigh.

The day is filled with beauty of the
leaves and grasses green,
And with the shining splendor of
the sunlight's golden sheen.
The flowers bloom in sweetness, and
the birds are on the wing,
And everything is joyful on this
happy morn' of spring!

By Rosalie Tooke May 3, 1934.

To A Robin

May 9, 1934

High in a tree, when morning gray
Breaks on the world, I hear your song:
A carol to the dawning day
That sweet and joyfully flows along.

Oh, Robin, on hot afternoons
I hear you, when all else is still;
I even hear your happy tunes
When rain is dancing on the hill;

Or when the evening sun sets low,
When breezes blow so happily
And lovely skies are all aglow,
I hear your sweetest melody.

Oh! Happy Bird, oh Robin gay
Oh, Rival of the Nightingale;
That cheers us on a summer day
Or when the sun-set skies are pale,

I'll miss you when the cold winds
blow
And everything is bleak and bare,
I'll miss you when the whitest snow
Is falling softly everywhere.

But still I know that some spring day
You will return; I can't be sad,
Because I know that far away
You're happy, making others glad.

By Rosalie Torkey May 10, 1934

Butterflies

Between the trees and flowers true,
Beneath the summer skies of blue,
Beneath the sun so golden bright
And dressed in every tint and hue,
The butterflies dance in delight
Like tiny joyful specs of light
Or autumn leaflets in their flight.

They look so dainty when they fly
Up in the blue so high — so high;
I think that on some misty day,
When they were winging in the sky,
When all the clouds had passed away
They must have flown up high to play
And dipped their wings in rainbows gay.

By Rosalie Cooley May 11, 1934.

Fur

May 11, 1934

My mamma wears fur on her
coat

My auntie wears it, too;
My grandma has one made of fur
All soft and shining new.

The tiny mice, so very shy,
Wear fur of smoothest brown
While little bunnies in the field
Wear coats of softest down.

But the nicest fur there ever was
That I've seen anywhere
Is a tiny little pussy-cat's;
Her fur is very fair.

It's of the softest, softest gray
And very silky, too
But she's not like my kitty; 'cause
She will not play with
you.

But oh! her fur, so very sleek
That shines so in the sun -
You see, she's Pussy Willow gay
That bows to everyone.

For an Autograph

May, 1934

Remember every happy time
We've had, in storm, or rain,
or shine

The joyous times we've had
each day

In school and home, in work
or play

Remember these, dear Friend
of mine.

Spring

August 13, 1934

Spring, happy spring comes dancing
Over the hills

Happy and gay
Violets sway

While blue birds cheerfully sing.
All of the world with life and
beauty fills

Gay robin trills

Each leaf bud thrills

Thrills with the gladness of spring.

Grade - 9

End of Day

Sept. 8, 1934

Across the quiet air there comes
The sleepy song of some tired bird
And in the tree-tops up above
A zephyr's sigh is heard.

The gray clouds floating in the west
Are softly touched with rosy light,
And, silhouetted in the sky,
A swallow takes its flight.

The bright glow of the western sky,
Reflection of the dying sun,
Grows fainter, and dark wings of
night
Let stars out, one by one.

And now, beneath the grayling skies,
Fireflies are darting to and fro,
And, as the moon comes, round and
bright,
The shadows come and go.

On Christmas Eve

Dec. 24, 1934

Tonight's the happiest of the year,
'Tis Christmas Eve, and everywhere,
I hear glad songs upon the air,
Or joy-bells ringing clear.
It makes me think of Jesus' birth
When angel choirs sang "Peace on
earth"

And so, before my window wide,
I place a candle, bright and fair,
So any passer-by can share
My happiness inside.
Oh, should the Christ-Child
Come tonight,
I'm sure he'd see my Christmas
light.

Christmas Stars

Dec. 24, 1934.

On Christmas Eve the stars
shone bright
Like candles burning in the night,
And o'er the silent world below
The starlight glimmered to and fro

I thought, how many years had gone
Since angels sang their joyous song!
Or since the Star shone out so bright
And led the shepherds in the night.

But still, when stars, with silver light,
Shine out, and it is Christmas night,
We hang upon our Christmas tree
A star for all the world to see.

Christmas Dawn

Dec. 25, 1934.

I watched the dawn on Christmas day
Come flaming up the sky.
Above, ~~the~~ clouds hanging low and gray
Looked like a curtain up on high.

But soon, all darkness seemed to fly
From the gray world, and lo!
In flaming tints of rose, the sky, —
The sky was bright and all aglow!

And all about me seemed to say
"This is the dawn of Christmas day."

The New Year.

Jan. 19, 1935

Last night the world was dark and
still,
Save for the cold winds' sighing, —
The winds that swept from hill
to hill,
And whispered: "The Year is dying."

And so, the Old Year slipped away
Into the mystic Past,
And New Year, young and fair and
gay
Hailed us, ere he passed.

A January Day

Jan. 20, 1935

The day was still and very cold,
And the sun came up like a ball of gold;
Its rays hit the frost on the window pane,
And touched the snowy hills with
flame,
It etched the trees, so straight
and high
With silvery pearls against the sky.

Through the gloom of the deepening twilight
At the end of a winters day,
I watched the snowflakes falling down
From a clouded sky of gray.

Then I thought of the joyous springtime
With its flowers of every hue;
With air that's filled with melody
And skies of clearest blue.

✓ The March Wind's Song

I like the song the March wind sings,
It tells of flowers and growing things;
Of tiny leaf-buds, new and
tender,
And waving grasses, green and
slender;
It sings of April's skies of gray
And long and sunny hours in May.

The March wind sings of daffodils,
Of daisies starring country hills,
Of butterflies, like sunbeams
winging
Beneath the sky, and bluebirds
singing;
Of sunshine bright and bees that hum
And all the joyous days to come.

Mar. 21, 1935

Spring's Promise

When the white snow melts away
From the wood and lawn,
When the pussy willows gray
Tells us winter's gone,
Then sweet spring-time, new and fair
Wakes the flowers everywhere,
Tints the world so bleak and bare
With colors gay.

In each gay bird's happy song
Or the skies of blue,
In each brook that flows along
Is a promise true.
Promise of the summer show'rs,
Promise of the birds and flow'rs
And the autumn's harvest hours
And joy and song.

Contrast

April 14, 1935

Apple blossoms snowy,
Grasses new and green;
Happy birds and butterflies
Dancing in between.
Sun and clouds and showers,
Breezes soft and sweet:
This is mistress Springtime
With blossoms at her feet.

Tree-tops green and leafy,
Skies of palest blue;
Hollyhocks and poppies red,
Grasses bent with dew.
Golden dawns and sunsets,
Sunshine bright and fair:
This is lady Summer
With rainbows in her hair.

Birds all flying southward
'Neath the hazy sky,
Ripened fruit and golden grain,
Gray clouds drifting by.

Golden-rod and asters
Blooming all alone:
This is stately Autumn
With red leaves 'round her
throne.

~~Empty~~
~~Naked~~ tree-tops bending
While the cold winds blow,
Icy lakes, like mirrors bright
Softly gleam below.
Skies all dark and somber,
Snowdrops falling down:
This is queenly Winter
With jewels in her crown.

Little Brown House

May 4, 1935.

Written in memory of the joyous
hours spent in the little brown house
at Bethany.

Little brown house, you are dear to me
Little brown house by the old elm
tree,

Little brown house, where every spring
Cherry trees blossom and robins sing.
Where, in the autumn when birds
have flown

You hold a beauty that is all your own
Glowing and tender you welcome me
Little brown house by the old elm
tree.

Little brown house, you are home to me,
Little brown house by the old elm tree,
You are the place where I always come
Safe and secure when the day is done
You are the place - the place where
dwell
All of the ones that I love so well,

Dearest and best of all places to be,
Little brown house by the old
elm tree.

A Thought

May, 1935

The silvery web of a spider,
The wings of a butterfly,
Or the light of a firefly's lantern
Beneath the summer sky.

The shine of a star in the heavens,
The kiss of moon-beams light,
The patter of rain on the house-top,
Or sun-shine dancing bright.

A sigh of the wind in the tree-tops
The song that the gay lark sings;
Oh, nature's fairest beauty
Is found in little things.

'Tis June

June 14, 1935

There's something new in each
passing breeze
That plays in the garden where roses
bloom,

There's something fair in the leafy trees
That whisper together beneath the moon.
There's something gay in the birds that
sing,

There's a true - blue note in the
cricket's tune.

Oh, tree-tops and roses and everything
Are tenderly sighing "'Tis June,
'tis June!"

Moon Rise

June 16, 1935

A gleam of silver among the trees,
A silvery mist down low in the sky,
And suddenly up on cloudy seas
The round, full moon swings high.

A Bumble Bee

July 2, 1933

On filmy, light, transparant wings you
come

Oh, drowsy insect, and you always hum
A droning, sleepy tune that seems to be
The echo of some long-lost melody.

When tall, fair hollyhocks with larkspur
vie

I see you swinging past beneath the sky,
Or when wisteria droops with heavy bloom
And strews the summer air with faint
perfume,

I hear your sad and mournful melody
Oh, you are just an echo, Bumble Bee.

You are an echo of forgotten dreams.
You are an echo of the past, it seems
That in your melancholy song so drear
The joys of long-forgotten days I hear.
You are an echo on transparant wings
That echoes quaint and long-forgotten
things.

Grandfather's Cuckoo Clock

July 14, 1935

A cuckoo clock used to hang on the wall
Of my Grandfather's house, in the
great front hall.

A beautiful thing, so grand and old
And its frail, white hands the hours told.
There were dark wood carvings around
its face

And its pendulum swung with stately
grace;

And at the top, on either side,
Were wooden doors that would open wide
And disclose two tiny cuckoo-birds.
At every half-hour they were heard—
In mimic voices, shrill and high
They'd tell the hour. I don't know why,
But for hours and hours I used to stand
Before that clock so old and grand
And in in childish wonder I'd wait
with glee
To hear the cuckoos sing for me.

x x x

And if someday I'd chance to find
A cuckoo clock of the same old kind

On some other wall, I'd like to know:
Would it still have the charm of
long ago?
And would I wait as breathlessly
To hear the cuckoo sing for me?

My Dream Window

June 16, 1935

A window on the landing of the stair—
A window wide that anyone can see,
A window—just a common window there,
But oh, it is a magic one for me.
On pleasant days when it is opened wide
And breezes whisper through it pleasantly,
I always—always stop to look outside
To see the beauty of each grass and tree.

An elm tree stands before it, tall and
slim

It seems so close that if I would but try
I'd touch it; and a cedar dark and trim
Stands by the elm and leans against
the sky

Beyond the trees the grass grows deep and
green

And quivers in the breezes passing by
And flowers nod, and in and out between
Small winged things dart past—now
low, now high.

So deep and wide and blue the great
sky seems,
So far away that window is for me
From noise and strife, and there I dream
my dreams
Of things that others think can never be.
No matter how the world goes on outside
Where automobiles roar and sirens scream
Beside this window I can always hide
And face to face with self can dare
and dream.

* * * *

Window on the landing of the stairs
Window opened wide and cool and
free —
Window full of promises is there
And hopes and dreams of days that
are to be.

To a Bird

June 26, 1935

Oh, bird so gay,
At break of day
Your song breaks on the world:
When dawn's dim light's unfurled,
And morning's skies are pearled
With brilliant dyes.

Oh, bird so free
You sing for me
I hear your happy cry
When evening breezes sigh,
When sunset flames the sky
And daylight flies.

Oh, bird so free
Sing on for me
Sing on when dawn-light breaks,
When each tired breeze awakes;
Or twilight dim o'er-takes
Day's golden skies.

Country Night

August 23, 1933

The full moon spread its flood of
silver light

Across the silence of the country night.
The great, red barn stood softened
in its glow,

And breezes skimmed across the fields
to blow

The wide wings of the windmill that
stood high

Like some great bird against the
hollow sky

And mirrored back the moon's
pale, golden fire.

Tall trees stood dreaming in ~~the~~ a
crystal trance
And far across the fields the moon-
beams danced.

The horizon in silver mist was lost
While stars shone out like bits of
brilliant frost.

Homesick

Nov. 9, 1935

The city's lights blot out night's
drowsy shadows,
Great buildings loom against night's
dreamy sky,
And noise and clamor mar night's holy
silence

And fail to heed the breezes wistful sigh.
But far above the cold, gray, stony skyline,
I see God's lantern-moon hung in the
night

Like some pale ghost that mocks the
city's hardness
And puts to shame its noise and
glaring light.

And far across the miles moonlight is
streaming

Beyond this city's walls of loneliness,
And o'er the prairie hills its paleness
gleaming

I hines ^{round} on a place of endless happiness.
For there among the elm trees by a
roadside

Where crickets tune their harps and
breezes play —

Oh, there a little house waits neath
the starshine
All silvery beneath the moonlight ray -
And there a rose - vine winds about
a trellis
That leans beside a door that is a - jar,
And lamplight blends with moonlight
by that doorway
And seems to call me - call me from
a - far.
And so, across a path of moonbeam's silver
My heart has found its way, and I can
see
The moon-drenched roses blooming by
the doorway
And see the loved ones there that wait
for me;
And I can hear the swing of happy voices
And hear the breezes laughing through
the trees.
Oh, chain of miles, you cannot hold
me captive
Where're the moon swings high in
cloud-swept seas.

Indian Summer

Oct 13, 1935

Deep, blue, cloudless skies of jocund
spring-time,
Shining sun of summer's careless days,
Gold and crimson leaves of Autumn's
play-time,
Quietude of winter's snowy ways.

All the smiling things of every season
A lung beneath a canopy of blue.
Beauty, without cause or care or reason,
Paints the world with every tint and
hue.

Though the wild winds blow through
winter's darkness,
Though snow cover field and faded flower,
Though the trees stand high in lonely sharpness,
It is worth it, for this one bright hour.

Red leaves gleaming 'neath the gold of
summer,
Solitude 'neath skies of spring's own blue.
Welcome, welcome, fairest Indian Summer
All of nature bows to welcome you!

A Picture

Sept 12, 1935

Caught in autumn's golden mood
Oak trees change to torches bright
Down the aisles of darkest wood
Shadows turn to burnished light.

And upon the dying grass
Darts of golden sunlight play,
While the breezes, as they pass,
Send the crimson leaves a-stray.

Marshy places, once so drear,
Change to mirrors and reflect
Flaming branches hanging near
And the grass, with sunlight fleck'd.

All of autumn's golden days, —
Trees ~~that~~ that sleep in crimson flame
Brilliant sun and distant haze
Laid inside a picture frame.

When Asters Bloom

Sept. 20, 1935

Skies are filled with glowing stars
Moonlight plays in silver bars
On the coolness of the night
A filled with mystery and light
When asters bloom.

Heavy dew-drops gleam like glass
From the fading stems of grass
And the deep, blue nothingness
Of the sky hangs over us
When asters bloom.

Noontide brings us golden heat,
Breezes murmuring and sweet;
Sunshine weaves a drowsy spell
And summer says her last farewell
When asters bloom.

Spring is Just Around the Corner

March 2, 1936

Today the world looks lonesome
With its skies of dreary gray
And its trees so dark with emptiness that
seem in pain to sway

Above the darker hillsides
Where wild winds rush and sigh
For days with golden sun and laugh-
ing sky.

Oh, winds, your prayers are answered;
Oh, trees so cold and gray,
Don't you feel it in the breathlessness
that fills the world today?
Can't you see it in the way the clouds
Are drifting, - shifting up above?
Don't you know that spring is coming soon
with life and joy and love?

For just above the dark clouds
There are sun and skies of blue
And beneath dull earth are flowers
only waiting to come through,
And just beyond the skyline

Are birds that fly and sing,
And just around the the corner
there is Spring!

Nightfall on the Plains

March 8, 1936

O'er the sweeps of prairie land, —
Far across the level fields,
Daylight's bright and sunny strand
To night's tender quiet yields
Daytime's golden god, the sun,
Dropped in grandeur down the sky,
Leaving streaks of crimson fun
In the west, to fade and die.
Now across the silent plains
Comes the night on dusky wings,
Setting free the myriad stars
From the day-time's golden bars.

When the scene is set at last —
When the stars are scattered through
Arching skies so deep and vast,
And the winds have come to woo
Crickets small that softly cry —
Night's frail goddess, gleaming bright,
Mounts her throne, the jeweled sky,
Rules with tenderness the night.
All the silence of the plains
Folded in night's velvet wings

While the moon's slim, silver bars
Swing beneath the silent stars.

Dust Storm

April 12, 1936

The day is lost in a whirl of dust —
Dust borne high on the crying wind,
Dust far-flung in the stifled sky,
Dust that silences everything.
The sun, far up in the dust-filled
air,
Shows dim — like a round and
gleamless moon.
While the trees bow down to the wind's
wild rage
And the whole world sobs in the ghostly
gloom.

Dandelion

April 22, 1936

Saucy little dandelion,

In the April air,

With the glint of shining sun

In your golden hair —

Bowing to the whispering breeze

Dancing 'neath the budding trees,

Calling to the hungry bees,

Little dandelion!

Lonesome little dandelion

In the April air,

Lonesome, though the sun reflects

In your silken hair.

Lonesome 'neath the sun's caress,

Lonesome, in your springtime dress

Where's your dandelioness,

Little dandelion?

End of an April Day

April 23, 1936

The end of a sun-splashed April day,
The end of a perfect song of spring —
The sun is just dropping its last gold
beam.

And beauty is thrilling in everything.

The slim, soft cry of a ^{turtle} mourning dove
Comes swinging across on the tender air,
And out in the fields across the way
There are larks, spilling melody everywhere.

The dandelions, with sleepy heads,
Peep out from their leaves with their soft
good-byes.
Dear blooms! you will never again peep forth
With that sun-rivaled gold in your
flower eyes.

This hour is almost too sweet to bear
Or the trees scatter fragrance like
clouds do rain
And sleepy pink apple blooms swing in
the wind
With a tenderness soft that is almost pain

The end of a perfect golden day,
The end of a song too sweet to sing —
The end of a poem too dear to write —
For this — for this was a page from spring

Spring wind

April 23, 1936

The spring time wind is another unwritten poem
It fills your whole being with things you
can't express.

It sobs and sighs in the branches and
budding trees
And sweeps on past you, and fills your
soul with spring.

The wind is something that you can
never see
Or know from whence it comes or
where it goes.
But you can hear its song and feel
its touch,
And know that God speaks to you — in
the wind.

Sailing

May 13, 1936

A singing wind, a darkened sky,
The white gulls skimming lazily
Above the waves, — their lonely cry
Swings out across the leaden sea.

The blowing sails, against the gray
Of clouds, stand out like hills of snow.
And all throughout this somber day
We let our good ships sail, and go —

Go far away to where the sky
Comes down to meet the silent sea.
While all the stillness seems to cry:
"Ah, sailor, this is home to thee!"

Thanksgiving Day

May 23, 1936

The day is cold; the wind blows wild,
And sobs in the trees like a lonesome child.
The torn gray clouds sweep down the sky
And sparrows, winging, with chirping cry
Give voice to the lonesomeness in the air
And yet - there's something everywhere -
Something that pierces the gloomy gray
Of the world; for ^{this is} oh, 'tis Thanksgiving day

And all the gray of the winter world
Seems gilded with thanks - the heavens
seem pearled

With the raggedness of the tattered clouds
The wailing wind only speaks aloud
Of something too great for its wings to hold
While the lonesome sparrows strew notes
of gold

On the air; and the trees, though stark
and bare

Lift up their arms in silent prayer -

And I, to add my own small part,
Look up to my God with a thankful heart

Moonlight in June

June 3, 1936

Wee cricket voices are singing and sighing
Deep in the grasses that grow by the way
Far off a stray breeze goes whispering
and crying —
All else is silence where moonlight holds
sway.

Great trees are sleeping 'neath moonlight's
pale beaming
Roses are dreaming where frail moon-
beams cling —
Cling like a fairy's web, shining and
gleaming —
Silence and moonlight and
crickets that sing.

All of this beauty caught fast in one June night
Earth full of shadows and sky full
of stars.
All in between a great ocean of moon-
light
Gleaming and shining so near —
yet so far.

Drought
~~The Drought~~

July 22, 1936

For

Day after day the gleaming sun
For days and days the sun has gleamed -
A great, gold ball of burning heat,
Far across the countryside
For days and days upon the world.
Its ruthless, scorching rays have beat.

No cloud in all the pale, blue sky
Save now and then a skiff of white
That vanishes into the air
And cannot quench the blazing light.
The heat-waves hang in zig-zag folds
And dance like ghosts above the hills.

The grasses in the lawns are brown
And dead; the flowers have lost their
bloom -

Their leaves curl in the ceaseless heat.

Proud trees await their certain doom
With arms stretched upward to the sky.

I cannot help but catch my breath
To see them stand so grand - so tall
And struggle on in living death.

While some
A few have given up the fight
And one by one their leaves take flight

With wings that droop like wilted flowers,
The birds stand in the heat-filled
shade.

The hot wind whispering through the ^{hops} day
Laughs at the wreck the sun has made.
The grasshoppers in endless bands
Hold carnival where flowers die,
One lonesome locust sadly sings,
And all the parched earth seems to cry..
Each dying tree-top sobs in vain
"Oh, heartless wind... bring rain! bring rain."

Aftermath

Sept. , 1936

The summer has been long and hot,
The sun has shone through endless days
Has scorched ^{the} trees, has killed the flowers,
And withered lawns with heartless rays.
And all the world had grown so tired.
The drooping birds, the ruined lawns,
The cloudless sky all pale with heat
Distressed our hearts and hope was gone.
'Till now, at last, September's come
With soft rains that revive the trees,
That turn the lawns to green again,
Bring out the last few flowers; the breeze
Blows sweet and calm cool where goldenrod
Are bent with blooms of dusty gold.
While zennias flaunt their sturdy dyes.
The sky - a blue bowl - seems to hold
A promise dim, but sweet and true,
The sun and trees and flowers, too
All promise us, with beauty fair
"This year will die as all years do.
The world will flame in brilliant hues
Then fall in ashes, cold and plain;
Then winter; then at last will come
The spring and life and joy again!"

Although the world so peacefully
Awaits the frost and winter's sting,
Though new grass blows, and graceful trees
Stand green and tall and towering,
Still there is something very sad
That broods about this fairyland
Of green: the summer's scorching heat
Has left ~~it~~ upon the world a brand.
For here and there among the trees—
The trees alive and green and fine—
Are other trees that once were proud
And tall and grand; beneath sunshine
And springtime rain they whispered with
Their brother trees—they held the light
Of golden sunbeams in their crowns
Or dreamed beneath the stars at night.
But now— but now they stand alone
Amid the other greenery
And hold their dead arms up against
The heavenly blue of autumn sky.
Like skeletons or hopeless souls
They stand so stiff about the town.
And soon, with saw and ladders, men
Will come around to cut them down
How many years will come and fly

Before new trees grow in their place!
For several years, at least, there'll be
Instead of them, an empty space -
Wide gaps left yawning cruel and wide
Where green leaves used to weave and lace.
These are the scars that summertime
Has burned upon our city's face.

Deserted

November 13, 1936

Its outside walls are old and rough,
Its window panes are broken, too.
The wind howls round its battered doors,
And bands of pigeons always coo
Around its drooping eaves, or fly
In graceful patterns in the sky
Above its ancient towers.

Inside, its halls are still and dim,
Its rooms are empty, silent things;
The chapel ~~is~~ draped in quiet, too —
A quiet deep, that almost sings.
The stairs are warped; each window sill
Is deep in dust, but memories still
Creep through its empty hours.

For once its stairs were straight and fine,
Its windows once shone clear and bright,
And down wide halls swung low-voiced words
Or bursts of laughter and delight.
Its class rooms hummed with busyness.
Outside, the sunbeam's fair caress
Fell on its stately towers.
Somehow it seems quite sad to think
That it must stand deserted there:
It knew a time when days were new
And rippled past all gold and fair.

But now its halls, where silence sings,
Hold far-off dreams, and memory's wings
Float down the drowsy hours.

[Contents](#)

Tonight's Hallowe'en

Nov. 1, 1936

Pale moonlight like silver dust
Blown across the air,
Thin-voiced winds on whispering wings
Slipping here and there,
Stars like bits of broken glass
Shining clear and keen,
Silence swinging far and near:
Tonight's Hallowe'en.

Round, gay jack-o-lanterns gleam—
Gleam with candle-light,
Impish cries of boys and girls
Swing across the night;
Windows all besmeared with soap....
Laughter in between....
Gates slam and doorbells ring:
Tonight's Hallowe'en.

Apples bobbing in a tub,
Spooky stories told,
Fortunes read in cold, dim light
By witches bent and old.
Costumes queer in fashions gay,
Funny, sad are seen;

Chills and fun together mixed :
Tonight's Halloween.

Witches riding on their brooms,
(Everyone declares)
Bats and cats and shapeless ghosts;
Goblins "creak" the stairs.
Silence filling earth and sky,
Stars with silver sheen, ...
Great, white moon-ghost sailing high.
Tonight's Hallowe'en!

On Your Return

Oct. 25, 1936

For some, perhaps, the world is dark today:
Cold winds sweep through the empty treetops
high

Or blow dead leaves about the frozen lawns.
Torn clouds of gray sail down the wind
swept sky.

But not for me; for me the world is
gay:

The dismal winds fly singing through
the trees

And dancing clouds play tag across the sky
For oh, my dear, you have come back to
me!

Symphony

Nov. 17, 1936

I went to hear the symphony.

A breathless silence everywhere
Sang through the giant room: at last
Came golden notes to fill the air.

I heard the slim and silver flute
Spin webs of sound, and violins
Flung notes that flew in crystal spray
While 'celloes' soft tones entered in.

And rumbling out in harmony
Came echoes from the kettle-drums.
Deep-buried in that sea of sound
I heard the bass viol's low-voiced hum

And, rippling like a young cascade,
Came, fairylike, the harp's glad tune
As music swept in throbbing waves
To fill the silence of the room.

Greene

Dec. 16, 1936

A very selfish person, I,
I found great happiness today.
I heard a child's thin laughter gay,
I saw a friendly smile.
Deep in my heart joy wide and free
Sprang up and flooded all my day.
Life was so good to me.

But I - I did not hoard my joy,
I gave it carelessly away
To other ones for whom the day
Was empty, cold and drear.
And yet I'm selfish for, you see,
The more I gave my joy away
The more came back to me!

Sharing

Dec., 1936

God put a sunset in the sky,
A thing of glowing rose and gold.
It caught the farthest scraps of cloud
And bound them in its gleaming fold.
A man stood in an open field
And saw the sky flung wide and bright
He wrote a tender, singing poem
That caught and held the rosy light.
The bright light faded into dusk
But still the sunset did not die.
Years afterward a city child
Bowed down before that country sky.

God put a tune into a stream
That tumbled from a mountain's crees
And travelers who came that way
Stopped by the singing stream to rest.
A great musician happened by
And heard the water laughing near
So he composed a crystal song.
That held the brook's voice singing clear

Today I saw a bit of snow
Upon a lonesome evergreen
And, too, I saw a snow-filled field
That glistened in the sun's bright sheen.
I cannot write a poem so grand
That it will live forever on
Nor can I catch the snow & pine
And hold them in a tender song.
But this I know: I, in my heart
~~may~~ May seal some of the beauty fair
And in a smile or tender word
God's snow and evergreens may share

In My Garden

Feb. 8, 1957

Hollyhocks bloom in my garden
When morning dawns so fair
And butterflies on yellow wings
Fly through the happy air.

And roses swing in my garden
When sunbeams gleam at noon,
When bees fly past on crystal wings
And hum a tiny tune.

Four-o'clocks shine in my garden
When sun-set's flaming bright,
When great big moths on velvet wings
Swoop through the drowsy light.

And moon-flow'rs gleam in my garden
When star light fills the sky,
And fairy things with silver wings
Do dancing, dancing by.

April on the Campus

Mar. 2, 1937

I hurry down the curving walk,
I feel the damp wind swinging past,
I feel a raindrop on my face
And know that April's come at last.
The clouds slide lazily across
The wideness of the April sky.
The trees lift up their misty crowns
To catch the rain that dances by.
The drowsy buildings stand apart, —
So cold and silent in the rain! —
And ivy, clinging to their walls,
Has turned to marvelous green again.
The robins skip across the grass,
The sparrows twitter in the street,
The wind comes coasting ^{gently} slowly by,
Pippling the rain-pools at my feet.

Resurrection

March 29, 1937

I put it in the earth, — deep down —
A little, withered bulb of brown;
It seemed to be quite dead, indeed,
No single sign of life was there.

And yet, today, I see it stand,
An Easter lily, pure and fair.
Atop its stem hangs, like a dream,
Its bloom, a bell of ivory.

They put Him in a tomb — alone —
He seemed quite dead. They sealed the stone
And set a watch to guard the place.
But they could never hold Him there.

The seal and stone were torn away
Arose He from the sepulcher.

For over death's cold, silent stream
Life has eternal victory!

Memory House

June, 1937

The little old lady lives all alone
In a queer little house at the end of the lane
The lawn is ragged, the house is worn,
But the little old lady does not complain.
She loves her little, old, tumble-down house
With its ancient tables and dusky floors;
For memories drift through the sleepy rooms,
And sigh at the windows, and sing, at the doors,
A faint, but tender tune.

A barefooted child with the sun in her hair,
A rosy-cheeked laddie with joy in his eyes,
They stand so plain! - in the sun-filled room.
The memory blooms and glimmers - & dies.
A garden that's flooded with gladness & song,
A garden that's lost in a riot of flowers,
A girl grown lovely, a boy grown tall,
A word, a smile - ah, magic hours
That vanished all too soon!

And so in her house at the end of the lane
The little old lady lives all alone
With memories of joyous, and glad some hours,
With dreams of years that have faded & flown.

The Fairies

Here they come — the fairies, dancing —
Dancing down the grassy hill.
Here they come, a-whirling, prancing
To their magic ring beside the mill.
There to form their magic ring
Where the silver waters sing,
Where the star-like flowers swing
Underneath the moon.

Tiny feet are twinkling
Where the fairy flowers bloom.
Silver bells are tinkling

While the moon as bright as day
Shines around the dancers gay
And the fairy pipers play
Tiny silver tunes.

Autumn

Oct 9, 1937

Mid the glow of goldenrod
Summer, in her tattered gown,
Tried across the dusty fields,
Left a dull world faded, brown.

Autumn tripped across the hills
Mid a crowd of crimson leaves,
Making gay the somber fields,
Lighting up the saddened trees.

Splendor crowned the tired world,
Skies became a deeper blue;
Thus are autumn's gala days
Ere she falls in tatters, too.

Recompense

Nov. 5, 1937

Gold light trailing o'er the hills,
Trees bedecked in gold array,
And blue skies flecked with puffs of cloud,
So dawned this autumn day.

Gagged clouds, and slanting rain
Borne by north wind's icy breath;
So, wet and cold and numb with pain
The day went crying to its death.

But there was glory in its end;
Though drenched, the trees still held their gold;
The rain woke echoes in my heart,
Despite the wind and cold.

Thus when my life, though sun-filled now
Must sink beneath a solemn spell,
God grant I find some bit of joy, -
Hear hope, a clear-toned, singing bell.

A golden leaf upon a bough,
The slant of rain across a hill;
One gleam of joy, one thread of hope,
And life is lovely, still!

Thanksgiving

Nov. 16, 1937

The trees in somber black relief
Are penciled on the silent sky.
A wintry chill is in the air,
And piercing winds, through stillness, cry
Across the fields, among the trees
And sing their lonesome melodies.

Yet from the hearth and through the doors
Glad welcome plays a tender strain.
Mid smiles and mirth and gaiety
Old friends are meeting once again,
And through the day steal silently
Soft, singing chords of memory.

What joys and hopes and dreams are ours
How fine is friendship's slender chain!
The painful things are locked away
And only thankful thoughts remain
As prayers, silent-voiced, apart,
Are softly breathed from every heart.

Oh, all the flowers are dancing
And all the sky is blue
And all the world is happiness
For I am happy, too.

Though I am Old

Dec, 1937

Oh, I am young, the world is gay
And gladness fills my soul today.

Though earth and I be old and gray
My heart shall sing with joy alway

My wish for you : a perfect day
Packed full of joyous hours.
No single cloud or frown or tear,
But things that to your heart are dear:
A smile or two, a loved one near,
Music, sunlight, flowers.

The breezes laugh and the flowers bloom
While robins sing, while sunbeams shine
This is a day that's all your own,
This is your birthday, friend of mine!

Cathedral

June 24, 1938

My temple needs no pinnacles

That pierce the sky with pointed spire,
It needs no colored window panes,

No stony walls nor marble floors;
It holds no organ's mighty tones

To thunder out around its choir.

My temple has no archways high,

It has no carven doors.

Down aisles of shining greenery

My temple's grassy carpets lie.

The wind makes organs of the trees,

And bird choirs sing in heart-felt prayer.

My temple's walls rise up and up

To reach its vaulted dome, the sky,

And through its singing majesty

I know that God is there.

In Palisade

February 4, 1938

The sun climbed up the vivid sky
And scattered gold about.
It touched the buds upon the trees
And called the blossoms out.
The orchards, dreaming on the hills,
Became wide seas of bloom
And spilled upon the breathless air
Their fragrance and perfume.
So now by sun-washed, silent ways,
In glorious flow'rs arrayed,
Like fairy clouds the peach trees bloom
In Palisade.

Across the slopes of Palisade
The wind in softness breathes
Where flow'rs have roused to life at last,
Where yellow sunlight weaves
A mantle on the whispering grass
While bird choirs gaily sing.
(And oh! the boughs of fragile pink
That crown the hills again!)

Fair May-time, filled with joy and song,
Comes tripping, unafraid.
Spring has returned when peach trees bloom
In Palisade.

On Class Night

June 3, 1938

The years have flown away on silent wings
And now, at last our high school life is done,
We close our hearts upon a thousand dreams
Of work and play and fun.

But now a time of brief remembering
Before the last dear moment of farewell —
To think of things that through these joyous years
Have spun for us their sweet enchanted spell.
A bit of sunlight through a window pane,
A rift of music through a star-filled night,
A heart-felt smile that bridged an hour of doubt,
A bit of mirth and laughter and delight.
A word of understanding from a friend —
A fleeting hour in memory set apart.
These are the haunting ghosts of memories
That echo through the heart.

And then, mid all the loveliness of June,
While voices from a maze of memories cry,
To smile, perhaps a bit regretfully,
And softly say "good-by."

Sept., 1938

Smoke on the far horizon
And a dim blue haze in the air —
Trees bend stiff and brittle
Over waters that once were fair.
Now is a time of waiting
While the world, a-tip-toe, sighs
For the beautiful, gay October
With glory in her eyes.

Yellow-green are the tree tops
That wait for their fall attire:
So old they are, and withered,
That one touch of October's fire
Will set them ablaze with colors
Like bonfires over the land.
So they wait for the wild October
With torches in her hand.

How sad are the bending skyways!
How shriveled and old, the sun!
October can make the heavens laugh
With gaiety and fun.
Nights will be filled with crystal
Where stars glint fire again
When comes the gypsy, October,
With ~~her~~ vivid, brilliant train.

Lullaby

Dec. , 1938

Night winds sing softly
Where the tiny roses sweep
Fragrance through darkness,
And the grasses, cool and deep,
Reach toward the moonlight
Dancing downward from the sky, —
Moonlight, like silver,
Weaving patterns where you lie.

Lamplight, made paler
So your tiny eyes can sleep,
Lies in dim halos
On the carpet, soft and deep.
Silence comes swinging
Through the windows opened high, —
Sleep, then, my darling
While the stars are in the sky.

Oblivion

Ah! the sunlight dancing from the pale, ethereal sky!
Here within the garden, where the beds of roses lie,
Pools of light are gleaming on the tangle of the grass,
Gliding past the lily pond and smoothing it as glass.
All along the little paths, the flood of liquid light
Sleeps among the pebbles, where they gleam all smooth
and white.

Here and there, within a nook, an oasis of shade
Creeps away to hide itself within its own cool glade.

Here the heart may linger, caught within the breathless
spell,

Feel the clinging silence by the sundial and the well
How hushed and silent is the air! How strangely
still the sky!

Here troubled hours will vanish like daydreams
long gone by.

Tired one, sink upon the grass, within the
brightness there.

Feel the soothing warmth upon your hands, upon
your hair.

Dream at last that you may have the things you wish we
true.

(While still the roses droop and dream,
oblivious as you.)

No! one cannot bear too much! This
opiate of light
Cannot blind the memories, but beckons them
to sight.
Haste to leave the garden through the green,
sequestered door.
The heart is choked with longing, and the
mind can rest no more.

February, 1944

My Friend

My friend, oh my friend,
Let parting not be
Our ~~fare~~ bright friendships end,
But just the beginning

I may be far away,
To distant ~~lands~~ lands unknown,
But every single day,
I'll think of you and home.

Let our friendship chain be of,
The purest of gold of truest of
hearts,
And kindly written letters long
after we part.
All mingled with everlasting
love

— My farewell poem
To Rosalie Gookey
December 21, 1934.
By Virginia Pratt.

The House On The Hill

January, 1941

I dreamed of returning to the house on the hill after long years of absence. My friend and I had left a scene of feasting and gaiety. Together we walked along a vaguely familiar pathway, when suddenly, looking up, I saw the hill top near at hand. The trees which had died during the drought were all replaced by other trees far more tall and grand than they had ever been. It was by the trees that I first realized that I had been away so long, for, though new, they were old and ragged, with branches missing here and there. And they were all adorned with the brightest leaves of autumn — in crimson and gold they stood, half-hiding the house from view. As we drew near, I was conscious of a great wind which shook their branches, though I could not hear a sound.

We came up along the east side by the fence, and stopped opposite the back porch, beside the remnants of the rose bed. The tree-of-heaven, which had grown by the doorway, was gone. Another tree-of-heaven standing nearer the house had died also, but it was ^{yet} still standing, stiff and still.

The wind could not move its ^{empty form} ^{holding a handful of shriveled leaves,} save one broken branch which hung by a mere thread and ~~moved~~ swayed forlornly. A handful of dried and shriveled leaves clung to the broken limb.

The fence must have been broken down, for we entered the yard directly from where we stood, without going around to the gate. We crossed the withered lawn, and, standing beneath the dead tree of heaven, I peered through the dust-covered window, into the dark interior of the house. A jagged hole in the ceiling let in a ^{feeble} dim light from above. Some stiff object leaned against the wall, but it was so covered with dust and spider webs that I could not tell what it might be. All was in a state of crumbling and decay. "No one lives here!" I said aloud. The reflection of the dead tree shivered on the window pane.

Suddenly there came upon me such a feeling of loneliness and fear that I turned and fled across the yard. My friend followed wonderingly; she ^{for} she had seen no living form.

Nor had I. But a thousand haunting things — unreal, unseen — had flown before me as I looked through the dusty glass. I hurried on. And above me, the great trees swung their yellow branches in the wind. But no color could lighten the darkness, no sound could wake the stillness; and the loneliness was too great to bear.

Troubadour

Troubadour

Little brown screech owl with
strange wild cry
Out in the night in the
moonlight and frost
Noiseless your wings, but how swiftly
you fly,
How sadly your voice fades away
and is lost,
I'm lost in the night on the sound
of the wind
Scattering dead leaves across the dry grass
who has the eyes or the wisdom
to ~~find~~ find
The pathway you trace through the
trees as you pass?
Little brown troubador, ~~singing of fall~~
singing of fall
Echoes within me leap up at your
call,
Little brown screech owl, with
strange, wild cry!