



JENNIE KIEFER

Collected Poems

THE COMPLETE BOOKS AND REVISED VERSE

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

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A CRITICAL READING EDITION

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INTRODUCTION

A Grand Avenue poet and her outward-traveling poems

Jennie Kiefer wrote from her South Grand Avenue home in a changing Los Angeles. Her poems move from meadow larks, love, death, and religious doubt to street grading, dangerous automobiles, civic monuments, naval pageantry, and the Pacific imagined as a chained blue dragon. She treated poetry as correspondence, sending topical verses to Theodore Roosevelt, John Masefield, David Lloyd George, General Pershing, and officers of the Great White Fleet, then preserving their replies beside the poems. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems*, published around 1910, joined intimate lyrics to poems about California and national affairs; privately printed *Fugitive Poems* returned to that work in 1923 and added a sequence shaped by the First World War. Kiefer's patriotism can be blunt, but her war poems also register mass death, bodily ruin, and a crisis of faith. This edition resets all twenty poems in *Meadow-lark and Other Poems*, the ten new poems in *Fugitive Poems*, and ten substantially revised or retitled versions. It follows the books' order and stanza structure while omitting ten near-identical reprints and removing narrow-page wraps and typographical debris.

Origins and the limits of the record

Jennie E. Kiefer's early life remains incompletely documented. The strongest surviving census record places her birth in Wisconsin in September 1847, but the exact day, her parents, her maiden name, and her education have not been securely recovered. A later death-index note gives her age as eighty-five when she died in April 1932, one year older than a September 1847 birth would permit. Because these primary records do not perfectly agree, this edition uses the conservative life dates c. 1847–1932 rather than inventing a precise birthday. The 1910 census search index that labels a widowed Los Angeles Jennie Kiefer as thirty-five is internally inconsistent with the 1900 household record and is treated as a likely indexing or transcription error, not as evidence for a second birth date.

The 1900 United States census records Jennie E. Kiefer, age fifty-two, as Wisconsin-born and living at 103 South Grand Avenue in Los Angeles with John Kiefer. It gives 1880 as their marriage year. No civil marriage record located for this edition supplies her birth name. John, a German immigrant and long-established Los Angeles businessman, had children from an earlier marriage; the reviewed records do not establish that Jennie had biological children of her own. That distinction matters because later family summaries can easily collapse John's first family into Jennie's biography.

Grand Avenue and a literary household

By the late 1880s the Kiefers' Grand Avenue residence participated in the city's developing social and cultural life. On May 17, 1889, Jennie—identified in the press as Mrs. John Kiefer—gave an informal reception built around a recital by the elocutionist Helen Mar Bennett and Bennett's young pupils Lillie Sargent and Ethel Stewart. The *Los Angeles Times* called the event the first entertainment of its kind in the city. The report is brief, but it places Kiefer inside a female network of recitation, teaching, sociability, and literary performance two decades before her first known book.

John Kiefer was born in Engelstadt, Germany, in 1833, emigrated to the United States as a child, and reached Los Angeles about 1860. He made money in fruit growing, the wholesale liquor trade, real estate, and investment. His death in June 1901 drew a large Masonic funeral at the Grand Avenue house. Newspaper accounts identify Jennie as his surviving wife. John's wealth and property provided material security, but the later record also shows Jennie acting in her own name rather than disappearing into the status of a businessman's widow.

Property, widowhood, and civic action

Real-estate notices illuminate a part of Kiefer's life omitted by literary catalogues. An 1891 transfer names John and Jennie E. Kiefer together. After John's death, city directories continue to place Jennie at 103 South Grand Avenue in 1902, 1917, and 1921. In October 1907 the *Los Angeles Herald* listed her among Grand Avenue property owners petitioning against a proposed regrading and the way its costs would be distributed. In August 1914 she served on a committee of the Olive Hill Open Cut and Improvement Association promoting a major road cut through Bunker Hill. These records show a long-term downtown resident negotiating the rapid remaking of central Los Angeles as owner, taxpayer, petitioner, and committee member.

The city around her was changing from the low-rise nineteenth-century Los Angeles of the 1889 recital into the traffic, monuments, and public works of her poems. "The Chauffeur" treats the automobile as a new military threat. "The Flag on the Court-House" reads civic architecture through national memory. "Los Angeles" stages historical dates around the Civil War monument in Central Park—later Pershing Square—and transforms the pigeons perched on its granite soldier into signs of peace and renewed vigilance. Her public poetry and her property activism belong to the same urban field.

Meadow-lark and Other Poems

Kiefer's first known book, *Meadow-lark and Other Poems*, was published in Los Angeles by the Parsifal Press without a printed date; library cataloguers assign it approximately to 1910, and "The Mission of the Oregon" quotes a *Los Angeles Times* item dated August 23, 1910. The small volume contains twenty poems. It moves from compressed bird lyrics and romantic allegory to poems about Theodore Roosevelt, Admiral Robley D. Evans's world cruise, the battleship *Oregon*, reckless motorists, Lake Mendota, the Pacific Ocean, religious development, grief, and love. The Wisconsin setting of "Drift-Wood" is consistent with the birthplace recorded in the 1900 census and may preserve a memory of her youth, though the poem does not prove a specific residence or family history.

The title poem's imagined English skylark, the Teal's threatened flight, and the sheltering linnets join a larger interest in movement and return. "Blue Dragon-Ocean," the book's most expansive landscape poem, makes the sea an

immense resisting body stretching from Arctic to Antarctic. “Passing,” printed as prose, abandons public address for the private shock of bereavement. “My Religion” frames suffering as part of an unfinished process of spiritual development. The variety is characteristic: Kiefer is at once occasional, devotional, comic, martial, regional, and speculative.

Correspondence as publication

Kiefer sent poems and copies of her book directly to public figures and preserved the replies. Robley D. Evans thanked her in April 1909 for “graceful and beautiful lines.” Theodore Roosevelt’s secretary acknowledged receipt of the book in March 1911. Rear Admiral Chauncey Thomas wrote at length in November 1911 about his attachment to the *Oregon* and promised that he and his wife would cherish Kiefer’s poem. John Masefield thanked her in March 1913 for “England and France,” and Henry van Dyke praised her bird poems the following month, singling out the meadowlark. The letters do not establish intimate friendships, but they document a determined practice of circulation outside conventional periodical channels.

The First World War expanded that network. David Lloyd George’s office acknowledged her verses in February 1919. In February 1920 Lieutenant Colonel Edward Bowditch Jr., writing from General John J. Pershing’s office, thanked her for “Chateau-Thierry” and “Great Hearts.” Kiefer later printed these letters as an “Appreciations” sequence before the poems themselves. By doing so, she made the act of reception part of the book and recorded how a Los Angeles woman poet attempted to enter national and international public discourse through privately circulated verse.

Fugitive Poems and the war sequence

In 1923 Kiefer published *Fugitive Poems* at her own expense through the Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House in Los Angeles. The edition was limited to fifty copies. Its preface calls the book a “little blue-bird” gathering verses that had fluttered to “seen and unseen friends” and brought back cherished letters. The collection reprints or revises the entire twenty-poem corpus of *Meadow-lark* while adding ten poems: “Los Angeles,” “O, Red, Red Rose,” “Great Hearts,” “Chateau-Thierry,” “A War Garden,” “England and France,” “The Fevered Patient,” “We Fared Through Meadows,” “The Beggars,” and “Erin’s Celebration.” It retitles “Luna” as “A Romance of the Skies,” “My Religion” as “A Creed,” and “Silver Bells” as “Strung Silver Bells.” Meaningful lexical or structural revision also appears in “The Fortress-Castle,” “The Archer,” “T. R.,” “The Chauffeur,” “Teal,” “A Day in June,” and “Lessons.”

The war poems are rhetorically patriotic but not emotionally simple. “Great Hearts” turns Pershing and Foch into supports on whom nations lean; “Chateau-Thierry” mobilizes factories, farms, and offices behind the American expeditionary force; “A War Garden” recasts national flowers as bodies destroyed in battle. “The Fevered Patient” is darker. A delirious ruler sees mutilated children and millions of ghosts, attacks the double eagle, declares the old God dead, and finally asks whether the stars still give light. “Erin’s Celebration” uses dialect and satirical German-Irish wordplay to mock militarism and imperial “kultur.” Across the volume, confidence in national symbols coexists with images of trauma, bereavement, and spiritual disorientation.

Final years and recovery

Kiefer remained associated with 103 South Grand Avenue for more than three decades after John’s death. The surviving directory entries end before the demolition and redevelopment that transformed much of the neighborhood, and no later residence has been securely established. She died in Los Angeles on April 13, 1932. A funeral notice in the *Los Angeles Times* announced a private service the following morning at the chapel of Rosedale Crematory, with Alvarez & Moore directing. The notice supplies no relatives, birthplace, or literary identification, and no full obituary has been located.

Her posthumous record is correspondingly thin. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* survives through a University of California copy digitized by the Internet Archive; *Fugitive Poems* survives in a HathiTrust copy catalogued as a privately printed edition of fifty. Searches of the Internet Archive, HathiTrust, Open Library, the Library of Congress, Google-indexed historical books and newspapers, and local project periodicals located no third book and no independently verifiable poem outside the two volumes. Modern print-on-demand reprints preserve the first book but add no reliable biography. The surviving corpus contains thirty distinct poetic works; comparison of the two books also preserves ten later versions with meaningful changes. The poems, letters, census page, directories, property notices, civic reports, and funeral notice remain the essential archive from which Kiefer's life and practice can be reconstructed.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

From Fugitive Poems (1923)

This little blue-bird has gathered fugitive verses that, in fluttering out to seen and unseen friends, have brought highly prized and cherished letters. The verses sent to Lloyd George were the ones entitled 'England and France' and 'Chateau Thierry.'

Sincerely yours,
Jennie Kiefer

ARCHIVAL IMAGES

The books, the correspondence, and the Grand Avenue recital

MEADOW-LARK
AND OTHER POEMS

BY
JENNIE KIEFER

PUBLISHED BY
The Parsifal Press
LOS ANGELES

Title page of Meadow-lark and Other Poems, issued by the Parsifal Press in Los Angeles, [1910?].

Letters of Appreciation

10 Downing Street,
Whitehall, S. W. I.
February 3, 1919.

Mrs. Jennie Kiefer,
Los Angeles, California.
Dear Madam:—

I am desired by the Prime Minister to convey to you his
thanks for your courtesy in sending him a copy of your verses.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) ERNEST EVANS.

American Expeditionary Forces
Office of the Commander-in-Chief
February 1, 1920.

Mrs. Jennie Kiefer,
Los Angeles, California.
My dear Madam:—

General Pershing has requested me to acknowledge with
thanks the two poems which you so kindly sent him entitled
"Chateau-Thierry" and "Great Hearts," which he has read
with pleasure.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) EDWARD BOWDITCH, Jr.,
Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry A. D. C.

March 12, 1913.

Mrs. Jennie Kiefer,
Los Angeles, California.
Dear Madam:—

I thank you very much for the kind gift of your poem on
England and France.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) J. MASEFIELD.

The first page of "Letters of Appreciation" in Fugitive Poems (1923), with replies from the offices of David Lloyd George and General Pershing and from John Masefield.

A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

A very unique entertainment was given Friday afternoon at an informal reception by Mrs. John Kiefer, Grand avenue. It consisted of a recital by Helen Mar Bennett, the charming elocutionist, assisted by her two little pupils, Lillie Sargent and Ethel Stewart. Miss Bennett's recitations are always entertaining, and the little girls reflect infinite credit upon her ability. These entertainments are quite the thing East, but this is the first one given here. Among those present were noticed: Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Rives, Mrs. Stowell, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Taggart, Mrs. Guinn, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Sargent, and

"A Unique Entertainment," Los Angeles Times, May 19, 1889: Kiefer's Grand Avenue reception and recital.

EDITORIAL NOTE AND SOURCES

Corpus, source control, and reading-text policy

The poems are reset from the original page images of *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* and *Fugitive Poems*, not copied from the inherited reader's PDF. Every poem begins on a new page. True stanza divisions and intentional relative indents are retained; narrow-page hanging wraps are rejoined. Book and newspaper titles are italicized, while poem titles remain roman or take the series title style.

Obvious OCR corruption, scan artifacts, broken words, and unmistakably damaged punctuation are silently corrected against the page images. Source spellings that may be intentional—including “wierd,” “sirrocco,” “Moro,” and “Christobel”—are preserved. Decorative rows of typographical dots are represented by additional white space. The prose poem “Passing” remains prose.

The first section contains all twenty poems in *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* in original order. *Fugitive Poems* reprinted the earlier corpus while adding ten new poems and meaningfully revising or retitling ten more. The second section prints those twenty new or revised texts in their 1923 order. Ten reprints whose changes are limited to punctuation, lineation, spelling, or very small copy edits are not duplicated; their later variants were collated during source review.

MEADOW-LARK AND OTHER POEMS

The complete first collection, [1910?]

Meadow-Lark!

Meadow-lark, in beauty dressed—
Wood-brown coat and primrose vest,

Loving meadows wide and sweet,
Where no arching branches meet,

Naught to check thine upward gaze,
Through the long, bright summer days.

Is it world-old pain that wells,
In thy heart 'neath asphodels?

Did thy love from English lane,
Soar to heaven on liquid strain?

Seeks thy heart in song relief
Lest the meadows know thy grief?

Would'st thou lure, by that sweet note,
Sky-lark love from clouds remote?—

Ease thy heart with that refrain,
Flute-like: "She will come again!"

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

The Fortress-Castle

Its peaceful grandeur, age on age,
 The ruined castle shows;
Nor warder's call, nor arrow's flight
 Assails its deep repose.

The rooks that circle wide at dawn
 Home trend with waning light,
And broken tower and donjon keep
 Are hearthstone loved at night.

The ivy presses heart to heart
 The walls that knighthood reared,
And clasps in loving arms each stone
 That valorous souls endeared.

And age on age, like rooks that throng,
 Trend knightly hearts in quest
Of shrines, where glorious valour dwelt,
 And love that valour blessed.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

Luna

From wondrous temple of the Sun,
The Earth with Luna fled;
Through darkest night, o'er ether plains
The radiant wanderers sped.

Nine times ten-million miles were told,
Since loud the temple rang,
And brazen gates were outward flung
Then shut with thunderous clang.

Still with the joy of ways untried,
And youth, and hearts of fire,
The wanderers, self-illumed and free,
Nor time nor space could tire.

But distance dimmed the altar-glow—
All noble souls are true—
And now the wanderers' faltering hearts
The exile's anguish knew.

When strong wills yield, the hour has struck
For Primal Power to guide;
And being, led by unseen hand,
Finds naught of worth denied.

Four times ten-million years are told,
Still Earth with Luna sweet
O'er primrose pathway through the skies,
The vows of youth repeat.

The ardent Earth, Time's record keeps
In beauteous Seasons' flight;
And Luna's face, in liliated grace,
Reflects the altar-light.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

The Archer

The Archer bent his strongest bow
And deftly launched his keenest dart,
The shining barb with keen intent
Plunged deep into a steel-chilled heart.

The cleavage of that chilled-steel heart
No art nor dart before had found,
Small wonder, then, that panic spread
Through inky pages, vellum bound,—

That Blackstone tumbled from his shelf,
And dust-grimed tomes were thundering hurled,
That chaos reigned and ruin spread;
Such cause, ere this, had wrecked a world.

The carnage, pillage, conflict o'er,
Aloft enthroned sat Cupid's self;
While Attic sage, in happiest mood,
Kicked Law and Blackstone 'neath the shelf.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

The Mission of the Oregon

(After a Los Angeles Times item of August 23, 1910.)

White heat, and hammer's smothering blows,
 Their Titan wills have sped,
And steel with steel, in giant strength,
 The lightning-bolts have wed.

And now in San Francisco's Bay
 An armored cruiser rides,
Who waits impatient for the bells
 That chant for swelling tides.

Long vigils o'er, Valkyrie-like
 With youthful heart elate,
The Oregon—her vows to keep—
 Clears wide the Golden Gate!

Far out! sealed orders bid the stress,
 No power that helps nor bars;
Alone on ocean's shoreless waste,
 No convoy but the stars.

A nation's message! Noble ship,
 Guard well the written scroll,
Ten thousand miles of stubborn seas
 Between thee and thy goal.

Sea-mountains rise, her course to stay,
 Then swing and lash and wrack,
To wreath their garlands, sea-foam white,
 And fling them round her track.

Soft luring airs from Tropic Isles
 With siren sweets are sent,
O'erwhelming all the sense and soul,
 Like spice with attar blent.

Then gales sweep on in fearful might,
 The heavens and waters reel,
And stricken seas and stricken hearts
 The Powers of Darkness feel.

Now well for thee, O valiant ship,
By wave and tempest tried,
Thy builder spurned the rotten steel
As thou the seething tide.

No broken screws nor sluing bolts,
To make thy timbers start;
Each gliding shaft with joy obeys
Thine engine's throbbing heart.

In southern seas where ice-fleets launch,
Beneath the Southern Cross,
An omen from the skies descends:
The white-winged albatross.

Magellan's tortuous Strait is won,
Again the wide seas bound,
Again the midnight watcher lone
The North-star's light has found.

Now foes may lurk, a hostile fleet
In sheltering waters bides,
And warily her armored breast
The leaden seas divides.

The goal is reached where Moro's rock
Defiant greets the main,
And alien hands rule alien hearts
Beneath the flag of Spain.

In sulphurous smoke the message speeds,
Writ large, the world to tell,
The light that makes the meaning plain
Is burning Christobel!

Her mission o'er, the Oregon,
All samite-robed, elate,
Turns westward to beloved shores,
And far-off Golden Gate!

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

Our Bobbie

(For Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans.)

U. S. Esquire one mornin'—
 Havin' grown so big and grand
That by lookin' twice or three times
 Couldn't see across his land—

Said to Mr. Bob, his boatman:
 “Jes' sail around and see
If my farms, plantations, ranches,
 Are as safe as safe can be,

“For I don't want any crowdin',
 Any poachin' on my land,
By neighbors 'cross the ocean,
 Mr. Bob, you understand!”

And Mr. Bob, he sabe'd,
 Like one Dewey that he knew,
And bucklin' up some war-ships,
 Went a sailin' of the blue.

Our Bobbie sailed, and sailin'
 Dropped his anchor at the door
Of many a friendly neighbor,
 That had greeted him before.

Oh! the fleet was all so gallant,
 And the scene was all so new,
That Magellan's Strait jes' widened,
 Fur to let the gunners through.

Our Bobbie shot at targets
 Till the skies were reekin' black,
And the neighbors—'cross the ocean—
 Smilin'—took another—tack!

Bobbie Evans, you're commander
Of a fleet that's hard to beat,
Your flag-ship sails straight through our hearts,
Your victory is complete!

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

T. R.

Tell the news the good world 'round,
Teddy Roosevelt's homeward bound!

Heart within his hand he brings,
Warm for commons as for kings.

Wearing neither badge nor sign
Of his rank or creed or line;

Just a wise and honest man,
Built on Freedom's finished plan.

Loving toil and loving strife,
On the San Juan hills of life;

Blazing trails through jungle's might
To the broad veldt's air and light;

Purpose high, and aim as true
As the Afric lion knew;

Dealing fair and square and right—
Just a great soul, in its might

Helping on the nobler plan
Of the brotherhood of man.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

The Chauffeur

No longer on the "Field of Mars"
 Alone, are heroes bred;
No longer 'neath the heel of war
 Alone, the turf is red,—

For chauffeur hosts are charging down,—
 The wayside flowers are red—
The wage of battle fills the land:
 The dying and the dead.

San Gabriel's horn the echoes wakes,
 On highways near and far
Stand wide! a conquering hero comes
 Triumphant in his car!

No space on earth for careless feet,
 Where sleuth-like autos roam;
To cross their path means quick dispatch
 To your eternal home.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

The Flag on the Court-House

It dips its colors to the dawn,
 It hails all winds that blow,
And ruddier in the western light
 Its bars of valor glow.

The patriot's lifted gaze discerns
 The blue, the red, the white,
But shot through field and stars and bars
 With Freedom's golden light.

Re-visioned, it is Valley Forge,
 'Tis Yorktown, Brandywine,
'Tis Washington, 'tis Lafayette,
 'Tis patriots' marching line.

'Tis Freedom lifted to the skies,
 Pre-visioned Patriots saw,
'Tis Freedom, Liberty—restrained
 By halyards of the Law.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

Mr. Sunshine

Mr. Sunshine! Mr. Sunshine!!

 Please to tumble out of bed,
Bundle up your cloudy bed-clothes,
 Pitch them at the mountain's head.

O you dear old rosy Sunshine!

 Come to breakfast, come to stay,
Life is drear when you're not with us!
 From your sweet-heart,
 Miss L. A.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

Silver Bells

All night the snow fell thick and fast,
The skies their gentle burden cast

On boughs and roofs and home-walled streets,
Where traffic toils and pleasure fleets;

Then o'er the carded whiteness threw
A sheen more rare than art e'er knew,

When Dawn from cloister, fair and young,
The gates of Darkness backward flung,

The world in dazzling beauty spread,
And Day went forth with muffled tread;

Then, sweeter far than language tells,
Rang out the chime of silver bells.

What bells within my heart keep time
When sweet strung-bells of silver chime?

Some morn, far off, my heart will know
Why silver chimes such joy bestow.

In far-off skies where rapture dwells
I'll hear once more those silver bells.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

Drift-Wood

[Dedicated to L. S.]

The light boat, like a cygnet, dipped
 To blue Mendota's wave,
And youthful vikings sought the coves
 Mendota's waters lave,—

For wind and wave, free-booters wild,
 Had gathered drift-wood store,
And into coves and inlets deep
 Their garnered treasure bore.

Not fairer, Ellen of the Isle
 Than she, whose light oar plied
In time to kinsman's lengthened stroke,
 O'er waters deep and wide.

They gathered faggots, lichen'd o'er
 With woodland memories dear,
And homeward bore, with toiling oar,
 For wide hearth's evening cheer.

When frosts and shadows closer crept,
 In crackling driftwood blaze
To light and life once more came forth
 The scenes of by-gone days.

From Black Hawk Point the deer, pursued,
 In beauty cleft the wave,
And darkling waters joyous leapt,
 The antlered life to save.

The muskrat builded strong and well
 His castle, moated deep;
And safely slept, a baron bold,
 Within his donjon keep.

With lore of wood, the birch canoe
 Was fashioned strong and light;
With Indian craft, the arrow-heads
 Outsped the wild bird's flight.

The springtime came with glorious life,
And call like wood-dove loud
A wild heart heard, and dusky cheek
Outshone the sunset cloud.

The Indian summers came and went,
The harvest moons grew bold,
The giant forests cast their shields
And dared the winter's cold;

The Seasons brought their full-armed gifts
From forest, field and waves;
And wild and sweet, the life that beat
Around these Indian graves.

The drift-wood smoldered, whitened, fell;
The Night Wind downward crept,
And from the hearth, with gentle hand,
The furrowed ashes swept.

Then Helen's dreaming heart beheld
A scene most dear—the last—
Like smoke of Peace-Pipe drifted wide—
The Spirit of the Past.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

Blue Dragon-Ocean

With breathings deep and bellowings on the shore,
 Blue Dragon-Ocean clutches at the land,
And seeks to drag to protoplasmic night
 All patient Time has wrought, or destined being planned.

Chained by a law, eternal and serene,
 It strains its fettered limbs when full moon bides,
The strong will breaks on headlands bleak and bold,
 Then foiled and beaten, raging, backward glides.

Its dazzling helmet rests where ice-floes start,
 Where Arctic monsters range, and penguin calls,
Where quivering Boreal-lights wield vigils keep
 And deck in fearful splendor vast celestial walls.

To far Antarctic bourne it sinuous wends,
 Where petrel screams, whose soul is tempest-tossed,
Lest 'mid the waste of Polar nights and snows,
 Its all of light and life, its one dear mate is lost.

Its scales are blinding in the noon-day sun,
 At morn and eve the steel-blue armor gleams;
From it, when silvered by the moonlight pale
 And gemmed with countless stars, unearthly beauty streams.

Lashed by sirrocco's breath, or fell simoom
 Its heavy undulous bulk resents the blow,
And mountainous heavings show the Dragon's blood
 In warmer currents through arterial gulf-streams flow.

When Trade-winds wild o'er trackless highways fleet,
 And ships go down to night and rayless day,
No more the Dragon heeds the loss and wreck,
 Than were it gliding seal, or dolphin at his play.

Anon the angered heavens reach down to smite,
 And sabers flash, and thunderous blows resound,
Far off the tumult rolls, the armor's clang
 Ensanguined heavens proclaim how wide the Dragon's wound.

When every grain of sand on every shore
 In glass of Time its heavenly message brings,
The Dragon-Ocean, free, unchained, shall soar,
 Transmuted up to Heaven, on wide-spread misty wings.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

Teal

Swift wings, and spirits free, that love
 Through ether fields to roam,
And nestling close when night comes down
 Make sedgy pools thy home—

Take heed! The hunter marks thy flight,
 Knows where thy hearth-fires glow,
His lead may pierce thy gentle heart,
 Forgive! he loves thee so!

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

The Linnets

Chilling winds of March were sweeping
 O'er the misty sea and land;
Lost the sky-ways of the linnet,
 Lost the sea-gull's Lovers' Strand.

'Neath my window in the shadows
 Where the hedge and palings meet,
Sconced in jeweled cypress leafage,
 Lissome voices wafted sweet.

Little wings had found a roof-tree,—
 Sheltered safe from storm and night,
Wistful hearts could wait in patience
 For tomorrow's warmth and light.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

A Day in June

Steel-clad the Dawn,—a mail-ed knight
 For tourney, joust, or valor bound;
High heart and warm, our Launcelot,
 “Best-loved of all our table-round.”

High Noon, and chaliced Eshcol wine
 Is poured o’er mountain, wold and mere,
Entrancing airs o’erwhelm and bless,
 Day dies—our “matchless Guinevere.”

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

Lessons

I come, O ways of spring, to greet
 The tulip, crocus, asphodel,
To bind my soul with loving touch
 To glories which their beauties tell.

O Winds of night, your unbound mantles brush
My spirit, toiling upward through the dark;
I know your anguish and your deep unrest,
Your earth-life longing for the Perfect Day.

O little brook, in lessons deep and wide
Your swift and yielding ways my soul instruct:
Never in stagnant pools your spirit bides,
But forths to greater being, greater bliss.

Beloved Hills, you too have felt
 The cosmic fires, fierce and pent;
But now for you the lifted dawn,
 For you is lengthened glory sent.

O Autumn spirit, now the meaning plain
Of husbandry of sunshine, breeze and rain
In treasure-seeking roots, and upward-gleaming grain.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

Passing

The temple was deserted. The High Altar of the Heart was fallen! The casements whence the soul looked forth to bind or loose, to bless or ban, were closed and barred.

The erstwhile ministrant with swift and noiseless footsteps had departed, leaving no tidings—whence the command, whither the journeying, when the hoped return.

Sometime votary, blinded and stunned, groping like Nydia with extended hand, fain would detain by force or pleadings the departing soul.

The yielding wall let in the cool, embracing, silent air.

Silent all answering things when Light and Life and Love wreathed arms: the sunlit hills, enfolding vales, the welcoming uplands flung with cloth-of-gold, the living rocks climbing to heaven, close breath of pine, wide-spread or folded wing, swift messenger from flower to flower, the censer-swinging breeze,—all dumb, apart, as if the soul of all things too had fled.

Death is common? Ay, plenteous as the stars; but in the Passing, to the riven soul, a tidal wave engulfs the world, and leaves it tenantless.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

My Religion

O Soul that bears with seeming loss,
For kindred souls the heavy cross,—

Like one who gathered to his heart
The spears which made the life-blood start,

That rubies from his affluent veins
Might ransom Liberty in chains—

Hast thou in time the meaning guessed,
Of bruised feet and wounded breast?

Tell o'er the scheme of life, and show
Why hearts must bleed, why tears must flow.

“The seed will be a seed, till sun
And soil and rain their work have done;

“In branch and leaf and flower expressed
Is meaning in the seed confessed.

“Take heed, for in thy being dwells
The need which every change compels.

“Perhaps for thee, the earthquake shock,
The lightning-bolt, the hidden rock.

“Whate’er the cost, thyself must know
The lesson taught in joy and woe.

“Perfected being, is the quest—
The goal—of every earth-bound guest.”

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

Love

Love wrought, and Toil forgot the load,
Forgot the heavy stinging goad.

Love wrought, and Sorrow joyous sped,
Where rocks had torn and thorns had bled.

Love wrought, and back from wrong and blame
With heart of gold the wandering came.

Publication. *Meadow-lark and Other Poems* (Los Angeles: Parsifal Press, [1910?]).

NEW AND REVISED POEMS FROM *FUGITIVE POEMS*

Twenty texts added, retitled, or meaningfully recast in 1923

Los Angeles

(The pigeons in Central Park are frequently seen fluttering about and lighting upon the granite soldier.)

1898

Where granite mountains meet the skies,
And wide the plain in beauty lies,
Where scent of orange bloom and rose,
O'er all the land in sweetness flows,
A city rises, fair and great,
Beside the western Beryl Gate.

Here, near her heart, the human tide
In ebb and flow is turned aside;
Here, for a space, is traffic stayed
By granite scroll and balustrade;
Here, with the rifle at his breast,
The soldier and the cannon rest.

Above the granite soldier's head
The bird of peace, its wings outspread,
Slow hovers to the slouch hat's brim,
And coyly peering o'er the rim,
With gentle mien and winsome grace,
Scans well the soldier's upturned face,
Then gaily, with a comrade's cheer
To fancied roll-call, answers: "Here!"
Did dream of world-wide peace beguile
To face of stone the answering smile?

1913

A few swift years, again the note
In challenge from the cannon's throat,
And Freedom, startled, wakes to feel,
Within her heart the foeman's steel.
Were Freedom slain, for man, the cost
And gain of centuries were lost!

1919

At midnight, should the warder call:
"To arms! The foemen storm the wall!"
At dawn, from Freedom's tower, unfurled
Would float the ensigns of the world!

Man must, FOREVER, Freedom guard,
And noble hearts keep watch and ward.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923).

O, Red, Red Rose

O, red, red rose, a panther fierce
 In thicket of thy petals hides.
Thy luster is the silken sheen
 That flashes from his panting sides.

Who gazes on thy ruddy life
 The furtive leap his heart hath slain,
Who dares the jungle's wrath, with joy
 Would live, that he might die again.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923).

Great Hearts

[*"Ils ne passeront pas."*—Pétain, February 25, 1916. *"Throw us into the battle."*—Pershing.]

Dawn darkened to the noon, a world
Seemed back to night and chaos hurled.
Columbia, rising in that night,
Said: "On the 'field of honor,' write:
For Freedom and for native land,"
And placed the sword in Pershing's hand.

Pershing, beloved, who met the need,
When Freedom called for lofty deed;
Who sensed the nation that he served,
Nor from its heart or purpose swerved;
Stern in command, yet quick to feel
The sleeping sentry's mute appeal—
The cherished youth that war's alarms,
Had summoned from protecting arms—

To allied lands his heart would say:
"You've borne the burden of the day;
Lean hard upon the hearts that beat
With yours, in triumph or defeat;
When streams ran red, and heavens were brass
And foe invader did NOT pass.
We're here with you to Freedom guard.
Upon our shoulders, Foch, lean hard!"

The world must evermore lean hard,
Upon Great Hearts that Freedom guard.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923).

Chateau-Thierry

"They can be beaten!" Pershing said,
 "Send fast the ships and men;
We'll count the cost when Day is done,
 We've got no time till then!"

The pace was set! The whistles blew,
 The shuttles knew no rest,
For Pershing needed ships and men
 To send the Boches "west."

The forest crashed, a molten flood
 Leaped from the furnace jaws;
The hammers beat; the toiler's hand
 Knew neither slack nor pause.

They rushed from office, school and farm,
 From shop and desk and hall,
To help in Freedom's Cause, the men
 With backs against the wall—

For wearied elder brothers, struck
 Assassins while we slept;
O'er Freedom's couch, through starless night,
 Their ceaseless vigil kept!

At length awake, from Thierry's field,
 New hope for Freedom sprung;
On Freedom's altar drenched in blood,
 The Stars and Stripes were flung!

Today our ensigns blend in one,
 Today in Allied lands,
The symbol of our hands and hearts,
 For world-wide Freedom stands!

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923).

A War Garden

Where shot and shell the garden tilled,
All life and beauty fled,
And Nature grieved o'er wreck and loss,
As one whose hope is dead.

By ancient tower, Verdun and Marne,
Were lilies thickest strown,
On Flanders' field and Ypres' swamps,
Were roses reddest blown.

As leaves in Vallombrosa's wood,
Were leaves of maple cast
At Aisne and Somme and Malvern hill,
Swept down by cannon blast.

Shrill as the pibroch, whistling steel
Cleft thistle ranks in twain,
And far and wide by stream and wood
The purple bloom was slain.

Stars trooping nightly, softly tread
On trench and weltering sod,
Where fell the matchless fleur-de-lis,
With rose—and golden-rod!

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923).

England and France

(On the wartime mission of Arthur Balfour, Joseph Joffre, and their delegation to the United States.)

There was night on the hearth-stone, black night on the sea,
And despair crouching low, in the hearts brave and free,—

For the were-wolf was roaming, and hard on his track,
Were the fiends, super-fiends, he had bred for his pack.

From the land all the music and laughter had fled,
For the furrows, war-ploughed, were the graves of her dead,

Of her lilies, wide-growing, so fair in the morn,
Which the harvester, ruthless, had reaped like the corn.

Yet clear on that hearth-stone, one live coal still burned,
That coal was the heart of a people, who spurned

The despoiler. [What pride, like pride in the worth
Of Freemen, whose hand-clasp encircles the Earth!]

But the night had grown colder, and darker with dread,
And at noon, neither specters nor phantoms had fled,

When a hand warm and strong, o'er the waters wreck-strown,
Made the war-wearied know that their cause was its own.

And swift o'er the waters wreck-strown, to the west
They sent them, they lent them, their dearest and best;

From halls where the fate of a nation had hung,
And treasure and life in the balance been flung,

From battle-fields dread, where the foe had reeled back,
And the world stood aghast at the death-dealing wrack

That had rescued a nation. They came in their worth,
And the world knew that Hope was not banished from Earth.

When the story is written—the seal has been set
On deeds that are greatest, one page will be wet

With tears wrung responsive for heroes that Day,
Who, rejoicing in Service, went forth on their way,
Undaunted by terrors, unstayed by the Might
Of wrong, that had thrown down its gauge to the Right.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923).

The Fortress-Castle

Its peaceful grandeur, age on age,
 The ruined castle shows;
Nor warder's call, nor arrow's flight
 Assails its deep repose.

The rooks that circled wide at dawn
 Home trend with waning light,
And broken tower and castle's keep
 Are hearthstone loved at night.

The ivy presses heart to heart
 The walls that knighthood reared,
And clasps in loving arms each stone
 That valorous souls endeared.

Age upon age, like rooks that throng,
 Trend knightly hearts in quest
Of shrines, where glorious valour dwelt,
 And love that valour blessed.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923). A revised version of the poem in *Meadow-lark and Other Poems*.

A Romance of the Skies

From wondrous temple of the Sun,
The Earth with Luna fled;
Through darkest night, o'er ether plains
The radiant wanderers sped.

Nine times ten million miles were told,
Since loud the temple rang,
And brazen gates were outward flung,
Then shut with thunderous clang.

Still with the joy of ways untried,
And youth, and hearts of fire,
The wanderers, self-illumed and free,
Nor time nor space could tire.

But distance dimmed the altar-glow—
All noble souls are true—
And now the wanderers' faltering hearts
The exile's anguish knew.

When strong wills yield, the hour has struck:
For Primal Power to guide;
And being, led by unseen hand,
Finds naught of worth denied.

Four times ten million years are told,
Still Earth with Luna sweet
O'er primrose pathway through the skies,
The vows of youth repeat.

The ardent Earth, Time's record keeps
In beauteous Seasons' flight;
And Luna's face, in liliated grace,
Reflects the altar-light.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923). A revised and retitled version of "Luna."

The Archer

The Archer bent his strongest bow
 And deftly launched his keenest dart,
The shining barb with dire intent
 Plunged deep into a steel-chilled heart.

The cleavage of that chilled-steel heart
 No art nor dart before had found,
Small wonder, then, that panic spread
 Through inky pages, vellum bound,—

That Blackstone tumbled from his shelf,
 And dust-grimed tomes were thundering hurled,
That chaos reigned and ruin spread;
 Such cause, ere this, had wrecked a world.

The carnage, pillage, conflict o'er,
 Aloft enthroned sat Cupid's self;
While Attic sage, in happiest mood,
 Kicked Law and Blackstone 'neath the shelf.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923). A revised version of the poem in *Meadow-lark and Other Poems*; “keen intent” becomes “dire intent.”

T. R.

Tell the news the good world 'round,
Teddy Roosevelt's homeward bound!

Heart within his hand he brings,
Warm for commons as for kings.

Wearing neither badge nor sign
Of his rank or creed or line;

Just a wise and honest man,
Built on Freedom's finished plan.

Loving toil and loving strife,
On the San Juan hills of life;

Blazing trails through jungle's night
To the broad veldt's air and light;

Purpose high, and aim as true
As the Afric lion knew;

Dealing fair and square and right—
Just a great soul, in its might

Helping on the nobler plan
Of the brotherhood of man.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923). A revised version of the poem in *Meadow-lark and Other Poems*; “jungle’s might” becomes “jungle’s night.”

The Chauffeur

No longer on the "Field of Mars"
 Alone, are heroes bred;
No longer 'neath the heel of war
 Alone, the turf is red,—

For chauffeur hosts are charging down,—
 The wayside flowers are red—
The wage of battle fills the land:
 The dying and the dead.

San Gabriel's horn the echoes wakes,
 On highways near and far
Stand wide! a conquering hero comes
 Triumphant in his car.

Pale dreamer 'neath the whispering stars
 Or love-lorn silvery moon
The auto comes, get off the Earth,
 Go up in—an aeroplane.

No space on earth for careless feet,
 Where sleuth-like autos roam;
To cross their path means quick dispatch
 To your eternal home.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923). A revised version of the poem in *Meadow-lark and Other Poems*, adding the aeroplane stanza.

Teal

Swift wings, and spirits free, that joy
 Through ether fields to roam,
And nestling close when night comes down
 Make sedgy pools thy home—

Take heed! The hunter marks thy flight,
 Knows where thy hearth-fires glow,
His lead may pierce thy gentle heart,
 Thy fate no loved ones know.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923). A revised version of the poem in *Meadow-lark and Other Poems*, with a new closing couplet.

A Day in June

Steel-clad the Dawn,—a mail-ed knight
 For tourney, joust, or valor bound;
High heart and warm, our Launcelot,
 “Best-loved of all our table-round.”

High Noon, and chaliced Eshcol wine
 Is poured o’er mountain, plain and mere,
Entrancing airs o’erwhelm and bless,
 Day dies—our “matchless Guinevere.”

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923). A revised version of the poem in *Meadow-lark and Other Poems*; “wold” becomes “plain.”

The Fevered Patient

Again the fevered patient slept,
 Again his dreams ran wild,
And with a cry that stilled the blast,
 He called for wife and child.

Where's Alice? Christian? Neighbors, friends,
 Drive back those murderous bands;
Their swords, for Harold's childish rage,
 Have severed face and hands!

The faithful midnight watcher strove
 To calm the frenzied mind,
But storm wraiths loud, in boisterous mood,
 Rode fast upon the wind—

The children all are sleeping, sire,
 Dreams fold each curly head,
They'll come, pell-mell, at peep of dawn,
 Right here, beside your bed!

Just last night, Hansen, while you slept,
 Right through this room defiled
Six million ghosts, with silent tread,
 And glance of anguish wild.

I beckoned one, more pale, distraught,
 Than all the hurrying throng,
And kindly said: "Whence came you, friend?
 And is your journey long?"

He said: "From fields of slaughter, Sire,
 We come, what each befell,
Of sights and sounds, to mortal ears
 No fleeing ghost dares tell!"

Say, Hansen, quick, undo these bands,
 Tomorrow, well begun,
I'll drive the devil's brood back home,
 Before the set of sun!

Tear down that double-eagles' perch,
I hate their blood-red beaks,
I can not get my needed rest,
Disturbed by hideous shrieks.

Come closer, Hansen, for the walls
Have ears, and human speech,
And I would tell a thing to you,
Which no man dares to preach!

Our fathers' God is dead! Henceforth,
This old Earth blindly reels,
No opening Heaven, besieged by prayers,
The Will of God reveals!

The storm is over. Hansen, look
Without; do stars give light?
What is the hour? I'll sleep till dawn,
Now seek your rest; good night!

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923).

A Creed

O Soul that bears with seeming loss,
For kindred souls the heavy cross,—

Like one who gathered to his heart
The spears which made the life-blood start,

That rubies from his affluent veins
Might ransom Liberty in chains—

Hast thou in time the meaning guessed,
Of bruised feet and wounded breast?

Tell o'er the scheme of life, and show
Why hearts must bleed, why tears must flow.

“The seed will be a seed, till sun
And soil and rain their work have done;

“In branch and leaf and flower expressed
Is meaning in the seed confessed.

“Take heed, for in thy being dwells
The need which every change compels.

“Perhaps for thee, the earthquake shock,
The lightning-bolt, the hidden rock.

“Whate’er the cost, thyself must know
The lesson taught in joy and woe.

“Perfected being, is the quest—
The goal—of every Earth-bound guest.”

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923). A revised and retitled version of “My Religion.”

We Fared Through Meadows

We fared through meadows in the sun,
 The clover crowded on our way,
The south wind beat our lifted brows,
 Our hearts were eagles' wings that day.

Each day more fair, the shining Hours,
 White-armed, electric, pressed us round,
With heart to heart and soul to soul,
 The purpose of Earth-life was found.

Then—life went forth on broken wing,
 The hooded Hours made wearied round,
One, walked through fields of rue, again
 The purpose of Earth-life was found.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923).

The Beggars

They came, the beggars, to the mart,
 Accosting, with their wares, the throng,
Each striving harmlessly with each,
 No claim preferred as weak or strong.

The sun for all. Each comrade's worth,
 The beggars told through shining hours,
When swift, as from a cloudless sky,
 Mid summer's heat, the tempest lowers—

With gaze star-fixed and sullen mien,
 One strode, and raving of his woes,
Vaunted Jehovah's sword to slay,
 Unsparing, all his midnight foes.

Some sought by courteous words, to stay
 The headlong wrath of monstrous fool,
But who by wrath his cause would win,
 Hath little cause his wrath to cool.

One gentle beggar, roused from dreams
 By this unseemly noise and rout,
Barred with his slender arm the road
 Of loud declaiming, swaggering lout.

"Make room!" the brawler cried, but first
 The mailed hand the fore-word spake,
And beggars basking near fore-saw
 The white uplifted arm must break.

The arm fell crushed, the fingers held
 A tiny scroll the blow unfurled,
It fluttered out across the land,
 It lengthened till it bound the world—

There traced that human hearts might read,
 Upon its folds in lines of light:
“Diviner than the Right of Kings
 Is weakest beggar’s chartered right.”

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923).

Strung Silver Bells

All night the snow fell thick and fast,
The skies their gentle burden cast

On boughs and roofs and home-walled streets,
Where traffic toils and pleasure fleets;

Then o'er the carded whiteness threw
A sheen more rare than loom e'er knew,

When Dawn from cloister, fair and young,
The gates of Darkness backward flung,

The world in dazzling beauty spread,
And Day went forth with muffled tread;

Then, sweeter far than language tells,
Rang out the chime of silver bells.

What bells within my heart keep time
When sweet-strung bells of silver chime!

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923). A revised and shortened version of "Silver Bells."

Erin's Celebration

The month was August; well, why tell
The century or day?

The Isle was "wearin' of the green,"
Home Rule, had come to stay.

The harp was strung, and Tara's lights,
Dispelled a nation's gloom;
The blarney stone was hangin' high,
And grief for joy, made room.

Said Patrick: "Shure we're in the sun,
This day so bloomin' foine,
We'll cilibrate with peaceful sports,
Upon the faeld of Boyne."

"Upon that ggreat, historric faeld,
Warm Irish hearts, in pain,
Beheld the aegis of their hopes
Go down in battle rain.

"But peaceful victories hinceforth,
Shall win that faeld's renown,
The ash bough with the shamrock twined
This day shall victors crown.

"Lowly and sthrong, to honor's call
Our patriot hearts will wake,
And like the ash bough rocked by storms,
We'll bind, but will not break."

Well, cut the cable; books must end;
The scenes and actors shift;
And Patrick found, orations o'er,
Within his lute the rift.

Der Tag had come, the Day foretold,
Die Wacht am Shannon rung,
The breezes caught the stirring strains,
And wide the banners flung.

The purpose, hour, united hearts,
And tented field spread wide,
The kultur of the sports, that Day
Filled all the land with pride!

The lists were long, the Salient Smash,
And Underseas gave place,
To Centimeters' conquering blows
And Scouting Aircraft race.

The Pyrrhic dance moved west and east,
And south and north in turn,
And Patrick boob, was first and last,
With health and strength to burn.

But Patrick yet no prize had won,
When Day was near its close.
"Am I," said he, "with kultur, Mike,
To stand for things like those?"

"While dew was gleamin' on the sod,
Before der Tag begun,
I planned extinsions to me brist,
To hold me medals won!

"Ach, Mike, those Ontonts don't stay put,
They race all o'er the faeld;
And whin they're baten, still they cry:
'We'll niver, niver yaeld!'

"Unsportsmanlike!" But worse befell,
As Patrick moaned his loss,
For Ontont judges next bestowed,
The double iron cross.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923).

Lessons

I come, O ways of spring, to greet
 The tulip, crocus, asphodel,
To bind my soul with loving touch
 To glories which their beauties tell.

O Winds of night, your unbound mantles brush
My spirit, toiling upward through the dark;
I know your anguish and your deep unrest,
Your Earth-life longing for the Perfect Day.

O little brook, in lessons deep and wide
Your swift and yielding ways my soul instruct:
Never in stagnant pools your spirit bides,
But forths to greater being, greater bliss.

Beloved Hills, you too have felt
 The cosmic fires, fierce and pent;
But now for you, the lifted dawn,
 For you, is lengthened glory sent.

O Autumn spirit, now the meaning plain
Of husbandry of sunshine, wind and rain
In treasure-garnered roots, and upward-gleaming grain.

Publication. *Fugitive Poems* (Los Angeles: published by the author, 1923). A revised version of the poem in *Meadow-lark and Other Poems*, including “wind” for “breeze” and “treasure-garnered” for “treasure-seeking.”

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