



SARAH BIXBY SMITH

My Sagebrush Garden and Pasear

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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My Sagebrush Garden and Pasear

Sarah Bixby Smith

A Critical Reading Edition

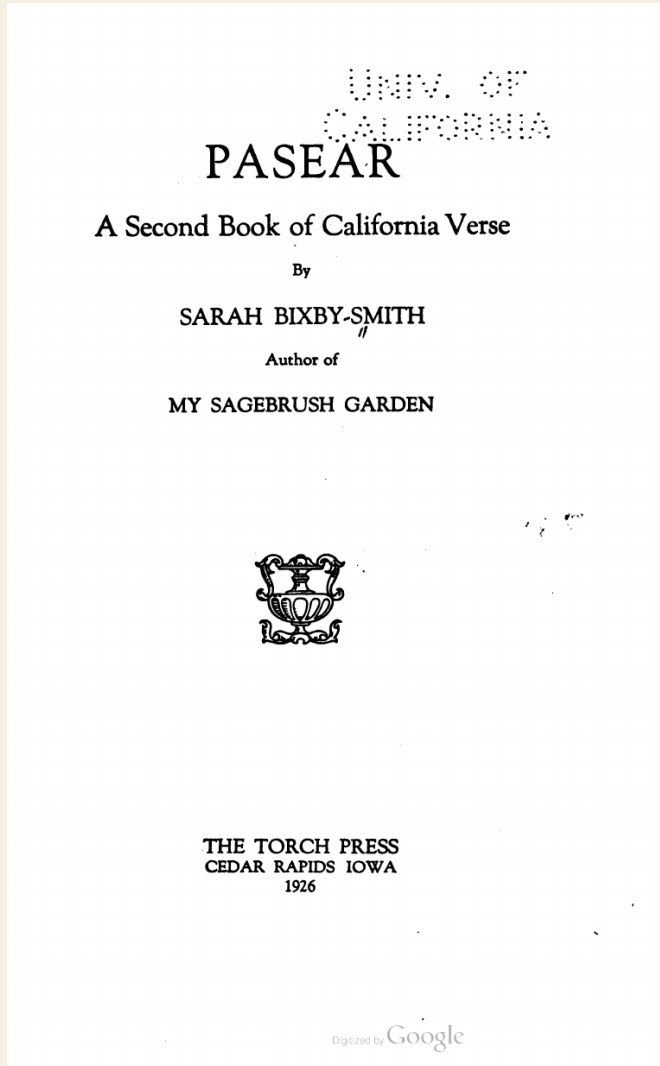
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The Text-Tech Papers

Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

Archival Images

A short selection from the source record



Title page of Pasear (1926).

Editorial Note

This is a reset reading edition, not a facsimile. The text was transcribed from the source page images in the local archive and collated against available embedded text. Source-page wraps were rejoined only when the page image showed that they were typographic continuations; stanza breaks, meaningful indentation, epigraphs, subtitles, and section headings were retained. Obvious scanning debris was removed without silently modernizing diction, spelling, or punctuation. Each poem ends with a source note in the established Green-volume form.

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Introduction

Sarah Bixby Smith knew California as inherited ranch land, cultivated garden, family story, civic project, and changing modern landscape. In *My Sagebrush Garden* and *Pasear*, mountain weather, eucalyptus, children, roads, rain, remembered servants, and the pressure of development enter a voice that can be playful, grieving, privileged, curious, and sharply observant. The books belong beside her better-known memoir *Adobe Days*, but they show a different scale: short lyrics built from daily looking. This edition resets the two complete poetry books in the archive, preserving their divisions and sequences. Her later collections, *Wind Upon My Face* and *The Bending Tree*, are documented in the bibliography but await authoritative source copies.

Biography

Sarah Hathaway Bixby was born at Rancho San Justo near San Juan Bautista. Her father, Llewellyn Bixby, belonged to the ranching family whose companies accumulated major California holdings, including Los Cerritos and Los Alamitos. Her childhood joined material privilege to the landscapes and labor systems of large ranches.

She attended Pomona College Preparatory School and graduated from Wellesley in 1894, where Sophie Jewett was among her teachers. Higher education became a lifelong civic commitment. She later served women's clubs, the American Association of University Women, Scripps College, the Claremont school system, and the Historical Society of Southern California.

Smith married Arthur Maxson Smith in 1896 and supported his theological studies. Their family life took them to Hawaii, Claremont, and Berkeley. In Claremont they commissioned Arthur B. Benton to design the large house later called Erewhon; the surrounding semi-arid garden supplied the setting for *My Sagebrush Garden*.

After Arthur's repeated infidelities, the marriage ended. Smith married writer and scholar Paul Jordan-Smith in 1916. Their intellectual partnership included *The Soul of Woman*, published under his name, and a wide Los Angeles social circle. His Disumbrationism hoax pulled Sarah's painting and their salon into a satire of modern-art publicity.

Smith published *My Sagebrush Garden* in 1924 and *Pasear* in 1926. Later poetry books were *Wind Upon My Face* and *The Bending Tree*. Her memoir *Adobe Days* remains a major first-person account of nineteenth-century California, rich in detail but shaped by the viewpoint of an Anglo ranching family.

The couple's Los Feliz home became known for dinners that mixed writers, artists, and civic leaders. Smith also traveled to a Pacific Relations conference in Shanghai. After the second marriage ended, she died in Long Beach from trichinosis.

Her papers are divided among UCLA and Rancho Los Cerritos. Those archives, along with Claremont Heritage and family collections, are essential for locating the later poetry manuscripts and placing her accounts of Mexican, Indigenous, and ranch labor history in fuller context.

My Sagebrush Garden

Stage 1 | 1924

The complete recoverable poetry text of the 1924 collection, reset from the source page images.

My Sagebrush Garden

I've a sagebrush garden
Walled in by a mountain range.
The staid live-oak
Embroiders her gown
With pale green leaves
And hangs it with tassels;
The bare mottled sycamore
Is dressing in velvet,
Crimson-edged tan;
The ragged old elder tree
Flaunts yellow lace,
And the delicate greasewood's white
Vies with the lilac's cloudy blue;
Dull red are the shoots of the sage;
They are ringed with lavender flowers
Like captive butterflies;
The cactus is showing its soul
In satiny saffron and crimson;
The yucca is here,
Fragrant fountain of white lilies;
There is lupine and wallflower,
Scarlet larkspur,
Sprite mariposa;
Here's a carpet of sunshine,
Here fell a pink cloud of dawn,
Here the fairies spilled their popcorn.
My beautiful wild brush garden
Sings color to the sun.
Bees in the sage,
Rabbits down the trail,
Wren in the cactus,
Brood of little quail,
Lizard in the sun,
Horned-toad on the run,
Humming-bird and butterfly,

One white cloud sailing high
In the sky,
Mocking-bird shouting joys,
Half a dozen little boys
Filling the air
With their jolly noise,
All in my wonderful garden,
Rimmed by the mountains,
Roofed by the sun.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 16.

My Sagebrush Garden

Pan in the Sage

The moon, a yellow climber,
Has scaled the mountain wall;
He's perching in the gum tree,
Now strangely dark and tall;
He's laughing at the sights he sees,
The flute notes in the air,
That Pan is in the sagebrush
He's very well aware.
O, Pan is in the sagebrush,
The dusk's instinct with play,
Let's laugh with the moon and gambol,
And while the night away.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 18.

Migration

Drifting softer than silence,
Like petals of wind-blown flowers,
Butterflies, golden and black,
Are filling the air;
Not in an aimless flitting,
But ever straight on to the north
They pass.
Whence do they come,
And whither go,
These million “Painted Ladies”?
Do they feel they are free as they fly
In the ancient airways
Of the sun-drenched sky?

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 19.

Invitation

Wallflower's yellow head is heavy
Under her perfumed crown;
Chilicothe climbs to the top of the shrub
And flings her garland down.
Shooting-star is a ballet dancer
Pirouetting in the breeze;
The low sun paints with golden bands
The green grass under the trees.
Walk with me in the open spaces,
In this glowing evening light
Till the color of flower and grass and sky
Has drifted into the night.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 20.

In April

A bluebird swings in the sycamore tree,
While I stand below
Where the wild grasses blow;
They brush my hand
With their silver-green hair,
Delicately.
The fairy banners of the oats
Flutter in the air.
The rustling grasses whisper
To the scented breeze.
The day is sweet with incense
From blossomed orange trees.
Fly away, gay bird,
In the sky so blue.
I wish I could fly, too.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 21.

The Short-cut

I walk the winding path
Over the wild land,
The joyous narrow path
Close pressed by life.
Here cactus calls for courtesy,
And silver grass
Dimples and bows
As I pass.
The brush has burst into blossom,
Deerweed and sage and rhus,
Tall penstemon, delicate blue
With rosy throat,
And yarrow golden;
While on the branch of the scraggly tree
Is a bird, Japanesed on the sky.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 22.

June Night

Midnight and moonlight and June!
Air fragrant with blossoming sage
And cool, after the heat of noon.
We walk together, my dear,
Just you and I and the moon.
Listen! There must be
A mocking-bird in that tall tree.
He too finds delight
In this silvery night,
For he sits up high,
And sings to the sky
Rippling notes of melody.
Some say that he steals his music
From any he may hear,
But England is far away,
And no nightingales are near.
Perhaps he has stayed up late
To practise here, alone,
Joyously the carols
That truly are his own.
Here's to love and a merry tune,
Man and maid and singing bird,
Midnight and moonlight and June.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 23.

Blowing Grass

In Santa Ysabel
On sunny days in summer
When the hot winds blow,
All the pale gold grasses,
Ghosts of winter grasses,
Dance and curtsy low,
Till all the rounded hillsides,
Where the live-oaks grow,
Seem to leap from base to crest,
With running fairy flames
That rise and find no rest.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 24.

Mirage

Shimmer, shimmer, summer air,
Over the lowland;
Shimmer, elfin lakes,
Where I know the fields are bare.
The far, tall trees are fringes of the sky,
Ghost-gray fringes, dipping to a silver sea,
A water witchery,
More lovely than reality,
In meadows brown and dry.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 25.

Roadside

There is a roadside ditch I know
Where cat-tails grow,

And on its bank

Soft tufts of feathering anise stand,
Emerald and rank,

Amid the silvering wild oats, fanned
To a flutter by the wandering wind;
And there I find

Reddening, seed-hung sprays of dock,
And white star-faces of a lowly weed,
Gay wild things that make mock

Of conquered fields,

Where barley grows,

And sugar beets in long straight rows.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 26.

Winter

This is February.
Into the valley the sunshine spills.
Green the grass sweeps up the hills
To the sky.
By the Rio Honda
Veils of new leafage lie
Over the thickets of willow.
The gnarled old sycamore trees
Show curling leaflets of velvet,
Tawny and rose;
And where the blossomed acacia grows
Hover the humming bees.
In the sage the alfilerilla spreads
A carpet of lacy leaves,
Green and varied reds,
With orchid-colored gilia decked,
And blue-eyes, bits of sky, cloud-flecked.
There's a whirr of wings
When the quail fly,
And a flash of flame with the flicker;
A lark sings;
That bolt of blue is a jay.
Spring's in the valley today
While Winter rides in the snow,
Astride the Sierra.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 27.

In the Foothills

Summer is the earth's siesta.
The tawny grasses sleep against the hill,
And native shrub and tree drowse on, content,
Victors in an age-long fight
Against the sun.
The blossoms of the buckwheat

Have been burned a rusty brown,
The threads of orange dodder
In tangled skeins are spread;
And all the green of weed and bush
Is grayed and dull,
Close covered by a filmy veil of dust.
The thirsty sun in the hot, pale sky,
Glares on, unhindered,
While the hazy mountains stand aloof,
Dim dreams,
At night from off the sea,
The fog, a cool gray sister,
Moves among the sleepers,
And life stirs,
But sleeps again by day
Until the long-gone rain returns.
Gently one day the clouds will hover
Over the land,
And soft, in the night, a raindrop will fall,
And another,
And another.
The skies will ery for joy
That the earth's long sleep is past,
Gone the clinging mantle of dust,
Gone the coma of plant and seed;
The fresh, green grass will make a cover
For the barren hill and the dingy field;
From the summer prison the flowers are freed.
Rain, rain, rain,

First rain of the year,
Come in the night
And gone at the dawn,
You bring us spring in November.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 28.

The Bending Tree

Eucalyptus Viminalis,
Leaning ever eastward,

Bent by the winds that blew
As you grew,
At dawn
You are a plume
Against the rosy sky,
'Waving welcome to the day;
At dusk
You are long strands of kelp
Floating in an airy ocean,
And the great moon
I see behind you
Is a sky abalone.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 30.

Tioga Road

Among the peaks the great road goes,
High, high,
Above Yosemite,
To cross the bold Sierra.
In stately rows
The firs and pines and cedars rise
Like copper columns, straight and tall,
Their serried tops green-pointed
On the sky.
In grass time or in snow
They go
Over endless ridges,
Down the purple valleys
To the far, faint horizon
Where fairy mountains lie.
Around their pillared trunks
The young trees grow,
And ferns,
And the scarlet flower of the snow,
While fretted sunshine falls,
And pools of shadow,
On rock, or needle-bed, or meadow.
A sapphire lake lies hollowed
In a great rock basin
Whose jagged, towering walls
Are rose and violet-gray
Against a sky of lapis-lazuli,
Whereon cloud galleons are followed
By wind-blown spray.
Between the granite cliffs
A gentle field is spread;
The singing little river
Lays a silver thread
Across the grass,
And fluttering aspens bow and greet
The travellers who pass.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 31.

The Quaking Aspen

Aspen is a dryad, free,
Dancing by the mountain streams
Where the winds are fresh and keen.
Her lithe, white body gleams
Through veils of silver gray
And sunlit green,
Pellucid as a running wave at sea
Before it breaks in spray.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 33.

Sketches

I. Mornine

Lay in an ancient eucalypt
With rugged trunk and limbs new stripped
Of shredded cerements of brown,
Revealing, on the inner bark,
Patterns scattered up and down
Of rose and gray, of sage and tan;
With tender shoots of pale blue leaves
Against the mass of old ones, dark
And slender. Then sweep in sky
Of cobalt-blue, and a cloud or two,
And bluer mountains, ranging high,
Their tallest peaks white-tipped with snow.
The plains, below, dark orchards show.
With a stroke of yellow the sketch is done,
Yellow, where mustard spreads nets for the sun.

II. Eventmne

A Jade-green sky and one scarlet cloud;
A mountain looming, grim and livid;
Purple-shadowed, crimson-shouldered, vivid;
A rolling hill, its top new-ploughed,
Velvety brown in the sunset light;;
Across the ruddy fields a sheen
Of sprouting barley, silver-green;
One tall old pine as black as night.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 34.

Window Dawn

I awake.
Antiphonal clocks strike four.
Three bands of gray
Cross my wide window, eastward opening,
Three bands of gray:
The narrow dark of mesa,
The middle cloud bank
And the high pale sky.
A venturing vine silhouettes
A caravan of humped leaves
Across the screen;
Cool, moist air is pungent with sage;
Waking birds twitter,
The rooster summons the sun,
And a quail calls.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 35.

Tree Magic

In this dry desert land
Some trees sound like water
‘When they play in the wind,
So, if my ears are open
And my eyes are shut,
I can travel
On Scheherezade’s carpet
Far away,;
The silver cottonwood
Is flirting with a zephyr,
And I am gone
To a far land
Of elms and maples,
Of running waters,
Lush grass and summer showers.
The breeze is blowing
Through the blue gums,
And straightway I am napping
On a stony beach ‘
Of the lee side of an island
In the sun,
Where a lone wave is lapping,
And all the little pebbles
Chase it up and down.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 36.

Under the Tree

Last night I slept by the roadside
In the dry grass under a tree;
The little leaves were whispering

Drowsily to me
Of a many raindrops falling,
Or the swish of a summer sea.
Perhaps it was star-dust drifting
That stirred my poplar tree!

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 37.

The Oak in the Wash

Blue and white the fretted sky
Beyond the oak tree's roof shines clear.
Branches, twigs and sparse, stiff leaves
Encircling, make a hemisphere
Of delicate tracery, like an iron screen
Wrought by some ancient smith. I'm glad
As I swing in a friendly, low-hung crook
Of a trailing limb, while the clouds go by,
And a soft-spoken, loitering wind.
I forget that the world is all awry,
While I smell the sage, and hear the birds,
And look at the screen and the sky.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 38.

Sea Wind

Sea wind, blow through me,
Blow through me and clean me,
Lift off the weight of world woe
That bends low my spirit;
Make me forget my moods and my burdens;
Tell me of sunlight,
And wide sky and ocean,
Tell me of eons
And limitless space.
Let me exult for an hour
As I stand
High on the wind-swept,
Wave-plowing bow.
Sea wind, blow through me.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 39.

Return

The empty ranch I used to know,
Unfenced and open and ten miles wide,
Is cut into farms and swarming towns
Where we buy and sell and sub-divide.
The long smooth beach whose lonely tide,
Unseen, unknown, would ebb and flow,
'Whose sand was covered with curious shells,
Queer star-fish, kelp and wading birds,
Is crowded with shops and called "The Pike."
And the hill that pastured the roving herds
Is a mass of derricks, engines and wells.
The oil makes all things ugly and black.
The old dusty road is a polished track
Where thousands motor to and fro,
Gone is the silence I used to know.
On houses and highway I turn my back.
Tlook to the marsh, unsought by men.
Here I loiter, a child again;
I smell the wild celery, still in its place,
And love the mustard's delicate lace,
Along the by-way, meandering free,
Where silvery willows now grow rank,
And blackberry vines. A soft gray bank
Of drifting fog hangs over the sea,
With mystery closing the west.
A trickling streamlet makes a shining band
Across the summer waste of sand;
A meadow-lark, exultant, sings

And a lithe young squirrel, a moment at rest,
Carefully poised, with his head held high,
Seems like me to be looking at things,
To be sharing my joy in fields and sky.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 40.

My Coyote

I never see that hill
Where now high billboards
Spoil the sky
But I see the lone coyote
That my child eyes saw,
Still poised upon that crest.
I little thought that day
That he had come to stay
And hide himself away
In some corner of my brain,
Whence now he comes at will
To that city-threatened hill
And lopes along the sky-line
In the west.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 42.

Signal Hill

O, little hill,
For unnumbered years
Of cycled green and brown
You lay,
Under sun, under fog,
Under rain-drops falling down.
You had no name,
You had no fame.
Frisking squirrels made laced trails
Along your sides,
And little owls, like gnomes,
With secret look and wise,
Stood in the doorways;
Of their tiny tunnelled homes,
And stared with blinking eyes,
While lean coyotes hunted,
And howled to empty skies.
Men came: Indians,
Whose strange and simple ways
Are buried in forgotten days.
Men came: Spanish,

Little thinking they would vanish
‘When some paltry years should pass.
They called you Los Cerritos,

The little hills.
Their herds of cattle roamed upon you,
And bands of cropping sheep
Here ate their fill
Of weeds and flowers and grass.
The tale is told
How Don Juan Temple,
Of Rancho Los Cerritos,
And Don Abel Stearns,
Of neighboring Alamitos,
Matched their horses speed,
Wagering a thousand head of cattle;
How they raced from your high top

To the ocean and return,
Without stop.
Gay the watching sefloritas,
Silken-dressed, with lace mantillas;
Brave and bold the cabelleros,
Velvet-clad, with silver trappings,
Wide sombreros and serapes.
There they waited, laughing, jesting,
For the winner of the wager,
Shouted then for Besesero,
Winner of the thousand cattle,
And the honor for Cerritos.
Again men came: Americans.
They changed your fortune and your fate,
Changed your title, your estate.
Gone your lilting name, Cerritos;
You are Signal Hill,
Your beauty desecrate.
Great black derricks cast long shadows,
Throbbing engines beat the air,
And black, black are men and meadows.
Boring, boring, they are boring

Everywhere,
Seeking traces
Of your long-stored treasure.
Groaning, roaring your displeasure,
Shuddering and snorting fire,
You yield oil
To their toil.
Oil, black magic of today,
Prisoned rainbows, thunders, sunrays,
Prisoned beauty, prisoned power
Power to move mountains
Or to search the utmost skyways,

Greatest wealth of men and nations,
Black wizard, escaping from earth's dungeons.
These are your vain-glorious days,
Signal Hill,

Giving largess without heed,
Or dealing heart break
To thwarted greed.
But when men have taken all your hoardings
And the years have come and gone,
You will be again a nameless little hill,
Lying in the sun.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 43.

Once I Was a Little Girl

The Story

I wish I were once more
A little, listening maid,
Cuddled in a lap,
My head against a shoulder laid
While Auntie tells a story,
To feel again the thrill,
To see again the glory
Of the shining, summer day
When Patty strayed away
To the grassy, windy hill,
Where wild flowers grew,
Yellow, red and blue;
To chase the butterflies,
A happy little rover;
To be lost and weep,
To ery myself to sleep
In the clover,
And be found;
To be cozy, small and still
While Aunt Martha tells the story
Of the runaway on the hill.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 48.

A Forenoon

There is sun in the sky
And salt in the air,
Come, run down the hill
To the river.
There's a smell of wild celery
And the song of a lark,
And a flock of jet birds,
Each wing scarlet-marked.
Let's pull up a tule
And chew its white end,
And follow the river around the bend,
Until dinner.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 49.

In the Vineyard

On hands and knees
In the soft brown earth
Under the vines we crawl,
We are hidden safe
From the sight of all.
Flat on our backs
In the warm green light
Our stories we tell
While we dream and feast
On Mission and Tokay
And Muscatel.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 50.

Watermelons

It is shearing time and summer,
And hot on the dusty floor.
There are fat round watermelons
Outside the wool-barn door,
Melons for sale for a nickel,
Papa will give us the nickel,
Don't you like the feel
Of the juice on your ears
While you bury your nose
In the soft warm pink,
And hear the clink of the shears?

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 51.

The Dump-cart Ride

Take Sorrel and the dump-cart,
Climb in and drive away,

What to do or say.
Jolt along the sunny road,
Shout and joke and sing;
Stop and get that pumpkin,
See that blackbird's wing.
Watch the little ground-owl
Turn his funny head;
Gather these fresh rushes
To new-roof Billy's shed.
There's some jerked beef drying
On this bare old tree,
A lunch of it will save us
From starving until tea.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 52.

Hide-and-seek

We are growing so old
We are very bold;
We can play, without fright,
Hide-and-seek at night,
When the moon is round
And the garden ground
Shines in witch-silver light.
From shadow to shadow
We stealthily creep,
And make no sound
When we see a bat's flight,
And hear his weird cheep.
Harry and I have climbed so high
No one can see
Where we rest on the limb
Of this old pepper tree.
Here we will wait
Till the others ery,
"All are in free."

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 53.

Play in the Barn

'Nimble feet and happy laughs
Echo in the old barn
High among the rafters,
What a place for fun!
Careful, Baby,
Don't you try to run;
This plank is plenty wide
For little feet, if you'll go slow,
Though the floor is thirty feet below.
We'll put you in
This big grain bin,
Where you'll be safe inside
While we climb higher
Into the gable.
Sometime, Baby, you'll be spryer,
Then you'll be able
To come up, too,
Into this nest of the Boogaboo.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 54.

Spot

Spot was a boy's horse,
Fast and sleek and good.
Like a statue he stood,
Or a steed of wood,
When we polished his legs
And curled his tail,
Or swarmed on his back
And curried his side;
Or under him sat
And brushed his belly.
But off for a ride
Over the ranch land,
Open and wide,
He flew.
He knew
How to be a: boy's horse.
Spot 's gone to horse heaven,
And the children, too,
Have vanished from view,
Grown up and old,
Fred and Nan, Sallie and Sue.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 55.

Humming-bird

A humming-bird built

In a hollyhock tree

Her tiny white nest

Where I could see,

And I liked her

And she liked me.

She sat quite still

When I stood close by,

But she watched me well

With her shiny black eye.

Her two tiny eggs:

Looked like beans, smooth and white.

Who'd think little birds

Could be packed so tight?

Funny black babies

Without one feather,

A hollyhock leaf

Kept off the bad weather.

Soon mother and little ones

Flew off together.

Bronze backs, ruby throats,

How they all shone!

Little felt nest

Left all alone.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 56.

Clouds

Lie on your back
On a windy high hill slope;
Watch in the sky
A cloud kaleidoscope:
White dragons and elephants
Cavorting in the blue
Change to satyrs and ogres,
Grimacing at you;
Change with but a puff of wind
To sailing ships at sea,
Or heaping ice-cream cones
For some lady-giant's tea.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 57.

Rain Joy

O, I'm wading in the gutters
That are running ankle-deep;
The rain began last night
Before I went to sleep.
And Papa's face is smiling
Because he's lost the fear
That makes him look so gloomy;
When we have a dry year.
There'll be grass for sheep and lambs
And the cattle will have feed,
And for talk about the poor-house
We have no further need.
O, I'm splashing in the gutters
While the rain is pouring down,
And everybody's happy
In our muddy old town.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 58.

After the Rain

How black you look,
Old Pine Tree,
Against the clearing silver sky,
Cloud-tossed.
Are you not glad for the rain?
Perhaps you are too old
And dignified
To look happy.
Your little sister, Acacia,
Smiles and shakes her yellow curls
At Father Sun,,
Slyly peeping at her.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 59.

Hop-scotch

It's hot, I say,
Playing hop-scotch here today
On this gravelly walk.
I guess it's better just to talk,
Lying in the shade
Of this old rubber tree.
This hollow that its big roots made
In our lawn
Is just the place for me.
Bertha, you sit there,
The rest of you can stay
Any old where.
Talking about hop-scotch,
It's pretty hard on shoes,
Doesn't wear 'em even
Less you can choose
To hop on either foot,.
And hop as well.
Now on my right one
I can never tell
Just where the rock is going
When I kick.
Say, this leaf here
Makes a jolly fan.
Hi! There's the Ice-Cream Man!
I hear him yell.
Yes, there he is,
Coming down the road;
That freezer on his head
Must be an awful load.
There are spoons and tumblers
On that tray he's got.
He'll give us each a lot

If we can pay.
In my bank I have two-bits,
And we are five today.
I'm glad he's come. Hooray!

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 60.

The Blue Thread

I stand at life's loom,
In my soul's silent room,
Watching the shuttle that flies,
Weaving the days through the years,
Days of prismatic dyes.
In the gray warp of years
A long thread appears,
Thread of blue;
It is you!

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 64.

The Blue Thread

Love Denied

Love, denied, will take its toll of life,,
Which, if expressed, perchance would lead to joy
And, later, sweet content; or, unopposed,
Would flare a day, then gently drift to sleep;
Repressed, it grows insistent, and demands
Too great a place in heart and brain and nerve,
And leads, in weaker souls, to morbid thought
Or habit; but they whose souls are strong,
While paying heavy tax in grief and pain,
Transmute it into sympathy and power.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 65.

Treasure

Golden beads on a silken thread
Are my rare days with you,
Days are the beads and love is the thread,
Silken and supple and true.
I lay my treasure in a place apart,
A secret place, which is my heart.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 66.

Fragment

It is easy to blame for a garish fault,
But what was the reason why
We failed to be friends,
You and I?
Nothing we know of what might have been,
Little we know what is.
Only the surface of life is seen,
Hidden the play of forces keen
That draw us together and drive us apart.
If we could see,
What would we find in each other's heart?

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 67.

Revelation

My Soul, today
His guard of years.
One moment slipped away.
You saw his heart
Through his eyes.
Then the quick curtain fell.
My Soul, can you tell
If bitter or sweet the prize?

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 68.

Comrade

Contentment,
Like a placid pool
Filled with color
Is mine,
When you shine,
My Sun.
But if you frown,
Gloom drives away
Beauty.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 69.

Design

A pencil trace
Made by his hand
Has captured grace
In this small space.
How strange that sight
Of five black lines
Arranged on white
Should give delight!

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 70.

Elusive Night

Night is clad in silver brocade,
Silver, woven with blue.
She glistens with spangles
And wears in her crown
The moon, a luminous pearl.
The dark seas are her skirts,
And the white waves that curl
Are ermine on her gown.
The face of Night wears joy and wonder
To the shining eyes of the lover;
But tragedy and woe
To those who know
The sorrow and pain
That Night must cover.
She comes, she goes,
Aloof and strong,
Regardless of the joys of men,
Regardless of the wrong.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 71.

Ahoy

What am I?

A mote in the sky

Fast to a star,

An organized atom,

A cell of the whole,

Yet how I can suffer,

How I enjoy!

There must be

Many like me

Sailing afar

On some voyaging star.

'Star-ship, Ahoy!

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 72.

Sky Girl

The mountain is my ladder
To the sky.
I have climbed,
I have climbed,
Where the ferny pathways lie
On Tantalus; atop this island
I stand high.
Far below, the singing sea
Spreads its gorgeous blue
For me,
And drifting clouds are white
In the velvet valleys, ‘
Shining in the tropic light,
Dropping purple shadows.
The merry wind goes laughing by
And catches at my hair,
And tosses raindrops’
On my body, free and bare,
While I go dancing with the wind
And shout to showers that pass,
And feel my happy toes
In the long wet grass.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 73.

Mind-life

I am a woman, old and lame;
I drag down the weary street
In the dusk, to my room,
My soot-gray room.
I shut the door and draw the blind,
No light do I make, save in my mind.

Then:
I am a dryad, wild and shy;
I live in a bosky wood;
I flit through the trees
Or lie in the fern,
While the green glow filters in.
I am a naiad, with tan-brown limbs;
I cut through the waves with a lusty stroke;
I float in the sun with the lilies white,
And play with the dragon-fly;
I leap the falls with the shining fish;
I swim, I am lithe,
I am strong.
I run on the hills
In sun and rain;
I run on the hills,
I am free,
I run!

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 74.

Youth Will Not Stay

Open and free
The edge of the sea,
Sun in the wide, clear sky;
Gaily the hours glide by.
Live, laugh and love
While you may,
Youth will not stay.
Witching the night,
Stars and moonlight,
Silvered the sea and the sand.
Throbbing the beat of the band.
Dance, boy and girl,
While you may.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 75.

My Hand

I like you.
I thank you
For the joy you've given me:
For the feel of running water,
Or of pliant, wet adobe
That my childish fingers squeezed
Till it oozed
Through your every chink and cranny;
For the smoothness of live fur,
Or of velvet woven,
Or of hair;
For the texture of a lily,
And of smooth leaves crispy,
An apple or a pear;
For the pleading softness,
Fairy, downy softness
Of a new-born's tiny cheek,
Or the snuggling hand of a child,
Or the sweet, firm flesh of youth.
Hand, I like you,
And again I thank you,
Thank you for your deftness,
Your habit of obedience
And forgive you when you fail
To make a copy fair and true
Of some beauty pictured in my brain.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 76.

My Little Child Is Dead

My new-born son.
He lay on my arm an hour
And then was gone.
And I am stunned, and drift.
Come back, my slipping Self!
I must not go with him,
For my work is not yet done.
I am weak and I weep.
I must be strong and sleep,
For my other boys at home.
I wonder what lies folded
Within his silent form,
What joy is lost,
What sorrow saved
Because he died when born.
We rise a moment from the earth
And sink again,
An ever changing throng.
Measured by the ages
I know not wherein differ
The short life and the long.
But yet, bereft, I cry,
My little child is dead
Is dead. O, why?
What mean the long days given
To fashioning this man-child?
What mean the days of hope
Now blotted out with pain?
I do not know.
I only can be reconciled
When I recall that now
No sordidness of life can stain,
No weight of woe can crush
This little child of mine.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 77.

Janet's Hair

Every day,
Shining gold,
Slipping, glinting sunshine,
Rippling, clinging, fine-spun gold.
My miser hands caress,
My miser eyes possess,
Hoard the beauty of each tress
Of your silken hair,
That I dress, little daughter,
Every day.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 79.

Who Knows

My little son sat on my lap
Before the open fire,
And sighed a weary sigh.
“What is it, dear?” said I.
“Everything’s wrong!” was his reply,—
“Those tongs, there by the fire,
They look like tongs,
We call them tongs,
But don’t know really
What they are.”

My son has grown to be a man
And has been sent to war.
Does he look at men,
And call them men,
But wonder what men are?

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 80.

The Adopted Boy

You are mine, mine, mine,
Strong little body,
Searching spirit rare,
Mine by the love I give you,
Mine by the care!
It was I who each day
Felt your soft little form
Lie on my arm in the bath;
It was my loose hair
That your learning fingers caught
As you nestled to sleep in my neck;
I saw your smile grow to a laugh;
I was the mother who taught
You to talk and to walk.
I answered your wondering questions
And kissed your bumps,
And bound up your little boy bruises.
How much more mine would you be
Had you lived nine short months in my body?
Your body-mother gave you away.
Someone might count the months
From the day when the ancient rites were mumbled
To the day you were born.
And she feared more than she loved.
She gave you away, her first-born.
She does not know where you are,
She does not know you are cherished,
She does not know your bright black eyes,
Nor your gay boy laugh,
Nor the heart-throb of your plunging hugs.
Does she cry in the night
Because she does not know?
Now you are mine.
The world on its fingers
Could not count nine.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 81.

Query

What is in your heart, foreign maid,
Who sit with Buddha face,
Placid, unmoved,
Among the young girls of this
To you alien race?
All your life you have lived among us,
And our tongue is yours.
Is your heart at home,
And does it hurt sometimes
Because you differ outwardly?
Or does your pride in wealth and race
Wrap round you, keep you warm, content?
Is it a soul alive and glad,
Or a soul sad
That lies behind your passive face?

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 83.

The Dear Little Lady

There's a dear little lady
Living in our western town;
Her curly locks have whitened,
And she wears a simple gown.
She was born, O, long ago
In an ancient Irish castle
That in storied times gone by
Knew both lord and humble vassal.
She remembers the great hall
Where the fires were all aglow,
And the men and dogs from hunting
Came in out of rain and snow.
Then her father left his homestead
For a lonely, distant land,
Where the trees and wildwood flowers
Shut them in on every hand.
In the far Canadian forest,
In a log house hid away,
She grew slowly into girlhood,
She grew charming, day by day.
She could dance and she could sing,
She could work and she could play;
She soon won a wedding ring,
Little maiden, blithe and gay.
Days of sorrow, days of joy,
Woman's share in life she's known;

While the many years have passed.
Now she's living all alone.
She can cook and she can sew,
She can wield her rake and hoe,
Planting posies in a row,
How she makes her garden grow!

She is busy still and sprightly,
And can turn a merry jest,
For her eighty years sit lightly,
Life has never lost its zest.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 84.

Mary Doyle

Mary Doyle was old and poor,
She scrubbed my kitchen floor.
Her blue eyes snapped,
And her laugh was gay,
The house was glad on cleaning day
For her Irish wit
And her kindly way.
She could not read and she could not write,
But her wise remarks were our delight.
There was never a sigh, never a moan,
Though she must daily toil alone
For her idiot child; her drunken man
Was “ill,” she said.
God rest her soul,
Now she is dead.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 86.

The Old Science Teacher

I see him go along the shady road
With lifted head, though time has bent his back,
And weighed him down with pain, a heavy
load,
A little, grey-haired man, who lives alone.
He keeps his courage, and his mind is keen to
know
The happenings today in sky and earth,
The truths he taught and studied long ago.
He makes a record of our days: of snow
Upon the mountains, cold that brings a freeze,
Of winds, the “Santa Anas,” heaping sands
Across the roads and blowing down the trees;
Of heat, and how much rain his gauge
Has marked each year. A Yankee man, whom
age
Has never robbed of skill to use his hands.
We take to him our clocks that will not run,
The ways of pendulums and wheels he under-
stands.
He loves old chairs and tables, and can mend
The saddest heirloom that has crossed the plains,
Or weave a missing seat of cane anew.
When night, or weariness, or winter rains
Have shut him in alone, he sits and thinks;
He dreams of past days, and of men he’s known;
Of boys he used to teach in old Vermont
And what the fruitage of the seed he’s sown.
One youth who sat before him in the school
Was Calvin Coolidge, quiet country lad,
Now he heads the nation. With inward look
The old man sits and ponders on life’s puzzle,
And what he finds he writes down in a book.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 87.

The Passer-by

He goes about our quiet streets,
A strange, round hat upon his head;
There's a gentle whimsey in his face,
A lightness in his tread.
His heart is often heavy,
And his work a tedious bore,
As varied as a line of posts'
Along a dreary shore.
He goes about our silent streets
With his quaint hat set high,
And gives our town distinction
As he smiles and passes by.

Publication. First published in *My Sagebrush Garden*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1924, p. 89.

Pasear

Stage 2 | 1926

The complete recoverable poetry text of the 1926 collection, reset from the source page images.

Pasear

Out for a walk I've been
While others sat in church;
God in the sky I've seen,
God in my cut-leaf birch.
Meadow lark offered a solo,
Incense the orange tree;
A blessing out of heaven
In raindrops fell on me.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 16.

Southland

Shredded mist on the mountains,
Hush on the loma,

Rain like sun-shot fountains,
Sage aroma
The oak tree blossoms red,
Here on Indian Hill,
And where I tread
Filaree flowers spread.
Singing I go,
And well I know

No other land
Can fairer prospects show.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 17.

Rain

Today the rain came pouring down
And gave the land a bath;
Five months' dirt is washed away
And trees and flowers laugh.
And blue is blue and green is green
Now that the earth and air are clean.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 18.

After Rain

Water drips from willow tips,
Water runs in the river,
Praised be the Rain God,
Life-giver.
Green on the hills lies the sod
That long has been parched and brown;
The rain in torrents came down
From the skies on mountain and town,
Flooding cienegas, gulches and meads,
Waking to life the sleeping seeds.
The clouds have passed,
The rain is done,
Praised be the Rain God,
Praised be the Sun.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 19.

Going to the Post Office

Claremont town has had a rain,
Rejoice!

The grass is high and green again,
The slender cacomites bow and bend
To greet the passing friend.
The trees lift up their lacy tops
Against the bright blue sky
Where cottony clouds drift by;
Three dancing birches, slim and white,
Bring greetings from an eastern site;
About the yellow blossoms of an oak
I hear
A multitude of bees in flight;
The new leaves of the sycamore
Are rarely thick this year.
How green the willow weeps
Among the darkling pines!
Its branches droop in helpless lines.
The camphor tree adorns with rose
Its all-year coat,
And high atop the eucalyptus float,
As light as thistle down,
White filaments of bloom
Among the branches brown
And stiff dark leaves
That catch the sun and glance
Like tiny scimitars of steel.
How gay I feel!
How would I skip and dance
In circles wild
Were I again a child,
But I go staidly by.
And now I spy
A robin in an orange tree,
And I can see

His breast is round and tawny
As an orange in the shade.
Now I am home again,
My daily journey made.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 20.

Five Senses

Eschscholtzia for my eye,
A lark for my ear,
Cloud and blue sky,
March is here.
Orange for my nose,
Wild mustard for my mouth,
Springy turf for my toes
Now that rain ends drouth.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 22.

Scented Joy

Today I have a happy nose,
My garden boasts a nectared rose,
The daphne flower is sharp and sweet,
Cinnamon pinks grow at my feet.
From a passing shower the earth is wet,
Odors rise from mignonette,
New sprigs on the lemon verbena show
And attars of orange on the breezes blow.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 23.

My Two Gardens

Cinnamon pinks and alpine snow,
Lilacs, violets, golden glow,
Shasta daisies and tall sunflowers,
Roses, dahlias, ivied bowers,
Graceful shoots of Greek acanthus,
Clustered heads of agapanthus,
Fuchsias, foxgloves, amaryllis,
Stray tufts of wild dactylis,
Jasmine fragrant, hollyhocks tall,
All within my old stone wall.

II Outer

Larkspur, slender and red,
And blossoms of sage
Wave over my head.
Just here at my feet
Pink gentians are growing.
Pungent and sweet
Is the sage in the heat;
There's a gentle breeze blowing,
And glad am I, going
And humming a tune
Out through the brush
This hot day in June.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 24.

Castilian Roses

Roses of Spain,
Brought by the padres
Long, long ago.
Who of you know
Castilian roses,
Roses of Spain
With sprangling branch
And rusty leaf?
Gather a sheaf
Of the fragrant flowers,
Think of old gardens
And sunny hours,
Think of the padres once again,
Exiles of duty,
Lovers of beauty
Who carried afar
Castilian roses,
Roses of Spain.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 25.

My Bird Tree

Just outside my window
Where I sit and sew
Wave the slender branches
Of a wild tobacco tree,
Of a bird-loved tree,
Whose seeds and blossoms
At the same time show.
Here comes the linnet
With his reddened crown
Chattering and snapping
The seeds dry and brown;
Here comes the humming bird,
Balancing on air,—
Sucking out the honey
With his long slim bill
Which deep in their tubes
The flowers distill.
A flash of gold!
The oriole is back;
The jay that comes is blue,
The phainopepla black.
And the needle that I hold
When I sit and sew,
Must share my attention
With the birds
That come and go.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 26.

Phainopepla

The phainopepla's resting
In the jacaranda tree,
He has traveled up from Mexico
To visit you and me.

His coat is burnished blackness,
He tilts his crested head;

White feathers catch the sunshine
When his wings are spread.

A slender gallant bird is he,
Aristocrat of flight;.
He's been doing fancy flying
For his ladylove's delight,
Dancing, dipping, tumbling,
Showing every airy skill.

Now in the flowering free top
He is sitting very still.
Blue-violet the 'blossoms
Where he sits enthroned above
And bubbles out his joyance

In life and sun and love.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 27.

The Junco

The junco bird is a darling thing
With a black velvet head
And a gray satin wing.
He comes to camp table
And eats crumbs of bread,
Then hunts up a puddle
And shampoos his head.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 28.

Tahoe Nuthatches

Tiny birds in the mountain pines,
Light gray suits, little white vests
And sable lines.
Head up, head down,
Little they care
While searching, searching everywhere
For luscious bugs and snappy beetles,
Hidden in bark or under needles,
Gay little nuthatches in the evergreen tree
Twittering softly
A merry chee-chee.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 29.

After Christmas

Like little red hailstones
The pepper-berries drop,
Scattered by wax wings
In the tree top.

Christmas time is over,
Garlands must come down,
Busy are the wax wings,
Busy is the town.
Cleaning up the remnants
Of tired wreath and holly
Or withered Christmas tree
Once so gay and jolly.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 30.

Southern California Snow

The cracks of the crinkled mountains
Are marked with seams of snow.
It's time to leave the valley
And through the cañon go,
Go past the granite boulders
Where swirling waters flow,
Go winding up the narrow road
To find the southern snow,
As fairy white and glistening,
As silent to the listening
As northern winters know.
Ours seeks the tops of mountains
And does not go below.
It dusts the chaparral
And bends the fir tree low,
Lays burdens on the pine boughs
And whitens all the ridges
That round our skyline go.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 31.

Pepper Tree

Color-lovers, come with me,
Look at the carpet under the tree.
Fallen leaflets, violet-browened,
Curled and crisped by summer air

Cover thickly the dusty ground.
Clustered berries, here and there
Add faded pinks, rich and rare.
Tufts of alfalfa, gone astray

From a near-by field are blue and gray.
No rain has come to wash away
The delicate shades the dry air brings.
Above this carpet the live tree flings
A canopy wide.
On every side
The sweeping branches sway,
Feathery green;
Jeweled with beads of ruby sheen.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 32.

Bypath in September

I share my sandy footpath
Where grasses danced in spring
With a darting little lizard
And a shining, polished thing,
A black armored beetle
That stands upon his head
And with shy quail that travel,
Leaving dainty toe marks spread.
Lying flat upon the gravel
Is a handsome horned toad,
And I listen lest a rattlesnake
Give warning near my road.
The ants make small volcanoes
In the dry, slipping sand,
There has been no rain for months
In this semi-arid land.
In spite of the dryness
There are growing things to see:
An oak and a sycamore,
A gray olive tree.
The holly sets its berries,
The rhus, with leaves like leather,
The cactus and the sumac
Defy the hot weather.
Scattered all across the meadow
Are bunches of bright green

Where “Old Man”? is growing;
Most lovely is the sheen
Of the gray leaves of the gourd.
The buckwheat’s fragile flowers
Strung on stiff slender stems
Have never known showers.
There are seeds with gauzy wings
That softly float away
While in the hot sunshine
Along my path I stray.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 33.

Dusk

Beside the twilight way
Stately eucalypts are painted
Shadowless and gray
Upon the cool white curtains
Of the passing day.
Now down the quiet street
Boys come singing
Poignant tones and sweet,
'Wordless harmonies of voice,
Notes high and low,
Friends singing as they go
Toward a manhood they do not know,
Toward the mystery
Each must meet.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 35.

Step Lightly

Lest a footsound
Mar the loveliness this night.
Dark shadows blur the ground,
No moon, no star in sight;
Majestic eucalypti
In blackness mount the sky;
The melancholy owl
In solitude
Emits an eerie cry
While far across the valley
Is the whistle of a freight;
A coyote wandering alone
Calls for his mate;
Clear 'notes against an undertone
Of cricket violins.
Step lightly
Lest a human sound
Mar the loveliness this night.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 36.

Windy Day

Clouds run away,
Seud across the sky
Waving mare's tails
High, high, high.
The stiff wind blows,
The sky is blue,
Laughter's in my heart
While I dash with you
Out across the mesa
Where the mustard grows,
Just how much I love you
Nobody knows.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 37.

When Night Comes in

Night comes in with velvet sky;
Who would sleep when life runs high?
The tides of youth surge and sweep,
They will ebb bye and bye
Along each nerve runs a thrill;
Taste of joy if you will
When night comes in.
With witching sky.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 38.

City Seven O'clock

Along the early, empty street
The flower peddler hastens
And sunshine sifts
Among the blackened trees
Where rising moisture lifts
Above the city square.

Light glances on the polished street,
Waiting for the thronging feet
An hour will bring.
I can but sing
The ambient air,
The joy that's morning
Anywhere.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 39.

Joy Ride

On a yellow street car
I'm out for a ride,
Reading in the Herald
Of the world far and wide.
Staid enough I look
In my black coat and gown
But I'm young and gay inside,
Playing by myself
In the busy town.
And I've bought a new hat,
Light as a feather;
There's a fresh breeze blowing
This pretty spring weather.
I'm happy on my street car
While limousines go by;
No fears at the crossways,
No care have I,
And I can see the sky!

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 40.

I Remember

Going to Laguna
One sunny day in May,
My love and I together.
Smelled the sweet alfalfa
Newly cut for hay,
Saw a weird mirage
Slowly fade away,
Heard a meadow lark
Sudden ecstasy
Passed through the cañon
And came upon the bay.
I'll not forget that day.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 41.

Cottonwoods in December

All summer long the alamos
Have soaked up sun
And now that growing days are done
And frosty hours
Have hushed the flowers
The alamos,
Like great flambeaux
Held high
Against a bold blue sky,
Stand row on row
And give us back
Their garnered glow.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 42.

In Salt River Valley

The cotton fields are a copper brown
With tiny tufts of snowy down;
Long lettuce fields are fresh and green
And golden trees glow in between;
In a pomelo grove the fruit hangs high,
Yellow globes on a green-blue sky;
Great Hereford steers are richly fed,
A castor bean is a gorgeous red;
Round and round goes a barrier bold,
Mountains blue and jagged and old.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 43.

My Motherland

I walked a little woodland path
In June
In far away New England.
I saw the tall oaks, wet,
Stand black
Against a green-gold sky
Of leaf and sun
Rain's aftermath.
I saw new trees begun,
But two leaves high,
And ferns and flowers
That scattered crystal showers
When I passed along that path,
As silent, treading pads
Of last year's sodden leaves
As was the line of ghostly ladies
That I met,
My mothers for three hundred years
Who bore their griefs,
Their loves, their courage, fears,
Along such paths as these.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 44.

A Wildflower of Oahu

Stop! What's this
So strangely sweet,
This haunting odor
In the island heat?
Hid in the fern
Some spicy flower
Tucked away
Has a bower,
Sends out perfume
To halt who goes
Up the hill trail
Jasmine, rose,
Apricot
What dear fragrance is it not?
It brings up memories
Of long gone hours
Sweet, sweet, haunting sweet
Epitome of fragrant flowers.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 45.

Nuuanu

In narrow Nuuanu
On this side the Pali
Where mosses and fern
Make velvet the walls of the valley.
Always the wind blows,
Always the grass flows
In green waves and silver
Back to the lowland
As though swept by the breath
Of the spirits that yearn
To return
Over the path they were driven to death.

Publication. First published in *Paeear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 46.

A Punahou Night

The purple, starlit night hangs low
Above the pillared palms,
A stately row.
The pool lies dark and still nearby,
Raindrops fall from a cloud-clear sky;
The stephanotis' breath is sweet,
The odor of fern and damp earth
Rises in the heat.
All the sultry evening long
The ukulele and guitar
And boys with plaintive song
Have charmed the hours away.
The songs are still;
Barefoot up the little hill
Through dewy grass we go,
And, plunging into water cool,
Wake with laughter the sleeping pool;
Catch the stars that have fallen there,
Make them comets in our floating hair,
Youth and life is sheer delight
In the purple, starlit, tropic night.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 47.

A Garden Cinderella

A stone wall lies at the garden edge
Tumbled over with a sprawling hedge
Of cactus, rough and ragged and gray,
Despised by the flowers in their bright array;
Bougainvillia in her gorgeous gown,
Lovely lotus with her ruby crown,
Quaint oleander, a shepherdess,
Hibiscus, gay in her scarlet dress,
And stephanotis, with delicate grace,
Holding aloof her waxen face.
The dingy cactus must stay at the wall,
Scorned and slighted by them all.
But a witch woman rides the vagrant moon.
Peering down from her place in the skies
She has found a princess in the tattered disguise.
Thrice in the year she grants her a boon,

With her crystal wand in the summer night
She breaks the spell. In the silver light
Night-blooming cereus stands, a queen,
Clad in robes of satin sheen;
Her snowy petals softly enfold
Pendent stamens of fine-spun gold;
She is perfumed, perfect, a very delight.
The old stone wall is now her throne,
Where she in the garden reigns alone,
And lovers of beauty nightly pay
Homage to her who was once so gray.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 48.

Interlude

How still my house this twilight,
No sound without or in,
Just the ticking of an ancient clock
Upon the stair.
My bedroom fireplace
Is black and bare.—
Now come my little children
A-creeping from their lair
In my heart.
Before a glowing fire
I hold a naked baby on my lap,
Happy baby
Kicking free of day's attire.
Bright eyes at my knee
Asks a story,
The fire light on his hair
Makes a shining glory.
From the bath come shouts and splashing,
Boys scrubbing toes
And making soapy billows;
Now down the hall
They're dashing,
Racing, scuffling,
Firing pillows.
Quick, boys, a kiss,
Good night.
Back into bed each one goes,
Into my heart, tucked out of sight.
Turn on the light.
The past is gone,
It's now again.
The front door opens,
Here come my men.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 49.

A Mother's Tale

Four little boys I had,
Sometimes good, sometimes bad,
Four little boys to make me glad.
Forgive me if in a mother's way
A story of them I tell today.

"Come quickly, Mother,"
Said horrified Brad,
"And stop bad words
Being said by my brother."

I came and heard.
The littlest boy stood straight
Before the third:
"I killed a man dead
And cut off his head,
I stole some honey
And sold it and kept the money."
"Go to hell," said the judge,
Solemn and sweet and funny.
The doomed one ran to the farthest door
Where sat the culprit
Who cursed and swore,
He who was first denounced.
"Of course I must use bad words," said he,
"For this is hell and the devil is me."
"And I am God," Llewellyn announced,
"And Rog is the miserable sinner."
They were playing Last Judgment
After their Sunday dinner.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 51.

Young Sceptics

"I know a thing that God can't do,"
Said one young son.
"What?" said his mother.

When a thing's been done
He can't make it be
Never-have-been-done."
It seemed wise to agree.

"I know another,"
Shouted his brother.
"What?" said the mother.

"He can't make a pencil
With only one end,
Nor push up a window
While he pushes it down."

Little Towhead said
With a puzzled frown:
"Can God look at all things?"

"Yes, little dear."
"But how can he see
His own big ear?"

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 52.

My Daughter

There is sun in your hair
And sky in your eyes,
 My daughter.

You are young and fair
And your heart is wise,
 My daughter.

There is music of bees,
Of winds in trees
And booming seas,
Of life and dreams
When you touch the keys,

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 53.

My Elf

You're an elf,
Little son,
Flitting on tiptoe
Hither and yon,
Finding yourself
In this curious place
Called a world.
I love your keen face
And your hair tightly curled,
Your questioning mind,
Each quaint conceit—
My boy that runs
On fairy feet.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 54.

Merry My Boy

Under the palm,
Blowing your horn,
Beating a can,
Being yourself
A whole brass band,
You have taken your bits
From this strange old world
And builded yourself a man.
Good-bye,
Little boy, little boy,
Gone with the years,
Now youth, now man;
I hail you,
My son, my friend.

Publication. First published in *Pascar*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 55.

Runaway

Dorothy May
Ran away
Out in the sagebrush
One sunshiny day;

Saw little quail
Down the trail
And a baby rabbit
With a cotton tail;

Followed the track
Of a beetle black,
Watched red ants
Go forth and back;

Heard in the trees
The sound of bees,
Fell on the gravel
And hurt her knees;

Knew she was lost,
Home out of sight.
Then Mother found her
And hugged her tight.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 56.

Kitten

I cannot hear a sound
When new kitten moves around.
She's a puff of Persian fur
Blown across the ground.
I'm very fond of her
When she curls, a ball of fur
On the rug before the fire
And makes her pretty purr.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 57.

Eucalyptus Blossoms

Fairy jacks-in-boxes these,
Blossoms on the blue gum trees,
Quaint old fellows
All beard and hair,

Laughing high up in the air.
The lids of the boxes came off, pop,
Fell down to the ground,
A fearsome drop.
Now we can call them Chinese hats
That the brownies wear
When they ride on bats.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 58.

Jack O'lanterns

See this pile of pumpkins
Lying in the sun;
Here sit the children
Till the morning's done.
Green squashes, gray ones,
Yellow ones and pink,
Smooth ones, bumpy ones
Would anybody think
So many kinds could grow!
Now on the wall
In a grinning row
Jack o'lanterns stand,
A crazy, leering band
Made by the children
Jack knife in hand.
They are vying with each other
Which can show to Mother
The ugliest, the horriddest,
The weirdest pumpkin face.
O, a great big ranch
Is a most entrancing place.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 59.

Rainbow Ladies

There's a rainbow in the school yard,
Little girls at play,
Standing in a circle.
Clad in dresses gay.
Ruth's a modest violet,
Barbara wears blue,
Green is donned by Juliet,
Gold by Mary Lou;
Orange decks Miss Winifred,
While Margaret's gown is red;
Patricia Ann wears snowy white,
Don't they make a pretty sight!

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 60.

The I of Me

The I of me is very queer,
The self I know by name.
No matter how I look outside
The I of me's the same.
Once I looked a little girl,
With soft smooth skin
And yellow curl.
And once I looked a slender maid
With dark eyes dancing
And long brown braid.
But now I look another way.,
A matron staid,
Hair turning gray.
But the I of me
Is just the same.
Though changed outside
I know my name.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 61.

Home

Love lives at home,
And understanding,
Shared joys of books,
Friends, beauty, days.
There's no demanding,
We choose our ways.
'Children came,
But childhood went.
We miss its cheer
Yet are content
For we are here
Together
And love lives at home.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 62.

A Place of Memory

These hills are ours,
These trees
That stand in sunshine
Or in showers,
In fog or under stars,
A place of memory.
Beneath us lay the town,
The bay, the azured city,
Then the sea
'Whence come the winds
That sweep
Across the hillside
High and steep
And sing among the branches
Of these eucalyptus trees.
They blew away our doubts and fears.
And gave us faith
To grasp the promise
Of the coming years.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 63.

I Walk with Light Feet

Don't you hear my heart beat
While I at your side
Watch the sea's rising tide
And wish you would kiss me?
Now we follow the hill trail.
Why do you fail
To answer my heart's cry
And under this sunny sky
Why don't you kiss me?
In the garden we stand,
My hand in your hand,
In the silent sweet night
In the wistful moonlight
Darling, you kiss me.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 64.

A Friend of Long Ago

Up from the vale
I go, I go,
Climbing the trail
Where the breezes blow
With a man that I love
By my side.
The sky is above,
The view is wide,
Far below is the rushing tide.
There is rain in my face
Though the sun is shining;
There are tears in my heart
That is still repining
Because we must part.
But sing, my love,
Be gay and light hearted;
Mayhap it is better
That we should be parted,
Not bound by one fetter.
The vision will stay
Of youth and today
And neither will know
The other grown gray.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 65.

On Hills Together

Out on the hills together,
I and the spirit of you,;
We joy in the seeded grasses
Wet with a heavy dew;
We joy in the wind that passes,
We joy in the wide spread view
And a curious cloud.
I speak, dear, aloud.
Perhaps you'll hear.
The sound may go
Over some mystical wave to you
And then you'll know
How I want you here.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 66.

Witchery

A full round day has gone
Since your strong hands held mine;
My arms are still a-tingle
As though cased in meshes fine
Of nerve-thread lace.
How can you be
So dear to me,
You and your sensitive face.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 67.

Values

Once you kissed my finger tips
And once my elbow nested in your arm,
My hand in yours
As close we walked a rocky path;
And times again our hands have lingered
As we parted.
Two human hearts that tremble
And are dumb, lest, speaking,
Something fine be lost.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 68.

Wish

I would take away those crystal guards
And leave your dear eyes bare.
I would take your head in my two hands
And hold it still
While I peer in;
I would fill your eyes brim full
With sparkling stinging kisses,
And waves of love would go
From hand to hand across your brain
Until you know
How much I care.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 69.

Hay Time

Tawny fields,
Sky of blue,

Hay time yields
Beauty new.

Alone I go
Down the way,
Glad I know
The smell of hay;
Glad I hear
The lark's note clear,
Sudden, near;
Glad of you,
Strong and true,
Far away
In yesterday.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 70.

A Door I Know

There is a door I know
Through which I love to go.
Outside I leave the shouting street
With grinding cars
And motors fleet;
Within I find a long lost calm—
The charm of other days.
It is as if I slipped away
And entered on a bygone day,
For here Aunt Martha holds her sway
And where she is is home.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 71.

Rag Doll

Aunt Martha sat in her straight-backed chair,
Light shone on her silver hair.
We spoke of the days when I, as a child
Ran free on a ranch when the west was wild.

“What a beautiful childhood you had,” said she,
“But yours in Maine that you told to me,
With its attic and doll-house and girls and snow
Was something I always wanted to know.”
“The doll-house, yes, that Philo made
For his three little sisters before he died,”
Her thoughts went back over seventy years,
My eyes were touched by a hint of tears.
“Joanna fell down the attic stairs,—
That’s where she went to say her prayers,—
But it did not hurt her head at all;
Joanna Race Butler was my rag doll.”

O little doll with rag-stuffed head,
How many years since your name was said?
But the thought of you has bound in one
Little Martha of Maine
And my darling lady of the westing sun.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 72.

T. N.

Here his life began;
He grew a slender boy
Of gentle looks,
Just turning man,
A bringer of joy
To his people.
His was an eager mind
To delve in books,
To ponder on life's problems
Or solution find
By experience.
One day he slipped away.
O, why?
O, whence?

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 73.

H. P.

We missed his riding down our Claremont street
To get his mail and do his little errands,
The lean straight man astride his saddle horse.
We've known his gentle face for many a year,
The teacher who began our public school
When first our town was planted in the sage.
He loved our boys and girls and recognized
Their varied ways and talents and refused
To make them all alike. We mothers knew
How kind he was and wise and good.
We're always glad he understood our boys—
Better perhaps because an unkind fate
Had thrown him on the world alone at eight
And all the learning that he had he earned.
He is not old as yet though he is nearing eighty.
He fills his days with making lovely things,
Hooked rugs in olden style or woven curtains,
With doing homely chores about his place,
With reading books and learning a new language.
Not long ago he left us and he said
That he was going to Maine to end his days
Where they began; but first he'd go to Spain,
Land of romance and his new-learned language.
Now he's come back and every one is glad
He didn't stay in that old state of Maine
But came straight home.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 74.

The Car Cleaner

I saw her stand beside the track, serene,
With folded hands,
Large and strong and shapely,
Waiting for another car to clean.
Her dress, her shoes were mean;
Her hat was made at home, was neat,
Crown buttoned on to well starched brim.
Her face was strong and sweet
And calm as if she lived remote
From passing toil.
Although her hand
Was like a man's
Upon it she wore a wedding band.
Although her garments were coarse and gray
She'd a woman's love of fine array,
For circling about her sturdy throat
There hung
A shining line of pearls, close strung.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 75.

Defeat

Evelyn knew bitterness, defeat
At the hands of that tyrant, duty.
She forswore beauty.
Where was truth
When she denied her love for Larry
To keep the promise
She'd made to marry
Theodore?
Now five hearts break
And may be more
All for the sake
Of conscience and duty.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 76.

Mismanagement

Sylvester sat by his fire
At the edge of the western sea
Dreaming of the woman he loved
While the woman who had loved him
And got him:
Brought him his slippers and tea.

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Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 77.

Recurrence

The fathers in old Babylon,
Were worried about youth;
They wrote down in cuneiform
The sad but well known truth:
The younger generation
Had fallen far from grace;
Our scholars now can read it
Upon a tablet's face.
The same thing was discovered
In the ancient land of Egypt;
We've found it writin hieroglyph,
A curious kind of script.
And Grecian boys and girls were gay
And flouted wise old Socrates;
Perhaps it was the wayward youth
That flustered poor Diogenes.
How girls were frivolous and bold
We read in Bible pages;
The ancient Jeremiah
Was the most alarmed of sages.
Then in John Evelyn's Journal
The fact's commemorated
That while he went a traveling
The youth degenerated.
And now in every paper
We read that young folk are depraved;

Gr

Alas the old have ever thought
That youth is ill behaved.
And yet the world keeps going
With children gay and strong
That grow up into old folks
Who fear that life's gone wrong.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 78.

Lydia

Many a man I have laughed with,
Bantered words and danced with
And been friends with,
They have come and gone,
And left my heart unscathed,
And me a free woman.
But you, you, »
You the wonderful lover!
Many a day have I barred you,
Closed my heart against you,
And defied you.
You have come and gone
And left my life enthralled
And me your bond woman.
I did not tell you.;
I let you go.
I did not tell you
For I did not know
How much I loved you.
Now you are gone,
I know.
And many a man I laugh with,
Banter words and dance with,
And am friends with,
But you have come and gone
And left me desolate,
Me, a lone woman.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 80.

Alone

Sometimes a sudden stillness
In the heart
Makes all things strange.
'We stand apart
From daily tasks, from strife,
And, startled,
Know the loneliness
We call life.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 81.

Nothing Stays

Why fret or waste good days
In vain regret?
Peace comes soon,
Dawn turns to afternoon;
Be it joy or sorrow
Nothing stays,
Death comes tomorrow.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 82.

Insignificance

If it's true
That tallest peaks are five miles high,
The earth eight thousand through,
Here's a thought with which to grapple,
The earth is then no rougher in proportion
Than an apple.
If God is sitting somewhere far,
Perhaps upon the utmost star,
Perhaps upon creation's wall
And holds within the hollow of his hand,
The world, a shining ball,
I wonder if his eyes can see
Such slight protuberances
As hills and trees and me.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 83.

We Think a God

We think a god to fit our human need,
A power to supplement our puny might,
A will to render judgment true and right,
A wiser guide to whom we may give heed
When we in doubt and hesitancy plead
Because our knowledge is so very slight
And we, poor men, in such a sorry plight,
From making grave decisions to be freed.
Ah, lonely craven creatures that we are,;
We dare not think, we dare not stand alone.
We call an unknown being from afar
And ask that for our failures he atone.
Responsibility we seek to shift,
Someone our burdened hearts to lift.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 84.

Appeal

We ery out to God
When we're clutched with fear
Or when danger threatens
Those we hold dear.
Happy the man who is sure
Some God will hear.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 85.

Arachne

There's a cobweb
In this corner
Of my room.
Get a broom.
Get a broom?
Why decree sudden doom
To a web of beauty,
A bit of silver spun
By a guest
In my room?

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 86.

Chords

Mine this symphony,
These chords that swell
And beat beyond my ear

Deep to some inner rhythm.
I hear
The solemn surge
Of the midnight sea,
The dirge
The wind sings
In the ancient pines;
The sweep of wings
Of great imagined birds
That soar;
The clang and roar
Of vibrant life;
A voice that wrings
My prisoned heart.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 87.

Music

The old Greeks knew.
Music is of eye and brain
And not of ear alone.
My music is of sight
The scales are shades and tints
The chords are primal color.
All day the sky sings
And at night
I see the music of the stars.
All day the earth sings.
The shimmer of yellow sand.
Beneath the rippling brook
Is lovelier than the murmur
Of its water.
I see lyrics
In the shadow of new leaves
Upon the sheer white curtains
Of a cloistral chamber.
The mountains are hymns
And Sainte Chapelle
Is Beethoven.;

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 88.

New Pantheism

Electrons and ions,
Electricity
Make an atom
And atoms make me,
Make the stones,
Make a tree.
Electrons and ions
Make stars and sun,
All the universe
Bound in one.
Manifest of power,
Form of energy.
Is everything fraught
Like us with thought
And the sum of it all
Deity?

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 89.

Song

Each sun that rises
Brings a day new-born.

Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho!
Life is a song of sweet surprises;
Rise with a shout to greet the morn.

Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho!

What though the night breed dark surmises
That fate is a fraud and life forlorn.

Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho!
Each sun that rises
Brings a day new-born.

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Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 90.

Sunrise

Splash!
Into day I'm whirled,
Riding my world
In its race
Through space.
After the night
Light,
Broken color.
The mountain ahead
Has caught up mauve,
Out of gray sped.
Into primrose and jade
And sky parade
Of orange and red
With a flag of blue.
Splash!
Dash!
The day is new.

Publication. First published in *Pasear*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press, 1926, p. 91.

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Colophon

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This critical reading edition was edited by Brian Kim Stefans for The Text-Tech Papers, Los Angeles, in 2026, as part of *Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry*. The poems were reset from the source pages identified in the publication notes and datasheet. The book was composed in EB Garamond on a cream field at 6 × 9 inches. The cover uses original abstract artwork prepared for this edition.