

Poems

Winfred

Patton

Childhood.

Far in the mystical confines of regions celestial,
Where the sun, moon and stars have their birth, and the river of life
has its source,
God planted the Kingdom of Childhood, and gave it in charge of His
angels,
To fill it with shining and beauty, and shield it from ill
that perplex.
There the exiled descendants of Adam may dwell in the confines
of Heaven,
And read in the clear eyes of childhood the glory of wonderful
things,
For bright spirits hover around, unseen by all but the
children,
And a light on the infantine faces reveals that they whisper
with God!
That land is a region of wonders, for God, who loveth the
children
calling them ever to Him with accents of loving command,
willed that beauty and joy might be theirs, & that peace
might encompass them ever,
And no evil defile their bright Kingdom, defended by angels
and men.
There the day with rich splendour is glowing, & the night is
a world of enchantment,
When earth rests in magical quietude under the dark,
jewelled sky,
There the moon & the stars have breath & the throb of
their musical whispers
Descends in the stillness of eve to the hush of the listening
world.
There the near and the far are one, & the blessed & exiled
may mingle
For the children are white links of blossom that join the heavens
and earth.
Every mortal for some brief time may reign in the Kingdom of Childhood,
Then, alas, must lay down its sceptre, & pass to the world
beyond.

Nature

O mother Nature, see I come to thee
Troubled and weary mind & soul distressed
By cruel thoughts from which I cannot flee,
Harassed by doubts & fears, & wild unrest,
Life's problems press upon my tortured brain,
To see thee for rest & soothing I appeal,
In thy sweet evening stillness ah how vain
Appear the gloom & fears we mortals feel!
How vain our human eyes that peer & pry,
Our restless hearts that will not be content,
Our puny minds that fret, & fume, & cry,
Because they cannot grasp the Infinite.
Now while all beauty lights the peaceful West,
Hush thou my troubled thoughts, & give me rest.

Villanelle.

If Life be drear,
O man, no more lament, but do,
Death may be near.

Be of good cheer
Look to the Heaven's smiling blue,
If Life be drear.

Dry thy sad tear,
Of mortal grief the days are few,
Death may be near.

Why dost thou fear?
Do not the bitter lesson rue,
If Life be drear.

Look up & hear
The voice of God, who holds the clew;
Death may be near.

The skies are clear,
Beyond them shines thy dwelling true,
If Life be drear,
Death may be near ~~ALWAYS~~

Come to me out of the moonlight,
O ye spirits that pass
In the silver hush of the dream-world
Over the shimmering grass.

The moonbeams whiten the meadow
The stars are diamonds clear,
I am all alone in the silence,
Alone with the waning year.

Far in the misty distance
Dim castle towers arise
The lake in the lonely hollow
In a splendour of moonlight lies.

The frost gleams white on the branches,
On the grass, and the last dead leaves,
And over the glass of my window
Its fairy lacework weaves.

Ah, come to me out of the silence,
O ye spirits so fair,
That glide in the hush of the moonlight
Down through the worlds of air.

I feel your shadowy presence
In the stillness all around
In the calm of the solemn midnight
Ye whisper without a sound.

What is your errand earthward?
Do ye come from afar to bless
The earth and its slumbering peoples
With whispers and soft caresses?

Do ye wander from out the starlight
From the heart of the deep profound,
So float in a silver twilight
That mortals have never found?

Do ye come from the starry heavens
So light with golden gleams
The pathways of little children
Through the wonder-world of dreams?

The chill of the frosty ~~moonlight~~ moonbeams
Do creeping through every vein,
Yet still I listen and linger,
Linger and listen in vain.

For only the pale, cold ~~moonbeams~~ moonlight,
And the far-off stars I see,
From the mystic kingdom of spirits
No answer cometh to me.

A Dream.

I had watched the sunset fading
In the west,
And the tranquil shadows lulling
Earth to rest,
While a silence vast enfolded earth and sky,
And the trees their breeze-breath bating,
Sumed in solemn hush awaiting
A message from On High.
When had faded the last radiance
Of the sun,
Soon the gold stars blossomed forth
One by one
And the pale moon glided upward from her bowers
To the far undounded ether,
Where sweet angel children gather
Fadless, starry flowers.

Then from out the magic distance,
Sweet and clear
Came a throbbing, fitful music ~~to~~
To my ear,
While the world in moonlight radiance silent lay,
As of silver bells a-ringing,
Or of cherub voices singing
In Heaven, far away.

As with eager joy I listened —
While around,
Every pulse of nature quickened
To the sound,
And the quiet world was folded all in rest,
Near the music came, and nearer,
Growing sweeter still, and clearer,
Voices of the Blest!

From the deep came angel voices
Throbbing clear,
And the stars leaned down to whisper
In my ear,
Then my soul seemed borne on flashing wings to God,
Up to the land celestial,
Where never feet terrestrial
Save mine, had trod.

And in that wondrous Kingdom
Of the skies,
Where God's eternal glory
Never dies,
I read the secrets hidden from us here,
And round about our Father
I saw His children gather,
Knowing not fear.

Then I softly floated earthward, —
Down again
From that beautiful world of Heaven ~~to our pain~~
To our pain,
But no sadness weighed my heart or touched my soul,
For all gloom of earthly seeming
Is with wondrous glory gleaming,
When we see God's whole.

Then methought the moon smiled sweetly,
Calmly, on me from above,
And a last, sweet, starry whisper
I floated downward — "God is love."

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