Poems

Winnifred 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 ills that perplex

There the exiled descendants of Adam may dwell in the confines of Heaven,

And read in the clear wyes 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 therein, + that peace might encompass them ever,

And no evil defile their bright Kingdom, defended by angels and men.

There the day with rich splendor is glowing, + the night is a world of enchantment,

When earth rests in magical quietude under the dark, jeweled sky,

There the moon + the stars have breath, + and 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 heaven and earth.

Every mortal for some brief time may reign in the Kingdom of Childhood,

Then alas must lay down its scepter, + pass to the world beyond.

Nature

O Mother Nature, see I come to the,

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 ~~res~~ thee for rest + soothing I appeal,

In thy sweet evening stillness ah hour vain

Appear the gloom + fear we mortals feel!

How vain our human eyes that peer or 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 thought, + 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 Heavens smiling blue,

If Life be drear.

Dry they sad tear,

Of mortal grief the days are few,

Death may be near.

Why dost thou fear?

Do not the bitter lesson rue,

I Life be drear.

Look up + hear

The voice of God, who holds the dew,

Death may be near.

The skies are dear,

Beyond them shines thy dwelling true,

If Life be drear

Death may be near

([upside down and crossed out]Return)

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 mood beams whiten the meadow,

The stars ad diamond 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 splendor of moonlight lies.

The frost gleams while on the branches,

On the grass, and the last dead leaves,

And over the glass of my window

It 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 clam of the solemn midnight

Ye whispers 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 caress?

Do ye wander from out the starlight,

From the heart of the deep profound

To float in a silver twilight

That mortals have never found?

Do ye come from the starry heavens

To light with golden gleams

The pathways of little children

Through the wonder-world of dreams?

The chill of the frosty ~~moonlight~~ moonbeams

Is 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 stare 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,

Seemed 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 unclouded ether,

Where sweet angel children gather

Fadeless, 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

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!

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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 beauteous 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

Floated downward~~s~~ –“God is love”

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