

# *The Heart of a Girl*

*The early poems of  
Miriam Esther Sieber*

1934-1936



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## Introduction

*I was thirteen when I moved into the household made up of Grandpa, Ruth, and Mama, who by now had become "Mother"—a change due to the growing sophistication of her children, no doubt.*

*And for the first time in my life I had a Real ROOM OF MY OWN. Will I ever forget it?*

*Far from the sunny pink "Lucy Adele Room" of my dreams, the Middle Room in the upstairs at Grandpa's house was small and dark. One narrow window opened to the East. From here I could watch ninety-year-old Mrs. Smoyer work in her garden, or I could reach out and touch the appleblossoms in Spring. In the sloping dormer wall to the north was a tiny window facing the front of the property, but I had to lie on my stomach to be able to see from it.*

*The room was heated in winter by warm air rising from a pipehole above the dining room. That pipehole provided more than heat. Through it we—Ruth and I—could spy on who had come to visit Grandpa or Mama, and decide whether or not we wanted to risk going downstairs.*

*A tiny dark closet held my few dresses, blouses, and skirts, and, on shelves, my underclothes and the scant treasures I had managed to bring along from our Idaho home. A solid wooden bed with an uncomfortable straw tick was my only piece of furniture.*

*The wallpaper was new-papered especially for me—but I can't remember it. Was there a rag carpet on the floor? I don't remember. I just know that it was the most important room of my life.*

*On the day I took possession, the first item on my agenda was to procure, by any means, a desk. I ran to the grocery for two orange crates. With my few hoarded shekels I bought some oilcloth of a bilious green (the choice was limited!) and thumbtacks, to cover the rough wood inside and out. Then I set the boxes on end, close to the east window, borrowed two tableboards from Mother for a desk top, and—Voilà!—I was in business.*

*This, for the next three years, was my womb, my home, my Eden. Life was full of school, of chores at home, of mowing lawns and ironing shirts and babysitting to earn the needed money. But once all the duties were discharged, I flew to that room to bask in its—and my own—uniqueness, to write my poems, make my lists, read my books, dream my dreams.*

—From Miriam S. Lind's *Vignettes and Collages*, 1981

And it was during those three years that Miriam wrote these 106 poems. They were rediscovered in 2015 at the death of her sister, Elizabeth, by Liz's daughter Ellen, who found a small, tattered three-ring binder tucked into one of her shelves (bless her for preserving it and sending it to me!). In it were 106 yellowed, brittle pages, each containing a type-written poem. Almost all the poems had "MES" at the bottom, many with her age, and a few with a date or year. Nine of the poems were untitled. A number of them had initials in the title, referring to friends unknown to us (i.e. *I shall miss You R.L.R.*). The loose leaf book contained no other writing or explanations.

—Matthew Lind, 2015

## *PRAYER*

God, let me die  
As flow'rs that summer bringeth  
Whose memory  
Is fragrant, sweet and rare.  
That when they lie  
In dust— a new life springeth  
Above the old  
And blossoms brightly there.

- *MES (14)*

## *THE DEATH OF THE LEAVES*

I saw some leaves a-falling  
Bright golden leaves and red.  
I wondered what was calling  
Them to their earthy bed.

I saw some leaves a-lying  
Like bright comforters of wool.  
I marveled then, that dying  
Could be so beautiful.

I saw some leaves a-falling  
Upon an autumn's day—  
And wished that death would come to me  
In such a pretty way.

- *MES (15)*

## *OLD AGE*

Silently and swiftly  
We are all crucified  
On the cross of years.  
Softly we are borne  
To new-hewn tombs.  
Some rise after three days;  
Others— never.

- *MES (16)*

## *INCOMPLETE*

“You may take all,” I said.  
The Lord said, “Give me these.”  
And pressed my rough hand gently.

Quickly I smiled, and answered, “No,  
You don’t want those. Why they  
Are awkward, blundering, unskilled.  
You may have everything else—.”

He dropped them, gently as he had held them,  
And his liquid eyes gazing thoughtfully into mine—  
He said, “Then— you may keep yourself.”

- *MES (15)*

## *HE COULD PRAY*

I liked to hear him pray—  
He knocked 'em all away—  
The telegraph lines and the cars—  
All 'at was left was stars and stars  
And God.

When he'd bust out and pray,  
This earth would slide away—  
And then he'd talk his little prayer  
(And you could hear him everywhere)  
To God.

After I heard that man,  
I couldn't hardly stand—  
Whenever I went anyplace  
I only saw that preacher's face  
And God.

I couldn't hear the bands  
Or clappin' of the hands—  
I only heard that preacher's voice  
And boy, oh boy! Could he make noise  
To God.

I couldn't sit in a show  
A-watchin' how things go  
I was kneelin' there, and me alone  
Before a Great White Heavenly throne  
With God.

And I should like to pray  
Like him, just thataway.  
'Twas just as if he really walked  
(And I know this— he really talked)  
With God.

- MES (15)



## *WOMEN WITH BROOMS*

Women with brooms—  
Sweeping your houses—  
Sweeping your closets,  
Your doors and your chests,

You whose sole duty  
Is keeping your house clear—  
Clean for your family—  
Clean for your guests;

I am your kin, for  
Everyday, everyday,  
Must I a broom take  
Wherever I roam

And clean out my dwelling that  
One Guest may enter—  
Enter my heart, as guests  
Enter your home.

- *MES (16)*

## *FORGIVE ME*

Forgive me for ever saying  
I did not want to live  
Today I saw a flower—  
Now, life I can believe.  
Today I saw a tree,  
I want to live and give.

Forgive me for ever saying  
I wanted so to die  
This morn I saw a sunrise  
Red-gold against the sky.  
And then I heard a lone bird's song.  
I want to live, and try!

Forgive, forgive my saying  
That life was not worthwhile  
For heaven has come down to me  
Since first I saw you smile—  
And now I know that I will go  
The last, long, weary mile!

- *MES*  
8-9-36

## *ONLY THIS*

I did not ask that God give me  
The trees  
Or make me a gift of the  
Billowing breeze  
I only asked that he  
Let me love these.

I will not beg for your heart  
With a song.  
I will not press if you  
Bar it up strong—  
But— let me love it—  
I have  
Loved it so long.

- *MES*

## *UNTITLED 1*

This hand is Thine to keep or break,  
This pen is Thine to leave or take,  
These lines write I for Thy sweet sake.  
Amen.

## *QUIET MEN*

I like the quiet men, and slow—  
Men usually bluster so.

I like the ones whose fingers pen  
Immortal blessing unto men.

The men who lift their quiet eyes  
Adoringly to crimsoned skies.

Whose quiet lips are slow to kiss  
Whose love is steady, serene bliss.

The men whose noblest thoughts and best  
In God and Heaven have their rest.

\*\*\*\*\*

God was so thoughtful of us, when  
He sent to earth these quiet men.

*E.M.S.*<sup>1</sup>

Each day I hardly noticed you were here  
But now you've grown so very, very dear—  
Upon my paper falls a little tear—  
You've gone away!

The unkind words that I had said to you  
I thought of them. Some unkind actions too.  
They seemed so small to me before I knew  
That you had gone.

I know that you are happy now, and I  
Am just as happy as I was; but try  
My hardest, I cannot keep back a sigh—  
You've gone away!

- *MES (15)*

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<sup>1</sup> Likely refers to Miriam's older sister, Elizabeth Mae Sieber.

## *THE MOTHER INSTINCT*

When I run and jump  
And yell for pure joy,  
I've wondered why God  
didn't make me a boy.  
When I climb a tree  
Or join boys in their play,  
I've wondered why I  
Wasn't "Donald," or "Ray."

But when I am ironing  
Small babies' clothes—  
When I hold one closely  
And play with its toes  
And caress with my fingers  
Each soft little curl,  
I think that I know  
Why God made me a girl.



Miriam with her niece Patty Sieber

- *MES* (15)

## *UNTITLED 2*

Years glide through my fingers like sand,  
Days like the wind.  
The hours and the moments rush on—  
And leave me behind.

They rush— as the hurricane, yet  
I am not distressed.  
I know there's an end to time—  
There is rest.



## *TO MOTHER*

My hands are empty—  
Mother of Mine!  
Never they'll hold for you  
Gifts sweet and fine.  
My hands are helpless—  
My lips are dumb—  
My heart holds phrases  
Too precious to come.

Struggling and groping—  
Reaching above—  
Mother, dear Mother—  
Here is my love:  
Take it: 'Tis all I can give  
                  unto Thee;  
Come, loving heart—  
Into this heart of me!

- *MES (16)*



Miriam with her mother Bertha

## *TWO WOMEN*

One fingered gowns of gossamer  
And found in them  
Life's loveliness.  
The other's eyes shone with delight  
The while she kneeled  
And touched Christ's dress.

- *MES (16)*

## *QUEST*

God, where are you?  
Are you in the softness of little town  
Where old folks saddle up and down?  
Are you in the bustle of city street—  
Are you in the people that I meet?  
Are you in the airplanes  
That fall and crash  
Or in the cars  
That speed and flash?

Are you in the beings  
That sob and sigh?  
Are you in the things  
That make folks die?

Are you in the silence  
Of summer's dream  
Or quietness of  
A crystal stream?  
Are you in the trees?  
Are you in the air?  
Or are you, God,  
Just everywhere?

- *MES (15)*

## *AFTERWARD*

Sweet rest  
Which cometh after sunset  
And closeth drooping lids o'er weary eyes  
Which best  
Can lure the cattle homeward  
And beckon swallows from the evening skies.

Sweet sleep  
Which cometh after labor  
And foldeth tired hands and stilleth breath—  
So deep  
The markings of the sober  
Of that grim, silent reaper, we call death.

- *MES (14)*

## *NEW FRIEND*

*H. K.*

Easter's here— same old cheer—  
But I'm happier this year  
One more "thankful" must ascend—  
Glad I've met a brand new friend!

And I'm very glad about  
One more thing— and now it's out—  
Glad to think that you might be  
Something more than "friend" to me.

- *MES (15)*



Miriam and Lola Slatter

## *THE BROKEN VASE*

I'm sorry, darling, that your heart  
Was in the vase I crushed—  
I'm sorry that its lips to you  
Are now forever hushed—  
But dear, the world will break so much  
Of things you wished to keep—  
Hearts— little tendernesses loved—  
So dear— you must not weep.  
The vase can never be replaced  
The floor it lies upon  
Is glittering with its pretty waste—  
Your vase— my dear, is gone—  
Think not of it in days to be  
As broken, on the floor  
But make a pleasant memory  
Of what you loved it for.

- *MES (15)*

## *GALILEE'S SHORE*

This shell is from the Sea of Galilee.  
So small it is, and yet, so dear to me.  
From out its tissue wrappings in the chest  
I gently lift it, lay it back to rest—  
Lift it again, and finger tenderly  
The little shell. In days that used to be  
There walked a man by Galilee's still shore,  
He lived, and died, and he walks there no more  
And yet he lives today in hearts of men.  
I wonder if he held this small shell then?

- *MES (15)*

## *NEW FRIEND*

*R.A.K.*

I didn't know  
When I came here  
And saw you,  
That you were so dear  
Nor that my knowing you  
Would be  
A very lovely thing  
To me.  
But when you smiled  
As now you do  
I caught the preciousness  
Of you  
And with it came  
A new desire  
Grasping my heart  
And lifting it higher—  
The will to live  
Unto this end:  
That I might be  
A worthy friend.



Miriam with friend Joyce Peterson, 1931

- *MES*



## *TO THE ANGEL*

Angel of the Christmastide  
As you on your journey go  
Winging far across the snow—  
Keep my baby by your side.

Kiss her lips, warm her small hand—  
It is just as I have told—  
When she left— It was so cold—  
Angel, do you understand?

Then her head began to nod—  
Angel of the Christmastide—  
Spread your wings afar and wide—  
Give my little one to God.

- *MES (15)*

## *TOMORROW*

Tomorrow will be fair  
And free from care.  
I know 'twill be that way  
For oh, today  
God called me through my pain  
And made it plain.

He said, "Though clouds be low  
It is not so  
That you will suffer long.  
Make Life a song—  
Know that tomorrow stands  
Within my hands."

- *MES (16)*  
*8-10-36*

## *NO CHOICE*

I had no choice;  
The starving lad  
On that cold winter's day,  
Called from my heart  
The best I had—  
Forced me to give away.

I had no choice;  
When pain-filled eyes,  
Turned pleadingly to me—  
Then came the voice  
From out the skies,  
“I gave my all for thee.”

- *MES (15)*

## *OUR SONGS*

You sang of tears,  
I, of the joy of years—  
And so we went our ways,  
You to croon  
Your aching tune,  
I to bask in praise.

Ah! for those dreams!  
How odd it seems—  
Now when each reads his line—  
A smile of peace  
Spreads o'er your face  
And tears of grief mark mine.

- *MES*  
*8-10-36*

## *WHEN GOD FOUND ME*

I lost God through the day—  
So many things to do—  
So many trifles, too  
Removed me from his way

But when the twilight came  
And all the earth was still,  
From out across the hill—  
He called— he called my name!

- *MES (15)*

## *TO A MOTHER*

*R.G.*

Mother of a little girl—  
Mother of a boy—  
What more could I wish for you—  
Who have so much joy.

Little baby feet that run  
Lightly everyplace—  
Little, soft, red lips that cling  
Sweetly to your face—

Little tears and little smiles  
Little troubles too  
Must make life so full, so rich,  
So divine for you!

Oh God bless your happiness—  
God reward your joy—  
Mother of a little girl—  
Mother of a boy.

- *MES (15)*

## TO MY SISTER ON HER TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY <sup>2</sup>

Never a day so beautiful,  
Never a day so fair,  
But I see in the place  
Of beauty, your face  
A-crowned with your waving hair.

Never a day that is so clear  
Never a day so bright  
But I see in the skies  
Your smiling eyes  
With love and joy alight.

Never a day so cloudy,  
Never a day so sad.  
But your jolly strain  
Will mock the rain  
And make me gay and glad.

Never a day full of sorrow  
Or an hour that is full of mirth,  
But my heart kneels there  
And whispers a prayer  
For the dearest sister on earth!



Miriam's older sister Elizabeth

- MES (14)

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<sup>2</sup> For older sister Elizabeth's 20th birthday on July 9, 1935

## *I SHALL MISS YOU*

*R.L.R.*

O, I will miss you;  
You who have wandered  
Over the hills with me;  
You who have squandered  
Hours with me out where the wild grapes grow,  
Oh! I will miss you! I know— I know!

O, I will miss you,  
You who have listened  
To the bird's call with me  
While the dew glistened  
On the long grass leaning lovely and low,  
Oh! I will miss you! I will miss you so.

O, I will miss you;  
Roads we have trod  
Side by side, leading us  
Closer to God  
Oft I'll remember, dear, after I go  
Then, I shall miss you! O, how well I know!

- *MES (15)*



## *MOTHER*

Wherein I groped in darkness— God did leave  
A bright, a shining light for me to see.  
A light that never yet has failed to guide;  
This light was thee.

Whene'er I need a friend to understand  
My little troubles, and to share with me  
That flowing cup of joy which youth can give,  
This friend is thee.

I needed one to lift me up to God—  
To point the brightness of his love to me—  
Someone who dwelt and walked alway with him—  
He gave me thee.

- *MES (15)*



Miriam with mother Bertha

## *TODAY'S SONG*

My heart is young  
And if the love it's holding  
Should waste unsung,  
And years should slip away—  
Oh God forgive  
My aged joy it's molding.  
Oh let me live—  
And sing my song today!

- *MES (15)*

## *TO GOD*

What if I should call  
As I usually do  
On some sunny day—  
God, for you?

What if I should call  
To the sky— the air  
To the forests all—  
And you'd not be there!

What if I'd not hear  
Your dear answering voice  
How could I but fear?  
How could I rejoice?

If this should be true  
On some sunny day  
When I'd call for you  
And you'd be away

Though my eye should see  
Loveliest landscape known—  
All earth's joy to me  
Would be gone.

- *MES (15)*

### *UNTITLED 3*

None so cold, as is your brow  
Lying white and noble now.

Not a hand so strangely still  
As is yours, against the sill.

Lifeless, cold, this house of clay,  
We must needs lay it away.

Yet we know your spirit sings,  
Pregnant with celestial things.

*MES (15)*

*TO ONE WITH THE HEART OF A MOTHER*

*R.K.*

No child is yours this mother's day  
To laugh and kiss your tears away.

The little hands that softly press  
Are but to you an emptiness.

No little lips will cling and tell  
What mother's love to hear so well

Yet you are rich, for you possess  
A mother's patient gentleness.

A mother's love— a mother's grace  
Suffuses all your quiet face.

And though no child has come to you  
To brighten life as children do,

Life's preciousness you own in part:  
Within you beats a mother's heart.

- *MES (15)*

## *UNTITLED 4*

Can dawn return—  
Another dawn  
Pale, cold, a lifeless gray—  
And can I learn  
I must go on  
With you away?

Can I outgrow  
The things I loved—  
The mem'ries that will last  
When you are now  
So far removed  
Into the past.

## *BLESS THEM*

God, bless all tiny hands tonight,  
Each chubby finger, one by one  
And as they grow, keep them aright—  
(I'd ask it for my little son)

God, keep all stumbling, little feet  
And let them never be alone.  
(I mind me how I put some shoes  
On one small child that was my own.)

God, keep all little souls tonight—  
And give each heart a dreamy rest.  
I ask it, for one time there lay  
A small, sweet head against my breast.

- *MES (16)*  
8-10-36

## *SINGER'S PRAYER*<sup>3</sup>

*R.E.*

Oh! let me sing, God  
Give my voice wings  
As the bird sings,  
So I would sing, God.  
As the trees swing,  
Let my voice ring.

Let my voice rise, God  
Higher toward thine.  
With the divine  
Sweeten my voice, God  
This voice of mine,  
This voice of Thine!

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<sup>3</sup> Adapted as a song by Matthew Lind, page 110.



## *A FAREWELL*

Sing our song once more with me  
Then you may go—  
Leave me that one sweet memory—  
'Tis better so.

I will endeavor to forget  
The tears I shed  
I will annul my last regret—  
It will be dead.

Yet know I that hours will be long  
At fall of dew—  
So let me remember that one song—  
That song— and you.

- *MES (16)*  
8-10-36

## *SNOW ON A MOUNTAIN*

We get the snow so black in town  
That God must send some new snow down  
But on the mountain top the light  
Rises each day on snow that's white.

Creator of this wondrous art  
Look this day upon my heart  
As snow on mountains may it stay  
Pure and beautiful each day.

- *MES (15)*

## *TO ONE CHILDLESS*

You'd like a little child, I know.  
Your longing eyes just tell me so.  
When e'er you watch a little boy  
In silence playing with a toy—  
Who looks at you with sweet surprise  
From out his liquid baby eyes—  
You needn't tell a single one—  
They know you wish he were your son.

You'd love to have a little child—  
The longing clouds your eyes so mild—  
You'd like a little girl with hair  
Just like her dad's, except more fair—  
With lights of joy within her eyes  
As clear and blue as summer skies  
You may not want it known— but oh,  
You'd love to have a child, I know!

- *MES (14)*

## *TO G. G.*

I know you; I've seen your face  
I'd recognize you any place.

For you are one of those whose eyes  
Are filled with knowledge of the skies,

Whose quiet brow is nature's own,  
Caressed by hands of one unknown.

And I have seen you standing there  
With bare'd head and wind-filled hair

And nature thrilled you through and through  
Because she was a part of you.

And thus are you; but I must cleave  
To those who see, and then believe

How different we! We go our ways  
You to love and I to praise.

You a son of nature, I  
Witness of her majesty.

- *MES*

## *YOUTH*

It is good to be young:  
To feel in your hair  
The long-tooth combs  
Of the blowing air.

To stand on a hill  
As darkness dies  
And fling bare arms  
To the morning skies.

To own a body  
Slender and strong—  
Bright eyes, and lips  
That burst with song.

And a heart on which  
No burden has hung—  
Nor pressing pain—  
It is good to be young.

- *MES (16)*



Miriam 1936

## *TO THE COMMONLY CALLED "BUTTERFLY"*

You are too fragile a thing to hold  
Too fragile and fair.  
You, of the delicate wings splashed with gold  
In spots here and there  
As thin Bohemian glass or old,  
Old chinaware  
You were made for me to admire, not hold,  
You are too fair!

- *MES (16)*

## *PLEA*

I— who loved life—  
Must I go away  
Where the valley is dark  
And there is no day?  
I, who exulted  
In living— in life—  
Must I be cut down  
By the reaper's knife?  
Must my heart, which thrills  
As the seasons thrill  
Struggle, and flutter, and then grown still?

I have loved life  
And I have loved song—  
Ah. I have loved  
So long— so long!  
I have loved these:  
The sweetness of pain—  
The gladness of sunshine  
After the rain.  
I have loved voices  
And tender tears—  
I have loved moments—  
And days— and years!

I have loved, yet  
I must go away  
To the dark, dark valley  
Where dwells no day;  
But after I sleep,  
As a chrysalis curled,  
O, may I love life  
In a lovelier world!

- *MES (15)*

## *BOY*

Little boy of seven  
With dreams—  
Life seems  
To you a heaven.

Eyes that shine with lights untold—  
You are  
A young star  
Whose beam is old.

Life will treat you as a toy—  
Take care—  
Beware—  
Bright-haired boy!

- *MES (16)*



## *HALF PAST TWO*

Little girl of half past two—  
Don't know what to do with you.  
Little hand,  
You demand  
A scrubbing, through and through and through.  
S'pose that you have had your play  
With Eddie, in the alleyway.  
Would it matter,  
Would it hurt,  
If you missed your meal of dirt?  
Little dress—  
What a mess—  
And your tiny underskirt—  
B'lieve I'll send you straight to bed.

(I gave her a kiss instead)  
True, she's not so very neat  
But she is so small and sweet—  
Hit and miss  
Little kiss—  
Memories like these, are so fleet  
Don't know what I'd ever do  
Without this lass just half past two.

- *MES (16)*

## *LET MY DEATH BE*

Let my death be  
the closing of a book, worn and interesting  
which God has read  
and, being satisfied with its contents,  
has tenderly laid it away  
in his library.

- *MES (15)*

## *MY GUARD*

*from "My Guard, My Guide, My Song"*

You, whose warm, silent womb once sheltered me  
In a soft night  
From the bright light  
Of the life to be,

Who gave me, when  
The piercing light must come,  
A full breast,  
A safe nest  
And your heart for a home.

You become sweeter, lovelier  
As the days roll,  
So wise with the years  
And the knowledge of tears—  
Loved Guard of my Soul!

- *MES (16)*

## *MY GUIDE*

*from "My Guard, My Guide, My Song"*

You have been something  
Wonderful to me—  
The white fire  
Of a dear desire—  
As deep as the sea.

Into my life you've poured  
As molten gold  
The life stream  
Of a bright dream  
That shall not grow old.

You have been something  
Wonderfully bright—  
A radiant star  
In the night a-far—  
My guiding light!

- *MES (16)*

## *MY SONG*

*from "My Guard, My Guide, My Song"*

Melodious Lark,  
My lovely singing one,  
The soft note  
That is born in your throat  
Makes brighter the sun!

Delicious notes are yours  
That swiftly weave  
The cool thrill  
Of a morn on a hill—  
A garden at eve.

And when your life sings forth,  
Resonant— strong  
New life starts  
In my heart of hearts—  
Dear, joyful song!

- *MES (16)*

## *FOR LIFE*

Just one more plea  
To thee  
O God! I've always been  
So free.  
Life has been sweet  
Years, however fleet  
Were such a joy to me.

Calm was my brow.  
And now,  
O! 'tis so very hard  
To bow  
To death and fear.  
Life was so dear  
When I stand at its prow

Throughout this train  
Of pain,  
O God, let me possess  
Courage again.  
Make me to know  
New life, e'en though  
My old, free self be slain.

- *MES (15)*

## *DARK AND LIGHT*

As lightning in the rain  
So now—  
One sharpest pain.  
One agony  
One struggle more—  
One gasp, and now  
Now, Life is o'er.

A sinking,  
An oblivion,  
A pit.  
Then, oh—  
The sun— the sun!  
And death is done.

- *MES (16)*

## *CREATE IN ME*

God, make me clean—  
If these, my lips must speak  
Let nothing mean  
Or vile from them outbreak.  
Let no phrase pass between  
That is not for thy sake.

God— make me pure  
If this mind given me  
Cannot be sure—  
Take it away— I see  
For filthiness no cure  
But what is giv'n by Thee.

- *MES*  
*8-10-36*



## *PASTIME*

I broke another heart today;  
I did it, though I cannot say  
Just how.  
And now  
Fingers point from every side—  
Shame me. But my shame has died  
Years ago.  
And so  
I idly take another heart  
Crush it, break it, take it apart;  
Kill it.  
And sit  
And vow no one shall ever know  
My heart was buried long ago.

- *MES (15)*

## *FOR TWO LOVERS*

You may well be happy  
While you may—  
And love, and cling, and kiss  
The lover's way.  
Soon you must cling  
And kiss life's tears away.

You may well sigh  
As lovers do—  
You may well dream.  
And plan, the long hours through  
For this I know;  
All dreams will not come true.

Go, whisper softly—  
Let him hold your hand—  
Love is the strongest, wisest,  
Sweetest band,  
To bind your hearts  
Against a stranger land.

- *MES*  
8-10-36

## *ENTRY, SPRING*

Spring is here! I saw her  
Darting behind trees,  
Playing by the roadside,  
Dancing in the breeze.  
Smooth and soft and lovely  
Was her garment white—  
Smooth and soft and lovely,  
Draping in the light.  
Bright her eyes did sparkle  
And I saw her smile.  
It was sweet, and from it  
Flowers poured the while.  
Fair her hair was streaming,  
Fairer still than dawn,  
And a crown of daisies  
Stood her head upon.  
Sweet and pure and fragrant  
Was the breath she gave—  
Sweet and pure and fragrant  
As flowers on a grave.  
Long she laughed, and lightly  
And her laugh was gay.  
Long she laughed, and beckoned  
Me to come away  
Following her robings  
Soft and white and long,  
Bearing up her robings,  
Robins sang her song.

Spring is here, I heard her  
Laughing 'neath the trees  
Dancing in the roadside,  
Playing with the breeze!



Miriam, 1937

- *MES* (14)

## *YOUTH DREAMS*

The dreams that lie  
With me tonight  
Are bright— bright  
Yet because I am young  
And ignorant, they will die unsung.

O, I will grow old  
And I will forget  
As the winds, and clouds  
And the trees forget.

The unstrung harp  
On the wall of years hung  
Will forget, forget  
It might have been strung  
One day, one day  
But it was too young  
Too young— too young.  
Far, far too young.

- *MES (15)*

## *LOST STAR*

My star, whose light  
Had never failed,  
Grew cold,  
Burned out,  
And fell.  
The one whose cheek  
Had never paled  
Waxed white.  
I cannot tell  
What thing it was,  
Nor why, nor how  
It touched  
Her gentle light  
I only know  
She's gone, and now  
I grope  
Alone—  
In night.

- *MES (16)*

## *MENDERS*

She weaves the threads  
Forth and back—  
Forth and back—  
As she mends the hole in her stocking  
With patient fingers  
She works  
Her will.

And I, Oh, I weave  
Forth and back  
Forth and back  
As I attempt to close the gap in my life  
With resigned patience  
I work  
Another's will.

- *MES (16)*

## *IN MANY TONGUES*

Marty told me  
Love was heaven  
And she drooped  
Her head, and sighed.  
Blenda told me,  
Dark eyes flashing,  
“One by Love  
Is crucified.”

Mary says  
It's something at your  
Heart, that seems  
To hurt, and pull.  
I asked Sister  
And she told me  
Love was deep  
And beautiful.

Christie warned,  
“It is a curse—  
To keep away  
You will do well”  
Sandra's words  
(I never tell them)  
Sizzled. She said,  
“Love is hell.”

- MES '36

## *UNTITLED 5*

Out of the breathless darkness  
Comes a hand  
Certainly real;  
I cannot understand.

Out of the stillness steals  
A sister tear—  
Tremulously close—  
Breathlessly near.

Out where the dark meets light  
And shadows blend.  
A heart meets mine  
And softly whispers, "Friend!"

*MES '36*



## *PAIN IN THE WORLD*

God, give my hands  
The coolness of soft rain—  
For, long as they shall feel,  
There will be pain.  
As long as nights are dropped  
And days unfurled—  
There will be poignant pain  
In all the world.  
I ask cool blessings  
On my hands just now  
To pass to every  
Fevered, fretful brow.

God, give my heart the sympathy of sky—  
For, long as it shall beat—  
Some thing shall die;  
Whether it be death  
Of Life or Love—  
There will be death—  
Whose power none can move;  
O, touch me now  
That hearts undone with grief  
May find against my own  
Some vague relief.

- MES '36

## *BRIGHT DAY*

I rode on the mesa,  
The mesa today  
And the sand sparkled sun  
When I started away.

And Sabit was quivering,  
Stamping to go,  
So we hit for the mesa  
And let life go.

We saw a blue snake  
And a bright, bluer sky  
And we rode on and faster,  
And didn't know why.

Then the day grew grey-headed,  
As mesa met sun  
And we struck for the trail,  
For our ride-time was done.

- *MES '36*

## *GOODBYE TO A TALL MAN*

It is not strange  
That you should go—  
I always knew—  
(O, No, No, No!)

I always knew  
That you some day  
Would take your pack  
And go away

The wanderlust  
Was far too strong;  
I always knew  
You'd not stay long—

I didn't think  
You'd like my heart—  
And now you've torn it  
All apart—

I know you didn't  
Like it there—  
But now I neither  
Know nor care

Now I neither  
Feel nor hear—  
Nor miss you—  
(O, My Dear! My Dear!)

- *MES '36*

## *OMNIPRESENT*

I did not think  
To find you there  
In the misty eyes  
Of the morning air—  
I have found since  
You are everywhere.

I did not realize  
You'd be  
In the gaudy leaf  
Of that half bare tree—  
Since then I have found  
You are always with me.

How could I know  
Before I came home  
That no matter how far  
My indifference may roam,  
It cannot elude You—  
You always will come!

- *MES '36*

## *UNTITLED 6*

I have watched lovers  
In the sweet of summer  
Walk between lines  
Of maples; I have seen  
Bright smiles flung out  
Against a soft September—  
Against skies all a-blue  
And trees a-green.

I have watched lovers  
When late skies were fevered,  
And sharp November  
Rendered groves all bare—  
And I have seen them—  
Quickly, cleanly severed  
Standing apart, all cold  
And shivering there.

*MES '36*

## *HEALER*

You, who stilled the waves  
On Galilee—  
There is a high storm  
In the heart of me!

You, by whose touch  
White lepers were made whole—  
There is an open sore  
Upon my soul.

Meek Man, whose gentle tears  
Gave life to men,  
I wish that tears could raise  
My life again.

O Heart, whose blood  
Was poured to make men free—  
I beg a drop  
Upon the heart of me!

- *MES '36*

## *REMINISCENCE*

He was so awfully tall—  
Taller than you—  
Your eyes are very brown—  
His eyes were blue.

You are so darkly dark—  
But he was fair;  
His head was strong, and I  
Liked his light hair.

He liked the feel of earth—  
Imagine, just  
For now, you touching  
With the brown dust.

(I wonder how the earth  
Feels to him, now  
That he is wrapped in it—  
I wonder how?)

Now that the sweet,  
Seeping water he sips,  
I wonder if he still  
Has such cool lips—)

He was so awfully good  
But now he's dead,  
I must be thankful  
You're here, in his stead.

He was so very tall—  
Taller than you  
Your eyes are deeply brown  
But his were blue.

- *MES '36*

## *WILD GEESE FLYING*

The late sky spread its wings—  
Great, radiant, lovely things  
That brushed the shadowed water.  
They were deep rose subdued  
And somber purple hued  
Like robes of Pharaoh's daughter.

Then a white-slivered moon  
Crept out, all pale, and soon  
Two colorless stars guarded  
Each of its tips,  
And the full, full lips  
Of sky, met earth. I started,

For then the wild geese flew—  
O, did I cling to you,  
And cry incoherently?  
I know that I am small—  
But then, I was tall—  
And life was too small for me.

Earth hushed: the geese had flown,  
And we stood there alone  
While night took up its duty.  
A moon, two stars, a sky—  
And you— tall, strong— close by—  
My Dear! So much of Beauty!

- MES '36



## *BALM*

The road to Bethlehem is far;  
The taxes must by paid—  
But always over us, the Star  
Leads to the Mother-maid.

And pain-wracked bodies, tortured feet  
And hearts all cramped with care  
Are healed when we espy the sweet  
Small Christ-child sleeping there.

- *MES '36*

## *EVERYTHING*

The severe  
And starchy sod  
Somber skies  
And unclothed trees—  
Now I want  
To thank you, God  
For the joy  
Of all of these.

For the pith  
Of poignant air;  
A whining wind,  
A weary shore.  
For the frozen  
Fields, and bare  
I would thank you  
God, some more;

For a quick hand  
In my own,  
For the warmth, which  
Friendships bring—  
All my prayers  
Summed up in one—  
Thank you, God,  
For everything!

- *MES '36*

## *BRIGHT MEMORY*

When life was warm  
And skies were clear—  
Before the flippant  
Frosts drew near—

I gathered leaves  
Of brilliant dyes  
And watched geese fly  
Across late skies

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No longer  
In my arms I hold  
The asters wild,  
The leaves of gold—

The flaring sumach's  
Radiant red—  
I have them in  
My heart instead.

And when the wind-knives  
Cut the sky,  
When sharp winds pierce,  
And fierce flakes fly,

My heart shall smile,  
Remembering,  
And shall thank God  
For everything.

- *MES '36*

## *NEW GUNS*

Today the teacher said that guns  
These days, are so much better  
Than the ancient ones.

“The old will do for game,” he said, “but then,  
Think of the flashing steel we have—  
That will kill men!”

And I forgot that I was glad  
This morning on the way to school,  
The fun we had.

Last night was of the past; and I  
Saw bright sharp points of bayonets  
Against the sky—

And acrid gas, and thick blue smoke  
From cold steel slowly, surely rose,  
And made me choke.

God— must it, will it be that guns  
As we have now will be excelled  
By better ones?

- *MES '36*

## *LATE LIGHT*

Long light wavers  
O'er the land;  
Late light lingers  
O'er my hand—  
Strong and large  
And whitely bare—  
Lifted up  
In silent Prayer.

For late cries  
All hoarse and harsh  
Of the birds  
In the low marsh—  
Three pale stars,  
A frosty sky,  
And a White God  
Closely nigh.

Long light lingers  
O'er the fingers  
Of a hand  
Lifted upward  
In a prayer;  
Late light fades—  
And Dark rests there.

- *MES '36*

## *WHITE TAPERS*

Long, white tapers  
By an altar  
Burning patiently  
And slow;  
Graceful fingers  
Pointing upward  
With the spotlessness  
Of snow.

As I kneel  
Before the chancel,  
On the velvet  
Cushioned floor—  
Something softly,  
Deeply glowing,  
Lights my way  
To heaven's door.

Dear, you are  
The shining taper,  
By the altar  
Softly-trod  
And your gentle  
Warm light forms  
My shining pathway  
Up to God!

- *MES '36*

## *CANDLES OUT*

Like a white flame  
In a windy night—  
So she went;  
Her transitory light  
Flickered for an instant  
And was gone  
From the taper it  
Had burned upon.

Like a fire  
By cool night breezes fanned,  
So she flamed—  
Until a passing hand  
Brushed so close,  
Her gentle lips grew still  
And whitely cold  
As snow upon a hill.

Like a restless bird  
Her spirit went—  
Like a white star  
From the firmament—  
And kneeling there  
Bereft, upon the sod,  
I saw its whiteness  
Flaming up to God.

- *MES '36*

## *FORTITUDE*

Here I am at the River's edge again,  
And the air is sharp,  
And the low clouds speak of rain;  
Here I rule on a rack in the bright sun's way,  
And down at my feet  
The inland waters play.

There is a quiet, cool-mouthed wind, whose breath  
Stirs the slow waves  
And the leaves, rich in death.  
Across the bend, the soft smoke of a fire  
Drifts as a hazy,  
Hesitant desire.

Today my heart is full, and free from pain;  
When pain must come,  
I shall come back again;  
And I shall gaze far down the waters length  
As I do now;  
I know I shall find strength.

- *MES '36*



## *UNTITLED 7*

I am grown weary  
With another's sorrows—  
I am grown crooked  
With another's pain—  
I have gone pale  
From watching for tomorrows  
Not my own,  
And someone else's rain.

I am all tired with life—  
And done with laughter,  
I am worn as  
A schoolgirl's crooked heel—  
I care not now  
What may or must come after—  
I am one who has felt,  
Feels, and will feel.

- *MES '36*

## *SO SMALL*

It seemed so very strange to me  
That such a little thing  
Could freeze the lips that smiled, and chill  
The voice that used to sing;

It seemed so very small a thing  
To make once warm cheeks pale—  
And bright eyes dull, and quick hands cold  
And strong, strong lips to fail!

I am so young— perhaps too young  
To understand it all—  
But what a shame that so much pain  
Is caused by things so small!

- *MES '36*

## SO WISE

I shall know better than to fall in love;  
I shall be wise—  
Wise as the skies  
And the stars above—  
When I am old enough to fall in love.

I know that not to fall in love is wise;  
I held a heart  
All broken apart  
Today, and kissed two eyes  
Pain-filled because of love. I shall be wise.

I shall know better than to fall in love:  
I shall be wise—  
As the wide skies  
And white stars above—  
Much, much too wise to ever fall in love.

- MES '36

## *WE SHALL BE WARM*

Black smoke  
Piling against  
A night sky.

Black smoke  
Trailing across  
A white moon

Billowing blackness  
Rising from a square tower.  
Breathing swiftly  
And in gasps.  
Folding forth  
Voluminous clouds  
Of darkness  
And heat.

Blackness  
Gliding into the night—  
Melting into the night sky  
Dissolving into a pale moon.  
We shall be Warm  
Tonight.

- *MES '36*

## *MY HELP COMETH*

Leave me alone,  
This pain is my own.  
The burden I'm bearing  
Was not meant for sharing.  
This crossed, rugged tree  
Was given to me.

Leave me alone  
Until it is gone.  
Of naught are caresses  
And kind tenderesses  
Just now—  
But oh, stay,  
You can pray— you can pray!

- *MES*

## *ON THE ALTAR*

O eyes that burn—  
What can I do?  
How can I tear away  
From your hypnotic gaze?  
Have mercy— mercy—  
My soul is a woman's soul.  
O fires of eyes that scorch the veil  
Which surrounds my soul—  
How can I hide that thing from you?

But there - the veil is rent  
Look. Look at my nakedness. O cruel eyes—  
Gloat over my bareness  
O red hot coals.  
I can do nothing now.  
See - I am stretched before you  
As an aster sacrifice—  
Panting, in fear and shame—  
Writhing in pain and agony  
The agony of waiting, waiting  
While two hot steel knives,  
While two blazing swords  
Slowly and surely  
Cut the living heart from me.

- *MES '36*

## *ROSE ARBOR*

Some soft, cool evening  
I shall be reclining  
In the arbor by the trellises.  
I may slumber lightly,  
And slumbering, dream.  
And I may look through  
The lattice of my arbor  
And there among  
The pale, soft-petaled roses, see  
Your face, your form  
Your eyes, your hair.  
And I shall rise  
Swiftly and eagerly, and come  
To meet you: But you, with  
That slow, odd smile,  
That gently lifted hand,  
Will hold me back.  
And then your form  
Will blend and mingle  
With the dewey roses.  
And I shall wake, and waking find  
That night has come  
And chilled and heavy  
I shall leave my arbor—  
Rose arbor of my dreams!

- *MES (16)*

## *UNKNOWN FRIEND*

I do not know you yet—  
But years will come  
And we shall meet.

And then we will forget  
We never knew  
This friendship sweet.

And then we will grow old  
And time will pass  
Into the blue.

The earth our clay shall hold  
But I shall soar upward  
With— you!

- *MES (16)*



Miriam and Millard



## *UNTITLED 8*

Low sun—  
Leaves tossing  
Fitfully on  
Grassy beds.  
Memory of sweet smoke  
From autumn fires  
Lingering  
Lingering in this  
Strange, sweet hour  
Before the night.

Low Sun—  
Leaves, sleep  
Hand, rest.  
Heart, be at peace.

No regrets, Soul  
When the Day  
Reclines.  
No regrets  
At Low-Sun.

- *MES (16)*

## *THE HEART OF A GIRL*

O, a girl's song  
Is cool and strong  
As the sweet breeze through the tree  
For a girl's heart  
Is a glad heart  
And a girl's heart is free.

O, a girl's way  
Takes the long day  
Yet she walks it without a fear  
And her heart sings  
Though the way brings  
With each rose of joy, a tear.

For a girl's heart  
Is a full heart  
And its happiness is strong  
Like a bird, it flings  
Its radiant wings  
And throbs, and throbs with song.

- *MES*



Miriam in her youth

## *TALL LAD*

I loved a tall, fair  
Lad, long, long  
Ago, because  
His hand was strong—

Because his light hair  
Curled and fell  
About the head  
He held so well.

I loved a tall boy  
For awhile  
Whose clear eyes always  
Flashed a smile

I loved my lad  
Because he knew  
And talked of things  
That I knew too

Of bright leaves  
And sweet skies above  
And birds  
We never talked of love.

I loved a fair haired boy  
But Oh!  
He went the way—  
All tall lads go!

- *MES*

## *THE WOMAN*

*from "The Rosary"*

I

She did not seek for love  
Or strive to know its bliss  
But for respect she strove  
And when she had gained this  
Love came, her heart to move  
And claimed her with a kiss.

II

Her nearest friends confessed  
The plainness of her face  
But I, who sought her breast  
Warm, neath soft folds of lace,  
Who knew and loved her best  
Confess alone, her grace.

III

For beautiful her form  
For beautiful her hair  
And neither was she fine  
And neither was she fair  
But oh! her heart was mine—  
And I found beauty there.

IV

To all she did appear  
That which a lady should  
Her kindness gave forth cheer,  
And she was strong and good.  
To me, she was more dear—  
The Soul of Womanhood!

- MES

## *STAFF OF LIFE*

They are all hard old bread  
And dried up bones—  
big bellied men, years overfed  
and whining crones  
with slithering tongues for every brawl;  
They who combat  
a camel— swallow hump and all  
yet strain at a goat.  
I cannot bear these living dead  
strewn in Life's gutter—  
but you— of you are fresh brown bread  
Spread thick with butter.

- *MES*

## *FOUND*

The strength I needed  
I have found  
In God—  
In the crisp leaves  
And the cool, rain-wet sod.

I have found peace  
Where patchwork trees  
Fling high  
Their brightnesses  
Against a listless sky.

I have known joy profound  
At one  
Light place—  
Close to your eyes,  
Near to your gentle face.

- *MES*

## *SO SILENTLY*

So silently  
Her soul did go  
As falls the snowflake  
On the snow.

So quietly  
Her gentle breath  
Gave up her body  
Unto Death.

So sure, her spirit went,  
—So strong—  
I wished that I  
Might go along.

- *MES*

## *AT MORNING*

At morning I will go  
And set my sails  
Toward a limitless expanse,  
I will depend hereafter  
On the gales  
Of song; and I shall cherish  
Winds of chance.

For I will know that  
'Till the end of day  
The whiteness of my sails  
Shall shine full sweet—  
And I will smile  
When leads my reckless way  
Where life meets death,  
And sky and water meet.

- *MES*



## *GOD OF THE BIRDS*

God of the swift-winged birds—  
Source of its melody—  
You— you who bless its flight  
Can you bless me?

God of whining winds  
And a desolate shore,  
I've wandered far— can you see  
Me anymore?

I have been told you give help  
To those who seek.  
I never knew until now  
I was so weak.

Let me but lightly touch  
One wing you have blessed.  
I shall not want. I shall know  
Peace. Peace and rest.

- *MES*

## *OF ONE WHO DIED YOUNG*

She knew so little of life—  
Why did they go  
And put her 'neath  
The coldness of the snow?—  
'Twere better, I  
Who know this life should go.

She learned so little  
Of this gay world's song—  
Why did they hush her?  
Her notes were not wrong!  
'Twere better, I be hushed—  
Who love my song.

She knew so very little  
Of this life—  
Why did death cut her  
With his whetted knife?—  
'Twere better I should go—  
Who love my life!

- *MES*

## *UNTITLED 9*

Creator of all men  
I bow before thee  
Creator of great men  
Creator of me.  
So human, I would  
From thy bright presence flee  
But first I must send  
My small prayer to thee.

And that prayer is this—  
God— help me to be  
Strong in thy love  
As the limbs of a tree—  
Wise as thy Wisdom  
Will teach me to be—  
Creator of all men—  
I ask it of thee.

- *MES*

## *READINESS*

Now I will go, God,  
Now I will go—  
For I have seen  
The whiteness of snow  
I have embraced  
The radiant gold  
And crimson, of trees  
When autumn is old.  
I have kissed skies  
So charmingly blue—  
I touched the softness  
Of several clouds, too.  
I've known the joy  
Of a hand and a smile  
I have found everything  
On earth worthwhile.

I have found pain—  
It's sweetness, I know—  
Now you can take me, God,  
Now I will go.

- *MES*

## *DIFFERENT*

I meet with people  
Each day the year through—  
But never with any  
Exactly like you.

I see new faces  
At every mile  
But not one which smiles  
The way that you smile.

I didn't tell you  
The day that you went—  
I like you because  
You're so different!

- *MES*

## *AFTER SCHOOL*

After school this evening  
I will be so gay—  
I will find the little road  
That leads away— away—  
There will be bright sumach  
Reaching from the banks—  
Flaring forth the crimson  
Regalia of their ranks.  
I shall gather leaves of  
Daring red and gold  
All the wealth of autumn  
In my arms I'll hold  
I shall touch the water,  
I shall breathe the sky  
And the wind will kiss me  
As it hurries by.  
And I need not worry  
If I lose my way—  
I shall begin to live again  
After school today.

- *MES*

## *THE GREAT WHITE JESUS*

Stood at heaven's door—  
The splinters of the cross  
Upon his hands,  
And cast a long look  
To that hill once more,  
And stretched his gaze  
Out on the hot, bare lands.  
And when the angel  
Pleaded that he come,  
He turned, and paused  
And through the doorway stepped—  
And faintly moaned—  
“Jerusalem, my home,”  
And placed his hands  
Before his face— and wept.

- *MES*

## LIGHTED WINDOWS

(To Ruth E. H.)

Oh, you are Priceless—  
Priceless, and fair—  
Sweet one with the gentle lips—  
And the soft hair—  
Sweet eyes— and the glorious  
Light burning there.

You are more precious  
Than September skies—  
You— with the lovelight  
That fades not, nor dies—  
You with the wonderful  
Light in your eyes.

Dear one— if my lot  
Be darkness or night—  
You will be there, and  
My night will be bright—  
You— whose eyes hold  
Such a beautiful light.

- MES



## *LADY METALLIC*

*V. F.*

She is a strong steel girder,  
Riveted;  
That will not fall;  
And like hard brass her neck is  
And her back  
An iron wall.

And yet her words are silvery;  
Radiant life  
And song they hold.  
And the heart of her though tried  
In heated whiteness,  
Shines as gold.

- *MES*

## *BEAUTIFUL ROSARY*

*(M. Pfile)*

I have a rosary,  
'Tis strung  
With bright bird's wings  
And skies far flung.

One bead, a song  
And one, a prayer  
And one, the thrill  
Of blowing air.

One bead is a rose  
Heavy with dew  
And three are the beautiful  
Thoughts of you.

Your tender smile  
And your hand's dear caress—  
Your eyes, your eyes  
And their deep tenderness

And as my Rosary  
I tell,  
Over these beads  
My large hands dwell—

Over a rose  
Heavy with dew—  
Over three beautiful  
Thoughts of you—  
Three beautiful, beautiful  
Thoughts of you.

- *MES*

## *WITH YOU*

If sometime I should go—  
(Some people do)  
And never more return  
Dear One, to you—  
Know this: that though this body  
And these hands  
You loved, are hidden  
In the soils and sands—  
The part of me you treasured  
Most and knew  
Will be with you.

I know that you have joyed  
To press my lips:  
I mind how you caressed  
My fingertips.  
“I like your hair that way,”  
You often said,  
And praised the gallant way  
I held my head.  
But ah, you loved the Soul of Me  
The best—  
And though my body sleeps—  
That shall not rest.

- *MES*

## *COMPENSATION*

Redolent with sunset—  
Fresh with flowing breeze—  
I stride home at sunset  
Through roads lined by trees.

Gallantly I stride on  
Lifting toward late skies  
All the fear and wonderment  
In my lighted eyes.

When I pass your dwelling  
You can only stare  
At the way I hold my head  
And the courage there.

Why do you stare and wonder?  
Since you love is dead—  
I've found many, many other  
Ways to lift my head!

- *MES*

## *UNTO DEATH*

As a river's  
Throbbing breath  
My soul is  
Poured out to death.  
And my swift  
And bloody tears  
Sate the  
Wrongs of years.  
Having suffered  
All of these—  
Let me die  
Like Socrates.  
Like the white  
Jesu, who died—  
Let my soul  
Be crucified.  
Let my life  
Be nailed up high:  
They all died.  
So will I.

- *MES*

# Singer's Prayer

1 Oh let me sing, God Give my voice wings  
2 Let my voice rise, God High - er toward thine

As the bird sings, God So I would sing  
Sweet - en my voice, God With the di - vine

As the trees swing, God Let my voice ring  
Let my voice rise, God High - er toward thine

Oh let me sing, God Give my voice wings  
This voice of mine, God This voice of thine!

## Chorus

Give my voice wings Give my voice wings

Oh let me sing, God Give my voice wings  
Oh let me sing let me sing

Text: Miriam Esther Sieber, 1935  
Music: adapted by Matthew Lind, 2015

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