



POETIC THOUGHTS

THIS IS MUSIC TO ME
—Pat Randolph

Music is boogie and popular swing,
Classics, opera, and symphony.
But all of this doesn't quite explain
What music means to me.

Have you ever been out on a summer
night
When a soft breeze stirred in a tree
And heard a cricket calling his mate?
This is music to me.

Have you ever been down by the
ocean's shore
And looked across the sea
And heard the lapping of the waves?
This is music to me.

Have you ever sat by an open fire
And dreamed of things to be,
And heard the crackling of the burn-
ing wood?
This is music to me.

Have you ever seen happy children
at play
And heard them laugh with glee?
If you have then you know what I
mean when I say
This is music to me.

Have you ever been bored with your
work at school
And waited till half past three?
When you heard the sound of the
long waited bell?
This is music to me.

JIM'S DAD
—Bob Hendricks

I stood by his grave and silently read
In memory of him who is now dead.
But I know, and you would know, too,
If you could have loved him as I
still do,
That he is not dead and could not be—
Not a dad as good and as kind as he.

Now as I stand by his grave and weep;
I think of the friendship we vowed to
keep;
And the heart within me loudly states
That someday we'll meet at the won-
derful agtes.

But as I leave, I feel rather glad
That I have a friend who had such
a dad.

SISTERS
—Buddy Morgan

Sisters are silly things, I know;
Before the place to which they go
They brush their teeth and powder
their nose,
Polish their shoes and brush their
clothes;
They take a bath, and comb their
hair,
A million things for which to care;
Then go out early, and come in late;
I ought to know—'cause I have EIGHT!

LOVE'S CAREFULNESS
—Myrtle Smith

If you love me as I love you
We could start our lives anew.
A love that's new and kind and sweet,
A love made strong instead of weak.
The many things we hope to share
Are up to us with honest care.
For many days we lived this way
Until our lives began to sway;
First a new car, then a mink coat,
These necessities proved to be no joke.
Little harsh words began to arise,
As harsh as a butcher with two knives.
Marriage, mink coats, and cars won't
do,
Then it comes to building, just we two.
Our love must have been built on sand
Instead of on steady rock and land.
That other loves won't end this way,
Know your woman and it will pay.

SLENDER PINE
—Ralph Bailey

Slender pine upon the hill,
Nodding your head like a daffodil,
Weaving and rocking, too and fro,
I sometimes wonder how you grow.

Slender pine upon the hill,
Your branches are green with chlo-
rophyll;
It's winter and summer, sun and snow,
As gentle winds through your branches
blow.

Slender pine upon the hill,
Nature teaches you God's will;
When you're swaying to and fro,
Your needles gently fall below.

A carpet soft for human feet
Is laid, as God they strive to meet.

HAPPY HUNTING

—Robert Lee Leonard, Jr. ("Termite")

There is a fellow that lives in the wild;
To him the winter breeze feels mild
He hops by day and hops by night,
But when it snows he sits quite tight.

You hunt him on a holiday,
But do you find him? Nay, oh nay:
You have bad luck, he has his fun;
You cannot get him on the run.

You look on the streets but can't find
him there,
Because he is a little wild hare.

SUNDAY MORNING
—Bonnie Leonard

You wake up on a beautiful day;
The sun is bright and the dew's on
the clover.
Up in a tree and very near
A mocking bird you hear!

The song it sings is sweet and low,
And you hear its melody as to church
you go;
Off in the distance a rippling brook
Sparkles and tinkles and calls to you,
"Look!"

The lazy cows in the pasture graze
And the hands of the thankful people
to heaven raise;
The chimes in the old church steeple
ring,
And through the morning they seem
to bring

A message from our Heavenly King
To his children here on earth,
And as choir voices softly sing,
"Come, come, come," the church bells
ring.

I AM THANKFUL
—Donald Myers

To walk out through the wooded lane,
To taste the fruit of the persimmon
tree,
The sun, the moon, the stars, the rain,
For these I am thankful.

To curl in a chair and read a book,
To listen to the radio,
To raid the icebox in the nook,
For these things I am thankful.

To sit on the bank of the rippling
stream,
To throw in the hook and watch it
settle,

To see the scales of the wiggling fish
gleam,
For these I am thankful.

To run and play at the end of the day,
To dive and fall into the water,
To smell the scent of the new mown
hay,
For these I am thankful.

CINQUAINS



CINQUAIN ON WAR
—W. Stanford Tate

Out on
Surabachi
Old Glory proudly sails
O'er men who died that she might still
Prevail.

And on
Guadalcanal
The same torn banner flies
That priceless freedom always will
Sustain.

Attu
With ice and snow
Shared the mighty tussle
For victory on grounds o'erspread
With blood.

The world
Did quake and rock
Under the heavy weight
Of war, with horrors, tortures, pain,
And death.

Battles
Men proudly fought
For a land kept free from fear
And a promise that the freedoms four
Shall live!

ABSENT
—Bob Peeler

The chair
And table stood
In loneliness all day
With one lone glass for him turned
down—
He rests.

LIMERICKS



SCHOOL
—"Pockets" Brown

I think school is an awful strain
When you have a principal like Mr.
Payne.
The teachers are all a pain in the neck.
When I leave school I'm a perfect
wreck.
Oh! School is a strain to the brain.

THE OCTOPUS
—Joe Ayers

There's nothing so great as an octopus;
He has as many legs as all four of us.
He can squeeze you as tight
As your girl at night,
Hence—you'll inhabit a sarcophagus.

JOY AND COY
—Margaret Darr

There once was a young girl named
Joy,
Who met a young boy named Coy,
And this was great bliss;
What happened was this:
A marriage of Joy and Coy.

HEAD TROUBLE
—Donald Myers

There was a boy named Tommy Harris
Who used the hair tonic named Jerris.
One day when he felt,
He found there no pelt.
I wonder what he said about Jerris!

PARADIES



CAN YOU SING THESE?
Tune: You Are My Sunshine
—Jim Russell

The other night, dear, as I lay dream-
ing
I dreamed I thought that you were
drunk,
But when I woke, dear, I was but
thinking
That that thought was one that stunk!

Tune: When the Moon Comes
Over the Mountain
—Mabel Hunter

When the moon comes over the ball-
park
Every ball brings a dream, dear, of you.
Once again we go to the ballpark
'Cause the dream we once knew came
true.

Each day is long and weary,
But the night is never dreary;
When the moon comes over the ball-
park,
Every ball brings a vision of you.

Tune: In the Evening by the
Moonlight
—Alex Beck

In the evening by the moonlight
You should hear those darkies cussing;
In the evening by the moonlight
You should hear them fighting and
fussing;
How the white folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen
As them darkies did their fussing
By the moonlight.
O ain't you coming out tonight,
O ain't you coming out tonight,
O ain't you coming out to hear
Those niggers fight?
All them darkies will be there
With their black and kinky hair
As they fight, in the evening by the
moonlight.

TO A CIGARETTE
—Sally Griffin

Tune: I'll Be Seeing You
(Thoughts of a football player)
I'll be seeing you in all the old
familiar places
That this heart of mine embraces all
day through;
In that small ash tray,
The park across the way
The burned out butts and stubs where
children play
From day to day;

I'll be seeing you when every lonely
meal is through,
In everything I say or do,
I'll always dream of you—just you;
I'll see you in the morning streets,
And when the game is through,
I'll be looking at the coach,
But I'll be seeing you.

A LOVELY WAY TO SPEND
AN EVENING
—Hilda Phillips

This is a silly way
To spend our evenings;
I could think of something
I'd rather do.
This is a boring way
To spend our evenings;
I could think of something
More livelier than you,
A look at each other,
A kiss by the fire
Catching a breath of smoke,
Humming our usual tune;
This is a silly way
To waste our evenings;
I want to save all my nights
And spend them with someone new.