

## The Pageant of Color

By Helen Gloyd

Mother Nature the Stage has set,  
Unfettered the purling rills,  
Spread a mantle of gauzy green  
Over the rugged hills.  
Here and there hangs lacy white,  
Pinned with jonquil gold,  
While little herald robins sing:  
"Come, mankind - behold!"

Gauze now turns to velvet, set  
With yellows, pinks and blues,  
And maturing life is told  
In the deeper hues -  
Childhood, youth and manhood -  
Then scarlet, purple, gold;  
In a grand fanfare of trumpets  
Harvest triumph is told.

Old age creepeth on apace:  
The earth is sere and brown:  
Gone are the hopes of early youth.  
Gray skies solemnly frown.  
Well and strong. Life ran its race,  
Sowed and harvested:  
Soon the mourning black as frost  
Tells that Life is dead.

Slowly falls the curtain white,  
The play comes to its end,  
But the faithful evergreens  
Their whispered message send:  
There must be an interlude,  
Ice and slush and mud,  
That our hungry hearts may thrill  
To the pinkening apple bud.

*Plainfield, May 26, 1928*

## **Fancy**

By Helen Gloyd

Little vagrant wisps of song  
Flint on fragile wings,  
Delicate as rose-leaves,  
Evanescent things.

Neither rime or ruin have they:  
What they tell no words can say.

Dazzling sunshine glory on ice-laden trees,  
Scent of rain-drenched lilacs on the evening breeze,  
Golden glow of romance in young lover's eyes,  
Sparkling joy of childhood at some glad surprise,  
Throb of muted violin o'er a moon-lit sea-  
On the tide of such as these come my little songs to me.

*Plainfield, June 4, 1928*

## **Miracle**

By Helen Gloyd

To me it is a miracle, whene'er ther grows  
Out of the selfsame soil, the lily and the rose.

Close side by side, by some strange alchemy,  
Jack -in-the-pulpit and anemone.

I wonder how it is that each one knows  
Its own appointed time, and grows

Thus fast or slow, that such a time each year  
Its own selected blossom shall appear,

The crocus coming in the early spring,  
The aster which to Autumn's heal doth cling.

How can some plants distill a perfume rare,  
While others scentless are, though just as fair!

Little brown seeds down underneath the sod,  
How do you get your messages from God?

*Plainfield, August 15, 1931*

