

Poems by Marian N. Clark

Taken from Marian N Clark journal ca. 1920

A Remonstrance

By Marian N. Clark

Among the blossoms I loved the best
A little one in its leafy nest
With the waving grasses grew.
In its folded bud lay long concealed
The winsome grace that was now revealed
With its coronet of dew!

A stranger passed by the sheltered place
Broke the fragile stem, and marred the face,
To gaze in its heart of blue.
With a careless glance t'was rudely tossed
Like a broken toy - the blessing lost
Of its beauty, rare and true.

A Master fashioned its faultless grace-
No art of man can its life replace
On the scattered drops of dew.
Why, heedless hand, should you rudely part
The tender leaves from the quiv'ring heart
If its sweetness is naught to you?

April

By Marian N. Clark

A quick little patter,
A bright little spatter -
Miss April her tears has been shedding!
Is there none to assuage
Or to gently engage
This sensitive maiden from weeping?

Back her glistening tears from falling,
Mother Earth must be clean
From all dinginess seen,
For soon summer borders are coming!

Some come early to see
What rooms there may be -
There's Jack-in-the Pulpit- a'preaching -
Don't you hope he will find
A place quiet to his mind?
Sweet violet may come to the meeting!

Then a room that is high
With an aspect of sky -
Mr. Robin will find to his liking;
While one that is green-
It is plain to be seen-
Miss Willow is already seeking!

Mr. Jay may want blue -
What will Mother Earth do
To find rooms enough for the sleeping?
She will try to suit all
When ere they may call,
And chereish when all in her keeping.

The Bee and the Flowers

By Marian N. Clark

The bee flits and sips through the long summer hours
To gain daily food from the nectar filled flowers.
As he wings through the sunshine with tireless long
He knows not the lading he carries along.
In a largess of life to blossoms that need
The pollen he brings them, to quicken their seed.

In a fellowship true, the bee and the flower
Give each to the other a life-keeping dower.
Ah! Dust-covered toiler: how little you know
That the blessings you shed on others may grow
In your own harvest field, where the blossoms new
Will unfold and yield up their honey for you!

And ev'ry closed calyx that bursts into light
To crown its green stem with a vision-so bright,
Will tell to the world what you faithfully do
A work, greater far, than you dreamed of or knew.

The Pussies

By Marion N. Clark

There's the Maltese cat and the tiger cat,
And the cat of other hues,
The long-haired cat and the yellow cat,
And the cat that never mews;
With bob-tailed and all the rest,-
The prettiest puss I see
Is the fluffy, silky, little one
That grows on the willow tree.

The Bee and the Flowers

By Marion N. Clark

We see the bee dipping,
And daintily sipping
From many a one of the honey-filled flowers.
While tirelessly winging,
He's cherrily singing
As the moments are slipping away into hours.

Though briefly he tarries,
The lading he carries
Is a largess of life to quicken and bless;
For 'round him is clinging
The dust he is bringing
Which winds cannot waft with their gentle caress

So a fellowship true
Is this bond between two, -
The hard-working bee and the honey-lipped flower-.
They take from each other,
And give one another -
If pollen or nectar - a life-keeping dower.

In your own harvest field
You will find a rich yield, -
Oh! dust- ladened toiler, - from blessings you etren,
When there bursts into light
Visions, fair of delight
That open and give up their sweetness to you.

So the beautiful gems
That shall crown the green stems
Will tell to the world what you faithfully do,
All your plain daily task, -
All the Maker will ask,
A work greater, far, than you dreamed of or knew.

To My Dahlias

By Marian N. Clark

My Dahlias! In your gay estate
Proud ushers at the garden gate
To welcome to the flowers beyond.
Tell me, - whose was the kingly wand
That bowed your heads in greeting?
These cannot be the teats of grief
Held in your curved cups of leaf,
To cloud the joy of meeting?

Oh! Sunny crowns of noontide birth -
Bright knots of sunshine tied to Earth
In tier on tier of terraced gold!
'Tis all your sturdy stem can hold.
You caught the rays while dressing,
And bottled in your tiny quills
The fullest measure Heaven wills
Of Nature's greatest blessing.

White Poppies

By Marion N. Clark

Oh! What doth it profit a world
If peace is sought
By human plan - by brain or brawn-
Or yet is bought
At any cost
If Love is lost?
When man loves man in very truth
As he would lov'ed be,
Love is the Key to Peace
From sea to sea.
Then shall, indeed,
The buried seed
Its risen increase yield,
And flaming poppies blossom white
In Flander's mellowed field.

ca. 1924