

**INK IN
BLOOM: POEMS**

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Ink in Bloom: Poems by Augusta Kautz

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AUGUSTA KAUTZ

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BLOOM: POEMS**



INK IN BLOOM



By

Augusta Kautz



Augusta Kautz

San Diego, California, 1902

Press of Baker Bros.



Life of
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Ink ♡ In Bloom ♡ ♡



Darkness.

The darkness has fallen o'er the windows of night,
The stars are all lit, and the moon burns bright,
But one pallid cloud broods beside it, alone,
Like a lone kindred left at the old hearthstone.

The fireflies are falling like th' drip, drip of flame
That flashes and flies past the dark window frame,
The croon of the frogs and the buoy on the bay
Float off in the dark, to the offing of day.

When night's sable curtain o'er shadows the blue,
And darkness is wall'wing the dew-dampness through,
Heart-longings go wand'ring like wraiths gone astray,
They wander and wander in darkness away.

Love for Nature.

'Tis when earth's moans and murmurings
Spin webs across my sun,
And all my stars the clouds enshroud—
My sky a vaulted tomb—
That care-torn waves of plaint cry loud
With wailings of my doom—
Yet, Nature, then makes glad, and brings
Such peace as sorrows shun.
For cheer is precious gift of hers
To all her worshipers.

The Winter Night.

The moonbeams seep through hapless boughs.
The wind, the fallow snow-fields plows.
White, weightless, warpless garments wrap
'Bout flowers asleep in Nature's lap.
Each hill sleeps 'neath a tented roof
Of an unwoven, threadless woof.
Each bush beneath its white robe bows
Like brides at altars whisp'ring vows.
And over wood and over wold,
There drips the winter's stinging cold.
Uncrumpled leaves, all fresh and new
Will rustle where the moon peeps through.
Though Spring's warm breathing may come late,
Yet, all "things come if but we wait."
Each spring, the proudest bush lifts up its roses high,
Then scatters them, all withered 'bout its feet,
Where shadows dark, like purple garments lie—
And yet, the year remembers spring was sweet.

Be Still and Wait

Each winter waits its nestling snow,
Each spring its daffodils.
Then wait, wait, wait, and you shall know,
What fate thy future wills.
The skylark waits its strength'ned wings,
But waiting, waiting, sings.
Waiting answers wonderings;
Naught else an answer brings.
Then wait, wait, wait, for sorrow grows
Into a happiness.
But wait, wait, wait for no one knows
Which curse holds blessedness.

My Ranch in California

Tonight, while the day lifts her bright golden sail,
And away in the darkness of evening drifts;
Mem'ry bears me away to an old ranch kraal,
Where a plane-tree the shade and the sunshine sifts
In a checkered design of wierd shadow and fire
On the old tule thatch of my dun-brown byre.

There hope rose from the depths of life's floundering sea,
But outrode it like billows that die on the shore.
I have sipped all there is, in a hope's minstrelsy—
For she sang with the birds on the trees by my door,
And she danced with the shadows all edged with fire,
That fell on the thatch of my dun-brown byre.

But sometimes I think 'twas a wraith that was there,
Who enchanted the ranch and the plane-tree grove—
For though sunshine and shadow I find ev'rywhere;
Yet, I never have found an enchantment that wove
Such designs, as fell dripping their darkness and fire
On the old, tule thatch of my dun-brown byre.

Right Words

A veil of sunset light is on her head,
Her life is raveled and worn,
Her life is tangled and torn,
And yet, her face, God's sun hath hallowéd.
Oh, if the right word had been said,
Her heart had let the sunshine in,
And on her soul that halo been—
Had her sad heart been comforted!

Nature's Pictured Poems of Hope

Oh, blessed hope! Breath from afar hills blown!
Oh, speed on heaven's swift-steeded ray,
And on my brow thy soothing finger lay,
And breathe thy benediction!

Thou mak'st along the arid desert way—
In fair mirage, the cooling fountains play.
Warm castles haunt the Arctic atmosphere
In lavish benediction.

Dear hope, o'er heaven's threshold blown!
Thou writ'st poems ev'ry where,
On desert sand and on the air.
Thou truth in fiction!

Choir Invisible

If ev'ry mind its noblest thought
Laid on the altar of the age,
To coming minds, the years would bring
A noble heritage.

Eternal destiny has he,
Who shall bequeath a thought to men,
That's destined in their life to be
Resanctified again.

Oh, inspired thoughts! Oh, doves that seek
Safe shelter where life's bleak sea rolls
May thy feet rest where Truth shall speak
To consecrated souls!

When I Die

Like a tired child, I'll climb for rest,
In Nature's lap,
And lay my head on her fond breast,
To take my nap.
Still praying, that as earth grows dark,
And Death shall launch my spirit bark
Beyond earth's chasm-rim,
My stars may not be dim.

Retrospect

Oh, Youth, why haunt my thoughts again?
Think you there is a joy in pain?
That you come, mocking me with how
My life sums up this wretched Now?
Like shadows dark which cresting waves
Are burying deep in ocean graves,
Are hopes we spill beneath life's tide—
They sink down caverns deep and wide,
Where each new hope adds more new walls,
And one more dead, which sea-wrack veils.
Oh youth, why haunt my thoughts again?
Life's evening hour is on the wane;
Scant sun lies 'long life's western wall
Where shadowy phantoms thickly fall.
An evening's calm comes e're night's gray
Shuts domelike o'er the closing day.
So, let peace sing my lullaby
Of rest, till hushed in sleep I lie.