

**THE LITTLE
POEM BOOK**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649315246

The Little Poem Book by Sarah Simons Reese

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

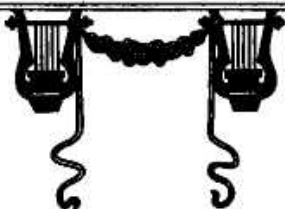
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SARAH SIMONS REESE

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BY SARAH SIMONS REESE



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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

THE LITTLE POEM BOOK

This little volume was born on one of the quiet cañon streets in Los Angeles, California, some time during the great world war. It was a modest scrap-book which left my home each week, borne by the loving hands of some child.

Only one poem was promised each week, and at the end of that time another child returned for a new poem.

Each day it found its way into a different home on the street, and the children who were unable to read, gathered in small groups on the green lawns, while an older child read to them. Although so thoroughly read and thumbed, the little scrapbook never came home soiled or torn.

When it became necessary to christen the book and put on a printed gown, I discovered that I had neglected to name this infant, and for a long time I could think of nothing suitable. At last, it dawned on me to call it *The Little Poem Book*, for that was the name that Betty and the other children on the street loved to call it.

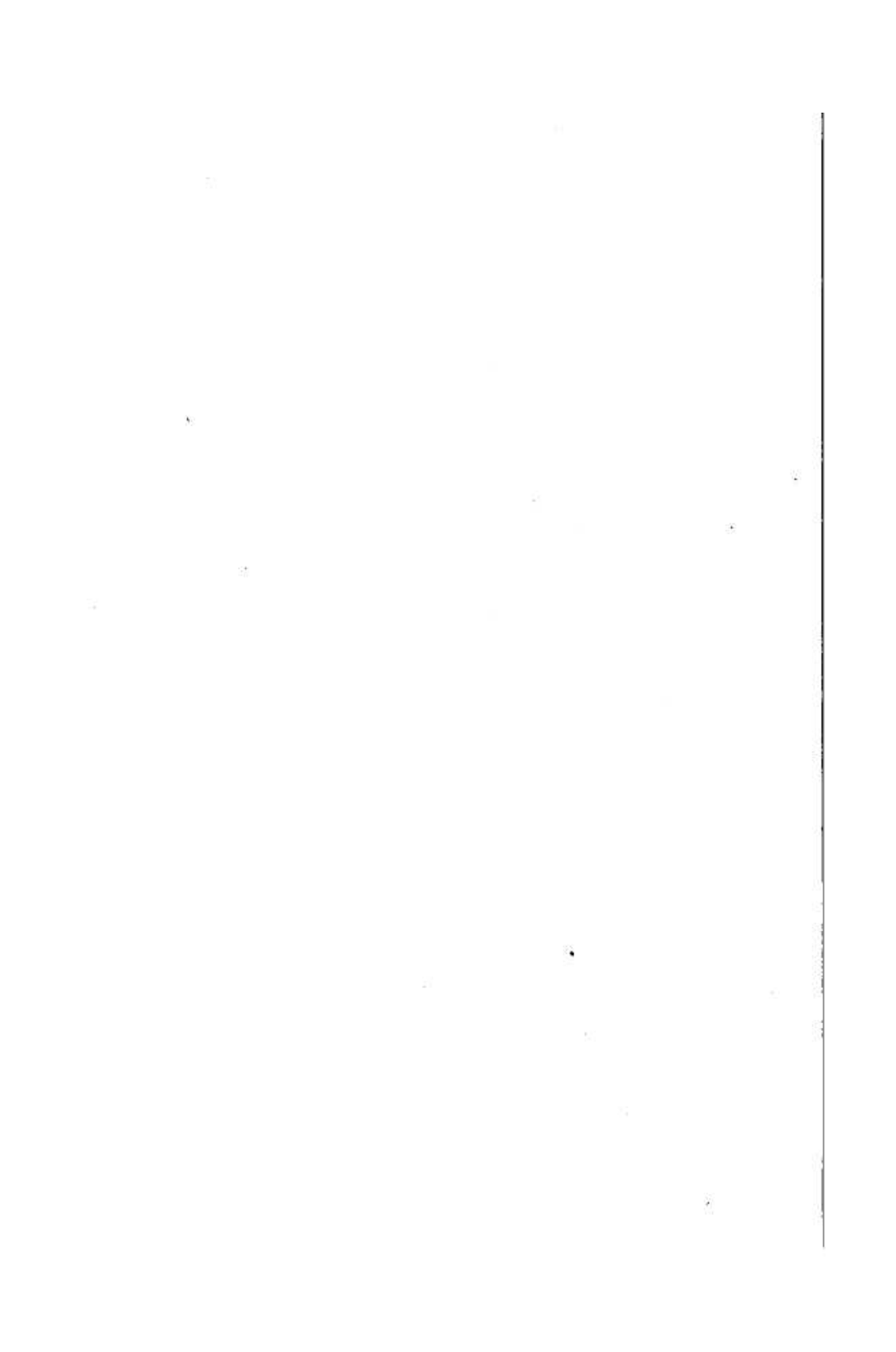
There are no make-believes in *The Little Poem Book*; the children, the flowers, the birds and animals are those that I have known and loved.

This book in its modest slip is not for these children alone, but for all children, whatever race, color or creed. Some day this babe may appear in a finer gown and cap, but until it has cut all of its teeth and been weaned, it will wear this simple gown, and be known as *The Little Poem Book*.

By the author:

SARAH SIMONS REESE.

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GRIFFITH PARK

Oh! come with me to this woodland spot,
For the morn dawns bright and fair;
The purple larkspurs crown the hills,
And sweet wild roses scent the air.

The yellow mustard lines the road,
And gleams as a sea of gold;
I love to lie 'neath the shady oaks,
And their giant arms behold.

I love to drink from the tiny spring,
And climb each wild, steep hill;
Where the waxen yucca rears its head
Like a sentinel, grim and still.

The river winds like a silken thread
Mid banks of shimmering green;
The brushwood hangs with matted vines,
Where the coyotes crouch unseen.

The sun has fled, the primrose wakes,
And her petals of silk unfold;
The feathery clouds are changing fast
From swansdown into gold.

I must away, the night grows chill,
And draws down her misty veil;
From sombre depths of purple steeps
Comes the call of the mountain quail.

A CALIFORNIA THRUSH

I have the dearest little friend
Who comes to visit me;
If you should care to know her name,
Why, it is Mrs. Curiosity.

I have known her now about four years,
A modest thrush is she;
In spring her suit is trig and brown
And stylish as can be.

She has a comfy little perch
Beside the rosebush, where
She looks across into my room
When I dress or comb my hair.

Although so busy with her young,
She looks me through and through;
Her solemn eyes just seem to say,
"What kind of nest have you?"

She feeds them bugs and squirmy things;
It's plain as plain can be,
This food to them tastes just as fine
As cakes and tarts to me.

So when the babes are old enough
She brings them in great glee;
They all sit on the comfy perch
Where I can plainly see.

A CALIFORNIA THRUSH

(Continued)

And when the autumn days have come,
The hillsides all are brown;
My friend then comes to visit me
In such a ragged gown.

Her feathers are so thin and plain,
But I excuse my friend;
If I were feeding tiny birds,
Would I have time to mend?

But later on, she comes again,
The children all are there;
They sit upon the comfy perch
With such a curious stare.

Her coat is, oh! so soft and new,—
A happy thrush is she;
She takes the children with her now
Out in good society.

THE HUMMING BIRD

An autumn day among the hills,
The sunshine's golden glow;
I hear the bluebird's lusty scream
In the elder-bush below.
The salvia by my kitchen door,
Her long green stems aflame
With scarlet bugles, 'waits a guest,
But you cannot guess his name.

The ferns are nodding in the breeze,
The tree toad croaks his song,
The lizard looks as if he hoped
The guest would not be long.
I sit and watch in silence, too,—
I could not think of gloom;
I know so well my friend will come
When the salvias are in bloom.

The kitten's modest drinking cup
Becomes a foaming sea;
A splash, a dash of rainbow spray—
What can the matter be?
A coat of brown, a glint of green,
I know without a doubt
It is my friend, the humming bird,—
He has no fears to rout.