

SIMPLE POEMS OF EVERYDAY LIFE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649760527

Simple Poems of Everyday Life by Nancy Parker

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

NANCY PARKER

**SIMPLE POEMS OF
EVERYDAY LIFE**

**Simple Poems
of Everyday Life**

by

Nancy Parker

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY
THE GIBSON PUBLISHING CO.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
NEW YORK

21102 May 35

Foreword

If the reader derives half the pleasure from the perusal of these verses which I have found in writing them I shall be more than satisfied.

To express oneself is always a joy, and added to this enjoyment I have had the loving encouragement of those whose opinions I value most highly, my dear brothers.

Many of these verses are so personal it would seem almost presumptuous to expect them to be interesting to the general reader, but, after all, humanity is only a large family with the same joys and the same sorrows, and what comes from the heart of one usually finds a response in the heart of another. It is with this hope that I give this little book to the public.

NANCY PARKER.

..

My Song

..

THE gift of rhyme was given to me:
"I will be a poet," I said,
But love lasts a day,
My life was so gay,
That the song in my heart lay dead.

The gift of rhyme was given to me:
I said: "I must do my part."
But joy was so brief,
I thought of my grief,
And the song lay dead in my heart.

The gift of the rhyme was given to me:
I thought of my brothers here,
Of their longings vain,
Of their joy and pain,
And my song rang sweet and clear.

O H, Human Nature! Faulty, yet so fine,
Born of the world's unsatisfied desire,
The brute's mad struggles toward the divine,
His savage passions melted in Love's fire.
Chained to the earth with links thou canst not break,
Yet with a ceaseless longing for the sky,
Within thy heart an ever haunting ache,
The knowledge that to live means but to die.

Yet when my heart would fail, seeing life's woe,
And my soul sickens at its grief and pain,
Some wondrous act of thine, with love aglow,
Lights up the world and life is good again.
Then I could weep with bliss, with rapture wild,
Content to know but this—I am thy child!

ee

Creeds

ee

WHAT care we, friend of mine, our creeds are not the same,
What if we differ in a creed? 'tis only in a name.

We go the self same road, have the same goal in sight,
Let's call it by a broader name, "The Highway of the Right."

You take a beaten path that has been trod before,
I seek a newer pathway out; they reach the selfsame door.

And when some lightning flash shows us how near we stand,
We cling together in the storm and clasp each other's hand.

Still we must journey on, though often sore beset,
Our feet with cruel thorns are torn, our eyes with tears are wet.

It is the light of Love that shows us how to come,
And whether it be fast or slow, it surely leads us home.

Who enters first the gate, beholds the waiting door,
Will weep until the other come, to press the thorns no more.

I HAD come to the parting of the ways,
And I said, "Which road shall I take?"
At the entrance of one stood Happiness,
From the other Duty spake.

The two stood waiting for me to decide,
Happiness laughing and bold,
But Duty's voice was sad and low,
And his look was stern and cold.

I knew that my fate hung on my choice,
I said, "Let my soul command;"
When Happiness quickly turned away,
But Duty grasped my hand.

I walked with him for many a mile,
Over the thorns and stones,
But Duty gave me never a smile,
And spoke in commanding tones.

At last we came to a mountain side,
I was weary and begged to stop,
But Duty firmly held my hand
And led me straight to the top.

And there on the summit stood Happiness
But a Happiness glorified,
He smiled on me, "Henceforth, my child,
We three shall walk side by side."

..	Success	..
----	---------	----

WHAT is Success? Can it be gold,
A thing that fools may barter for,
The dross for which men's lives are sold,
The cause of brutal crime and war?
Is this Success?

What is Success? Can it be power,
The thing men crave but to abuse,
The drunken madness of an hour
When they all sense and justice lose?
Is this Success?

What is Success? Can it be fame,
To have a blatant throng go wild
And in a frenzied voice proclaim
It has discovered Genius' child?
Is this Success?

What is Success? Can it be Love,
That flaming but unsteady light
Which shows man brightest realms above,
Then plunges him in darkest night?
Is this Success?

What is Success, I hear a voice—
"It is to nobly do thy best,
The consequence is not thy choice,
And failure adds but to the zest
Of such Success.

"And where is given power divine,
That power to most divinely give,
The strength thou hast is not all thine,
Use it to help a Brother live
And win Success.

"And wert thou but a crossing sweep,
And bravely, nobly didst thy part,
For thy mean lot thou shouldst not weep,
But say in thine exultant heart:
"This is Success.'"