

The Little Daisy Girl and other poems

Jacquelyn Hedge-Cheney and Roland Jon Cheney

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CREDITS.

New addition: The Demons Burning Hiking Chant.

DEDICATION.

A Special Man is dedicated to Harvey Hedge, Jacquelyn's father, who, at a Father's Day picnic which Jacquelyn attended at the age of five, saved two other of his children from drowning in a pond in Kansas, but in doing so, was himself drowned. His photo appears on page 18.

Jacquelyn has also dedicated My Man, My Kitty, and Me to Roland, who has dedicated The Little Daisy Girl and The Psalm of Jacquelyn to her.

THE POEM.

I stopped to watch the world go past,
And found a poem upon the grass.
"Pick me up!" it called to me,
In words of prose and poetry.

I picked it up and held it fast.
"At last!" it cried, "At last, at last!
A bosom close to hold to me,
And share its store of misery."

My fingers clutched this simple toy,
And spirit filled with boundless joy,
As I observed the human race,

Go past at such a frantic pace.

"Take me to the shining sea,
That I may rhyme more prettily,
And catch the muse of setting sun--"
The poem begged, and made me run.

I hastened after sea and sun,
But wondered where could be the fun,
Of rhyming in a better way,
Tomorrow than in yesterday.

"To the forest!" cried the poem,
"I'll make you feel right at home!"
But all I felt was just the breeze,
As I collapsed beneath the trees.

"It's no use running anyhow,"
I said, "You rhyme no better now."
"Then leave," it sighed, "me on the grass,
To call to those who hurry past..."

THE PLANET PRIMER.

The Sun.

Blazing, burning, golden orb,
Shines that others may absorb.

Mercury.

Freezing cold, seething blast,
Spins but once, in orbit fast.

Venus.

Beauty, brighness, hovering,
Veiled in her torrid fling.

Earth--and the Moon.

One alive, the other void,
Double, whirling planetoid.

Mars.

Red, dun, magenta, gold,
Crumbled ramparts, growing old.

The Asteroids.

Once a ball and now a ring,
Composed of almost everything.

Jupiter.

One-eyed bubble, awesome thing,
Circles in its wandering.

Saturn.

Banded planet, banded rings,
Planet orbiting--on wings.

Uranus.

Drunken monster rolls about,
North within and then without.

Neptune.

Giant ball of green and blue,
Lost a planetoid or two.

Pluto.

Dim and dark, crystal stung,
Tiny spark, the stars among.

THE WORDS OF LIVING.

There's people in the world today,
with goals they have set soon will pay.

For the goals will soon fill the empty holes,
then there's money they give for the lives they live.

In the beginning that is so intriguing.

For you don't want the ends to curl,
for they have to be straight,
if you want a life that is so great.

A recreation of a new generation.

This is a six-letter word L-I-V-I-N-G living.

BUBBLE.

I am a bubble in the deep blue sea,
I am so deep that,
There is darkness all around me.
They say that water creates rainbows,
In the sunlight and air.
But I don't believe them.
I am just a tiny silver bubble,
Of ultra-compressed, unexpressed air.
But the sea squeezes me, freezes me,
And I rise upward, faster, faster,
Up through the blackness of the deeps,
From the old old bedrock where I came.
Higher and faster, expanding steadily,
Until I am fairly bursting with
Power.
I see green, sea-green rays.
Then I see blue-green,
And then light blue,
And then, Pop! I explode upwards,

Into the air and the sun,
And create,
A rainbow of mist.
Hsssss! I say happily,
And glorify God.

I LOVE THE LORD WHO'S SO COMPLETE.

He's always there in those secret moments.
He's someone who can understand,
My deepest woes that are at hand.
He's changing me in a special way,
From head to toe I have to say.
Well, I'm not perfect like Him you see,
But I will make it up there some day.

SNOW AND LEAVES.

When the leaves are like the falling snow,
And my heart is like the wind,
I'll follow the leaves,
As they fall through the trees,
And pray for love.

SATAN'S TAUNT.

One is two, I'm telling you,
The truth is surely plain to see.

And two and three are five, it's true,
But not the way they're meant to be.

Four is four, not two plus two,
It can't be such an oddity.

Five is five, but three is too,
You have to view them properly.

Well, six is six, like pickup sticks,
But seven is three, it has to be.

And eight is seven, inbetwixt,
So nine minus six is nothing, not three.

If you can't see, your mind's too strict,
Your memory, is not the key.

You have to look at four, five, and six,
You mustn't think, you have to see!

ONE TEAR.

Know you nothing more I dread,
Than to pass th'entire year,
Shedding naught but hair from head?
Yet not a single precious tear!

ETERNITY.

An eternity of days and nights,
Shall be ours in the afterlife,
And freely shall it be our right,
But not without a certain price.

A price is paid, in memories,
Of how life was, and could have been,
Viewed once before, then forever after,
Before in sorrow and in laughter.

After this we pay a price,
Review our lives here more than twice.
Longing so that, while living,
We had shared the more our giving.

For naught else can we but receive,
The passages of memory,
And ever though we thus complain,
We have no chance to give again.

A SPECIAL MAN.

My father was a special man,
I think of him now and then,
I'll never forget that day,
The Lord took my father away,
I was so young then,
I've heard about him now and then,
Oh he's so special to me,
I'll never forget that day...
The Lord took my father away,
I remember it as if it was yesterday,
But now I have a Father that will never die...
Oh that heavenly Father of mine,
I'll be up there in time.

THE GIRL OF LIGHT.

Should my skin be black or white?
I dared to ask the Girl of Light.

Or should, I gravely asked, the sun,
And moon in brightness equal one?

And as she gave me her reply,
I saw a tear fall from her eye,

As stooping down upon her knee,
She beckoned earnestly to me,

That all as one should I befriend,
To live in mem'ry past my end,

And though the vision wax or wane,
To try as long as I remain.

For God in Heaven knows the heart,
Of every soul that must depart.

Then she left me; Oh! So fast!
As motionless, her image passed,

And with the trueness of a beam,
Of light her wisdom made it seem,

That never dark is darkest night,
When one has met the Girl of Light.

ESCAPE.

There's not much left of those mountains you see,
Beautiful forest and great big trees,
The air so fresh and so peaceful too,
God made them for me and He made them for you,
We all need to escape from the world now and then,
So the mountains are where I've always been,
Just enjoy them when you can 'cause there will
Not be any mountains left for you and me.

THE LITTLE DAISY GIRL.

There was a little girl,
Who longed to be a flower,
So she teased her golden curl,
As she wished it by the hour.

One day her limbs began to shrivel,
And her clothes to all unravel,
Hair transformed to golden petals,
As her roots dug in the gravel.

Then said she,

"This is simply quite amazing,
Here I stand within the sod,
As a waving yellow daisy,
Who no more shall ever plod.

"Of fate or God am I the seed,
So bright and pretty and gay?
Or of Satan, such a weed?
I pray not!" she had to say.

Soon a bee began to hover,
As it kissed her pretty face.
What a happy little lover,
On its singing wings of lace.

Then came a caterpillar,
Chewing all her leaves to shreds,
Leaving her to wither,
Down among the flowerbeds.

So the sun began to burn,
Upon her golden yellow spray,
But she found she could not turn,
Instead to face the other way.

In one day did she grow old,
Whisper dry and all alone,
Bowed in age, frail and cold,
Like a poor, tired, nodding crone.

Happy was she as a child,
Gayer still a simple flower,
Now she's buried in the wild,
With pretty daisies for her bower.

THE SONG OF CAROL

Sing to me the Song of Carol,
Brightest ribbons in a breeze,
Dancing bannerettes. A fair! All
Snapping colors midst the trees.

Such wonder that the day denies,
In tinted white with blue between.
Reflected spell, bound in the eyes,
No summer, scudded cloudy scene.

Oh land of crook and silver brook,
Of shadow dank and mossy bank,
Restore what she before forsook,
Where plundered stones asunder sank.

From the mire will come no spire,
Long forgotten this old castle.
Fawn and fish, and swan's desire,
Wistful leap from thistled tassel.

So may in dreams come what seems neigh,
The plunder of your wonder years,
And to the sky your prayers fly,
To banish all your early fears.

Now with your friends the fair begins,
The lost, the lonely, silent few,
To heal hearts and help amends,
And help their lives to start anew.

I'M STUCK ON YOU LIKE GLUE.

Sometimes it hurts so much that I know
it could never come true,
I wish you would notice me some day,
Then I know it will soon pay,
I'm stuck on you like glue and no one
can pull me apart from you,
Your personality makes me want to hold on...
maybe like...super glue,
I'm stuck on you like glue and no one
can pull me apart from you,
Ya...I'll still be stuck on you
till you notice me some day...

WHISPERING AUGUST

August had three sisterns,
Name of April, May, and June.
When he came to slake his thirst,
One would ladel him a spoon,

Of water. His three sisters,
Knew the coming of the moon,
But August in his whispers,
Knew a joyful little tune,

The daughter, of his neighbor,
Sang when she was all alone,
And heard her at her labor,
As he passed her way to home,

At dusk, the streaming vapors,
In keening, Godly litany,
Curling, cut their capers,
In the forest by the sea,

Of which she sang, don't ask, shy
Little August, knows the rune,
For he will only sigh, and say,
"Go ask April, May, or June."

THE KING JAMES RED LETTER EDITION HOLY BIBLE

For proof I fell 'neath my own spell,
And feigned design of blinkered mind,
The truth to tell I knew quite well,
Though in deigned ink red purblind.

THE BOY WITH SAD EYES

The boy with sad eyes,
Did not realize,
That every kid in town,
Could see his little frown.

The boy with no smile,
Seemed to take awhile,
To answer to his name,
But answered just the same.

Deepset little smudges,
Held no inner grudges,
Just an emptiness,
Nothing more, nothing less.

The boy with three diseases,
Found a friend in Jesus,
Before he died his eyes,
Seemed so very wise.

THE ONE WHO KNOWS ME SO WELL

Some people think they know me so well, you see,
They see me on the outside, but never on the inside.
But I know Someone who knows me inside who

doesn't care what I look like outside,
That's the Lord for you...He's so complete.
Sometimes I try to be perfect...HA HA.
But I know it will never be till I reach that beautiful
place in the sky someday...You'll see...

THE GIRL IN LONG STOCKINGS

The girl in long stockings,
Had thick ones, with flockings,
In patterns of diamonds,
Ivy, and garlands,

Ivory, or claret,
Like her favorite beret,
Or aquamarene,
Since she liked to be seen,
In long stockings.

"I'd rather wear them on my legs,"
Said she, "than leave them home on pegs.
Not short, but clear up past my knees,
To keep them warm in any breeze,

And not so clear,
When they are sheer,
But amber, smoke, or even gray,
Since that's the color for today!

'Cause like my friends,
It all depends,
On the color of my stockings."

AN EVERLASTING FRIEND

If one day you feel alone, and there's no one to turn to,
When the road gets a little bumpy,
And you can't find your way,
Just remember Jesus knows a better way,
He can be your friend,
But keep in touch day after day
He will show you the way,
For He is meek and lowly at heart,
From Him you will never part
And have a friend forever,
You will soon see that your life has
Changed in a very special way,
And you will soon find that He will
Meet your every need,
Just remember you can't go wrong with Jesus.

MY REBATE

I bought a phone the other day,
Plus a rebate they gave away,
My own money returned to me,
They only keep the interest, you see.

Four months' wait is lots of time,

To heal cuts from cutting dotted lines,
To get all your Proofs of Purchase,
Because the ones you lose are worthless.

Not to mention the mailman's,
Extra bags from overstuffed mailcans,
Bulging with my rebate slips,
For greed maybe he hates trips.

Oh God in Heaven redeem my soul,
No rebates -- Jesus, take control,
Your angels never get so tired,
As the mailman, who expired.

IT JUST TAKES TIME

There's times when I just want to give up.
But there's no one like you Babe.
There's no one like you.
I know we can make it work
It just takes time.
Oh Babe we've been together for so
long now, we can't see it end.
I can't go on without you.
Babe there's plenty of time, we can make
it through...you'll see.
Oh Babe we can't give up, there's just
too much, we have to see it through.
Babe we can work it out...
Oh Babe we can work it out...
I love you...It just takes time.

THE BOOK

There's a special Book we all know, sometimes
we first set it aside and it gets dusty.

Why don't we all get out that Book and start reading it.

This Book never destroys you, it heals you. It's you.
You destroy yourself.

It teaches you of a new life to live and you can have
a happy life.

Sometimes we fail in temptations. Well don't worry
about a thing 'cause there's Jesus to forgive you.

Thank God for Jesus...But watch out for Satan...
Watch out.

WHY IS SORROW BETTER THAN LAUGHTER?

Why is sorrow, better than laughter?
By God's measure, how does it matter?

Is laughter so low, scarcely refined?
Lower than sorrow, with nothing divine?

Yet laughter in children tickles the skies,
While sorrow, the 'morrow, blackens the eyes.

Sorrow, says God, makes the heart better.
But is laughter's crying-edge, whetter?

Sharpened and trued, tempered with blue,
Laughter by sorrow is colored, too.

Yet softening the countenance,
Exalting by a humble glance.

Laughter's higher than I guessed!
But Oh!, my soul, my sorrowing breast.

Ecclesiastes 7:3 Sorrow is better than laughter:
for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.

BIBLE-CHESS

The game of Bible-Chess,
Is strictured, factored, terse,
A shameless bribe, no less,
With Scripture, chapter, verse.

Long past, checkered pages,
Portray a sinful field,
Throngs vast, sectored ages,
At bay, all win or yield.

Chords now held, weighed, compared,
Chess major piece or minor,
Words how veiled, stayed, some shared,
His Image, or this high-lore?

MY MAN, MY KITTY & ME

Right now we' re playing house, you see,
My man, my kitty and me,
I love that man and my kitty we go together us three,
Like a ring on the finger,
As a matter of fact the left finger,
I don't have to tell you which one that is,
'Cause it's plain to see, we go together us three,
When we get married
We'll be one beautiful family.
My man, my kitty and me.
We'll make one beautiful family...meow...meow.

CREDITS.

By Jacquelyn;
The Words of Living.
I Love the Lord Who's So Complete.
A Special Man.
Escape.
I'm Stuck On You Like Glue.
The One Who Knows Me So Well.

An Everlasting Friend.
It Just Takes Time.
The Book.
My Man, My Kitty, and Me.

By Roland;
The Poem.
The Planet Primer.
Bubble.
Snow and Leaves.
Satan's Taunt.
One Tear.
Eternity.
The Girl of Light.
The Little Daisy Girl.
The Song of Carol.
Whispering August.
The King James Red Letter Edition Holy Bible.
The Boy With Sad Eyes.
The Girl in Long Stockings.
The Psalm of Jacquelyn.
My Rebate.
Why Is Sorrow Better Than Laughter?
Bible-Chess.

Final Comments.

It has been more than a decade since "The Little Daisy Girl and other poems" was written. A few comments seem worth noting.

Satan's Taunt is a riddle to be solved, and it is also an allegory about how Satan twists the true meaning of things, seeking to deceive us into looking at false or potentially confusing or misleading surface values. Since the poem was written, the darker side of personal and mainframe computers has given the poem a more sinister meaning. Can you guess the answer to the riddle, and see how the false values given in the poem could be seen superficially? If you're not sure, ask a friend, or take a good long look at the illustration with the weed in the middle and the numbers in two columns on both sides. Satan is a weed, vainglorious and vile, with poison for blood.

The BIO-LOVE illustration for The Boy with Sad Eyes is a combination of two universally known and recognized images; the 'smiley' face and the 'BIO-HAZARD' symbol

My Man, My Kitty, and Me

In the wedding photo of Roland and Jacquelyn holding the cat, the kitty's name was Sweets, and his fur was peach-colored, and yes, we and our church firmly believe that Sweets is in heaven.

The Demons Burning Hiking Chant.

This was dreamed up one day as a nice little hiking jig, suitable for children or adults. The words are recited in time to walking. The words in parentheses are alternate lines, or duplicate lines if more than one person is doing this and you want some variety. It's a great spiritual morale-builder, and a surprising amount of fun. In place of the last

word, there may be others not listed that you can substitute instead, such as 'die', 'flee', and so on. Be prepared to see more youthful enthusiasts wear out the older ones, as there's no set time limit on how long you keep at it. Happy hiking!

The demons are going to burn,
The demons are going to burn,
The demons are going to burn burn burn,
The demons are going to burn!
('Cause they will never learn!).

The demons are going to weep,
The demons are going to weep,
The demons are going to weep weep weep,
The demons are going to weep!

The demons are going to stink,
The demons are going to stink,
The demons are going to stink stink stink,
The demons are going to stink!

The demons are going to smoke,
The demons are going to smoke,
The demons are going to smoke smoke smoke,
The demons are going to smoke!

The demons are going to gnash,
The demons are going to gnash,
The demons are going to gnash gnash gnash,
The demons are going to gnash!

The demons are going to scream,
The demons are going to scream,

The demons are going to scream scream scream,
(The demons are going to you-know-what-I-mean),

The demons are going to scream!

The demons are going to wail,
The demons are going to wail,
The demons are going to wail wail wail,
The demons are going to wail,
(And Christ will prevail!)

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CREDITS.

New addition: The Demons Burning Hiking Chant.

DEDICATION.

A Special Man is dedicated to Harvey Hedge, Jacquelyn's father, who, at a Father's Day picnic which Jacquelyn attended at the age of five, saved two other of his children from drowning in a pond in Kansas, but in doing so, was himself drowned. His photo appears on page 18.

Jacquelyn has also dedicated My Man, My Kitty, and Me to Roland, who has dedicated The Little Daisy Girl and The Psalm of Jacquelyn to her.

THE POEM.

I stopped to watch the world go past,
And found a poem upon the grass.
"Pick me up!" it called to me,
In words of prose and poetry.

I picked it up and held it fast.
"At last!" it cried, "At last, at last!
A bosom close to hold to me,
And share its store of misery."

My fingers clutched this simple toy,
And spirit filled with boundless joy,
As I observed the human race,
Go past at such a frantic pace.

"Take me to the shining sea,
That I may rhyme more prettily,
And catch the muse of setting sun--"
The poem begged, and made me run.

I hastened after sea and sun,
But wondered where could be the fun,
Of rhyming in a better way,
Tomorrow than in yesterday.

"To the forest!" cried the poem,
"I'll make you feel right at home!"
But all I felt was just the breeze,
As I collapsed beneath the trees.

"It's no use running anyhow,"
I said, "You rhyme no better now."
"Then leave," it sighed, "me on the grass,

To call to those who hurry past..."

THE PLANET PRIMER.

The Sun.

Blazing, burning, golden orb,
Shines that others may absorb.

Mercury.

Freezing cold, seething blast,
Spins but once, in orbit fast.

Venus.

Beauty, brightness, hovering,
Veiled in her torrid fling.

Earth--and the Moon.

One alive, the other void,
Double, whirling planetoid.

Mars.

Red, dun, magenta, gold,
Crumbled ramparts, growing old.

The Asteroids.

Once a ball and now a ring,
Composed of almost everything.

Jupiter.

One-eyed bubble, awesome thing,
Circles in its wandering.

Saturn.

Banded planet, banded rings,
Planet orbiting--on wings.

Uranus.

Drunken monster rolls about,
North within and then without.

Neptune.

Giant ball of green and blue,
Lost a planetoid or two.

Pluto.

Dim and dark, crystal stung,
Tiny spark, the stars among.

THE WORDS OF LIVING.

There's people in the world today,
with goals they have set soon will pay.

For the goals will soon fill the empty holes,
then there's money they give for the lives they live.

In the beginning that is so intriguing.

For you don't want the ends to curl,
for they have to be straight,
if you want a life that is so great.

A recreation of a new generation.

This is a six-letter word L-I-V-I-N-G living.

BUBBLE.

I am a bubble in the deep blue sea,
I am so deep that,
There is darkness all around me.
They say that water creates rainbows,
In the sunlight and air.
But I don't believe them.
I am just a tiny silver bubble,
Of ultra-compressed, unexpressed air.
But the sea squeezes me, freezes me,
And I rise upward, faster, faster,
Up through the blackness of the deeps,
From the old old bedrock where I came.
Higher and faster, expanding steadily,
Until I am fairly bursting with
Power.
I see green, sea-green rays.
Then I see blue-green,
And then light blue,
And then, Pop! I explode upwards,
Into the air and the sun,
And create,
A rainbow of mist.
Hsssss! I say happily,
And glorify God.

I LOVE THE LORD WHO'S SO COMPLETE.

He's always there in those secret moments.
He's someone who can understand,
My deepest woes that are at hand.
He's changing me in a special way,
From head to toe I have to say.
Well, I'm not perfect like Him you see,
But I will make it up there some day.

SNOW AND LEAVES.

When the leaves are like the falling snow,
And my heart is like the wind,

I'll follow the leaves,
As they fall through the trees,
And pray for love.

SATAN'S TAUNT.

One is two, I'm telling you,
The truth is surely plain to see.

And two and three are five, it's true,
But not the way they're meant to be.

Four is four, not two plus two,
It can't be such an oddity.

Five is five, but three is too,
You have to view them properly.

Well, six is six, like pickup sticks,
But seven is three, it has to be.

And eight is seven, inbetwixt,
So nine minus six is nothing, not three.

If you can't see, your mind's too strict,
Your memory, is not the key.

You have to look at four, five, and six,
You mustn't think, you have to see!

ONE TEAR.

Know you nothing more I dread,
Than to pass th'entire year,
Shedding naught but hair from head?
Yet not a single precious tear!

ETERNITY.

An eternity of days and nights,
Shall be ours in the afterlife,
And freely shall it be our right,
But not without a certain price.

A price is paid, in memories,
Of how life was, and could have been,
Viewed once before, then forever after,
Before in sorrow and in laughter.

After this we pay a price,
Review our lives here more than twice.
Longing so that, while living,
We had shared the more our giving.

For naught else can we but receive,
The passages of memory,
And ever though we thus complain,
We have no chance to give again.

A SPECIAL MAN.

My father was a special man,
I think of him now and then,
I'll never forget that day,
The Lord took my father away,
I was so young then,
I've heard about him now and then,
Oh he's so special to me,
I'll never forget that day...
The Lord took my father away,
I remember it as if it was yesterday,
But now I have a Father that will never die...
Oh that heavenly Father of mine,
I'll be up there in time.

THE GIRL OF LIGHT.

Should my skin be black or white?
I dared to ask the Girl of Light.

Or should, I gravely asked, the sun,
And moon in brightness equal one?

And as she gave me her reply,
I saw a tear fall from her eye,

As stooping down upon her knee,
She beckoned earnestly to me,

That all as one should I befriend,
To live in mem'ry past my end,

And though the vision wax or wane,
To try as long as I remain.

For God in Heaven knows the heart,
Of every soul that must depart.

Then she left me; Oh! So fast!
As motionless, her image passed,

And with the trueness of a beam,
Of light her wisdom made it seem,

That never dark is darkest night,
When one has met the Girl of Light.

ESCAPE.

There's not much left of those mountains you see,
Beautiful forest and great big trees,
The air so fresh and so peaceful too,
God made them for me and He made them for you,
We all need to escape from the world now and then,
So the mountains are where I've always been,
Just enjoy them when you can 'cause there will
Not be any mountains left for you and me.

THE LITTLE DAISY GIRL.

There was a little girl,
Who longed to be a flower,
So she teased her golden curl,
As she wished it by the hour.

One day her limbs began to shrivel,
And her clothes to all unravel,
Hair transformed to golden petals,
As her roots dug in the gravel.

Then said she,

"This is simply quite amazing,
Here I stand within the sod,
As a waving yellow daisy,
Who no more shall ever plod.

"Of fate or God am I the seed,
So bright and pretty and gay?
Or of Satan, such a weed?
I pray not!" she had to say.

Soon a bee began to hover,
As it kissed her pretty face.
What a happy little lover,
On its singing wings of lace.

Then came a caterpillar,
Chewing all her leaves to shreds,
Leaving her to wither,
Down among the flowerbeds.

So the sun began to burn,
Upon her golden yellow spray,
But she found she could not turn,
Instead to face the other way.

In one day did she grow old,
Whisper dry and all alone,
Bowed in age, frail and cold,
Like a poor, tired, nodding crone.

Happy was she as a child,
Gayer still a simple flower,
Now she's buried in the wild,
With pretty daisies for her bower.

THE SONG OF CAROL

Sing to me the Song of Carol,
Brightest ribbons in a breeze,
Dancing bannerettes. A fair! All
Snapping colors midst the trees.

Such wonder that the day denies,
In tinted white with blue between.
Reflected spell, bound in the eyes,

No summer, scudded cloudy scene.

Oh land of crook and silver brook,
Of shadow dank and mossy bank,
Restore what she before forsook,
Where plundered stones asunder sank.

From the mire will come no spire,
Long forgotten this old castle.
Fawn and fish, and swan's desire,
Wistful leap from thistled tassel.

So may in dreams come what seems neigh,
The plunder of your wonder years,
And to the sky your prayers fly,
To banish all your early fears.

Now with your friends the fair begins,
The lost, the lonely, silent few,
To heal hearts and help amends,
And help their lives to start anew.

I'M STUCK ON YOU LIKE GLUE.

Sometimes it hurts so much that I know
it could never come true,
I wish you would notice me some day,
Then I know it will soon pay,
I'm stuck on you like glue and no one
can pull me apart from you,
Your personality makes me want to hold on...
maybe like...super glue,
I'm stuck on you like glue and no one
can pull me apart from you,
Ya...I'll still be stuck on you
till you notice me some day...

WHISPERING AUGUST

August had three sisterns,
Name of April, May, and June.
When he came to slake his thirst,
One would ladel him a spoon,

Of water. His three sisters,
Knew the coming of the moon,
But August in his whispers,
Knew a joyful little tune,

The daughter, of his neighbor,
Sang when she was all alone,
And heard her at her labor,
As he passed her way to home,

At dusk, the streaming vapors,
In keening, Godly litany,
Curling, cut their capers,
In the forest by the sea,

Of which she sang, don't ask, shy
Little August, knows the rune,
For he will only sigh, and say,
"Go ask April, May, or June."

THE KING JAMES RED LETTER EDITION HOLY BIBLE

For proof I fell 'neath my own spell,
And feigned design of blinkered mind,
The truth to tell I knew quite well,
Though in deigned ink red purblind.

THE BOY WITH SAD EYES

The boy with sad eyes,
Did not realize,
That every kid in town,
Could see his little frown.

The boy with no smile,
Seemed to take awhile,
To answer to his name,
But answered just the same.

Deepset little smudges,
Held no inner grudges,
Just an emptiness,
Nothing more, nothing less.

The boy with three diseases,
Found a friend in Jesus,
Before he died his eyes,
Seemed so very wise.

THE ONE WHO KNOWS ME SO WELL

Some people think they know me so well, you see,
They see me on the outside, but never on the inside.
But I know Someone who knows me inside who
doesn't care what I look like outside,
That's the Lord for you...He's so complete.
Sometimes I try to be perfect...HA HA.
But I know it will never be till I reach that beautiful
place in the sky someday...You'll see...

THE GIRL IN LONG STOCKINGS

The girl in long stockings,
Had thick ones, with flockings,
In patterns of diamonds,
Ivy, and garlands,

Ivory, or claret,
Like her favorite beret,
Or aquamarene,
Since she liked to be seen,
In long stockings.

"I'd rather wear them on my legs,"

Said she, "than leave them home on pegs.
Not short, but clear up past my knees,
To keep them warm in any breeze,

And not so clear,
When they are sheer,
But amber, smoke, or even gray,
Since that's the color for today!

'Cause like my friends,
It all depends,
On the color of my stockings."

AN EVERLASTING FRIEND

If one day you feel alone, and there's no one to turn to,
When the road gets a little bumpy,
And you can't find your way,
Just remember Jesus knows a better way,
He can be your friend,
But keep in touch day after day
He will show you the way,
For He is meek and lowly at heart,
From Him you will never part
And have a friend forever,
You will soon see that your life has
Changed in a very special way,
And you will soon find that He will
Meet your every need,
Just remember you can't go wrong with Jesus.

MY REBATE

I bought a phone the other day,
Plus a rebate they gave away,
My own money returned to me,
They only keep the interest, you see.

Four months' wait is lots of time,
To heal cuts from cutting dotted lines,
To get all your Proofs of Purchase,
Because the ones you lose are worthless.

Not to mention the mailman's,
Extra bags from overstuffed mailcans,
Bulging with my rebate slips,
For greed maybe he hates trips.

Oh God in Heaven redeem my soul,
No rebates -- Jesus, take control,
Your angels never get so tired,
As the mailman, who expired.

IT JUST TAKES TIME

There's times when I just want to give up.
But there's no one like you Babe.
There's no one like you.
I know we can make it work

It just takes time.
Oh Babe we've been together for so
long now, we can't see it end.
I can't go on without you.
Babe there's plenty of time, we can make
it through...you'll see.
Oh Babe we can't give up, there's just
too much, we have to see it through.
Babe we can work it out...
Oh Babe we can work it out...
I love you...It just takes time.

THE BOOK

There's a special Book we all know, sometimes
we first set it aside and it gets dusty.

Why don't we all get out that Book and start reading it.

This Book never destroys you, it heals you. It's you.
You destroy yourself.

It teaches you of a new life to live and you can have
a happy life.

Sometimes we fail in temptations. Well don't worry
about a thing 'cause there's Jesus to forgive you.

Thank God for Jesus...But watch out for Satan...
Watch out.

WHY IS SORROW BETTER THAN LAUGHTER?

Why is sorrow, better than laughter?
By God's measure, how does it matter?

Is laughter so low, scarcely refined?
Lower than sorrow, with nothing divine?

Yet laughter in children tickles the skies,
While sorrow, the 'morrow, blackens the eyes.

Sorrow, says God, makes the heart better.
But is laughter's crying-edge, whetter?

Sharpened and trued, tempered with blue,
Laughter by sorrow is colored, too.

Yet softening the countenance,
Exalting by a humble glance.

Laughter's higher than I guessed!
But Oh!, my soul, my sorrowing breast.

Ecclesiastes 7:3 Sorrow is better than laughter:
for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.

BIBLE-CHESS

The game of Bible-Chess,
Is strictured, factored, terse,
A shameless bribe, no less,
With Scripture, chapter, verse.

Long past, checkered pages,
Portray a sinful field,
Throngs vast, sectored ages,
At bay, all win or yield.

Chords now held, weighed, compared,
Chess major piece or minor,
Words how veiled, stayed, some shared,
His Image, or this high-lore?

MY MAN, MY KITTY & ME

Right now we' re playing house, you see,
My man, my kitty and me,
I love that man and my kitty we go together us three,
Like a ring on the finger,
As a matter of fact the left finger,
I don't have to tell you which one that is,
'Cause it's plain to see, we go together us three,
When we get married
We'll be one beautiful family.
My man, my kitty and me.
We'll make one beautiful family...meow...meow.

CREDITS.

By Jacquelyn;
The Words of Living.
I Love the Lord Who's So Complete.
A Special Man.
Escape.
I'm Stuck On You Like Glue.
The One Who Knows Me So Well.
An Everlasting Friend.
It Just Takes Time.
The Book.
My Man, My Kitty, and Me.

By Roland;
The Poem.
The Planet Primer.
Bubble.
Snow and Leaves.
Satan's Taunt.
One Tear.
Eternity.
The Girl of Light.
The Little Daisy Girl.
The Song of Carol.
Whispering August.
The King James Red Letter Edition Holy Bible.
The Boy With Sad Eyes.
The Girl in Long Stockings.

The Psalm of Jacquelyn.
My Rebate.
Why Is Sorrow Better Than Laughter?
Bible-Chess.

Final Comments.

It has been more than a decade since "The Little Daisy Girl and other poems" was written. A few comments seem worth noting.

Satan's Taunt is a riddle to be solved, and it is also an allegory about how Satan twists the true meaning of things, seeking to deceive us into looking at false or potentially confusing or misleading surface values. Since the poem was written, the darker side of personal and mainframe computers has given the poem a more sinister meaning. Can you guess the answer to the riddle, and see how the false values given in the poem could be seen superficially? If you're not sure, ask a friend, or take a good long look at the illustration with the weed in the middle and the numbers in two columns on both sides. Satan is a weed, vainglorious and vile, with poison for blood.

The BIO-LOVE illustration for The Boy with Sad Eyes is a combination of two universally known and recognized images; the 'smiley' face and the 'BIO-HAZARD' symbol

My Man, My Kitty, and Me

In the wedding photo of Roland and Jacquelyn holding the cat, the kitty's name was Sweets, and his fur was peach-colored, and yes, we and our church firmly believe that Sweets is in heaven.

The Demons Burning Hiking Chant.

This was dreamed up one day as a nice little hiking jig, suitable for children or adults. The words are recited in time to walking. The words in parentheses are alternate lines, or duplicate lines if more than one person is doing this and you want some variety. It's a great spiritual morale-builder, and a surprising amount of fun. In place of the last word, there may be others not listed that you can substitute instead, such as 'die', 'flee', and so on. Be prepared to see more youthful enthusiasts wear out the older ones, as there's no set time limit on how long you keep at it. Happy hiking!

The demons are going to burn,
The demons are going to burn,
The demons are going to burn burn burn,
The demons are going to burn!
(Cause they will never learn!).

The demons are going to weep,
The demons are going to weep,
The demons are going to weep weep weep,
The demons are going to weep!

The demons are going to stink,
The demons are going to stink,
The demons are going to stink stink stink,

The demons are going to stink!

The demons are going to smoke,
The demons are going to smoke,
The demons are going to smoke smoke smoke,
The demons are going to smoke!

The demons are going to gnash,
The demons are going to gnash,
The demons are going to gnash gnash gnash,
The demons are going to gnash!

The demons are going to scream,
The demons are going to scream,

The demons are going to scream scream scream,
(The demons are going to you-know-what-I-mean),

The demons are going to scream!

The demons are going to wail,
The demons are going to wail,
The demons are going to wail wail wail,
The demons are going to wail,
(And Christ will prevail!)

END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK, THE LITTLE DAISY GIRL AND OTHER POEMS

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