

HARRIET

You Asked For Them!

Good, bad, indifferent

Here they are up to date

With more coming all the time,

The Dam Has Broken.

SISTER

Gertrude Randolph

MY HANDS

Like a snow white vessel
That once cruised the brine;
With sails now lowered,
Are these hands of mine.

Her hulk reflecting
In the dying sun;
She lies at anchor;
Her work is done??

PREFERENCE

Now I have owned a dog,
And liked an old tom cat.
I even bought some hens,
And housed a big white rat.

I had a bowl of fish,
And kept a singing bird,
But now its elephants
A mighty, tramping herd.

They do not bark or scratch,
Or cackle, snarl or sing,
But stand with trunks upraised
In silent trumpeting.

I prize my elephants,
But this you may be sure,
That every one of them
Is but a miniature.

DOG CATCHER

He prowls the streets with wired truck;
With probing eyes he seeks his luck.
His quota must be filled today;
Some cringing mut he'll haul away.
I meet the man. I hate him yet,
For he once dragged along my pet.
Perhaps I was a little lax,
I forgot to pay my tax.

Frustration is a pitiful thing
Indulged in by the weak.

Passion is a vital thing
Disguised in treacherous patterns

Suspicion is a fearful thing
It stirs the blood to a fighting point

Jealousy is a vicious thing
It numbs the body and slows the mind

Humbleness is a glorious thing
It brings forgivingness

But hope--is the criterion
It insures peace of mind.

OLD DIARY

You are the symbol of the years I lost
Between the chapters of this ancient book.
Bent corners mark each page where I now look
For worth beyond the measure of the cost
Of crisscrossed, haunting dreams. I find no name
To point the way, or clinging memory
To huddle near. There is no place for me
To hide, or seek for strength, no lasting fame
To flaunt myself esteem with tone so gay
That beauty flares untouched and slides past
The door of hope. There is no use to keep
These shadows of a long remembered day.
I share your silence and accept at last
Antiquity, but lift my head and weep.

*Received Certificate of Merit from
The North American Mentor Magazine*

LIFE

I held within my hand
A bit of brilliancy.
It's edges sharp as life
That stirred me willingly.

I grasped it with joy
Then felt a sudden pain,
And there upon my palm
I found a curious stain.

A pattern quaint and old
Was etched in crimson there;
With lines awry and blurred
It vanished in the air.

I gladly loosed my grip
To let this white heat go;
For youth and age agree
That time had lost its glow.

FIRST POEM

- "Very Crude"

THE LITTLE CLOUD'S STORY

A cloud once told a story
Of living way up high;
It said it loved the breezes
That sang its lullaby.

The sunsets gave it color;
The wind storms brought it life;
When thunder made it tremble;
The breezes soothed its strife.

The rainbow brought it beauty,
And night would guard its sleep;
But still it loved the breezes
Which whispered secrets deep.

The little cloud was happy,
With duties way up high;
Shaping the mystic heavens
To beautify the sky.

FLOWER WOMAN

She has a tiny fragrant room
Upon the corner of a street
Where city grime and country meet,
For plants grow here and flowers bloom.

She does not heed the passing throng,
Nor does she hear the pagan din
Of city clatter, for within
Her peaceful shop she hums a song.

Each measured year has been a friend;
The cautery of time has seared
Her face, but she has never feared
To know that work and dreaming blend.

Her eyes are young. They hold the calm
Of pools that circle to flung stones.
Her world is small but still she owns
The tranquil beauty of a psalm.

The letter P. means Published

WORDS

Words are bits of mosaic
Painted with the brush of the mind;
Colored with our memories,
In patterns subtly designed.

*This poem was dedicated
to a Public speaking Class
copies were asked from students*

CONTRAST

There are some days that seem to be
Made of a lasting memory;
Then others come that will not hold
Enough of hours bound with the gold
Of illuminating ecstasy.

P.

MY MOTHER MENDING

My mother mending is a pleasant sight
That will remain my sweetest memory;
How often have I sat and watched her brave
And willing fingers curve our destiny.

She cannot sew a fancy seam, or make
A tailored gown, but give her something worn
And see how skillfully she'll mend or patch,
Renewing garments that are old or torn.

Or, as a stocking's yawning gaps are filled
By drab or gaily colored twisted yarns,
She weaves her vivid dreams into the squares,
That make the many tiny patterned darns.

But as she works she always thinks and learns
With maps upon the wall, a book propped near.
She stores her mind with bits of rhyme and song,
And as she sings her voice is sweet to hear.

And now her children's own, she mends for them
And teaches them too, as she once taught us
The meaning of those words "I shall not want"
Or "Now I lay me down to sleep", and thus

Great wisdom came to her, for time unfolds
The pattern of a mind, but left to me
The treasured picture of a useful life,
My own dear mother mending patiently.

written for my mother.

P.

PROUD ACACIA TREE

One day I saw a gripping sight;
It caught the heart of me;
In wonder, awe, and joy I viewed
A Proud Acacia Tree.

Her garments of rare gold and green
Were made of fragile blooms:
In all her rich array she stood
And waved her fragrant plumes.

The ground was gilded with her thoughts
That fell like drops of rain;
Oh, God, be thanked it was my lot
They did not fall in vain.

To sense such worth as hers was praise,
I had no need to pray,
For in the panels of my heart,
I hid her thoughts away.

This poem was published in
a book "Poems of Trees"
selected from poems from
all over the United States

P.

ANSWERED GESTURE

We met again and arrowed glances sped
Across the space of yesterday. Along
The vibrant threads of memory a song
Relived and kindled tiny sparks that fed
The fires of unforgotten love. Instead
Of syllables upon our lips, a strong,
Deep current glorified this love to throng
Our thoughts with words that must be left unsaid.
Our song was made of fragile phrases kept
Complete by ardent hopes of ours that sank
Within our hearts a rich inheritance.
No tragic fate is ours, for we accept
The twisting way that we must go but thank
Those days when fortune brings to us a glance.

Land of Gold

SOLACED REVERIE

P.

Before our parting time, I want to see
Your face against the last pale ray of light
To promise me the luminous still night
Will hold a glimpse of starry mystery,
And I shall hear the ancient melody
Of love. Remembering your lips, their bright
Ectatic warmth, I know the silken sight
Of gracious dawn will bring tranquility.
Because your eager voice and tender smile
Will curve my silent mouth desire I find
Is not fulfillment. Firmly clasp my hand
In yours that I may sleep and dream the while
My thoughts take form in words. Beloved, bind
me closer; let me feel you understand.

*Published in book
"Land of Gold"
an anthology of contemporary
poetry by California writers.*

P.

DEDICATION

With reverence I humbly dedicate
My songs to one who loosely holds within
Free hands their worth when I would sing to win
His heart with lover's words. Should I then wait
For him to close his hands--or hesitate
To sing my lilting songs and discipline
Myself for love not wholly genuine--
And let mute singing be my final fate?
I know some fragrance comes from petals pale
With time. The dry stalk stands a monument
To white, remembered yucca blooms. Brown trees
Will change to green in spring. Should I then fail
My soul for love I know is only lent
When it gives birth to lasting melodies?

Pittsburgh Courier of Gold
M. J.

CLOSED DOORS

P.

Beloved, do not close the door until
I leave; Remain within its lighted square
And watch me go; Then I may see you there
When plangent undertones creep in to still
The patterned loveliness of words. You will
Then teach me silver streams are everywhere
And murky waters now run clear. You share
My love? Then this my simple wish fulfill.
You see, I know closed doors mean fear to me,
A complex caused perhaps by one who chose
To shut a door too quickly leaving pride
Bewildered, turmoil followed, stormily
I fought then I found you--so only close
The door when I am safe with you inside.

*Published in News Paper
Poetry Page*

CLINGING TO LAUGHTER

I hold to laughter using hands that cling
With eager hope to her elusiveness;
I find that laughter is a vital thing
Wrapped simply in translucent loveliness.

Her songs I crave to hold will echo near
And will not chime with thin and brittle strain,
But vibrate with a joyous sound so clear
It adds another link to her strong chain.

I know they have a fragile quality
That lends a poignant touch of sentiment
To inner flames so lit with melody,
They leave my heart, my mind, my soul content.

And that I may forever feel her need
Then always laughter's songs shall be my creed.

Published in Poetry Magazine

THE ANSWER ?

Would I have less of you
Or you have less of me
If at our parting time
Was left no mystery?

? ? ?

If I am I
And Me is Me
Who is Us?

THE WHIRLPOOL

When I met you
It was like leaping
Into a whirlpool
And each outward ring
Carried me on and on
Until I was lost in your love
And lips that were once cool
Are now warm and curved.

TO YOU

P.
My poems born of laughter
May be gay, and young, and true;
But my poems born of tears
Are the ones I leave to you.

in poetry newspaper

LOOKING BACKWARD

I want again a young time spring
Where meadowlarks and robins sing;
Where wine like air is thin and sweet
And maples stretch along a street.
On woodland trails I want to go
To hunt the place where snowdrops grow,
And then to walk its banks and seek
For colored pebbles in a creek;
To share the poignant twilight time
And hear the village church bells chime.
Then on the grass I want to lie
And watch star flowers in the sky.
I want again a young time spring
Where I may laugh and love and sing.

I DID NOT KNOW

When I was a child
With what glee
I hunted for the place
Where the bleeding-heart grew.
I did not know
In later life
I would find that place.

DAWN

Not even a filament
Of light
Could be seen;
But soon the opaline radiance
Of the sky
Streamed forth
And the dazzling effulgence
Flooded over the earth.

Published

FOG

The sun droops low over the bay,
And fog, rose tinted,
Speeds lower and lower,
To touch with damp fingers
Ships and life;
Ships that pass in ghostly line
With only blurred lights
To mark their track;
Life that passes in ghostly crowds,
With only scarred or lingering memories
To mark its track.

In newspaper

NIGHT GUARD

The night is dark, no stars appear;
The time is long, I heave a sigh;
Then through the dark, something queer
A noise--"Halt! Who's there?"--
I give the cry.
An odor, not fragrant; my spirits are sunk.
For all I've halted is a blooming skunk.

Army Magazine

Published

P. published

A FATHER'S PRAYER

I hold your baby hand, my little son
And watch your eyelids softly, softly close
As sleep draws gently near to bring you to rest,
And day is drifting, drifting to repose.

I never thought that love could be like this
That joy like mine could come from one wee form;
I wonder if all father's know this love
And cherish well this bond so strong and warm.

Rest quietly, my son; my dreams are yours;
May I keep them forever kind and true.
Here by your side I find a lasting peace,
I look to God through this sweet love for you.

Oh, may the Father grant this prayer to me:
Make me the man I want my son to be.

in a magazine

P
P
P

MOTHER'S DAY

Mother, cry of ages,
Mother, sweetest name;
Mother, word that's carried
Millions on to fame

Life of purest loving
Meted out to man;
Life of patient toiling
Since the world began.

Gratify her longing,
Brush her cares away;
Loyalty and service
Give to her that day.

First poem to be published
in a poetry magazine.

EUCALYPTI

One, like a youth, against the dawn,
Eyes shaded with his hands,
In attitude of listening,
He dreams of distant lands.

In tangled groups of three and four
They live on distant rise;
Their heads bent close in murmuring,
Like crones with greedy eyes.

Or at the curve of a silver pool,
Like slender maids they grow;
Their flounces held with happy hands,
Their mirrored forms below.

Like soldiers, row on row they guard
A lonely road or path;
No heroes of a war are they,
Or sentinals of wrath.

THE PEPPER TREE

She stands beside a canyon road,
And nods her head with graceful air;
With lacy dress of darkened green,
And sunny tassels in her hair.

Her spicy breath has Orient charm
Her crimson tear drops hide the sod;
I think the birds must love her best,
They sing her praises to their God.

published

*First poem published
in Inglewood newspaper
This poem was my beginning
Published front page Inglewood newspaper*

p.

SOLITUDE

When I wish for solitude
I would like
To walk into a still pond
Pull its covers over my head
Sink to sandy smoothness
And there
Meditate
In peace!

Published

p

CONSOLATION

Sorrow, lift your head
For laughter is fluttering
The long, silken fringe,
Of her varicolored shawl
And gazing at you shyly.

Published

SONG OF THE CROSS

I am a cross, my home is on a hill;
I am an emblem of the Christian race;
My arms outstretched in humble prayer, my face
To God is turned, his mission I fulfill.

Although my feet are buried deep in clay,
Clear cut against cloud wings of light I stand;
To all I stretch a supplicating hand;
I keep a vigil, watching, night and day.

Look upward, you that pass, lift up your eyes
For I am here to guide humanity;
Not only Easter Day bring cares to me,
Eternal Peace and Joy I symbolize.

*This poem dedicated to
The cross in Tujunga, Calif.
on top of the mountains
above his home. I have a
letter from him of appreciation,
from "John S. McShorley"
poet laureate of Calif.
and who wrote a page
in The Los Angeles Times.*

SOLILOQUY

You are the only one
Who has kept me within
The groove of living
I do not know why
Or even seem to care,
Some chemistry or sign
Binding two in space
And culture
Bringing free expression to life
That is left for years
To know and remember.

Your right hand does not know
What your left hand can do
You are split down the middle
Your heart is a large stone
Where is the center located
How can you walk and converse
And look straight ahead
When really all is backward?

You live apart
Encased within
A block of ice
I see you clearly
Quiet as love itself
Long dead
Within your heart.

Put a clamp upon your heart
A muzzle upon your lips
Tie your hands in knots
Their trembling will not show
Smile behind your mask
No one will ever know
You lost your love today.

A Soliloquy is the act of talking to oneself.
A monologue.

Received "Certificate of Merit"
Annual Muntz Poetry Award
(might be published)

Gertrude Randolph

**DID YOU KNOW?
THAT LIVING IN INGLEWOOD:**

Is a poet who has had very excellent verse published in many "Little" Journals, (the standards of which are of the highest), and who is in several anthologies recently printed?
* * * **ME**

A writer who sells hundreds of short stories to pulp magazines per week?
* * *

A movie actress who has appeared in pictures with some of our most noted stars?
* * *

A clairvoyant who has clients not only from Centinela Valley but from all over Los Angeles County?

STANDARD BROADCASTING CO., INC.
RADIO STATION KFVD 1000 KILOCYCLES

645 SOUTH MARIPOSA AVENUE
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
FITZROY 1231

October 3, 1936

Miss Gertrude Randolph
600 East Kelso Street
Inglewood, California

Dear Miss Randolph:

From over several hundred poems that have been read on our program your poem "Consolation" has been selected as one of those to be read on our nineteenth contest program, Wednesday, October 7.

I would like you to read your poem yourself at that time, but if you wish, I or anyone whom you may select may read it for you. At least, I would like you to be present at the studio to be introduced to the radio audience. You will be given a dignified introduction and asked a few impersonal questions. This is necessary to give you individuality to the radio audience, and add variety to the program.

Will you either phone Miss Brady at the KFVD Studio, Fitzroy 1231, or let me know by return mail if you will be able to be present. If you can be, and I sincerely hope you can, will you be at the KFVD Studio, Wilshire Boulevard at Mariposa, by 1 o'clock on Wednesday, October 7.

Sincerely yours,

Byron Dunham

BYRON DUNHAM
Radio Poets' Club

BD:b

*I gave the poem over radio.
Ralph Cheney, teacher and poet
husband of Lucia Trent, complimented
me on the poem.*

*Long, long ago.
S.R.*