

THE PEOPLES JOURNAL



In her Garden

I planted some flowers
In her garden.
And each year
When the blossoms are there,
I hope that they
Will make her happy,
For they will tell her
That I care.

Flowers in their own
Sweet language
No matter how I try,
Can tell it
Much better than I.

The years may come
And the years may go,
But they will be there
To tell her so.

And I hope
That she will think of me,
And be glad
I planted them there.

CHRISTY L. SPRINGER



Plant your roots

In Springtime

Drink it all in, Love,
For the time is short
As you pass by--in Springtime.

The jonquils and the tulips
Last only briefly.
Also the violets, purple, red and
white, the upright stalks of grape
hyacinths show their beauty and
then wilt away.
And, oh, the flowering trees
What a gorgeous sight to observe
As you wind the woody roads
Above the swift and muddy river.

Each farmstead boasts of beauty
Flowering quince, red bud and dog-
wood, too.
Blossoms of cherry trees, apple,
pear and plum--
Drink it all in, Love,
For the time is short
As you pass by--in Springtime.

DOROTHY M. SPRINGER



The Wind

The windows rattle, the shutters
bang,
Limbs bow down, in the distance
a clang;
Hats are flying and skirts a-
swishing,
Fine for drying, but not for
fishing;
The wind is passing by.

Winter has gone, spring is near,
Weather is cloudy, then 'tis clear;
Grass will green, so will wheat
Amber waves so grand and great;
The wind is passing by.

Flowers peek out after a long
winter's nap,
Some pink, some purple, some with
white cap;
Fruit trees blossom, oh, so rare,
Soon a shake, then they are bare;
The wind is passing by.

Most any time, as days go by,
Furious-looking clouds may
darken the sky;
Without much warning the demon
strikes,
Gone is life's work, memories,
and the likes;
A Kansas wind just passed by.

Before too long, all's right
with the world,
Sun shining brightly, flags hang
unfurled;
As the world turns, so come the
seasons,
We'll always have them without
rhyme or reason;
The wind will be passing by.

MERLE HOLLADAY

Forsythia

The Forsythia, gowned in gold,
Defies the onslaught of the cold.
Golden bells wreath each arching
branch
Before the green leaves avalanche.

The shrub's golden bells delight
bring;
They signal the coming of Spring.
Filigreed against the blue sky,
This shrub enchants the passerby.

ETHEL MAY AMYX

Horticulture

They say you should talk to your
plants to make them grow and bloom,
So I put in a threat or two,
It's this year or their doom.

Now don't you droop, you worthless
vine,
And, begonia, you're a slouch;
I'll put you by the cactus
As I tell him off--and ouch.

I creep upon the creeping phlox
And yell, start spreading fast;
Then to the stubborn geranium,
So, you managed to bloom at last.

Yes, I talk to my little plants,
So stubborn in their potty,
And when the conversation fails,
I may even try karate.

BY ELIZABETH JOHNSON HOUSE

This page is composed entirely
of poetry written by the Lawrence
Writers Club. Members meet the 2nd
Saturday of each month to read their
prose and poetry and to share ideas
for future writing. New members
are always welcome; dues are only
a quarter a year. We meet at 2:00
in the Lawrence Public Library.
Come join us!!!

Kate Duffy, member

