



CHIEF TAHACHEE

Poems of Dreams

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

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Poems of Dreams

Chief Tahachee

A Critical Reading Edition

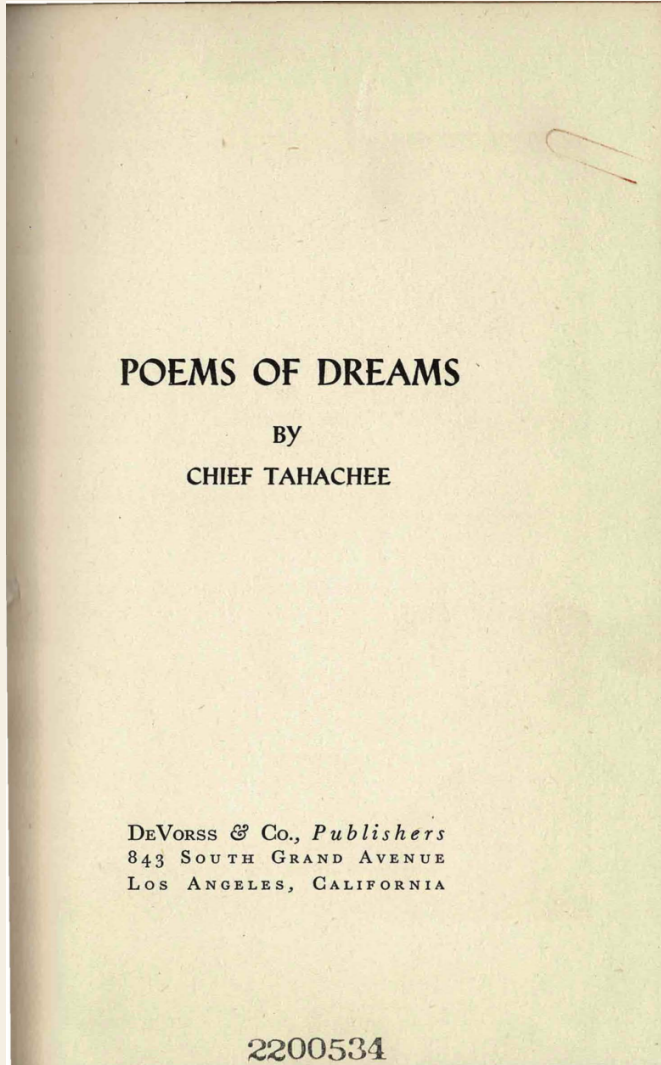
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Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

Archival Images

A short selection from the source record



Title page or opening source witness for Poems of Dreams.

Editorial Note

This is a reset reading edition, not a facsimile. The text was transcribed from the source pages in the local archive and collated against available embedded text. Physical page wraps were rejoined only when the source showed that they were typographic continuations; stanza breaks, meaningful indentation, epigraphs, subtitles, speakers, and section headings were retained. Obvious scanning debris was removed without silently modernizing diction, spelling, or punctuation. Each poem or complete sequence ends with a source note in the established Green-volume form.

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Introduction

Jeff Davis Cypert made a career as Chief Tahachee: actor, stuntman, horseman, vaudeville performer, lecturer, and author. *Poems of Dreams* mixes prayers, family poems, desert and nature lyrics, Hollywood-era public pieces, and a sustained performance of Native identity. Cypert claimed Old Settler Cherokee descent, but surviving publicity cannot substitute for tribal or genealogical verification, and the book belongs to a film culture that routinely blurred identity, costume, and stereotype. This edition resets the 1942 volume complete while treating “Chief Tahachee” as Cypert’s documented public name rather than proof of the claims made around it.

Biography

Jeff Davis “Tahchee” Cypert was born at James Mill, Arkansas, on March 4, 1904, and died of a heart attack in San Gabriel, California, on June 9, 1978. He published and performed as Chief Tahachee and was also billed as “the Rath Indian.”

Cypert worked across vaudeville, Wild West entertainment, stage performance, film acting, stunt work, horsemanship, makeup, and costume. Publicity placed his screen career as early as the 1920 *Last of the Mohicans* and associated him with decades of Hollywood westerns and historical productions, often as an extra or stunt performer.

He claimed descent from Old Settler Cherokees. That claim should remain explicitly unverified until supported by tribal and family records. Hollywood publicity and self-description are evidence of the identity under which he worked, not conclusive evidence of citizenship or descent.

Cypert published *Poems of Dreams* in 1942, *Drifting Sands* in 1950, *An American Indian Climb Toward Truth & Wisdom* in 1955, and *The Rough and Rowdy Ways of an American Indian Cowboy* in 1957. The books combine poetry, spiritual counsel, autobiography, western performance, and the public persona he had developed on stage and screen.

He married poet and film extra Dorothy Lear Evelyn Teters Cypert, who also used the names Nawana and Princess Neowana; accounts attribute poems in the 1942 volume to her. Cypert married several times and fathered a large family. The domestic poems in *Poems of Dreams* make family collaboration

and grief as important as the public “Chief” persona.

Copyright records show that Cypert renewed *Poems of Dreams* in October 1972. That renewal keeps the text under copyright and distinguishes this volume from the pre-1931 public-domain books in the series.

Dedication and Acknowledgment

Authorial front matter from Poems of Dreams (1942)

Dedicated to my many Indian friends whom I have known and loved so well; to those whom we no longer have within our midst, and, to you friends, whom I have never known. May the Great Mystery bring peace and happiness in this hour of communion as you reminisce with me in *My Poems of Dreams*.

Chief Tahachee
American Indian, Kawias Tribe

The author wishes to express his sincere thanks and pay a tribute of gratitude for the untiring effort that was so graciously given in making possible the publishing of this book. To these friends—Mrs. Isabel Nelson, Miss Emma Rose Stude and Mr. Geo. E. Morrow—I pay a special tribute. May the Great Mystery protect and guide them and reward them abundantly for their kindness and understanding, is the wish and prayer of an humble Redman.

Chief Tahachee

Chief Tahachee's Foreword

From Poems of Dreams (1942)

From childhood I have loved the beautiful things of life and nature, and vividly recall the picture of the first lullabys of my mother, the gentle touch of her arms holding me close as the glorious sun pillowed its head in the golden garden of the west, prayerfully lifting her eyes to the Great Mystery, seeking blessings on my life. She prayed it would be one of service and sacrifice to my people, and that I would ever be true to Him, the Master and Chief of all living.

As the years passed one by one, I became more devoted to my mother and her beautiful philosophy of life with all its magnificent achievements. From boyhood's memory I keep the silent hours as I wandered in the garden of nature, painted by the divine hand of the Master, drinking deep of its lustrous splendor; the trees in all their glory, their branches filled with the enchanting song of birds; the humming of bees winging their way to and fro in their busy task of laying up stores for the winter. The rippling of water over pebbled earth, the shrill scream of the eagle, the lonely call of the wolf for his mate, the hoot of the owl and the love call of the dove, all made up nature's music which thrilled my soul, quickened my heart and lightened my steps. In the silent hours amidst this beautiful garden of the earth the Great Mystery taught me to dream and vision things of another garden, the Celestial, where go the souls of those who are true to His teachings.

So through the philosophy of the Redman and the teachings of my mother I have written *My Poems of Dreams*. I try, in my humble way, to permit nature to speak through my soul telling my fellow brothers how wonderful and glorious it is to be a part of the Master's creation.

In the solitude of the evening as the last ray of the golden sunset fades into mystery, and the shadows of the evening begin to lift themselves from their invisible slumber of the day and creep into the night, may you who reminisce with me in *My Poems of Dreams*, feel the breath of the Great Mystery, bringing a message of hope, love and inspiration from the things I have tried to describe. Visualizing this, I am sure life will become more interesting, burdens will seem lighter and the task of tomorrow will be more easily done.

May the sun in all its glory continue to rise on a land that is free and a people that are happy. May war and strife never come to its beautiful shores is my wish and my prayer.

Chief Tahachee

Neowana's Introduction

The poet's wife introduces Poems of Dreams (1942)

It has been my pleasant task to be the life partner of Chief Tahachee. I know the love of a heart shining with spiritual brightness. Our life together has been one of much happiness and understanding.

I speak from the depth of my heart. This is the story of life. It is the song of the Great Mystery as my beloved pictured in his thoughts. It is the dream, the vision of a dreamer, the philosophy of his heritage written in simple words. From the Great Silence has come wisdom of spiritual revelation. It is strength for the mind and food for the body. It is the Great Mystery. The Spirit speaks to him of the magnificent beauty that comes from the celestial realms of the divine heart of Him who is the Great Chief and Master of all living.

The Indian is a dreamer, a philosopher. He communes with nature receiving its blessings. His soul is pure and free like the soft summer breeze that caresses his cheek. He loves the open spaces. Even though imprisoned in the walls of modern civilization, his soul still longs for freedom and the power to express its beauty.

So it is with my beloved. He has expressed the soul of a dreamer, the American Indian's philosophy. My words are not sufficient to express this beautiful and simple mode of life, for within these pages Tahachee has expressed it all.

Neowana
Cherokee

Poems of Dreams

Stage 1 | 1942

The complete recoverable poetry text of the 1942 collection, reset from the source pages.

Vision of the Happy Hunting Ground

Dedicated to the Great Mystery, in appreciation of the wonderful journey He has permitted me to take with Him through the Happy Hunting Ground while still in this earthly material. I have tried to vision it in words sufficient to describe it to my fellow brothers, who are groping in the darkness as to the wonderful beauties of the Spiritual. May they absorb the inspiration from these few lines that will enable them to seek comfort from the great store of His infinite wisdom.

We have no need to trouble o'er vibrations of the
soul,
For it comes from the Spirit of the Happy Hunting Ground.
There the brave and true cease from trouble
In a Holy Land, where every tree speaks to the
heart,
And every flower pronounces a benediction
In ethereal, unspeakable language of communion,
Which the poet tries in vain to reach.
Pleasant indeed is the solitude broken only by
silent speech.
If we may fancy the voice of silvery streams,
Flowing over cascades of golden sunbeams,
Or the throbbing of deathless joys,
Through rosiac chambers of a pure heart,
We may conceive somewhat of the Spirit,
Of the Happy Hunting Ground.
The slumber of the centuries are packed away there.
There is an oppressive pleasure,
In contemplating such solemn antiquities.
The effect is instructive and ennobling.
The feeling is one of annihilation
In the Great Mystery's delightful loss of personal
existence
In the ocean Spirit of the Infinite.
The Happy Hunting Ground is filled with
splendor.
Beautiful birds, representations of affections,
Pour music through the summer air,
Making sweet breathed roses tremulous,

Sending musical throbbings through the fragrant
heart of lilies.
Mountains and streams glow with warmth of over
flowing love,
And laughing rivers shine with Divine Wisdom.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 13.

Out of the Mist

Out of the valley of dreams
Into the reality of the day
Comes our spiritual visions,
As we humbly kneel and pray.

Bringing to our hearts
Tidings from the land beyond,
Floating gently like a Heavenly mist—
Drifting on the wings of song.

Spreading gladness like a sheet
Across this saddened earth,
Filling each lonely heart
With gladness, joy and mirth.

So out of the valley of dreams
Into the land of the rising sun
Comes forth this bright new day
Out of the mist of the dawn.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 14.

The Spirit of Nature

Let us bathe in the golden glow of the rising sun,
And watch the lazily floating white clouds
As it breathes the Spirit it represents.
The low rolling hills and woodland strips
Winding streams enchanting,
Artistically arrayed in color,
Covered with a plush of vivid green,
Mellows the harshness in quiet elegance.
In the glorious rays of the rising sun
Our differences melt away—
In a great common understanding
As in the dawning of civilization.
Like the late summer sun
Mellowing fields and pastures,
Souls travel the path of Light.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 15.

The Manifestation of Spirit

In the shadow of mind, is the guiding Light,
Which prevails with the soul to be still.
To combine its powers, with that of ours
Will conquer and subdue the hill.

To answer the call of a hungry soul
Is to demand desire, to be still;
So the soul may call to the Great Spirit of all
And unite itself in His will.

To those who listen to the call of the soul
As it travels on the wings of the wind,
And hears the tap of the Immortal One.
Will know when the spirit comes in.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 15.

A Salute to the Dawn

Oh, beautiful dawn,
 You call to me
When you unfold the day
 With all its wonders
As each passing moment
 Pulls back the curtain of grey.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 16.

A Prayer

The Great Mystery has eyes to the east and west, to the north and south. He gave us the earth, the sun, fire and water, for our good, and His Spirit covers the earth. He will make us pure of heart and soul, and by His heavenly ladder we will ascend to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 16.

The Prayer of Healing

Oh, Great Mystery! feed us, we pray,
 from the substance of Nature.
Let our souls walk in the invisible
 temple of Thy Kingdom;
Let our hearts be strengthened
 by the Sun rays of Heaven;
Let our bodies of clay be renewed
 by Mother Earth from which it cometh,
and to which it must return.
 Let us linger not around the
temple of clay,
 But arise, Oh soul of man!
Go forth as the Great Winds
 And seek the Peace that brings
tranquility,
 And return not until your faith
has made you whole.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 16.

An Appeal

“Give us the volume of nature
 To learn of His Knowledge so fine
That we may so gladly study
 The touch of His hand divine.”

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 17.

A Prayer for Evening

The day is done; it is finished. The sun has gone to rest. It has pillowed its head in the golden garden of the west, and soon I shall enter my teepee to sleep on my couch of fate. To awake with the dawn and go forth to harvest my share of the day knowing I have the blessings of the Great Mystery.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 17.

Dreams

In dreams I live, but those in life,
 Who live as things just are,
Will never know just how we feel
 Who live in dreams afar.

Those who live as things just are,
 From day to day they go,
With nothing more than common life
 Knocking at their door.

But we who dream will always live
 In some far off distant land
Where things are bright and happy,
 And come up to our demand.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 17.

Mating Season of the Eagle

The sun is sinking in the west
 In his gold and crimson vest,
The hills are dark against the eastern sky.
 A camp fire gleams on a far off shore,
Pricks like a pin point through the curtained door.

In the azure blue of the vaulted sky
 Appears a taloned Eagle, sailing high,
Floating down in lessening circles to explore
 A silent mountain crag whose spires upward bore,
A shelter weary wings could not deplore.

His swift flight rends the curtain of the night.
 Long, silent strokes mark his journey's flight.
Each wing beat a pulsing measure for a song,
 That throws an unseen bridge across the night,
A bridge that reaches home, the way is long.

But at the journey's end a great silence waits
 Broken only by the love song of a trusting mate
In her pulsing heart beat, a love to proclaim;
 Since the first tinge of grey on the eastern plain
She had waited; but not in vain.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 18.

The Sand Painter

Back and forth, back and forth,
 With the many colored sands,
Sits the Navajo Medicine Man,
 Working the colors with his hands.

He is singing his Spiritual song,
 As he pours some here, some there,
Asking healing and comfort
 For the sick and the lame who are there.

Many bright, bright colors,
 Of yellow, black, green, and brown.
And he paints fantastic pictures
 As he sits there on the ground.

He must work sure and fast,
 Each stroke must paint the sand
With some symbolic picture
Of the Spirits who walk the land.

He must finish quickly
 Before the day is through,
For it must be gone by sun down
 If to the Spirits he is true.

So we sit and watch him,
 As he paints the sand,
Asking healing and comfort
 For those of his little band.

These ceremonies occur each year,
 They burn the Council fire,
Seeking spiritual protection
 For those they love so dear.

So back and forth, back and forth,
 With the many colored sands,
Sits the Navajo Medicine Man
 Working the colors with his hands.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 19.

Ramona

Slumber on Oh, thou Ramona,
 In the regions of the blest.
Your life was sorely tangled,
 But, we know you did your best.

Life's deal was one of sorrow,
 It was full of strife indeed.
But we know you rest in heaven
 Far away from earthly need.

Your tangled life stirs our emotion
 And your sorrows bring us tears,
As we read of your devotion
 To the ones you love so dear.

But you have not lived in vain,
 With your struggles and your strife,
Though your journey here was filled with pain
 And you led a sorrowful life.

For thousands pay you homage,
 As the years pass one by one.
And every year they tell us,
 Of the laurels you have won.

So walk in peace, Oh loved Ramona,
 And as countless ages roll,
May you walk with your dear Master
 Who is the Captain of your Soul.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 20.

The Salute to the Sun

In the valley of the sun and the whispering pines,
 As the wind murmurs soft and low,
The old Chief sits by the light of his fire
 That burns with a brilliant glow.

There is nothing left on the trail ahead
 But the coming of the winter's snow.
And a teardrop falls from the old Chief's eyes,
 As he slowly arises to go.

He turned his face toward the East;
 And he climbed the well known hill
To salute the sun, for it is rising now
 On the other side of the hill.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 21.

A Challenge to the Vanishing American

Call him not the vanishing race,
 Whose ideals have not crumbled to dust,
Just say he is the real American,
 With his heart full of love and trust.

He is not dead, the Redman,—
 He lives with us today.
In every town and village
 We meet him every day.

He is in the country there,
 And he lives in the cities, too.
He is in every line of industry
 Where there is work to do.

Long may he live in his country,
 Just as it ought to be,
And long may it be America,
 Just as happy and free.

Yes, long live his glorious spirit
 That is born eternally free.
And God bless the spirit of America
 And keep us the land of the free.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 21.

Ceremonials

In the twilight of the evening
 The wind whispers through the pines,
The low booming of the tom-toms
 In the rhythm of Indian rimes.

The chanting of the warriors
 And the beating of the drum
Reveal to other tribes
 Ceremonials have begun.

Singing their chants of praise
 To north, south, east, and west,
To honor the bountiful harvest
 And him who so gloriously blessed.

They offer prayers of thanks
 To the Great Mystery, Chief of all,
And the summer months now passing,
 For the coming months of fall.

Now they are to harvest
 The crops so richly given,
And dedicate themselves
 To the Great Mystery, Chief of heaven.

The peace pipe is smoked
 To His Honor, Chief of all.
The Great Mystery has spoken
 To the hearts of great and small.

Silhouetted in the shadow,
 Sits the aged Medicine-Man,
Offering prayers and incantations,
 As they feast from the harvest grand.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 22.

The Indians Christmas Creed

The Indian had a creed for Christmas
 Long before the white man came,
And through the white man's civilization
 Has forever remained the same.

He gave praise to the Great Mystery,
 The sun, moon, stars and all
The birds and animals who gave him food;
 For every thing great and small.

He helped his weaker brother,
 Gave to the hungry food,
Praised the Great Mystery daily
 For things given for his good.

The Medicine man asked for wisdom
 To help his little band,
When illness overtook them,
 As they wandered through the land.

He loved life and freedom,
 Just as we do today;
And he put it into practice
 Every day in every way.

As long as we have freedom,
 We have the Indian's creed
Helping those who are weak and weary,
 Cheering those who are in need.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 23.

My Indian Blood

My skin is white
 As my fellow man,
My mind is clean and pure.
 I live and love like others,
But my heritage is hated I am sure.

I have the blood of the Red man,
 From my mother it comes, you know.
Because of that I am only used
 When my white brother wishes a show.

Honor to the Red man, they think they pay,
 When asking for something they wish.
To work and help with their programs,
 But refuse to accept him each day.

They think they are proud and better than he
 Because their skin is white.
But the day will come, and that I am sure,
 They will find they are wrong, and the Red
 man is right.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 24.

An Indian Christening

Into the pages of a little book
Are written the memories of love
Of kind friends and relatives,
Blest by the Great Spirit above.

A ceremony of the Indian,
Heralding the joy of a birth
The christening of a little boy
With songs of joy and mirth.

There were cedar buds in rain water
Depicting the Tree and River of Life,
And then the claws of the eagle;
To make brave and strong in earth's strife.

The peace pipe was smoked
To the East then to the West;
Then to the North and South;
To the Great Spirit who knows best.

Then last but not least,
To the dear Mother Earth;
From whence comes the body
To fulfill the law of birth.

The baby was named Winter Bird,
Christened by the Medicine Man;
The name was given to him,
By the Great, Holy Spirit divine.

Then the Sacred paint
Of spiritual colors on each cheek,
Denoting the blood of the parents
And the Medicine Man, a Creek.

A necklace was then presented
By the wise old Medicine Man,
Making the baby a member
Of the Indian Eagle Clan.

Then the ceremony ended
 With its Indian tribal songs
With prayers for spiritual guidance,
 Through a life that will be useful and long.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 25.

The Flight of the Eagle

The whisper of the wind
 Through the mountain crags
Speaks to a lonely deer.
 The Eagle screams, as he takes his flight,
Leaving only his echo to hear.

Swift as the wind
 He soars on high,
Silhouettes his shadow below.
 Like a great clear mirror is the earth
As he reflects himself on the snow.

His great wing spread
 Like a silvery sheet
As he turns his head to and fro
 And hopes to catch a moving glimpse
Of some life that fears him so.

The tiny life that have such fear
 Of the great white Chief of the air
Will scurry fast to his sheltered home
 To save himself and warn his young
That the Eagle has left his throne.

He directs his course from mountain peaks
 To valleys low and green.
A lonely lamb, he picks his prey,
 As he dives with open talons,
Swift as lightning, a streak of grey.

Fast to the back of the tiny lamb
 He sinks his talons strong,
And wings his way to the mountain steep
 Where awaits his mate with a joyous song,
To her he has brought a feast.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 26.

The Strawberry Moon

Behold nature with beauty untold,
 The season of the Strawberry Moon,
With prairie grass waving like an emerald sea,
 The harvest to begin very soon,

The bending boughs of the walnut trees
 Which are loaded with fruit for all,
The blackberry bushes bowing their heads,
 That seem to beckon and call.

They seem to be burdened so
 With the weight of ripening food.
They bid you come and take
 Of their gift from Him so good.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 27.

The Moon of Fallen Leaf

The beautiful summer is gone,
 With its warm and healthful glow.
This is the Moon of Falling Leaf;
 That preceeds the fall of the snow.

Jack Frost paints the fields crimson
 And turns the grass to a rustic brown.
The North Wind strips the foliage,
 It flutters and falls to the ground.

Beneath buds, new leaves are folded
 To await their coming birth,
Then they'll fulfill their purpose
 In bringing new beauty to earth.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 28.

The Warrior's Last Ride

Her dark oval face, bore the touch of summer,
The shadows of autumn lurked in her deep, dark
eyes,

Her dark drooping eyelids, that seemed to murmur
Of music and laughter, from out of the sky.

Her silky black hair, sweeping 'most to her ankles,
Her slim slender hands moved in waves of
perfection,

Her tiny feet like a deer made for leaping,
She walked in the beauty of her own reflection.

Her tall slender figure, like a tiger lily grew,
Beautiful and lovely, as if covered with dew;
Her words were like honey full of gentle wisdom
Her musical voice like the pines murmured low.

To her Indian lover Strong Heart
She was the Flower of Perfection;
And this tender wife and sweetheart
Filled his soul with true affection.

But her soul was filled with longing,
For Strong Heart had gone away.
To the warriors his duty calling,
With her he could not stay.

Across the low, green prairie land,
Her warrior went to fight
The enemy, upon the warpath
With a heart that was gay and light.

With her heart so full of longing,
Watched lovely Pa-ko-bal, The Rose,
For her brave warrior and his coming,
Watched until the sun arose.

There at last she saw the warriors,
Coming from the weary plain,
With the body of her brave chieftain
On their shoulders, hearts filled with pain.

With a mournful cry, so anguished,
 She threw herself upon the ground,
By the body of Brave Strong Heart,
 But no solace there she found.

Then they lifted Strong Heart's body,
 From the place upon the ground,
And they bore it from the maiden
 To the Sacred Burying Ground.

And they placed him in the litter,
 Made of Sacred skin and bark,
By the hill of the Sacred Waters,
 May his soul in peace depart.

Beside him lay his trusty spear
 Which he had hurled at the buffalo,
And also, his well worn tomahawk
 With which he had dispatched the foe,

His beautiful bow of hickory,
 And the arrows with the bow,
His pointed flint, his hunting knife,
 He used, to skin the buffalo;

Beneath his fingers the Sacred Paint,
 His drinking cup and quiver,
And his paddle and canoe
 For his journey up the Mystic River.

All these were laid beside the Chieftain,
 For his journey on beyond
As his spirit travels onward,
 To the Happy Hunting Ground.

Be not troubled, Chief of The Morning,
 Because of your lovely Pa-ko-bal, the Rose,
We will ease her grief and longing,
 When her soul is filled with woe.

All your tribesmen here will soothe her,
 Seek to aid her in her sorrow,
Watchful for your unborn child,
 That will come upon the morrow.

So when her life is over here,
 And the Spirit Moon rides high,
She will meet him in the Moon Beam
 For she knows then he is nigh.

She shall reach her Sacred Home
 In the Happy Hunting Ground,
The celestial beauties she shall see
 And her place she will have found.

Oh, Chief Strong Heart and Pa-ko-bal
 In the Spirit World divine,
No more parted from each other,
 Souls united; Eternity's thine.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 28.

The Indian's Price of Fame

On an Indian reservation

Many miles away,

Dwelt two happy Indian lovers,

And their hearts were light and gay.

To her he was a chieftain,

And his glory she should share

To him she was perfection,

For she was so sweet and fair.

They were happy in their wigwam,

Made from skins of many deer,

And dearly loved each other,

All the days and all the year.

Soon there came a white man

To their wigwam bright and gay,

And he told them of the glamour,

In a city far away.

It was to the Indian chieftain

That he spoke the words of fame;

And the chieftain liked to listen,

For it set his soul aflame.

To think he might become an actor

In this city far away.

He left the reservation.

'Twas a most unhappy day.

This Indian maiden followed,

Although her heart was back at home

In the little Indian wigwam,

For she did not wish to roam.

Well at last she arrived there

Saw the city with its lights,

Its glamour and confusion,

So unhappy in her plight.

'Then her chieftain met a woman,

Whose skin was very white,

And he forgot his Indian maiden
Whose heart was gay and light.
So she wandered to the wigwam,
But she could not find her rest.
The betrayal by her chieftain
Weighed heavy on her breast.
So, she pined all through the summer.
As autumn leaves began to fall
She left this earth behind her,
Beckoned by the spirit's call.
In grief she died, this maiden,
While her chief was hunting fame.
And although becoming famous,
He could not forget her name.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 31.

The Death of Sitting Bull

'Twas in the winter months
 On a cold December day,
That the agent went to Sitting Bull
 For peace, his mind to sway.

Sitting Bull came out to greet him
 With a stern and steady gaze.
To the Great Spirit, the Hunkapapa
 His face and hands he raised.

Many times were treaties made,
 Many times these treaties broken
By the white man who had promised,
 On his honor, he had spoken.

Then slowly walking to his teepee
 He took his peace pipe down,
And he broke it into pieces
 Threw it there upon the ground.

"Liers, cheaters, are the white men."
 On his face there was a frown,
The peace pipe had been broken,
 Beside the agent's feet upon the ground.

"Lo, I am old, I have finished.
 There lies the peace between us broken.
The Great Hunkapapa will make peace;
 For me, it will be death, I have spoken."

Then he raised his blanket
 Pulled it firmly o'er his face,
And vowed never more to look,
 Upon the hated race.

The agent turned his face,
 Toward the setting sun.
His heart was sore within him,
 For Sitting Bull had won.

He hastened to his station
 And ordered Sitting Bull's arrest,

Called together some Indian soldiers,
For they knew his customs best.

It was early in the morning,
The Indian Ghost Dance, had begun,
A ceremony for their delivery,
'Twould last beyond the setting sun.

They danced all through the night.
And at the early dawn,
Their war clubs lay beside them,
And they exhausted, on the ground.

Sitting Bull was in his teepee,
His prayer and fast to keep,
Not aware of soldiers coming,
Had fallen fast asleep.

They took him without a struggle,
No chance had he to fight,
But calling on his braves
They came from left and right.

The police were then surrounded,
By one hundred angry Sioux,
For their leader was in danger,
And they knew just what to do.

Then a brave, named Catch The Bear,
Fired a fatal shot.
Killed the Indian soldier, Bull Head.
Fight to death was the warrior's lot.

As Sergeant Bull Head dropped,
Before he touched the ground,
He drew his gun and fired.
How the echo did resound.

He killed the warrior, Sitting Bull,
Just before he died.
Catch The Bear could not save him,
Though he died there by his side.

So thus died at early dawn,
The great Sioux Indian Chief

Killed by a traitor to his race,
This treachery added to his grief.

His spirit was unconquered,
And thus it was he died,
With a hatred for the white man,
Who by his word did not abide.

He was the last Sioux patriot,
Leader of his clan,
Beloved by warriors near and far
A great Indian Medicine Man.

*Written and dedicated to Sergeant-Major Clear Sky, who serves both God and country.
May happiness, prosperity and health be his material reward while lingering on this
earthly sphere until at last he answers the battle cry of his Maker, the Great Mystery, the
Captain of the Invisible Armies of Justice, is the humble prayer of a fellow brother and
sister.*

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 33.

To a Great Indian Hero

It was in the year of '17,
Somewhere near Vimy, France,
That the Indians showed their courage;—
For it was there they had their chance.

There are many unsung heroes,
Who, in battle, fought and fell,
But it is of a real American,
This story I wish to tell.

It was a terrible battle,
With the burst of shot and shell,
The fumes of the horrible mustard gas,
Adding its toll to the braves that fell.

When in a moment's pause,
A comrade lay stark and still,
His gas mask a broken wreckage,
The poison his lungs would fill.

Only for a moment,
In this fog of death,
Did our hero linger,
It was only for a breath.

Then he rallied to the Master's call.
A comrade was in despair,
Rushing through the fog of gas,
He knelt beside him there.

He slightly raised his eyes above,
And breathed a prayer of faith,
Swiftly snatched his gas mask off,
He placed it on his comrade's face.

The roaring of the cannons,
The screaming of the shells,
The flares from hand grenades,
All around him fell.

Slowly lifting him in his arms,
His own face full of gas,

He staggered on to safety;
 They reached the trench at last.

Death in all its horror,
 With its cold and icy mire,
Did not stop this Redman,
 With his courage under fire.

Onward, bravely onward,
 Marched this man with courage rare,
Awards of merit deck his chest
 That shell and barbed wire had torn bare.

Please remember when you see them,
 Each one is for an honor there.
He won them over yonder
 Saving comrades from despair.

This one of whom I write,
 Has served his country well.
He kept "Old Glory" flying,
 While his comrades 'round him fell.

His name is Sergeant Major Clear Sky,
 His smile is still so fine.
His medals will shine with glory
 Through the endless march of time.

Written and dedicated to the memory of Walks-Alone, Cherokee actress, artist and dancer, now deceased, the original owner of the White Eagle bonnet which was presented to Mobley Lushanya in honor of her accomplishments as an opera star, in Los Angeles, California, March 8, 1941.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 36.

In Memory of Walks-Alone

In presenting this White Eagle bonnet,
 We know you will value its worth,
And the story it tells of the Great Ones
 Who have passed beyond this earth.

While on this earthly sphere,
 It represents the success they have won;
It also speaks of the spiritual
 Glory they have won on beyond.

The Eagle represents strength,
 Of body, soul and mind,
With spiritual colors, too,
 And their inspiration divine.

So may you soar to heights,
 As you try to reach your goal,
Like the Great Eagle in its flight;
 And may love shine in your soul.

May the Great Ones who have passed on beyond,
 Who live in the spiritual light,
Help you as you travel on
 In your successful earthly flight.

Written and dedicated to Rolling Cloud, in memory of his bold determination and courage to preserve the language of his mother, the Creek Indian Tribe. May the Great Mystery forever keep and guide him in his upward climb till he reaches the height of perfection, or in the arms of the Great Mystery.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 39.

The Indian Boy and His Government

There is one within his tribe,
Rolling Cloud is his name.
Born of Indian heritage,
Has forever remained the same.

To him we owe a tribute,
Who has stood the test of time.
His many deeds of honor
Within our midst we find.

From a child he had the courage
Still unconquered it remains,
Although the white man in his greed
Has tried to hold the reins.

Taken from his home,
Put in a government school;
Forbidden there to speak his tongue,
Was one of many rules.

But he made a resolution
Within himself to keep,
That he would learn his Mother tongue,
The language of the Creek.

Many years had passed him by,
And he learned his language well
Outside the government school,
Of which he's proud to tell.

And now there came a day
When the government needed aid.
Alas, they had to pay
For a big mistake they'd made.

They were to have a trial
Of the Jackson-Barnette case;
And they could find no one
Who spoke the language of his race.

For he happened to be a Redman
Whose language they could not speak,

And the government needed some one
To interpret for the Creek.

And so among the thousands,
The government searched in vain,
Trying to find a Redman
Whose language was the same.

Then they discovered Rolling Cloud.
This language he could speak.
And the government had to pay him,
To speak the language of the Creek.

So the little Indian boy
Who was not allowed to speak his tongue
In his bold determination
Through the years, at last, had won.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 40.

Mother, Dad, and Me

In the yesterdays it seems,
 When I was just a lad,
Is the memory of my mother
 And the kindness of my dad.

It was in the evening,
 When the lights were burning low,
That I listened eagerly
 To the tales of long ago.

Mother was the one who told me,
 Saying, "Listen to me lad."
'Twas the story of her childhood,
 Sometimes seeming very sad.

As I listened to her stories
 Of the white man and his greed,
They filled my boyish heart with hatred
 For the white man and his creed.

But my mother overcame them
 With her kindness and her love,
With her prayers and supplications
 For my soul to Him above.

So the memory of my mother
 And the love she had for me
Is the sweetest recollection,
 Of my mother, dad, and me.

And now I've grown to manhood,
 And dear mother has gone to rest,
Far away from earthly sorrows,
 That weighed heavy on her breast.

And as I sit and ponder
 Of her patience and her love
For Him who was her Teacher,
 The Great Mystery above,

My soul is filled with gladness
 For I know I've conquered all.
With the teachings of my mother,
 I have grown to love them all.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 41.

Indian Love

There was an Indian maiden,
Born in sunny Tennessee,
Where the hills are gently rolling,
And her tribe is Cherokee.

Nearby there is a Cave Spring
Shadowed by a little hill,
Where the Cherokees made their arrows;
Many may be found there still.

'Twas there she took the children,
Close by a little mound;
And told them thrilling stories
Of the arrows they had found.

They pretended they were Indians,
There by the little mound;
'Twas many years before,
A Sacred Burying Ground.

There many jack-o'-lanterns,
Raised their fiery heads at night,
Coming from the Cave Spring,
In their never ending flight.

It was here her grandfather,
In the time of war and strife,
Was hiding from the Yankees;
Sought refuge for his life.

Many years had passed her by,
Since childhood's life at play,
Until her father told them,
They were going far away;

That they would sell the old home,
This grieved her mother so,
It was there since childhood,
She did not wish to go.

But at last she submitted
To her husband and his plan,

And they moved to Oklahoma,
A strange and beautiful land.

It was there this maiden,
Grew to womanhood so fine;
'Twas there she met her Indian Lover,
To be married was their plan.

But a confusion rose between them
Which he could not understand.
He went away and left her,
Refused to take her hand.

She was so very mournful,
For she could not explain
Just how this thing had happened
That brought this grief and pain.

But through her father she met another
He had been a life long friend;
For this old acquaintance,
A new love she did pretend.

Their married life was happy;
Two children came to bless,
Until another tragedy
Ended all this happiness.

There were six years of loneliness
She traveled all alone,
Until again she met her Indian Lover.
For all mistakes he did atone.

He loves her very truly,
And she loves him the same,
White Flower is this maiden,
White Eagle is his name.

And so they'll travel upward
To mansions so sublime.
They will always love each other,
Through the endless march of time.

** A phosphorus gas darting from the entrance of the cave, forming weird figures called by the natives "Jack-o'-lanterns."*

Written and dedicated to our friend, Lushanya, in memory of her visit to Los Angeles, February twenty-eight, nineteen forty-one, on the occasion of appearing as "AIDA" at the Philharmonic Auditorium. May the Great Spirit forever guide her destiny in her upward climb until she reaches the height of perfection—in the Redman's expression, "The Happy Hunting Ground."

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 43.

A Tribute to Mobley Lushanya

Out of the starry silence,
 Down a beam of silver light,
The host of God's invisible
 Sent a baby girl so bright.

The Master gave her gifts
 Of character, knowledge, and love,
To sing His songs of life
 From celestial glories above.

To bless her humble heritage
 A beautiful voice was given,
Chosen from the archives of music,
 From the realms of the Masters in heaven.

They christened her Lushanya,
 Which is the Indian word
The Great Spirit gave the Medicine Man.
 Interpreted, it means "Humming Bird."

The years passed one by one.
 She grew to a lady fine,
In the wisdom of her people,
 And the Great Spirit so divine.

She has become a famous singer,
 And traveled far and wide,
Through many towns and cities,
 And across the ocean's tide.

In Italy she was greeted,
 And Vienna so very grand
Her people heard the echo
 From that strange and distant land,

Of this little Indian girl,
 Who became an opera star,
Songs pouring from her soul
 For people near and far.

So she has returned to us,
 We are very, very proud,

She has not forgotten
Her own dear little crowd.
She is proud of her Indian heritage
And that she has attained success
In mastering the white man's music,
We wish her great happiness.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 45.

Southern Skies

There is an Indian maiden,
 With oval face and deep dark eyes,
Her silken tresses, raven hued,
 Her name is Southern Skies.

She is tall. and slender,
And her ways are very meek,
Her voice is sweet and tender,
 And her tribal blood is Creek.

To her lover she is perfection,
 For she is a tender wife;
And his heart is filled with such affection,
 He will love her all his life.

With words of gentle wisdom
 She guides her baby dear,
And her heart will not be broken.
 For it is so sweet and pure.

So when their life is over
 On this earth so big and grand
I am sure they'll dwell together
 On that happy, golden strand.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 47.

The American's Return

She was just an old Indian woman,
Her face spoke of years that were past.
But as she spoke the words that she uttered
It seemed like a prophecy from out of the past.

She raised her hand toward heaven,
To the Spirit she loved so well,
And we all knew by the look on her face
She had something interesting to tell.

She said, "I love my brothers and sisters,
White brothers and sisters alike.
For they all belong to the Great Spirit,
Whether their skin be red or white."

We were discussing plans for Indian Day,
A celebration for the glory of the race.
Something to honor their achievements
In this modern civilization's pace,

For it seems as if the Redman is doomed,
In this modern world so grand,
Just being a modern show case,
Instead of a modern man.

She said, "The day is dawning,
And the morning will soon appear
When the red blood of my brother
Will rule this American sphere.

"His skin may be a little lighter,
It may be the white man's skin,
But it will be the blood of the Redman
And not the white man's blood therein,

"For the Indian is the true American,
Both in spirit and in mind.
And to make a true American
He must be a man of that kind.

"So may the Great Spirit hasten the day
When the Redman's skin turns white.

But it will be the blood of the Indian,
That will make the white man so white.

“Long may he rule his country,
Just as it ought to be,
And long may it be America,
Just as glorious and free

“As when the Redman ruled.
For many centuries past,
And may the free spirit of the Redman
Make America free to the last.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 48.

My Indian Heritage

I had an inward calling
Which I did not understand.
It seemed like a benediction
From some strange and distant land.

I would cry to God, oh help me!
Guide me in some spiritual way
To satisfy this longing,
That seems to come each day.”

Well, God indeed has answered
This call that would not leave.
It was an ancient heritage
That so enveloped me.

A race whose Sacred lineage
Goes back through many years,
And research for its origin
A futile task appears.

The white man found this country
A primitive tribal land,
Inhabited by many tribes,
Each ruled by Chief’s command.

Each mountain lake and river known
And named no spot untrod,
For just how many centuries
Is only known to God.

And so it is this lineage
That cries within my veins,
The white man never conquered,
Although he holds the reins.

This cry within my bosom
Is of an ancient tribe,
It comes from ancient customs
Though many of them have died.

They haunt me still at evening;
When the sun has gone to rest.

And many times this longing
 Weighs heavy on my breast.

It is the call of the Indian
 Come down through countless years.
The call of the wild, or the spirit,
 This longing which appears.

It is my Indian heritage,
 Unconquered it still remains,
Of its ancient tribes and customs,
 Forever and ever the same.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 49.

The Birth of the Peace Pipe

It was many centuries past
 The Great Mystery came to bless
The Redman with the peace pipe
 And bring him happiness.

He stood upon the hillside,
 Beside the huge, red stone,
And fashioned a large, red Peace pipe,
 As he stood there all alone.

He called the tribes together,
 The Peace pipe to explain,
Telling of its origin
 And how long it should remain.

He pointed it to the eastward,
 To the home of the rising sun,
Giving praise for the light
 Of the new day just begun;

Depicting the story of life,
 The beginning of days on earth.
So the Indian must always praise
 Life, and its beginning at birth.

Then He pointed to the westward,
 To the home of the setting sun,
Telling them to be thankful
 For the day that is now done.

Then to the north He pointed it,
 Giving praise to the winter's snow
That comes to nourish the earth,
 And give moisture to roots below.

Denoting the winter of life;
 With the wisdom of the years
As an aged man will guide his own
 Through this mortal life of fears.

Then pointed He to the southward,
 Where comes the summer glow,

With the passing of the winter,
And its fields of ice and snow.

Then the earth was praised
Which gives the body dust,
And brings forth living things
For the unjust as well as just.

“This Peace pipe I have given
For all tribes that dwell on the earth.
And this is Sacred Ground,
The home of the Peace pipe’s birth.

“No scalping knife, or tomahawk
Shall be carried on this Ground;
All tribes shall give praise together;
Here, their wounds shall be bound.”

And so for many centuries
Throughout the Redman’s reign;
The Peace pipe has been smoked
To prove its Sacred name.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 51.

The End of the Red Man's Reign

On to a reservation,
 Across the shifting sands,
Came a caravan of Indians,
 Driven from their native land,

Where once they had been happy,
 And their hearts so light and gay,
Until the wagons of the white man,
 Had driven them away,

Onward to the reservation,
 This they could not understand,
For they had bothered no one,
 Why should they leave their native land?

But onward pushed the caravan,
 In endless miles of pain,
With no thought of sorrow,
 Or the white man's greed for gain.

And the echo from the mountains,
 Comes so soft and low,
Speaking to the Redman
 The tales of grief and woe.

The white man he had trusted,
 No thought of sin or strife,
And through his deeds of kindness,
 He was paying with his life,

He had stood upon the mountain,
 Saw the coming of the rain,
Watched the valleys burst with beauty,
 And the ripening of the grain.

But now his days were ended,
 They could never be the same.
For the coming of the white man
 Was the ending of his reign.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 53.

A Mother's Glorious Love

Oh, you have gone, daddy,
 Away from our fireside
From us who loved you so,
 Gone with some one else
Who has deceived us,
 And O, how we wanted to go!

Gone are those smiles
 Of tender devotion,
Gone is your loving embrace,
 Replaced by a curse,
And a snarl of confusion,
 With a terrible look on your face,

There are three of us
 Who don't understand
Why daddy has changed his voice,
 And why he never speaks kindly
To those who have been his choice.

But one of us knows and understands,
 Who looks with eyes that see not,
Weeping and wailing in despair;
 She is our mother who loves us,
As she sits with hands folded there.

That awful agony of "Forsaken",
 Such deep and heart felt sorrow,
When we think of the empty place
 That will greet us on the morrow.

But as the beautiful dawn
 Pulls back its curtain of grey,
Borne on the wings of the wind
 Is a new and wonderful day.

Again our fireside gleams
 With a bright and celestial glow,
For the wanderer has returned
 To those who love him so.

Forgotten are all the heartaches,
 Forgiven are the deeds of the past;
The glorious love of a wife and mother
 Triumphed in His love at last.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 54.

Somebody's Mother

On seeing an old lady passing out tracts

Who is she all bowed with grief,
 All tired and worn from working?
Never a moment of rest or relief,
 She never thought of shirking
A duty she wished to be done,
 A kind deed for some weary brother,
Somebody's daughter, or somebody's son,
Or, perhaps for somebody's mother.
Somebody's mother was old and slow,
 Although her face held a happy glow;
Somebody's mother paused and said:
 "God bless you my child! Have you ever read
Of the dear Saviour, who died on the tree,
 That you and I could be forever free?
"Here," she said, and she handed me a line
 I stopped, and read of that Saviour of mine.
How He died on Calvary's tree,
 Just to save a sinner like me.
How His precious life He gave,
 To prove we live beyond the grave.
For somebody's mother I'm a Christian today;
 For somebody's mother taught me to pray,
So God bless somebody's mother,
 And help her along the way.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 55.

Mother Love

Mother love is just the same,
Wherever we may go.
It may be yellow, red, brown or white,
With its longings, pain and woe.

Amid the roaring of the guns,
Or the bomber's fiery blast,
It will rise triumphant,
Strong as God at last.

Mother love knows no war or peace,
No season, no state in life,
In the humblest home or mansion,
It soars above the strife.

It cannot be destroyed,
However you may try,
For it is an infinite thing,
From His great heart on high.

It will always overcome
This earthly war and strife,
For it's a human urge of love
From God the infinite Life.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 56.

Mother

In our hearts you have a place,
Our darling mother, dear,
May the Great Mystery give you perfect health
For many more beautiful years.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 57.

On My Mother's Birthday

Dear mother, it is my wish today
 I could give you all you need,
To make your pathway happy,
 And to fill each earthly need.

This earth has much to give,
 In a material way,
Of this I haven't much,
 To give to you today.

But I have tried my best,
 As I travel each day through,
To glorify your memory
 Of good motherhood and true.

I want to bring my flowers
 While on this earth you trod,
Not wait to lay them out,
 On a mound of earthly sod.

So in my soul today,
 I feel a spiritual rest,
For in glorifying you,
 I have always tried my best.

I wish on this your birthday
 All things for you made bright
May you have more birthdays
 May your cares become more light.

Until at last you journey
 On to that happy shore,
To forever share the glories,
 Of true mothers more and more.

May you learn His knowledge
 From the Great Volume He has given;
And will finally be rejoicing
 On your birthday up in heaven.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 57.

Memories of Mother

In my dreams I live again
 With my mother and her flowers,
Of happy days spent together
 Through childhood's joyous hours.

To me it seems like heaven,
 As I sit alone and dream,
Of happy hours together,
 Only yesterday it seems.

I listen for her voice
 To call and say to me,
"Hurry up, my little fellow,
 Bring the flowers here to me."

Again I see her in the evening,
 As the sun is sinking low,
Saying, "go to bed, my son,
You are sleepy now I know."

Again I see her in the morning
 At the breaking of the dawn,
"It is time you had your breakfast,
 The work must carry on."

God bless my darling mother,
 She has left this world below;
And soon the day is coming,
 I will dwell with her I know.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 58.

Obituary to Dad

Dedicated to my dad, John William Cypert

We have lost a precious loved one,
Who has been always in our home;
One our Heavenly Father gave us
Till He claimed him for His own.

But he is resting in that garden,
Where the flowers never die,
Where the birds are always singing
In that garden in the sky.

God gave us our darling daddy,
Whom He always watched with care,
Till He took him from our presence,
How our aching hearts despair.

Now those feeble hands are folded,
Stilled those feet our home had trod;
That dear voice we'll hear no longer,
For our daddy is with God.

But some day we will meet him,
Where we'll never say goodbye,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
In that home beyond the sky.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 59.

A Tribute to Our Daddy

For Christmas

Dear daddy, we have watched each day,
As you went about the task
Of buying presents for every one,
For presents, you don't even ask.

But we know that down deep in your heart,
You like nice presents too.
As we don't have so much to give
We send our deep felt love to you.

Our deepest appreciation
For the kindness of our dad,
The love and deep devotion
For all of us he has had.

So every one of us join in
From our very hearts we send
Our love and deep affection
For so good to us all, you have been.

We wish you a merry Christmas,
A new year that is grand.
You are the one we love the best,
We know you understand.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 60.

A Tribute to Dad on Father's Day

We are always writing of mother,
 The blessings from her we have had;
But it is here I wish to pay tribute
 To a kindly and wonderful dad.

It was through his spiritual teachings,
 In his simple and kindly way,
That I learned a beautiful philosophy
 That helps me through each day.

For much of my inspiration,
 The courage to live as I do,
For all of life that is beautiful,
 Dear dad, I owe all to you.

So long as I have you on earth,
 I shall study your teachings of life.
And when we travel on over,
 And have conquered our trouble and strife.

We will study our lessons together,
 Through the Master's eternal time,
There, they will all be made easy,
 By the hand of the Master divine.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 61.

Faces

Faces, faces so soft and sweet,
 Coming and going along the street;
Some are long and some are round,
 Some are laughing and others frown.

Faces, faces going down the road,
Some bearing traces of sin's heavy load;
Faces, faces that seem full of strife,
 While others tell tales of a happier life.

Faces, faces in the night,
 Some have faces shining bright;
Faces, faces where do they go,
 With their marks of weariness and woe?

Faces, faces they seem to increase;
 Faces, faces will they never cease;
Traveling, running, walking along
 Reflecting thoughts, some right, some wrong.

Oh, the sorrow and the pain;
 Of thought born for selfish gain.
But how wonderful and bright,
 Are the faces that reflect the Light.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 62.

Voices from Main Street

I watched their faces as they walked along,
Each man and woman in that immense throng.
Little I could know of their joy and sorrow;
Or what fate held for each on the morrow.

[B]ut I could see some had happy faces,
While others went by in slower paces;
[A]n old man all ragged and dirty,
Another man who was under thirty.

[I] looked at the old man, his life nearly spent;
I whispered a prayer for his body old and bent.
[I] looked at the other so happy and gay;
I breathed a prayer he remain that way.

[I] saw a young child, a girl about nine,
Who was walking on crutches, a twisted spine.
[S]he was selling cards with a smile sublime;
A prayer in my heart, I gave her a dime.

[I] didn't want the card but I wanted to see
What the child was doing at such a small fee;
[I] looked at the card, but what should I find
Printed upon it, "Please help the blind"!

[I] looked at the child and I pitied the throng,
I knew she had laurels, a crown she had won.
[I] passed an old woman, her steps very slow;
She spoke to me in a voice very low.

[“]God bless you,” she said, with a smile so bright,
“This little tract will guide you right.”

[T]hen I thought of the Master, how He reaches all
In this wicked world though we are so small.

[A]gain I looked at the throng passing by.
I remembered my prayer and gave a deep sigh.
[H]omeward I turned, my steps fast and light,
Thanking my Master for strength and my sight.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 62.

Never Alone

The cigarette's glow in the palm of the hand,
The upward curl of the smoke
Mingled with shadows that rise and fall,
From the dancing fire on the hearth.

"What are you doing, daddy dear,
Sitting alone in the dark,
Are you so weary and wanting rest
After a day's hard work?"

"Just dreaming dreams, my little one,
Of one who is always near,
As you grow older you will learn,
We are never alone, my dear."

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 64.

Determination

When traveling on life's highway,
 When the going begins to get tough,
When friends at you sneer,
 When their ridicule you hear,
Then your will power won't be enough.

When things look so blue,
 'Then you must be determined to win.
Determination will pull you through
 When friends turn against you,
As friends often do.

So as adversity comes your way,
 Make it a step to success.
Just stand up and smile,
 It will help you all the while,
And it will bring you much happiness.

So turn their sneers into smiles,
 Their evil ways replace with good will,
And be determined to win,
 Even if the going is all up hill.

For determination must win,
 You cannot beat it down;
For when you do, it gathers strength
 And then it begins again.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 64.

Around You

Around you, my darling,
 With your smile so bright.
Around you, my darling,
 Through every day and night.

How lonesome I'd be
 If you were not there,
With the twinkle in your eye
 And your dark wavy hair!

Around you when I'm happy,
 Around you when I'm sad
Just to be near you
 Always makes me so glad.

No matter how dark
 My pathway may seem,
It is always made easy
 With your bright eyes that gleam.

You are always so nice
 And always so kind,
Always so sweet and loving
 And your smile I'll always find.

When I am discouraged,
 So blue with despair,
Your arms go around me
 For you are always there,

When I ever need you,
 Oh, how I love you!
And I'll always return it
 With a love that is true.

And when we pass over
 To a land that is fair,
I know we'll be happy,
 For we both will be there.

Around you forever!
 This is my prayer;
Around you forever
 I'll always be there.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 65.

Thanks for Thanksgiving

Thanks for the blessings

 We have received today,

Thanks for the opportunity

 That we have to play.

Thanks for the sunshine

 That brightens our life.

Thanks also for the rainy day

 And the choice for work and strife.

Thanks for our home,

 Also our land so free

Thanks for our children,

 Who can laugh and play with glee.

Thanks for a nation

 That is free from war and pain;

Thanks for our food

 And the fields of golden grain.

Oh! thanks for this Thanksgiving day

 We have enjoyed so much.

Thanks for a nation that's peaceful

 Free from war and such.

Thanks to Him above

 For His kindness so divine

 That has brought us another year

 With health and food so fine.

Written and dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Bullard in appreciation of their kindness and generosity. May your pathway be bright with happiness and love as you journey upward to the Happy Hunting Ground, and reach the height of perfection in the arms of the Great Mystery, is the wish of Chief Tahachee.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 66.

Our Friends

We have two wonderful friends,
 Whose hearts are purest gold.
He takes beautiful photographs;
 She paints them, their beauty to unfold.

I know their hearts are laden
 With the Master's love supreme.
Her hair is a bright, bright golden,
 In her eyes is a bluish gleam.

His face is full of character,
 The Master fills his needs.
His eyes are also blue,
 And he does many kindly deeds.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bullard,
 May your pathway always be
Strewn with wonderful blessings,

In an old arm chair all tattered and torn
 You rest beside the fire;
You dream of the things you haven't got,
 That your heart so much desires.

It's heaven to you to have such dreams,
 It encourages you to struggle on.
But the rich who have it have lost the thrill
 Success is theirs, they have climbed the hill.

But in the morning on life's other side
 I wonder if the rich will feel
That earthly triumph and success
 Is all there is to the hill.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 67.

The Poor Man

To be poor is an honor,
 If you work for what you get.
You have no remorse of conscience
 As some who do that are rich.

You are up at the break of dawn
 To harvest your share of the day,
To be greeted at eventide
 By little faces so happy and gay.

In an old arm chair all tattered and torn
 You rest beside the fire;
You dream of the things you haven't got,
 That your heart so much desires.

It's heaven to you to have such dreams,
 It encourages you to struggle on.
But the rich who have it have lost the thrill;
 Success is theirs, they have climbed the hill.

But in the morning on life's other side
 I wonder if the rich will feel
That earthly triumph and success
 Is all there is to the hill.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 68.

A Rose from You

Roses, a thousand roses,
Who have bared their hearts to June,
They knew the ardent sun's caress,
The cool kiss of the moon.

They have come and gone,
Have died summer's gentle death,
And come back again each moment
To haunt me with their fragrant breath.

A thousand, thousand roses
Yet if they filled my room
I'd treasure most this crumpled one,
This folded, scentless bloom.

To me it is the sweetest,
It speaks of a friendship true,
I love it most of all,
For it was a gift from you.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 69.

Hands

There are hands that are beautiful,
 There are hands that are neat,
There are hands all dimpled,
 So wonderful and sweet.

There are hands that are handsome,
 With no work to do,
There are hands all gnarled,
 That have done things for you.

And the hands that did this,
 Are all toil worn and red,
They are not beautiful to look at,
 Not much of their beauty been said.

They are hands that do things,
 For the Master above,
They are the most beautiful,
 For they are brim full of love.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 70.

My Flag

Tonight I am thinking
 Of a nation so grand,
And a beautiful flag
 That waves o'er our land.

Its colors are beautiful,
 The flag of the brave and true,
For they stand for so much
 And are red, white and blue.

The red is for strength
 To fight for the right,
And the blood that's been shed
 For a nation so bright.

The white is for purity
 Of heart and of mind,
And the blessings we have
 If we are just kind.

The blue is for truth
 And hearts that are true
To the wonderful flag
 That is red, white and blue.

I love that dear flag
 That o'er us does wave,
And I love this dear nation,
 And those who gave,

Their lives for the flag
 For the land to be free,
From valleys to mountains,
 From mountains to sea.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 70.

Home

In the shadow of the evening,
 With the memories of the day
Comes a certain satisfaction,
 In my home so bright and gay.

With the romping of the children,
 And their frolic and their play,
Comes that soothing satisfaction
 From the cares that fill the day.

As I sit in meditation,
 Though my thought be far away,
Comes a certain benediction
 From the children at their play.

For what is home without our children?
 It is like a ship without a mast
There is a certain incompleteness,
 In the doing of our task.

As I sit in contemplation,
 Of my blessings so sublime,
There is nothing so encouraging,
 As this sunny home of mine.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 71.

My Birthday

My birthday—marked upon the calendar,

Another year gone on.

What has this year, then, brought me

Of Life's joy and storm?

Yes, clouds and sunshine scattered.

"O'er the sand of time.

This is the way eternal,

His blessings to define.

These gifts I prize the most of all,

Until my journey ends,

My Father's love and blessings

Shared with my friends.

These things I seek most earnestly,

Look in my heart, dear God,

Peace and joy,—Life's happiness

For those I love.

This is my prayer, dear Father,—

Thy way be shown

That I may be of service, Lord,

Always to thine own.

Read by Chief Tahachee in the ceremony naming his son, Winter Bird, born December 13, 1940, Los Angeles, California, at his home, 3243 Ramona Blvd. The ceremony took place Dec. 18, 1940.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 72.

A Son to Us Is Born

Out of the starry silence,
 Down the beams of a silvery moon,
A host of God's bright angels
 Has brought us a new little son.

Long ago the same bright moon
 Looked down on a sorrowing earth
While another father and mother
 Anxiously waited the Christ-child birth.

Dear Father we humbly praise Thee
 That this son so pure and fair
Has been trusted to this family,
 Through Thy divine guidance and care,
Bringing again this gift of Life
 From Thy great heart of love,
Telling again a story divine
 That Thy son came to prove.

And, send Thy Wisemen, Father,
 Bearing gifts for this little boy
Of wisdom, vision, and character
 For his journey up life's rocky way.

And may Thy strong arms uphold him
 Whatever his mission may be,
And the Light shine from Thy countenance
 On him and my loved family.

May you always bring comfort and blessings
 To your father and mother, dear son;
And God's peace dwell within you
 Your reward for labors well done.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 73.

My Dear

“My dear, you are so sweet,”
 You whisper in my ear.
My heart responds in perfect beat,—
 “You are so sweet, my dear.”

My dear, you are so beautiful,
 I look up to your eyes,
And see a radiance shine through
 Of love and joyousness.

My dear, you are so strong,
 Your arms about me, dear,
Protecting me from every harm—
 My heart knows no fear.

With love and strength, and beauty,
 Dear one, from above;
Building, dreaming, living,—
 A sweeter life we prove.

Our life leads on and upward
 Together in our God,—
How can we turn or hesitate.
 Heeding His inspiring word?

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 74.

Dorothy

Dorothy is the one who loves me,
Dorothy is the one who cares,
Dorothy is the one who understands,
And all my burden shares.

Dorothy is the one who smiles
When the clouds are hovering nigh;
But I am the one who frowns,
As the sunbeams pass me by.

Dorothy is the one who works so hard
To keep the home fires bright.
But I am the one who quenches the flame;
And I never do things right.

Dorothy is the one who is always up
When the sun breaks over the hill,
To start the day in a smiling way
With a strong and determined will.

Dorothy is the one who last retires
All weary and tired it seems,
To pillow her head on a self made bed.
To slumber out into dreams.

Dorothy is the one who will get the crown
When life on this earth is o'er,
For God above in His home of love
Will see that her troubles are o'er.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 75.

Carry On

Golden circles around the sun,
 Shadows raise their heads,
Darkness creeps across the earth,
 The day has gone to bed.

Night dew is falling now
 To freshen God's flowers and trees.
Another day has passed us by,
 And only memories it leaves.

Let's pledge ourselves, that with the dawn
 To pray, to work, and carry on,
And win the battles that fate holds,
 For God has promised He will console.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 76.

To My Infant Son

Dedicated to Little Chief Tahachee

“Why did you come to me, my dear?”
 I asked of my baby son,
“To give you more inspiration,
 For the duties that have to be done.”

“Why are your toes so pink
 With dimples that twinkle so?”
“The Master painted them,
 With a bright and healthy glow.”

“Where did you get your smile
 And the curl in your lip so sweet?”
“An Angel kissed me there
 As I passed through the heavenly gate.”

“Why is your skin so fair,
 Why are your eyes so bright?”
“My heavenly Father made them so,
 To reflect His spiritual Light.”

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 76.

My Wife

In the shadow of a lamp,
 Silhouetted by the light,
Sits a lovely lady,—
 It is my darling wife,

I hear the movement of her brush,
 As she moves it to and fro.
She is painting beautiful pictures,
 That I so much adore.

I have no talent such as hers,
 To express my thought of mind,
I can't even spell right,
 As I try to make this rhyme,

If there were only some way
 To say, how nice, how sweet, how fine,
And show my appreciation
 To that darling wife of mine.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 77.

The Other Woman

When you have met the man you love,
And you start on the highway of life,
You must work and play together
If you would conquer earth's strife.

There is One you may always turn to
When your struggles and trials begin;
If you will only ask Him to help you,
As you are pushed back and backward again.

Just try to do His bidding,
For He has made you one,
And you find when you are one flesh
That true love has only begun.

For you may be tempted sorely,
And you may be discouraged, too;
But if you will ask the Master
He will surely pull you through.

If there is another woman,
Who comes as an angel of light;
Trying to take him from you
With the wiles she will put in his sight,

Don't treat her as you would a stranger,
But take her and love her, too,
And in so doing the Master
Will shower so much love upon you

That your husband won't look at your wrinkles
Or look at your hands worn and red,
But will surely see someone more beautiful
In something you've done or said.

For virtue is so priceless,
And it must go beside love.
The passion that she has given him,
The test of time will not prove.

[F]or passion is like a cigarette,
We see go up in smoke,

[A]nd the ashes of sorrow and shame
Will only his heart provoke.

[U]ntil at last the truth is revealed,
And he sees what she has done,

[T]hen you will be the winner,
His devotion you have won.

[F]or in His book He has written.
And it will forever stand,

[“]Whom God has joined together.”
These divide not any man.

[A]nd surely the earthly body,
That was given us to command

[H]as also a spiritual one
From that beautiful, heavenly land.

[A]nd the spiritual is never divided,
Even death cannot separate,

[S]o it is not up to us
To try His plans to dictate.

[S]o if you truly love,
True love will be given to you,

[A]nd you'll travel up the spiritual stairs
To a Love that is perfectly true.

[T]here you will understand
The law He has given here,

[A]nd you'll know that the love you have
Will grow stronger with each sorrow and tear.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 77.

Nobody's Children

Oh, nobody's children,
 How sad, sad the sound
Oh, nobody's children,
 How the echoes resound

In the bright mansions
 Of His in the sky,
How it must grieve Him,
 As the sound draweth nigh,

To think there are those;
 Who have fallen so low;
To not heed the cry
 Of a child here below.

Oh, nobody's children,
 There's no childish smile
To guide a daddy and mother,
 Along all the while.

For the daddy and mother
 Were full of guile;
And lost their affection
 For their little child.

How our hearts grieve us,
 When we see a child
Who is nobody's darling,
 And has lost its bright smile.

No comforts of home
 Guide their dear feet,
As they go on alone,
 Their problems to meet.

Of all the sad things,
 There is nothing so vile
As the sad forsaking
 Of one's little child.

For one never knows
 As he journeys along,

What he is missing,
In a child's sweet song.

Or what the child may do,—
If he is a son,
He may become president
In his life later on.

And when I sit thinking
Of God's crown of love,
And what parents do
To the ones they should love,

My heart cries within me.
For there is nothing so pure
As the smile of a child,—
Of that I am sure.

For children are children,
Their wants are the same,
For there is no difference
Though some have no name.

And when I travel
That last weary mile,
Ill be looking and longing
For the smile of a child.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 80.

Why I Write

Oh, nobody's children,
 Please help them along!
For nobody's children
 Have done nothing wrong.

Some write for the praises they get
 And the story that they have told;
But I write for the joy I get,
 And the refreshment it gives my soul.

Some write for the joy of money,
 And the glamour and praise they receive:
But I write for the joy it brings to my heart
 From Him in whom I believe

He gives us our inspiration,
 To write on the subjects of life,
To help His lonely creation,
 In the journey through this world of strife.

I like to write of His paintings
 I see as I go here and there,
To help some poor homeless brother
 To a home that is wondrously fair.

The Master has given me subjects,
 Of beautiful stories untold.
It is here I do His bidding
 As the beautiful stories unfold.

While on this earth I will do my best
 To glorify the Master above.
And when I pass from death unto life,
 I'll be writing my poems of love.

There I will have a Great Teacher,
 Who doeth all things well.
My poems will then be perfected
 By the Master with whom I shall dwell.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 82.

A Letter to My Husband

It seems as I sit and ponder
 On the material and earthly strife,
That some are born to carry
 The burdens of the weak through life.

It has been so with me,
 In my travels up life's rocky way,
For there is always a weaker someone.
 Whose life is never gay,

Who has grown so sick and weary
 Of the struggles and burdens of life,
They seem to be faltering
 In their steps up the ladder of strife.

For they have not learned
 The spiritual side of the way;
They build their hopes on material things,
 They see and feel each day.

Such are my thoughts, dear husband,
 As I view your life in the past,
Of the hopes and aspirations
 You build on things that last.

Your deep and spiritual philosophy,
 Of which you speak each day,
Has built you a beautiful mansion,
 In the spiritual bright and gay.

So just struggle on a little while,
 For your home is almost won,
Only a few more footsteps,
 And your earthly struggles are done.

Just cast your eyes into
 The ethereal so wonderously pure,
It will help to guide you on,—
 Your steps make strong and sure.

Don't dwell for one single moment,
 On the things that cast you down,

Just arise above the earth,
Loose the chains with which you are bound.

Then you will rise triumphant
Over the struggles of earth,
As your spirit wings its way
To your home of heavenly birth.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 83.

Our Desert Tent

We didn't have so very much
 When we started life together,
But the love we had was such
 That it will last forever.

We lived in a little tent house
 On the edge of the desert sands,
And we twined ourselves together
 In that strange and beautiful land.

We loved and trusted greatly,
 Worked together all the while;
Our tent house looked as stately
 As a mansion to a child.

Our sorrows have been heavy,
 But our hearts are just as light
As they were when we went to live
 In the home on the desert bright.

Our children have come one by one
 Until there are six of us now,
And they have brightened our home like the sun;—
 And I know we will make it somehow.

I have found in life's rocky pathway
 It isn't the shelter that counts,
But it's been our love like a lode star
 That has led us along up the mount.

When we go to that home in the skies
 Where everything will be pure gold
I wonder if our spiritual ties,
 Will be forgotten and untold?

Let us hope in the far distant future,
 When we've traveled our last weary mile,
That our foot prints will be left on the sand
 And some will remember our smile.

There are homes that are made beautiful
 On the earth with linen and style,

But the one that we had on the sand
 Was a home that was really worth while,
For the love we had for each other
 Will finally bring us through,
And we will be laughing together
 In our home in Eternity, too.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 84.

The Vacant Chair

The old arm chair is vacant now,
As it stands beside the fire;
Grandfather there we'll see no more,—
In sorrow, our heads we bow.

The old, clay pipe is laid to rest,
Beside it, his glasses too;
Also, the well worn Bible.
Whose words by heart he knew.

It was here at eventide,
As the sun had gone to rest,
He would call to all the household
To gather 'round for God to bless.

It was there he told us stories
Of the Christ Child so divine;
How His life for us He'd given
So that ours would be sublime.

Our grandfather has gone away,
To be with Him he loved so well.
His presence here we'll see no more;
In bright mansions he shall dwell.

There he'll tell his stories
As countless ages roll;
Sending back his message,
For the blessing of our soul.

So at last we'll join him
In his arm chair by the throne,
At the heavenly fire side,
God will claim us for His own.

There we'll dwell together,
In mansions, heavenly bright,
With the Master there in person,—
His face shall be the light.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 86.

A Trip to the Homestead

I wandered down the rugged path,
 So often trod before;
It seemed I could hear whispers
 From out of the long ago.

I heard my dear mother's voice
 As I wandered here and there;
And the murmur of children's play
 Seemed to whisper from the air.

The old road winding up the hill,
 With its land marks along the way;
I seemed to live over again
 The life of an earlier day.

And again I walked along the path,
 Down by the dear, old spring;
And sipped of the precious water
 Where the bees were on the wing.

The same old rocks and places,
 Where my girlhood feet had trod;
And it seemed like a benediction
 From the very heart of God.

O, Time! turn back thy pages,
 Make me a girl again,
Wandering down those rugged paths,
 Before I knew any pain.

Take me back to my mother's arms,
 And let me sit by her side;
Let me walk along those paths,
 With my daddy by my side.

Let us walk again as in days of yore,
 And gather the beautiful flowers;
Let me sit and listen to singing birds,
 And live again those happy hours.

Oh, God bring back my childhood
 For just one precious day,

Living again on the homestead,—
 And I will gladly go away;
Go back to the cruel city
 With all its sin and strife,
But being a little better
 Because of my girlhood life.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 87.

Birthday Greetings

Our wish, on this your birthday,
 Is joy and love sublime,
In whom your joy and love is trusted,—
 The Master so divine.

May your life be filled with happiness,
 As the path of life you trod,
And eternal showers of blessings,
 From the very heart of God.

Life is but a shadow,
 Flickering o'er the sand of time,
And is the door eternal,
 His blessings to define.

So as you travel onward,
 Filling your heart each day
With the wisdom He has given,
 As you always watch and pray,

May you draw ever closer,
 To the birthday He has given;
And will finally be rejoicing,
 On your birthday up in heaven.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 88.

My Son

My son, when you travel
 Away from your 'home,
When in thoughtless haste,
 Your feet chanced to roam;

Wherever you go,
 Whatever you have had,—
Please don't forget to write
 Home, to mother and dad.

No matter how ragged
 The clothes on your back;
No matter if money
 And food you lack,—

Remember your home,
 Though it's only a shack
Your dear mother and dad
 Will welcome you back.

If your dad and your mother
 Are gone from this earth;
If you've lost all your friends,
 Strayed from the land of your birth;

Oh, wherever you go,
 Or what lands you may trod,
Whatever you've done,
 Please, don't forget God!

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 89.

My Little Majel

One little forehead pure and fair,
 Curtained with curls of dark brown hair.
Two little lips that sing like a lark,
 Two soulful eyes that are very dark.

A tiny mouth like a rosebud sweet,
 To say sweet words her daddy to greet,
Two little feet that go to and fro,
 Two little arms that are whiter than snow.

Two little hands to clasp in prayer,
 When her daddy asks for the Shepard's care
To guide his baby through this world of sin,
 So at heaven's gate she will enter in

And learn the way the saints have trod
 From the world of sin to the world above.
Where her little heart so good and pure,
 Will know peace and love forever more.

Oh, help us, dear Savior, this is our prayer,—
 To trust all her life to Thy loving care;
While on earth her feet chance to roam,
 Help her, Dear Lord, to find her way home.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 90.

The Tone of Your Voice

It is not so much the words you speak
 As the manner in which you say them;
It is not so much the language you use
 As the tone on which you convey them.

“Come here,” I sharply cried,
 And my children cowered and wept;
“Come here,” I softly said,
 And straight to my side they crept.

The words may be soft as the summer air,—
 The tones may pierce like a dart.
The words may be mild and fair,—
 The tone may break the heart.

For the tones leap from the inner self
 And reveal the state of the soul,
But the expression of thought should come from
 the mind
 To develop our self-control.

Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
 Envy and anger are there;
Whether you know it, or not;
 Whether you mean it, or care.

Keep anger not only out of your words
 But keep it out of your voice,—
Then you will unhappy quarrels avoid,
 And in peace and love rejoice.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 91.

Little Shoes

Two little shoes all wrinkled and worn,
 Sit in a corner all forlorn;
Their laces are broken,
 And their leather all torn.

They tell a little story,
 As they sit there worn and bare,
Of two little feet they covered
 Before we put them there.

Oh, little feet, where are you,
 Where have you chanced to roam,
Since those little chubby legs
 To manhood's height have grown?

Perhaps it's to a mansion,
 With a bright and happy glow,
Or maybe it's to the Senate's seat;—
 Who are we to know?

Perhaps it's to a cabin,
 Where little feet so white
Have come to make you happy,
 Before they make their flight.

And perhaps you, too, are looking
 At shoes worn out in play,
Like these I see before me
 You wore on an earlier day.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 92.

My Darling

Come sit beside me, darling,
Come rest beside my bed,
Put your hand upon my brow,
And soothe my aching head.

For within the hour, darling,
My pain will all have fled.
And no longer, my darling,
Will you need to soothe my aching head

For I hear my Master calling,—
A voice so sweet and low.
And soon, my little darling,
I will close my eyes and go.

To rest with Him forever.
And soon you must come I know;—
So goodbye, my little darling,
For it has come my time to go.

So goodbye, my little darling,
Be good and don't you cry
For on that bright and cloudless morning
We'll meet in realms beyond the sky.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 93.

Success

Success isn't based
 On the money you earn,
Or the things you do,
 Or the friends who spurn.

Success is a thought
 Instilled in the mind;—
Of deeds of honor,
 Of acts so kind.

To play with life,
 As you would a toy.
Will result in sorrow
 Instead of joy.

To be ever mindful
 Of friends in need,
Success is assured,
 Success your creed.

But those who think
 Of themselves alone
Are filled with sorrow,
 And must atone.

Be kind to those,
 Who turn you down,
And smile at them,
 Who at you would frown.

Go out of your way
 A good deed to do
To those who mock,
 And scoff at you.

And you will have,
 Success and fame,
Your deeds will live
 To honor your name.

Eight 'y-two

So from the earth,
 Unto the grave,
Success is love,
 For those who gave.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 93.

A Bow of Ribbon

[[D]]edicated to my son, Charles, on graduating from [[G]]rammar school.

I hold in my hand a ribbon,—
 Its colors are red and white,
It just keeps reminding me,
 Of big, brown eyes so bright.

It belongs to my son; my baby,
 Who not so long ago
Was just a tiny infant,
 And Oh, I love him so!

But he is no longer a baby,
 The ribbon tells me so,
For my baby is growing up.
 He's in Junior High, you know.

I looked at him as he went away,
 He walked so light and gay,
I whispered a prayer for my baby,
 That God would guide his way

Through his course of study,
 On through his bright, young life.—
Dear God, help my baby,
 Through this world of sin and strife!

And when he is no longer a child,
 When his hair is thin and gray,
May his heart be just as bright.
 As it was that happy day.

May God bless and guide you,—
 We're proud of you, little son.
March on to a noble manhood
 And bring home more ribbons you've won.—

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 95.

It Isn't the Money That Counts

It isn't the money that counts,
 When we travel along up the hill;
It's the things you buy and what you give,
 That will help you to do His will.

It isn't the money that counts,
 But the cheer that you give some brother;
It isn't the money that counts,—
 It makes little difference one way or other.

It isn't the money that counts,
 Or how much you can save;
It is not what you have but what you give
 That prevents you becoming its slave.

It isn't the money you get
 That will bring you a bright, happy smile;
It is what you spend it for
 That will count in the afterwhile.

It isn't the money you have,
 But the money you give away,—
And the money you spend for someone,
 To cheer them along the way.

You may be very needy and poor
 As reckoned in earthly stores,
But if you have given the best that you have,—
 It will come back to you fourscore.

And when you are traveling along
 On life's journey so rocky it seems
You will always find someone,
 You can help accomplish his dreams,

With material happiness money can buy.
 So remember to do as I say,—
Give some weary brother a lift
 To help him along his way.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 96.

Pals

Dear pal of mine,
 As I ponder tonight
Of your deeds so fine,
 That have taken their flight,—
A wonderful memory,
 Comes floating to me,
Of our sorrows and joys,
 Of our heartaches and sighs
I know will be righted
 When we meet in the skies.
And dear pal of mine,
 What matters it now,
If troubles and sorrows
 Have wrinkled our brow.
How we loved!
 How we prayed
O'er the plans that the devil
 So smoothly had laid!

How he tempted us,
 We only can know.
And if we should win,
 How happy I'll be,
Even though sin
 Left its mark upon me.
And contented I'll lie
 By your side in the grave,
Away from earthly lust,
 With my head on your breast,
Till we crumble to ashes,
 And our bones sift together,
Like leaves in the dust.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 97.

History

Out of the past, comes history
 Telling stories of slaves and kings;
And endless struggles for power and wealth
 And terrible waste that war always brings.

Broken hearts and broken homes,
 Broken bodies cold as clay;
Of marching feet and soldier's tombs,
 Furious battles and endless days.

Onward, ever onward,
 In the battle for the right,
March bravely tens of thousands,
 In the never ending fight.

The roaring of the cannons,
 The screaming of the shells,
The crying of the dying,
 Is the story that it tells.

The story of the children,
 In their pitiful, homeless plight,
And their little feet atramping
 With their mothers through the night.

Oh, what is this, this horror,
 That comes to the children of men,
Seeking to destroy
 What God has given them?

May hatred cease to rule
 This earth which God has given,
Oh, Love show us the way
 To make this earth a heaven!

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 98.

Christmas Holly

Along about Christmas,
 If you travel up our way,
You will find the Christmas Holly,—
Its bright heads nod and sway.

It seems to say, “Merry Christmas,
 How are you today?
Have you come to take me
 To help celebrate the day?”

The Holy Babe in Bethlehem
 This day came down to earth,
Filling our lives with sunshine;—
 We herald the day of His birth.

Oh, please, don’t forget the reason
 We all at Christmas time
Decorate with holly
 And ring the Christmas Chimes.

Always remember the Christ Child,
 And why He came here to live
Teaching us all the reason
 It is so blessed to give.

To give to the poor and needy,
 Cheering those who are ill.
Comfort the feeble and weary,
 Seeking to do His will.

Then as each Christmas comes around
 With the message so divine,
You will always receive His blessings
 Through the endless march of time.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 99.

The Thistle's Good Morning

“Come, see the pretty thistle
Raising its little head,
Peering through the window
To hear what we have said.”

It has a brilliant hat,—
That is of purple hue,—
The Master artist painted it
In its bright colors, too.

It seems to say, “Good morning,
May God bless you all.
As you travel through the day
Be sure to heed His call.”

For there are so many lessons
That we can learn each day
Listening to the flowers—
To hear just what they say.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 100.

A Little Flower

Just a little flower
 To show a love that's true,
That is forever blooming
 In my heart for you.

Through all of life's pathway,
 Through sorrows and through mirth
I pray to God our love may reach
 Far beyond this earth.

And when our earthly life is over
 And our earthly travel through
May I walk on forever
 Through heaven's pearly gates with you.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 101.

Passing of the Day

The sky is golden in the west;
 The day is fading fast.
The shadows glimmer in the trees.
 The sun has gone to rest.

The moon has raised its silvery head,
 Reflects its shadows here below.
God's creation rests now
 For the night must slowly go.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 101.

The Rose Bush

Have you ever beheld a rose bush,
 As it climbs from place to place,
Twining its branches around
 The house in tight embrace?

Its flowers blooming there,
 In colors of every hue,
Shedding their beautiful petals,
 Cover the earth for you.

It reminds me of love.
 For love embraces the earth,
Shedding bright, bright petals,
 Filling it with joy and mirth.

Reaching the heart of the traveler,
 Grown weary of struggle and strife,
Helping, encouraging, aiding
 As he wanders down through life.

Touching the darkened places
 Of want and strife and woe,
Making light the pathway
 For feet that are weary and sore.

Isn't it most consoling,
 As onward through life we go?
To behold the love of our Master
 Deep in the heart of a Rose?

If we will only look,
 For the love the Master has given,
We will see it everywhere,—
 It makes this earth a heaven.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 101.

Cloudy Day

Oh, cloudy day, you hold no horror,
 For the sun will shine tomorrow,
And its soothing ray,
 Will heal the wounds you caused today.

[S]o, cloudy day, just travel on.
 For the sorrow of your day will soon be gone.
[I]n the morning we shall see the light
 Of a new day and the sun so bright.

[S]o, sorrowing hearts, just watch and pray,
 While in the midst of a cloudy day;
[H]appiness is sure to come
 With the rising of another sun.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 102.

Nature's Dress

[O]h, the beautiful grass
 On the hill so green,
[T]all blades waving to and fro,
 Reflect the sun on a shadowed hill,
[L]ike silver they gleam and glow,
[C]overing the hill
 With a dress so fine,
[I]ts color of a luminous glow.
 In the winter, the Master will paint it white
[W]ith His crystals of beautiful snow.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 103.

The Power of the Wind

We have not seen the wind,
 But we have felt its power,
As the typhoon rages high,
 Close by the light house tower.

And as the ocean surges high,
 Covered with white sea foam,
It warns the sailors on the sea
 They must point their compass home.

It sails the mighty vessels
 Across its ocean waves;
Carves our mighty sea coast
 Into strange and odd shaped caves.

And so it is with the Master's power,
 It's very like the wind,
Although we do not see it
 We feel and hear it from within.

Sometimes it's like a typhoon,
 As it surges through our soul,
Like the mighty ocean,
 As its foaming billows roll.

Then again it is so soothing,
 Bringing to the Master's choice
Its balmy air so healing,
 With the power of His voice.

Gently, softly, blows the breeze,
 With its touch upon the trees.
Bringing peace and inspiration,
 With the calmness of the seas.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 103.

The Ocean

Have you ever watched the ocean
While the surging billows roll,
And the wind from off the breakers
Speaks benediction to your soul?

I have often gazed in wonder
At the ocean vast and grand,
As it carries ships of cargo
To people of many a land.

Some times it's very calm,—
Its colors azure blue,
Again its waves of fury
Our eyes bring into view.

Its colors often change
To waves of foamy white,
Like beautiful, soft, white feathers,
Or the snow on a moonlit night,

Giving to us a vision,
Of the spirit so sublime,
Of His heart so vast and pure
And His countenance divine.

Then we think of Paradise.
That the Master to us has proved
When He walked upon the waters
And calmed the sea by His word.

Again in our dreams we behold
The celestial beauties on high;
We think of our beautiful home,
And the spirit we'll see by and by.

Then we are brought back to earth
As we hear the surge and the roar
Of the powerful, thundering ocean
And behold its rocky shore.

Then again we are reminded,
Of the Master's strength so fine,
And the wonderful store of His knowledge,—
His infinite love sublime.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 104.

A Message from the Wind

As the evening shadows fall
 Across my cabin door.
And silhouette their beauty,
 In pictures on the floor.

I listen to the murmuring wind,
 That so soft and sweetly blows.
It tells me of many things
 And places where it goes.

A message from the Great Mystery,
 It speaks the words of Life,
And brings to me peace and rest,
 At the end of daily strife.

We never know the sorrow,
 Which may come with the dawn;
We never know the morrow
 In which we may be gone.

So, good friends, this I say
 A lesson you may find,
If you will stop and listen
 To the message from the wind.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 106.

The Desert Wind

Oh, the stillness of the desert air,
 Oh, the soothing wonder of its tender breath,
How I loved it for it was there
 I found strength and happiness.

In the desolate waste of the desert land.
 It was there I learned to dream
And listen for the voice of the Master
 As He whispered on the wings of the wind.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 106.

The Wild Flowers

The most wonderful gift God sends us
Are the wild flowers that bloom in the Spring,
Renewing our faith and our hopes,
With the loving message they bring.

Over the valleys and mountains,
Over the broad, flat plains,
Grow His beautiful wild flowers
That blossom after the rain.

They are painted in gorgeous colors,
They are every shape and form,
Covering this bountiful earth,—
Her dresses to adorn.

Sometimes the fields are crimson,
And sometimes they are deep blue,
Sometimes they are bright yellow,
And again of a purple 'hue.

I often stroll among them,
Their beauty refreshes my soul
And enjoy their alluring fragrance,
Sent from heaven to earth here below.

Often I think of His children
Who do not understand
The beauty of His garden
And the perfect work of His hand,

And how they take what is given
So free for them to enjoy
And scatter in shameful waste!
What a pity that they should destroy.

How thoughtless they pick the flowers,
Taken from His hands!
And fill their life with selfishness
Instead of the love He sends.

People are just like flowers
That have been plucked from the stem,

Soon they will wither and die,
Unless the water of Life they are given.

The water of Life is kindness and love,
Our gift from the Father supreme.
And if we wish to save the flowers
We must bring them again to Him.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 107.

Stars

In the stillness of the evening,
 With the passing of the day,
Little stars begin to sprinkle
 Their light upon the Milky Way.

I have often gazed in wonder
 At the beauty they unfold,
And the mystery of their Keeper,
 Of whom so much is told.

From my bed out on the prairie,
 In the stillness of the night,
I have often watched them twinkle,
 For its there they shine so bright.

I saw the Seven Sisters,
 So bright and yet so far,
Then I saw the Mighty Dipper
 Guided by the Northern Star.

Then there were the planets,
 With their steady brilliant glow,
That so mystify my being
 Like the winds that o'er me blow.

The scientists say these planets,
 That shine so still and bright,
Are inhabited by people,—
 I wonder if they are right?

The Master tells us in His word,
 The moon was for the light,
To shine upon the darkness,
 And brighten up the night,

He made the stars also,
 But He does not tell us why;
But there they are up yonder
 Way up in His mighty sky.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 108.

The Rain

Oh, the glory of the rain,
 With its refreshing breath,
Covering God's creation,
 Bringing new life to earth.

Giving the earth its power,
 And blessings it bestows
Upon His thirsty pastures,
 As the seed takes root and grows.

Sometimes it seems so dreary,
 As the raindrops fall and fall.
But wouldn't it be tiresome
 If it did not rain at all.

And if we always had the sunshine
 Upon the paths we trod each day
And never had the raindrops
 To wash the dust away,

I'm sure we'd be unhappy,
 For we could not appreciate
The sunshine all the hours,
 If the rain should come too late.

So it is in life,
 As we journey along the way,
We must not have all sunshine,—
 There must come a rainy day.

But when the rain is over,
 How glorious it seems
To see the sun shine through again,
 And welcome its golden beams.

And after grief is over,
 With its sighs and fears,
How wonderful is the sunshine,
 That follows after tears!

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 109.

White Roses

Roses, roses, roses
 With their petals soft and white,
Wafting their fragrant perfume
 From early dawn, and through the night.

Touched by the hand of the Master
 It makes them supreme to all.
The beautiful soft, white roses,
 That bloom in early fall.

It reminds one of heaven
 With its gates so pearly white,
Where the sun is ever shining
 Turns the darkness into light.

Who dares to pluck such beauty
 From the Master's celestial store,
And trample them under foot
 Like waste from off the floor?

Just to touch their petals
 Is to touch the Master's hand,
Filling one with inspiration,
 Glorifies this earth so grand.

The dew from heaven freshens them,
 Makes their fragrance so divine,
Like God's heavenly blessings,
 Glorifies this heart of mine.

Drink deep of their lustrous beauty,
 Let the magnificent story unfold,
As you behold the beautiful white roses
 And the peace they speak to your soul.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 110.

The Sunset

I have often watched the sun
 As it sinks to its home in the West
Summoning the Master's creation
 To their homes for a long night of rest.

I've watched the sun clouds gather,
 Sometimes they are cold and grey,
Telling us that on the morrow
 It may be a rainy day.

Sometimes the clouds are yellow,
 Tinted with crimson below,
And we know that on the morrow
 We will again behold its glow.

Bringing the light to this earth,
 Giving of its bright happy ray
To soothe those that are ill,
 Bringing another bright day.

And so it is with us,
 When our bodies return to earth,
We know that we must go through
 Death's door, to our heavenly rebirth.

But when we are transformed
 To the spiritual from our bodies of clay,
Our life will have only begun
 In the mansions of a bright new day.

There we will have life eternal,
 The sun will never go down,
And we'll live in the Light of the Master,
 As time in eternity resounds.

There He will be our sunshine,
 For His countenance shines like the sun,
And each day will be filled with glory,
 Then the night becomes day just begun.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. III.

Raindrops

See the shining raindrops,
Like diamonds they fall one by one,
Covering nature's garden
Like starlets they shine in the sun.

'Decking earth's foliage with jewels,—
The rarest that are to be seen,—
Are the beautiful, glorious raindrops,
Reflecting the dancing sunbeam.

Refreshing the earth with their fragrance,
Increasing the growth of the plants,
Covering the earth with sweet flowers,
To thrill, perfume and entrance.

Coming from windows of heaven,
On their journey to earth here below,
Restoring life to nature,
With a bright and healthful glow.

Oh, give me the garden of nature,
With its jewels of raindrops so fine,
Glistening in the beautiful sunlight,
With the love of the Master divine.

I will gladly live in His mansions,
With jewels so rare as these,
And wander in the heavenly beauty
Of sunshine, flowers, and trees.

I will learn the lessons they teach me
From the volume of nature's great store,
And will lift my eyes to Him,
In praise forever more.

For the wonderful things He has taught me,
As I wandered along life's way,—
The blessings of the heavenly kingdom,
And the rewards that come each day.

Restore your faith in nature,
While watching the drops on the pane,
Refresh your soul with the glory,
Of the beautiful, falling rain.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 113.

Drifting Clouds

I always like to watch the clouds
 As they go drifting by,
And imagine they are people
 Marching through the sky.

Some times I see a chieftain
 With his war, club, brave and bold,
With his many warriors riding;
 Though their victories are untold.

And again I think they're angels,
 With their clothes all fleecy white,
They always seem to beckon me
 Forever to do right.

Some times I see a lady,
 With her hair so nice and neat,
With her low tresses flowing,
 Like a bright and silver sheet.

And some times they're tinged with crimson,
 And some times they look like gold,
Floating gently, swiftly leaving
 More of their beauty to unfold.

Only a dreamer has the vision
 Of the beauty in the sky,
When the Master paints His pictures
 In the clouds so very high.

Here He'll teach us lessons,
 Which the earth does not behold,
And we'll understand the beauty.
 As we watch the clouds unfold.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 114.

Drifting Sands

Drifting, drifting, slowly drifting,
 Like a mighty caravan,
Onward, ever onward shifting,
 Are the endless miles of sand.

Softly, softly, gently softly,
 Blows the wind upon the sand,
Stirs the soul with deep emotion,
As the Master moves His hand.

The Master paints in waves,
 As though it were a mighty sea,
With nature's bright, bright colors,
 As He moves so tenderly.

As the moon beams flicker o'er the sand
 Like a mighty silver sheet,
There comes a whisper from the desert,—
 The tread of the Master's feet.

And the mirages which He paints
 Are so beautiful to see,
Sometimes it's of the ocean,
 And again it's of a tree.

Then again you travel
 To a lovely city fair,
As the Master paints His pictures
 High on the desert air.

As you sit in meditation,
 Of the wonders you have seen,
You can learn of His creation,
 In the stillness of your dreams.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 115.

The Sunrise

Oh, the beautiful, glorious sunrise,
 Filling the earth here below
With the glory of its celestial beauty
 From the realms of 'heaven's bright glow;

Awakening the Master's creation,
 Who dwell on the earth here below,
Filling their hearts with emotion,
 His wonderful love here to show.

In dreams I have often stood gazing
 At the beautiful beauty untold,
Dreaming of things not earthly,
 As the beautiful days unfold.

I hear the birds in the tree tops
 Beautiful heralds they sing,
Thanking the wonderful Master
 For the joy the day light will bring.

I hear the cooing turtle dove
 As he talks to the one he loves best,
Of the beautiful, glorious sunrise,
 And the Master's gift in the nest.

Again I go back to my dreaming,
 And the love I have for the day,
And thank Him for the glorious sunrise,
 And its healthful soothing ray,

For it fills me with inspiration,
 As I dream of heaven's bright shore,
And the beautiful, glorious sunrise,
 Taken from the Master's great store.

And when I am transformed.
 From this to a spiritual life.
I will learn how the picture is painted;
 There, relieved of earthly strife,

I know the door will be opened
 To the wonderful glories untold,
And I will learn from the Master Painter
 How He paints His sky with gold.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 116.

Motherhood's Glory

Oh, who but a mother,
 With her heart singing.
While under her breast,
 A new life is springing,
Could understand the joy,
 Although filled with pain.
Of each day of waiting,—
 Maybe waiting in vain?
For who can ever know,
 What tomorrow will bring?
It may be the sunshine,
 Or it may be the rain.
But all through her waiting,
 There comes a faint voice,
Of the Saviour rejoicing
 And the pain in her choice.
Although she must go down
 Through the valley of pain.
It will soon be all over,
 And she'll be smiling again.
For the sweet tender darling,
 Her gift from above,
She will be singing,
 For it's God's crown of love.
And so who could know
 Of her joy in waiting,
While under her breast,
 A new life is springing.
'Tis the old, old story,
 Of a miracle performed
A new life's story,—
 And a child is born.

Oh motherhood's Glory,
So sweet and divine:
"I give prayer and devotion
To that darling of mine."

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 117.

Divinity

Oh! glorious love, please fill my heart,
 From bondage set me free.
And let me cry the name of the Lord.
 And happy I'll ever be.

'Tis a beautiful thought to close your eyes
 And the Celestial beauty of God you see.
Oh powerful One; please answer my call
 And from bondage set me free.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 118.

Memories

Memories of someone
That your soul seems to call
Inspires you to do many things
To glorify their memory above all.

Memories are so dear
As time turns months into years,
And again tells the stories
Of happy days spent with her.

And as your souls blend together
On isles of dreams far away,
A faint voice calls from the wind
To remind you the time of day.

So sweet will be the time
When all sorrows will cease,
And only love will fill our hearts
As it travels on the wings of the breeze.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 119.

Sacrifice

What can I say of love,
 To make you understand,
Just what a sacrifice there is,
 Like footprints in the sand.

When unkind words are spoken,
 When loved ones at you sneer,
Just try to answer softly
 As you hold back the tears.

When you see your dreams all shattered,
 The things you hold most dear,
Then it is love that counts,
 For love knows no mortal fear.

It is like a golden band,
 Of protection 'round you there
You will overcome all things
 If love you will declare.

Sometimes those we love most,
 Will forget the things we do
To push them on the way,
 And see their troubles through.

They have reached success,
 Our help they need no more,
So they leave us far behind
 As up the steps they soar.

New friends they find along the way,
 Who, perhaps, they think are best,
Then it will be that our love
 Will stand the utmost test.

So if all our friends forsake us
 We still have love in our souls,
To carry us on up the hill,
 Until we reach our goal.

There all friends are true,
 No faces sad, nor homes divided,
No broken heart, no dreams are shattered,
 Through God's love all things provided.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 119.

The Journey Beyond

Beyond the mind there is a Power,
 That guides the steps of man;
If only he submits himself,
 And tries to understand.

Forsaking that which mires his way,
 And labors for the right,
Encouraged by the love of God
 He'll surely win the fight.

In trouble or in sorrow,
 Remember God is there
To ease the cross and carry on,
 And clear away the mire.

Death and all its horror,
 With its grief and loss,
Holds no fear or sorrow
 If we are true to God.

The grave and all its darkness,
 With its damp and earthly smell,
Confines the body only,
 The Spirit, in celestial mansions dwell.

Where things are serene and happy,
 And the sun is ever bright,
The harps, with angels singing,
 Where the soul is gay and light.

May God comfort those who have such fear,
 And soothe their aching hearts
Before they leave this earth below,
 And on their journey starts.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 121.

A Lesson in Truth

God will bless your home,
 If you will permit Him there,
And bless one and all
 If you will love and care.

God is wherever you wish him.
 When in trouble and distress
Turn your thoughts to Him,
 And He will heal and bless.

Sorrow has no place with God,
 His love is so sweet and pure.
Sorrow He will drive away
 And set your feet firm and secure.

The Celestial beauty of His face,
 A radiance no man can explain,
We are the ones who change;
 God is always the same.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 122.

Somewhere

Somewhere along the way,
 In the shadow of tomorrow,
There awaits a coming day,
 We shall part; but not in sorrow.

Through a sobbing joy
 I catch the glimpse of pain.
I sense dark midnight in that hour
 Until we meet again,

Transformed, glorified anew,
 We shall tread a pathway bright
Until we attain perfection,
 In glorious mansions of Light.

Then I travel back again,
 From the heavenly realms on high,
I keep wondering in my soul,
Who journeys first, you or I?

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 122.

Hate

Hate is an enemy of love,
 It destroys everything that's fine.
With hatred in your heart,
 To your best friend you are unkind.

Have you ever felt the sting of hate
 From one so dear to you
It will fill your heart with anguish,
 And pain you through and through.

There is nothing so violent I think,
 As love when it turns to hate.
So be sure you let love rule
 Before it is too late.

The Master of love will come
 To drive all hate away,
For in the heavenly realms,
 Hate has no place to stay.

Sometimes I grow weary and tired,
 Of the struggle of life on earth.
I am anxious to go over there
 Where all will be joy and mirth.

The angels of love will be singing
 The praise of God ever more;
The angels of hate cannot enter,
 For love holds fast the door.

Like children we will be happy,
 Whose innocence is pure as the flowers;
We will be smiling and singing,
 Through heaven's eternal hours.

Little children will not be hungry,
 The rent will never come due,
For everything is free,
 And everyone will be true.

We will build the home we live in,
 With good thoughts we keep in our minds,
It will be so very beautiful,
 A reward for those who are kind.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 123.

Memorial Day

On this beautiful Memorial Day,
When you view the throng
Placing flowers on graves
Of those some say are gone.

Remember it is only a home
Where lie the mortal remains.
They are not really dead.
But have only broken the chains

That held a beautiful spirit
The symbol of life never lost.
They have entered the land of the blest
To live with the heavenly host.

So I wonder when viewing the grave
Of friends or loved ones gone
If we will remember their faces
Or try to remember their song.

Just try to forget that the body
Has already crumbled away,
Just think of the beautiful Spirit
As you kneel with your flowers to pray.

For they must look with pity
On us who are here on earth
For they are so happy and free
In the plane of spiritual rebirth.

They are just as close as you wish.
These loved ones gone on before.
They are only awaiting the call
For the Master to open the door.

So you may join them there
In the home of the immortal soul.
There you will build together
While the eternal years unfold.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 124.

Tomorrow

[T]omorrow is a vision of the future,
And the yesterdays a dream of the past,
[T]oday is the day we should guide our steps;
To create happiness for the vision of tomorrow
[T]o make dreams of beauty for the past.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 125.

Love

We see so many kinds of love,
 As we travel this pathway of life;
Some seem to be very happy,
 While others are filled with strife.

There is a love that stirs the heart,
 And it is filled with peace and rest,
But the love that lifts one upward
 Is always the one that's best.

This love is a beautiful shadow,
 That leads up a rocky hill;
To conquer and climb like a wandering vine,
 Made perfect, at last, by His will.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 126.

Greed

Oh! Mortal man this earth you claim,
 In all its radiant splendor;
You take from it the rarest fruits
 And ask complete surrender.

Its beautiful fields of golden grain,
 And mountains rare and high,
And giant trees with towering heads
 That reach up toward the sky.

Its valleys green and flowers bright,
 Along a rugged shore,
Yes, it fills all your desires,
 And still you ask for more.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 126.

Our Crosses

I love God's creation,
 From the greatest to the small,
The earth and all its glory,
 The sun, moon, stars and all.

I love life with all its sorrows,
 And its cares that fill the day,
And many burdens shared with brothers
 Aid us on our rocky way.

As Christ bore the cross of Calvary,
 Our crosses we must bear,
In preparation for His glory,
 That His riches we may share.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 127.

Before Birth

Only you, my little one,
 Only you and I and God,
Know the many weary miles
 Our lonely feet have trod.

Yearning, wishing, wondering when
 Your bright eyes shall be here;
Only God will know
 Just when you shall appear.

Just you and I and God
 Have a rendezvous with pain,
I know we shall be there
 For the birth we must obtain.

Down through the shadows
 Back to the light,
That you may have life,
 And a pathway that is bright.

So, down through to death
 With our pain and woes,
Then back to life
 For just why, God only knows.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 127.

God

You asked me, "Oh daddy,
Should I forget God?"
I'd sooner forget the sunshine,
Or the bright golden-rod.

I see Him in everything,
Wherever I may look,
His lessons are everywhere.
Like some great book.

You asked to forget,
How could I, oh God?
Wherever I may walk
Your precious feet have trod.

I see You in the flowers,
I see You in the trees;
Or in Your summer showers
You are beckoning to me.

I see You in the ocean,
Or the tiny fish within.
I see Your bright, bright colors,
In every place I've been.

I see You in the baby's smile,
I see You in its hands.
I see Your precious handiwork
In people from all lands,

And when this life is over,
And I go to take my place,
My great wish has always been
That I may see Your face.

There, where dwell the Masters,
In Your mansions so sublime,
There I'll learn my lessons,
Through the endless march of time.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 128.

A Sinner's Plea

Dedicated to a man I once knew.

Here's to a man who dreamed
 Of a wonderful and successful life,
But wandered down the road of sin,
 And led a misspent life.

He had slandered the ones who loved him,
 And turned them away from his side,
To take to the follies of sin,
 And a high and selfish pride.

But now life is fleeting,
 His body is growing old and tired,
Sometimes his mind seems shattered.
 And the path of sin seems so hard.

But the God of mercy above,
 As He sits upon His throne of gold,
Looks down in pity on him,
 As the days grow dark and cold.

So when life is over, and his spirit
 No longer on earth will stay,
He wants his wife and babies
 To trust in God and pray
For their wandering daddy,
 Who gambled his chances for heaven away.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 129.

Self

Self is a man made prison,
Which binds a man's soul;
And it must be unbound,
If we are to reach our goal.

We must allow love to enter,
For love alone can bid the gate
Of your heart to be opened,
Before it is too late.

So when love comes to you,
Be sure you hear her call.
It may seem to you a dark road,
But you will win after all.

Though the road may seem dark
Where love bids you go,
It will lead to the Light,
Up a bright path, we know.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 130.

Our House

Oh God! bless this household,
 That all who enter here
May feel your benediction,
 As we breathe our fervent prayer.

May this be a shelter
 To those who sorrows bear,
And may they find contentment,
 As oft they enter here.

May the sick find consolation
 For their worries and their pain,
And when they leave this household,
 May they soon return again

To seek relief and comfort,
 When their hearts are filled with woe.
May their steps and souls seem lighter,
 As to their homes they go.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 131.

The Garden of Dreams

Oh! how beautiful and glorious it is
 To walk in a garden of dreams,
All covered and dotted with flowers and trees
 Just as God intends it to be.

Oh! the beautiful dream, 'tis so sweet,
 Lilacs perfume the air.
The celestial glory of God's great crown
 With me and my dreams will be there.

Oh! the beautiful lakes with grass so green,
 Reflect the brightness of the sun.
When just an infant I began to dream,
 But today my dreaming is done.

I will travel on to that bright happy land
 And there my dreams shall be real,
I'll rest myself in paradise
 Where I shall see the things that I feel.

It is a reward for God's children,
 To rest from their grief and care
And enjoy the celestial beauty of heaven
 Seated in a golden chair.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 131.

The Kingdom of Heaven

Some say that the kingdom of heaven,
 Is far away in the sky;
But I know that it was given
 To us here and is always nigh.

It is not so far away,
 That, some will say, is true.
It is a temple not made with hands
 That lives and dwells with you.

As long as you do not defile
 The temple so God may stay;
With you it shall remain,
 You shall enter it each day.

There in your secret closet
 You may go to pray
To Him who heareth in secret,
 Openly He'll reward you each day.

There you may tell your story,
 As the Master draweth nigh,
And you shall learn from Him
 That He dwell not far off in the sky.

For you shall hear His voice,
 So small and yet so great,
And He shall guide your feet
 Through a life that is pure and straight.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 132.

Through the Master's Eyes

Have you ever looked with the eyes of the Master
 In your wanderings here and there,
On things that to some seem ugly,
 In His eyes are bright and fair?

In the old broken log by the roadside,
 In the stump that was once a tree,
There is beauty inspiring and glorious
 That through His eyes you can see.

Your eyes, with His, travel upward
 You behold a living tree,
As you look at the broken log
 You remember what it used to be.

You behold a grizzly giant
 That lifts its towering head,
Reaching up toward the Master
 As you view the stump that seems dead.

You gaze at a lifeless body,
 Its eyes have a glassy stare;
But through the eyes of the Master
 You see the beautiful spirit there.

The spirit that lives forever,
 Far beyond earthly years
Has only left this fallen house
 With its mortal strife and fears.

With His eyes all becomes beautiful
 As you travel mile after mile.
His radiance covers earth's ugliness,
We behold Truth and Light in His smile.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 133.

Thoughts

Thoughts that are pure
 Are constructive to the mind.
Thoughts that are evil
 Destroy deeds that are fine.

Your eyes must see only beauty
 To build, to love, and to grow;
Your mind must think only love,
 Seeds of kindness you must sow.

To live with a mind of hate
 Will destroy your power to see
The beautiful things of life
 That God intended to be.

Beauty is found by those
 Who seek love that is pure and sweet,
And give a smile and a cheer
 To the weary, and sick and weak.

A mind that thinks only of self
 Is miserable, restless and slow:
A mind that is universally used
 Will develop, expand, and grow.

A person with charity and love,
 All in all it is simple to be;
A smile, a song, and a cheer
 To a person less fortunate than he.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 134.

Shadows

The day is done,
 The sun has gone to rest.
The shadows slowly creep
 Across great chasms deep.

The ghostly figures raise their heads
 From slumber on their invisible beds,
And slowly creep into the night
 To remain unseen until the light.

We never know the games they play
 While they wait the coming of the day;
These ghostly shadows,—
 Cold and grey.

The spirits of the world beyond,
 Who years before, have traveled on,
May walk the path that we now trod,
 Of the day just spent in work for God.

No one knows just what takes place,
 In the night so dark and still.
As we close our eyes and slumber on
 According to His will.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 135.

Inspiration

Out of the silvery silence,
 On a beam of spiritual light,
Comes all my inspiration,
 For the beautiful things I write,

The trees, the flowers and gardens,
 Are subjects of Nature and Life,
When seen in spiritual visions
 Encourage me to write.

Then they are changed from the earthly
 To the symbolic picture of life,
With all its beauty and glory,—
 The story of Infinite Light.

It is there I'm permitted to see
The realms of heaven's bright glow.
I read from the archives of knowledge
 The things I write here below.

There are some who don't understand
 Him who writes of his dreams,
To them, it is only nonsense
 When he speaks of "golden streams".

Or the "beautiful celestial gardens,"
 And the "infinite power of love,"
Coming to earth here below
 From the realms of heaven above.

Spiritual thoughts are often lost
 As we hurry on our way
In search of worldly gains,—
 When found, only melt away.

Only things of the World Beyond
 Are beautiful, sacred, and true.
We find that our spiritual visions
 Bring us the wealth we pursue.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 136.

Heaven

In the infinite home of heaven,
 Where dwells eternal peace
The soul is free from mortal form,
 And earthly sorrows filled with grief.

The sacred song from angels lips,
 Will fill the holy air,
To thrill the souls of heavenly Hosts,
 Who now are free from earthly care.

Fear not for those who journey on
 Within the love of God,
They've built their mansions bright and fair,
 While on this earth they trod.

Now to walk the golden streets,
 And live forever more.
To be with Him the Sacred One,
 And feast from heaven's store.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 137.

What Is the Soul

What is the soul? Its the sunrise,
 With its inspiration so grand
Bringing to us a message,
 From that glorious, invisible land.

What is the soul? Its a painting
 Of an Artist, wondrously fair
Painting His beautiful pictures,
 To put in earth's gallery here.

What is the soul? It's the innocence,
 Of childhood so sweet and pure,
Sent from the Creator's mansions,
 To guide us straight and sure.

What is the soul? It's the essence,
 Of perfume that comes from the flowers,
Breathing its exuberant breath
 Through the silent happy hours.

What is the soul? It's the silence,
 A still small voice in your ear,
Whispering to you Spiritual Knowledge,
 From out of the endless years.

What is the soul? It's the fragrance
 From the spiritual realms above
Like the perfume of the roses,
 Breathing their message of love.

What is the soul? It's a whisper
 Out of the ages past
From the lips of celestial angels
 Singing their songs of the blest.

What is the soul? It's love
 Shed from the realms of Light
Soothing this vast universe,
 With blessings of glory so bright.

What is the soul? It's the invisible,
 The body that lives after death,

It is ageless, eternal, and endless,
The essence of the Creator's breath.

In the celestial chamber of heaven,
Bright angels await our call,
To guide us up the stairway
To the presence of eternal soul.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 137.

With the Eye of the Mind

We see with material eyes
 Things made of silver and gold;
But we see with the eye of the mind
 God's spiritual riches untold.

For with our material eyes
 We see the birds in the sky;
But it is with the eye of the mind
 That we perceive the where and the why.

We behold the lily and the rose,
 How beautifully they are dressed;
But it is with the eye of the mind
 That we know just how they are blest.

We behold the beautiful grain
 With its colors of yellow and gold;
But it is with the eye of the mind
 We understand our blessings untold.

We can see man's expression of love
 For those whom he holds very dear;
But it is with the eye of the mind
 That we behold a love more sincere.

We see a body so still, so cold.
 As it lies on a litter of death;
But with the eye of the mind
 We rejoice in a soul's rebirth.

There we see things as they are
 With the dear Master on high,
And we learn with the eye of the mind
 From the Great Mind who dwells in the sky.

We learn what is meant by love,
 How the material has darkened our sight,
As we travel with the eye of the mind
 Through the beautiful city so bright.

Everything there will be perfect;
For the Master who leads the blind
From the earth into mansions of Light
Will teach with the eye of the mind.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 139.

Sha-won-dasee, the Southwind

We will walk in the land of Sha-won-dasee,
the Southwind,
Whose home is in the pleasant Land of the Sunflower where it is always
summer.

When he breathes upon the land the violets appear
in the woods,
The wild roses bloom on the yellow prairie.
It was He who caused the mellons to grow,
And to the grapes He gave the purple color.
It was He whose warm breath ripened the cornfields
and clothed the forest in deepening green,
And made the earth all glad and beautiful.

His breath in the form of mist filled the air with a
soft haze.
Until the hills and lakes seemed like the hills and
lakes of dreamland.

Not a cloud in the sky.
A great peace and stillness hover over all,
As the song bird calls to his mate.
Nowhere is there any place so wonderful
For it is the Land of Sha-won-dasee, the Southwind.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 140.

Indian Summer

Come let us walk slowly onward,
 Under the whispering boughs.
The soft sky reaches gently
 Downward to caress the leaves.
The red sun moves slowly
 Toward the prairie.
There are tints of purple and yellow
 In the haze of Indian Summer.
We are filled with longing
 To speak our thoughts aloud
As we breathe a message
 Inspired by tender glances
Of the wild rosebuds.
 The rhythmical flow of notes
From the throats of singing birds
 Awake a responsive call.
Our hearts beat full of the
 Tender glory of Indian Summer.
We are speechless!
As we travel to the Land of Perpetual Summer
 Where the Southwind, heavy with
Fragrance, moans about us.
 There the Great Teepee is lit
With a glory like the shining sun,
 And woven robes of many colors
Thick and soft cover the floor
 Where the feet of many Angels
Tread on a carpet of flowers.
 The little Red Children are never cold,
But play always beneath the trees
 Which bend down to them
With their sweet juicy fruits.
 Where the Winds of the sky
Sing to us of many things
 Telling us stories of the stars
They have visited;
 Of far off hills and valleys

Where flowers bloom all the year
And the little Bird Brothers
Never leave because of the approach
of frost and snow
The Great Spirit has Spoken!

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 141.

A Tribute to a Friend

Out of the mystic silence—
From the Celestial realms above,
Came a beautiful and glorious friendship
From Him who taught us to love.

Friendship of deep understanding;
Loyalty that will never die.
Love that is more than earthly,
This bond between you and I.

A unity of mind and soul
So sacred to you and I
Others could not understand
Even though they should try.

As we ride the trails together,
With laughter mingled with tears
It will bind this beautiful friendship
Throughout eternal years.

May Heaven bless the day
When your friendship to me was given.
I know we will be riding together
When we enter the portals of Heaven.

To you I pay this tribute,
A token of a Redman's love,
May God bless and keep you Tom,
'Til you reach your reward above.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 142.

The Easter Lily

Beautiful, bright Easter Lily,
With its petals soft and white,
Reflecting the love of the Master,
Shedding His wonderful light.

For just a few bright moments
Through the bright Easter day
It comes to brighten the earth
For Him who taught us to pray.

Heralding the glad song—He is risen—
It brings to our minds again
Each year at bright Easter dawn
New Memory of the life that was given.

The story of Eternal Life
That lives beyond this earth,
For He conquered death on the cross
To prove our eternal birth.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 143.

Buddy and I

Riding along up the trailway
Just my horse—Buddy and I—
Enjoying the beauties of nature
And the wind as it whispers a sigh.

Breathing the warmth of the flowers,
I sing as I ride along—
With the sound of the hoof beats
Echoing with the freedom of song.

For there is so much inspiration
Along the old beaten trail—
And a friendship woven together,
A love that will never fail.

We feel the divine touch of the Master
When His handiwork we behold,
And learn on His earthly trailways
How He builds His path of Gold.

Some say there is no place for horses
In the Master's home so pure.
But I know there's a place for Buddy
In a stable strong and sure.

There will be a bright shining pathway
Where my horse, Buddy and I,
Will travel to the beautiful mansions
Of Him who dwells in the sky.

My saddle and spurs won't be needed,
As we cross the river of life,
For there in the Heavenly Pastures
Will end all earthly strife.

We will ride in the Heavenly round-up
With the Angels, Buddy and I,
He'll be covered with a blanket of silver,
While we travel the trails of the sky

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 144.

Out of the Evening

Oh, Great Mystery, you are all that is
left in the gloaming after the sunset—
We await your voice.

Listen: The Great Mystery speaks!

You are my children
Molded from the red clay of Mother earth.
Your trails have grown dim,
But you have found great favor
in my sight.
You walk in the dust of your ancestors.
The lakes, rivers, mountains and animals,
You have called your brothers.
In your sorrow, you have not forgotten.
I have heard your prayers.
I have answered your call.
In your faith, you have found happiness,
For to me you have brought your burdens.
My children, I love you.

The Great Mystery has spoken.

As the embers of our council fires
slowly turns into night,
A rustle from the leaves in the evening
wind filled our hearts with joy,
Renewed our faith and made our spirits
strong.
For in His eyes we had found favor.
Turning slowly toward our homes,
Thus said Goodbye, the many Chieftains,
In the purple mists of the evening.

Publication. First published in *Poems of Dreams*. Los Angeles: Chief Tahachee, 1942, p. 145.

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Works About the Author

United States Copyright Office renewal record for *Poems of Dreams*, October 1972.

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Colophon

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