



LAURENCE EDWARD INNES

Collected Poems

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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Collected Poems

Laurence Edward Innes

A Critical Reading Edition

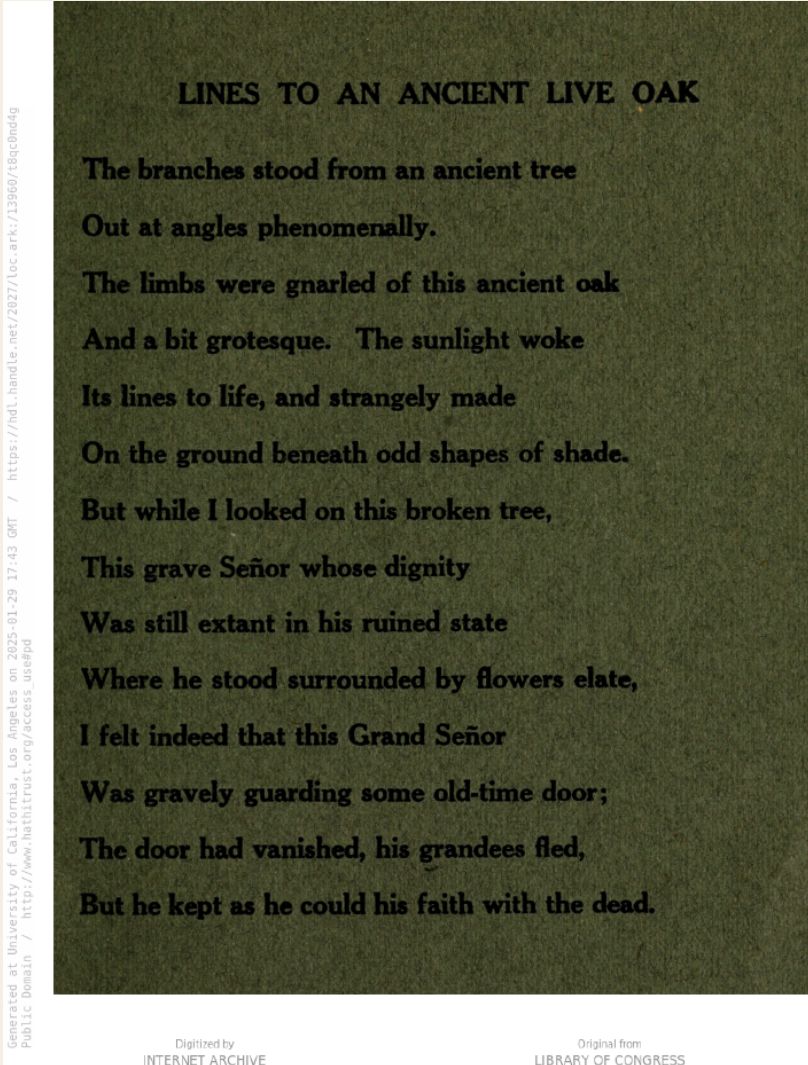
Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers

Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

Archival Images

A short selection from the source record



*Title page of *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California* (1921).*

THE
OF
CALIFORNIA

California and Western Verses

Page three

IT'S CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS TIME

It's Christmas time! And the bluebird sings,
And the morning dew to the green grass clings,
And over the hills and far away
Is the strangest kind of a Christmas day.
Oh Santa Claus in the lightest clothes
Is skipping from pink clouds as he goes,
And saying, "My goodness, it's hot today,
How in the world did they get this way.
He waves a fan made of great palm leaves,
And his airship darts from eaves to eaves
Of the green and the purple bungalows
That stand in such dainty graceful rows.
Then he winks his eye, and the day is here,
And all about him is Christmas cheer,
But never a snow flake flutters by,
And never a chill wind breathes a sigh,
And the sun goes up, and the sun goes down—
And it's Christmas Day in a palm tree town.



CALIFORNIA

If a pot of gold and a crimson rose
And wealth and color that no one knows
Conspired to produce a place for men
Where trouble would never come again,
They might succeed, but I often think
That of all the cups from which men drink,
There is no nectar like these far skies,
No sound of surf like the surf that lies

464195

A page from California and Western Verses (1921).

Editorial Note

The two included collections are reset from their 1921 scans. Titles, stanza divisions, and deliberate verse indentations are preserved; running heads, folios, and decorative scan noise are removed. The supplied copy of *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak* has a dark and damaged text layer, so its transcription was checked page by page against the rendered scan. *The Palm Tree and the Poppy* is bibliographically recorded but omitted because no usable text witness was available.

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Introduction

Laurence Edward Innes left a compact but lively poetic record of Southern California at the start of the 1920s. His two surviving Los Angeles booklets move between live oaks, dahlias, orange groves, ocean sunsets, desert trails, the Grand Canyon, Christmas weather, and comic encounters with the movie business. The poems are unabashedly local, yet their strongest moments come when promotional California confidence gives way to solitude or awe. This edition brings together the complete recoverable texts of *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California* and *California and Western Verses*, with their line breaks and visible indentations checked against the scans rather than inherited OCR.

Biography

Laurence Edward Innes is documented as a Los Angeles poet and small-press publisher through three books issued in 1921. *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California* was published in Los Angeles by J. C. Ernst. The cover-titled *California and Western Verses* was issued under the imprint L. E. Innes Books and described itself as several California, western, and other verses from his writings. Library catalogues also record *The Palm Tree and the Poppy*, another short J. C. Ernst publication from the same year, although no usable local scan of that pamphlet has been located. Proposed genealogy dates circulating online have not been verified against primary records and are therefore not printed as fact.

The books place Innes squarely in Los Angeles's early-1920s culture of regional verse. His subjects include the California live oak, Pacific sunsets, dahlias, orange groves, poinsettias, desert travel, Arizona night, Christmas in California, and the city's film industry. "James! Admit No Custard Pies!" and "The 'Ancient Mariner' Alights in Los Angeles" turn Hollywood slapstick into comic verse, while "A Moment at the Grand Canyon" interrupts the regional booster tone with a sustained encounter with geological scale and religious awe.

Innes's known poetic career may have been brief, or only briefly preserved. The two complete booklets gathered here contain twenty-seven poems. A complete edition will remain provisional until *The Palm Tree and the Poppy* or additional periodical appearances can be recovered, and until primary

records establish the author's dates, family history, and occupation.

Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California

First Los Angeles booklet | 1921

The complete recoverable poetry text of the 1921 pamphlet, reset from the HathiTrust scan.

Lines to an Ancient Live Oak

The branches stood from an ancient tree
Out at angles phenomenally.
The limbs were gnarled of this ancient oak
And a bit grotesque. The sunlight woke
Its lines to life, and strangely made
On the ground beneath odd shapes of shade.
But while I looked on this broken tree,
This grave Senor whose dignity
Was still extant in his ruined state
Where he stood surrounded by flowers elate,
I felt indeed that this Grand Señor
Was gravely guarding some old-time door;
The door had vanished, his grandees fled,
But he kept as he could his faith with the dead.

First published in *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California*. Los Angeles: J. C. Ernst, 1921, p. 1.

A Sunset on a Silken Sea

When the sun and the sea at nightfall came to a place
where their ways must part

I stood on the strand in a strange sweet land that clutched
at a stranger's heart;

I looked on a blue green ocean where the day and the night
had met,

Where violet tips and lavender lips and a million jewels
were set;

I looked on a blue green ocean, it was silk like a fairy's
gown,

And it shimmered away in the dying day to the place
where the sun went down.

I looked on a blue green ocean to a sky dark red like wine,
And the surf was pink in its curling brink and the hands
of Time supine

Lay for a moment idle while the silken soul of that sea
Lay still as death while an angel's breath was drawn in
ecstasy.

I looked on that wonderful ocean where out of a rainbow
sky

The colors there had crept from the air and lay on its
breast to die;

And ever the soft sound beating of waves like a muffled
drum

Seemed ever to say, "God rest the day, for the stars and the
night have come."

I looked on a blue green ocean in the tender tide of the day
And I could not feel that the thing was real, so subtle had
been the play

Of light and shadow that merged in heat that hung in a

filmy haze

Where the sun and sea clung tremulously in the parting of
their ways.

First published in *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California*. Los Angeles: J. C. Ernst, 1921, p. 2.

A Garden of Dahlias

A garden of Dahlias bloomed by the road
And the traffic went by
With a most careless eye,
Oh never looking,—
Well, scarcely looking—
But this only showed
How little they knew of the red and the brown,
Of the purple and green,
Of the el-e-gant sheen
Of the flowers that glanced upward, then smiling bent
down.
You say they were blown by winds passing by?
Oh, maybe so,—well, maybe so—
Oh, I really don't know.
But still I am thinking that Dahlias try
To behave in a modest and ladylike way.
But) oh, how they sigh
When the bold passerby
Fails to observe their most gorgeous array!

First published in *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California*. Los Angeles: J. C. Ernst, 1921, p. 4.

The Challenge of the Winds

When the winds blow from the mountains where the tips
are touched with snow,
The green and rolling valleys where the golden fruit trees
grow
Seem to shiver with the portent of the evil days ahead,
Seem to feel the life about them lying cold, and gray, and
dead.
In the great leaves of the palm trees does the ghostly rustle
run
And the oranges peer fearful to the warm rays of the sun;
All about them roses flutter with a sobbing, catching breath,
And the heart of all the Southland, throbbing wOdly,
whispers, "Death?"
"Can it be?" the Pepper mutters to the Eucalyptus tree,
"That the soul of beauty dieth?" Then they look toward
the sea.
Come the warm winds softly blowing from the distant
tropic isles.
Come the warm winds softly blowing; and California
smiles.
And from the laughing ripples of the high ascending sun
Back into the mountains rush the cold winds, one by one;
Then the rose leaves settle softly, then the poppy lifts its
head.
And only on the mountains, where the snow lies, lies the
dead.

First published in *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California*. Los Angeles: J. C. Ernst, 1921, p. 5.

Elder Brother of the Land

Grave Redwood men annointed you with latin name,
And yet, what panoply of state
Could make you greater than you are,

You who were born great?
Long years before I passed this way

You cast your shadow, and the shade
Through long days rose and fell.

Ere I was made

What wild things nested in the heart of thee,

What rivers ran

In rippUng freedom at your feet?

Ere we began

O silent watcher of the night.

What moons have shone

When watching for my race to come.

You stood alone!

Wind and wave, and but a space away

The rockbound coast.

Drone out the passing of the years,

An innumerable host.

Within the far, high reaches of the sky

A whisper grows,
Great branches stir, or is it but a sigh

For us, immutable, with woes?
Giant Sequoia, tree with latin name.

High priest beside the human gate,

Lord Bishop of the splendid hills,

Untouched by fate,

A restless human humbly comes to thee
Where you in benediction stand

And asks your blessing as he passes through,
A younger brother in the land.

First published in *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California*. Los Angeles: J. C. Ernst, 1921, p. 6.

California: The Dawn

Now comes the Painter with a brush sublime
And where before had stretched the silver sea,
A gray ghost ever marking time
Against the pulse beats of eternity,
The rich warm glories of the day descend
In gold, in orange, and in crimson lanes,
Onsweeping in the paths that never end.
Then lavishly as one who scarcely deigns
Be niggardly he sweeps a brush
Across the great broad velvet land.
And in the vivid, quivering hush
That runs from mountain top to golden strand
One feels that here at last a day is born
That no black painter of the night can wipe away:
At least, so I have felt in California's mom
That here upon the peaks of dawn had come a final day.

First published in *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California*. Los Angeles: J. C. Ernst, 1921, p. 8.

The Purple Path

The purple path is a royal road that leads you on to a gay
abode
Where dreams, if they don't indeed come true, come as
close as they can to you;
Where you pinch yourself as you view the skies and the
gorgeous gardens stun your eyes.
And you drink the ocean and eat the land and grab some
friend by his outstretched hand,
And say, "Great Scott, but I'm glad I'm here, especially,
George, at this time of year."
And then in the Spring you take your grip and you go by
train or go by ship,
For whatever it is that will take you there when you MUST
go home: and then grim care
Will sit on your shoulders and grin and jeer, and you'll
wish, old man, that you'd stayed out here,
And filled your pipe and sat in the sun where the purple
dreams pass one by one.
And you'll blink your eyes and you'll often feel (when
you get back home) that it wasn't real.
But it's ten to one that another year will find you settled
and living here,
Believing, I'm sure, as I do, too, that purple dreams in the
sun come true.

First published in *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California*. Los Angeles: J. C. Ernst, 1921, p. 9.

The Day Is Hung with Heliotrope

le day is hung with heliotrope,
And the poppy flames, and the buds of hope
Are opening here, each branch athrill.
Each hour that passes glows and dies
With joyous face to the radiant skies:
Each night that follows sounds the drum
Of still more cheerful days to come.
And over the highways autos fling
Their whirring wheels that forever sing,
And down the valleys and up the hills
The road lies open and one who wills
May leave Grim Trouble and woo Bright Hope
Where the days are hung with heliotrope.

First published in *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California*. Los Angeles: J. C. Ernst, 1921, p. 10.

Torch and Flame

Here where the feet of the pulsing world are pounding
the pavements down

There stands a Mission old and gray in the heart of a busy
town;

Faded the walls and dim the aisles, but here by the grace
of God,

Once in the long-departed past the feet of the Padres trod.

The sands of Time through the hour glass run, but the
thing that the Padres did
is Torch and Flame in the living day, and its light can not
be hid.

Strange is the musk that scents this spot, as though those
good gray friars

Were standing here in their shadow world; and when my
spirit tires

I come to stand by these crumbling walls, and I think of
those earnest men

Who when they were beaten stood four-square, and as
earnestly fought again.

First published in *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California*. Los Angeles: J. C. Ernst, 1921, p. 11.

Row on Row, the Orange Trees

Row on row the orange trees in California stand
And when they blossom in the Spring the scent upon the
land
Is pungent in the nose of day, and on the wings of air
Romance is blown up and down, indeed most everywhere.
Row on row the orange trees in California stand.
The good brown mountains at their back, their feet upon
the land,
And overhead the bright blue sky, and to the West the sea,
And was there ever such a land, old friend, for you and me?

First published in *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California*. Los Angeles: J. C. Ernst, 1921, p. 13.

L'Envoi

ion the face of day the curtain falls.

Tis night. And now, regardless of the one who calls,

This fact remains : our friend, and all she was, has passed.

You may dispute, deny, and claim the day at last

As one who on the morrow comes again,

Still kind, still glad to mother breeds of men;

Yet still this fact remains : death, grim death, has come our
way.

For when the lady lifts her veil—Ah ha! ANOTHER day!

And so the final word that's said is ever this—GOOD-BYE !

Oh, only for a time you say? WeU, also—so say I!

First published in *Lines to an Ancient Live Oak and Other Verses of California*. Los Angeles: J. C. Ernst, 1921, p. 14.

California and Western Verses

Second Los Angeles booklet | 1921

The complete recoverable poetry text of the fourteen-page 1921 collection.

It's California Christmas Time

It's Christmas time! And the bluebird sings,
And the morning dew to the green grass clings,
And over the hills and far away
Is the strangest kind of a Christmas day.
Oh Santa Claus in the lightest clothes
Is skipping from pink clouds as he goes,
And saying, "My goodness, it's hot today,
How in the world did they get this way."
He waves a fan made of great palm leaves,
And his airship darts from eaves to eaves
Of the green and the purple bungalows
That stand in such dainty graceful rows.
Then he winks his eye, and the day is here,
And all about him is Christmas cheer,
But never a snow flake flutters by,
And never a chill wind breathes a sigh,
And the sun goes up, and the sun goes down—
And it's Christmas Day in a palm tree town.

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 3.

California

If a pot of gold and a crimson rose
And wealth and color that no one knows
Conspired to produce a place for men
Where trouble would never come again,
They might succeed, but I often think

That of all the cups from which men drink,
There is no nectar like these far skies,
No sound of surf like the surf that lies

In the warm embrace of this Southern land;
And surely no smile or more friendly hand
Could meet a stranger than one meets here.
If you come for a day, if you stay a year
Oh! Here is a place where the flowers and sun
Belong, or seemingly so, to everyone—
Oh, here is a place where a man may say
“I’m glad I have lived and have passed this way.”

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 3.

Sunset

A sunset with the scent of flowers to kiss the day,
To walk into the heart of night in such array
Of gilded thoughts, bedecked with such gay dreams,
Can this be I? Indeed it almost seems
As though a mantle clung to me
And I were some brave cavalier
Of gallant mien and fancy free,
Strangely waiting for a trysting here.

O lavender and violet day, good bye!

Brown hills that mother us, I sigh
To see the rapture sweep from thee,
And all the glowing days bright gayety,
But night has come, the stars will shine
And in the darkness strange sweet wine
Will come to me. So daylight goes
Yet for a moment trails the sea with scarlet clothes.

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 4.

Tongues of the Sea

At night I listen and far away I can hear the call of the
sea,

The rhythmic chant of the voiceless waves, solemn and
sad, and free.

Sweeping on o'er a million graves in the hollow home
where they live.

Of all things mighty the untamed waves have all that
a God can give,

They roam the world where the spirit lists, they beat
on a strange, far coast,

They wander back on an endless track, a vast un-
numbered host.

They lap the face of an earth subdued to the mighty
power they hold;

No hand upraised may stay their course when they
gather a million fold.

Ships and men, and the power they wield, the patience,
the cunning, the skill,

What are these in the crashing seas where the grim
waves work their will?

At night I listen and far away I can hear the tongues
of the sea,

Speaking ever, yet speaking never, ceaselessly call to
me >

fati

At night I listen and far away I can hear the an-
ne of the sea,

They tell their tale in the roaring gale as they sweep
their message to me.

At night I listen and far away the waves with their
burden of tears

Keep forever the ledger page of the swiftly moving
years!

Kings and commoners, bound and free, age after age
goes by

And only the waves as they chant their song listen and

never die.
I lie and listen and hear them call and they flood the
fitful gloom
With thoughts that tell how man must dwell in a nar-
row restricted tomb
While they reach back to the nether years and chant
of the days to come
With all the gladness that makes their song and the
sorrows that make them dumb;
They tell of the freedom of fields afar, and they laugh
at the woes of men
But the moaning cry when they break and sigh cries
out to my heart again
And I feel they know that Time and Tide as they hold
the ash of the years
Have held compassion for hopes of men, their efforts,
their faults, their tears.
At night I listen and far away I can hear the sound of
the sea
Marking time on its lonely rocks as it patiently waits
for me.
The waves well know that the hour will come when
my tide will turn and free
We'll go together through changing weather to the

II

heart of the throbbing sea;
Back to where in the lonely track of a distant gleaming
sea
I look down deep in the heart of waves, and the waves
look back to me;
Where both shall wonder as stars go out and hot suns
glow and fade
Why earth and sea and eternity and man and his
dreams were made.
At night I listen and far away I can hear the call of
the sea,
The rhythmic chant of the wordless waves, solemn and
sad and free.

They call to me from the boundless deep, from the pit
of the burned out years,
Wise with the wisdom of ages past, and sad with their
unshed tears.

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 5.

New Lands and New Men

So has it always been: Egypt, Athens, Carthage,
 Rome,
The index finger of the race forever pointing to a newer
 home,
The strong blood surging to a fresh, clean place.
New skies, new seas, and then again new dreams,
New peoples springing from a good new soil;
New life that radiates in vivid streams
Revitalizing ancient things. So men shall toil
And growing old shall rest; but when the thing is done,
Their sons shall cast it all aside
And seeing visions in the setting sun,
Shall journey forth with naked purse, but strong with
 pride.

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 7.

A Moment at the Grand Canyon

I knew that others followed for the train had been well
filled
With tourists really anxious to be overawed and thrilled,
But somehow when wandered to that jagged awful rim
I forgot the ones about me; far away, and faint, and
me; far away, and faint, and
im,
Were the cities I had seen, were the people I had
known
And suddenly deserted I stood there quite alone.
Here a earthly questing;—from the broken jagged
so
Marched the great vast naked mountains through the
soundless halls of God.
In the arched blue of the heavens where the sun rode
on his way,
There was still the solemn splendor of the planetary
day.
But here was God above me, and a new God down
below,
And the same God all about me, and I seemed to
strangely know
That never in the future, in the crowded city street
Would the vision be quite absent, that when I went
to meet
The hard exacting labor of the cold prosaic day
I would see God's marching mountains in unparalleled
array—
See and know and feel forever where my weary feet
might plod,
That I'd looked for one brief moment down the sound-
less halls of God.

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 8.

A Sun-Burned Canyon Trail

It's a dusty road when the summer sun
Beats down red hot, and one by one
The blades of grass that banked its side
Have turned to brown and sighed and died;
But nevertheless it's a wondrous trail
Where birds sing free, where winds call "Hail!"

And canyon spirits are whispering there
In the dusty, hazy scented air.
And no one knows where the canyon goes
And its brown and dusty, and yet no rose
Can tilt the nose of a passerby
Like a canyon trail 'neath a deep blue sky—
Oh here is a scent yet the rose has fled,
Oh here breathes life though the flowers are dead!

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 9.

The Pretenders

The King is dead! But the court still lives
And it shines its armor and curls its hair
And still pretends that the king is there.
The worms have eaten, the rust has come,
The trumpets silent, and stilled the drum,
But some strange hope forever gives
The puppets that vainly surround a throne;

A power to strut when they stand alone—
When the king is dead, and their hope is gone,
And the world forgetting has traveled on.

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 9.

Poinsettia

A poinsettia, glowing and red,
Proudly lifted its gorgeous head;
It looked about it and saw the rose,
And up the hill where the poppy grows
It noted the blue of the bluest sky,
And the greenest of grasses filled its eye,
And the house that stood but a space away
Was orange and purple with dabs of gray;

And the gay flower smiled with a well pleased smile
“To be beautiful here is a thing worth while,
But to rank them all when they’re all so fine,
Is a gift indeed, and that gift is mine—
My crimson lips on the face of day
Give love and laughter to light your way.”
And the rich red flower grew still more red
As it blushed and nodded its gorgeous head.

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 10.

Wanderer, Rest Thee Here!

If this is the end of the long, long road,
And the curtain that drapes thy dreams
Be a mesh of flowers o'er the dark abode,
And the kindly sunlight gleams
With a gay abandon a space above,
Then Wanderer rest thee here,
Where long kind days will give a smile
And the soft rains give a tear.

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 10.

Arizona Night

As white as chalk the paths beneath a strange and
dream shot moon
Lead out across an endless world, and vanish all too
soon.
Grotesque as satyrs yucca palms stand guard as though
they feared
The shadows which their bent arms cast, the night
winds strange and weird
Pains, eo that the day distilled, the stars superbly
right
Seem studded but an inch apart in fields of hematite.
A desert land? Ah yes, perhaps, yet dreams go hand
in hand
With one who goes across the night in this strange
silent land.

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 11.

Youth

I dance o'er the grave of a million years,
No time nor tide I know,
And only the flowers that bloom today
 Are the sweetest flowers that grow.
The hollow sound in the empty halls
Where ghosts go flitting by,
Oh! You may listen and looking back,
 Remember and give a sigh,
But not for me are the faded flowers,
Nor the kingdoms passed away,
For this say: Though the whole world die,
Still Youth will have its day.

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 11.

“James! Admit No Custard Pies!”

A movie king and a movie queen and the ghost of a
custard pie
Met somewhere out in Hollywood, and they gave it a
glassy eye.
“You remember the time” said the custard pie, “when
I was nice and new”
“And you were poor and out of work, and dollars were
hard and few?”
“And who are you?” said the movie king, “Tut! Tut!
king, “Tut! Tut!
Be on your way!”
And “Upon my word!” said the movie queen, “You
have your nerve, I’ll say!”
The movie king in his limousine spoke to the movie
queen
And both with a most disdainful air sped from the
vulgar scene.
And the custard pie was all broke up, and he shed some
custard tears,
“Oh, ain’t it sad” said the custard pie, “They forget
their leaner years”
“They forget the time when they looked on me as a
tried and a trusty friend”
“But times have changed, and I am old” and he tot-
“But
tered to his end.
And the movie king when his car reached home said
with snapping eyes
To his servant James “My man, take heed, I’m at
home to no custard pies!”

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 12.

The Desert

O shadows that lure! O heat that cries
From the deathly stillness of blinding skies.
O sand that eddies! O sand that blows
From God knows where, to where—God knows.
O desert that beckons, brave men who went,
Aye, bravely enough, but broke and spent
Who kissed the cactus and cursed their fate,
As you clutched their throats with red hot hate,
Is the thing that creeps o'er your shimmering breast
A sigh from the bones that will not rest?
Is the lure that breathes in your dreadful breath
The calling of voices that long knew death?

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 13.

The “Ancient Mariner” Alights in Los Angeles

“I have braved many perils’ the Mariner said, “and
“I
 many strange sights have I seen”
‘But crossing Broadway where it intersects Fifth has
 got them all beaten, I ween.”
Then he hitched up his trousers and tightened his belt
 and joined that venturesome crew
That surges and urges and eddies about, but manages .
 still to get through.
He wildly inspected a motor car then that missed his
 left leg by an inch
And he muttered a word that a deacon won’t use un-
 less in a very tight pinch,
But a lady was prodding his ship on the left and a
 street car approached on the right,
So he hastily strode the full breadth of the road, it
 was safer to hurry than fight.
 “I have braved many perils” the Mariner said, “And
“I
 I’ve fought with the fierce Albatross,
“But this is a moment, the proudest of all, for believe
 me I did get across.”

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 13.

The Builder

Here is a haven a traveler said
And he picked a hard and a stony bed—
A little room in a crowded street
Where the ends of the earth would often meet.
Yet he couldn't twist and he couldn't turn
Where the fitful light of his life would burn;
But he found the thing of his Heart's Desire—
A book, a nook, and a quiet fire—
And that was a haven indeed for him;

But the other I tell of is somewhat grim:

Here is a haven a traveler said
And he followed the paths where the deserts led.
There was nothing there till the traveler came,
But he gave it toil and he gave it name
And the thing that was barren came to flower
In exchange for the work of each burning hour.
The blossoms came where the spade had struck
And out of the refuse lands and muck,
In fact from out of the world's back yard
He made a garden—but the day was hard
And the traveler long since gone to rest,
But lands where he builded, we call them—WEST

First published in *California and Western Verses*. Los Angeles: L. E. Innes Books, 1921, p. 14.

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