



MARGARET LANCASTER

The Kingdom of Silences

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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The Kingdom of Silences

Margaret Lancaster

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

To—
Henry Ford
With my compliments.

A gentle breeze,
And every leaf within the garden
dances on its stem.
With such a thrill,
When inspiration comes — my
spirit acintillates
For then I know how very fine
& yet secure — the thread
On which depends my being.
Margaret Lumbert
March — 1933.

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A handwritten inscription preserved in the source copy of The Kingdom of Silences.

Editorial Note

This is a reset reading edition, not a facsimile. The poems were transcribed from the original book and periodical scans in the local archive rather than from earlier reader PDFs. Narrow source-page wraps have been rejoined; stanza divisions, purposeful line indents, subtitles, epigraphs, and internal section headings have been retained. Unavoidable display wraps use a hanging indent. Obvious scanning debris was removed without silently modernizing diction or punctuation. Book and periodical titles are italicized in editorial matter, and every poem begins on a new page and ends with a source note.

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Introduction

Margaret Lancaster left behind a single beautiful and elusive Los Angeles book. Printed at Abbey San Encino in 1933, *The Kingdom of Silences* gathers short devotional poems and aphorisms that move through hills, desert, clay, breath, birds, tears, and the discipline of inward attention. Many pieces last only a few lines; others widen into meditations on attachment, creation, suffering, and the divine presence Lancaster calls the Beloved. Almost nothing secure is yet known about her life, although surviving copies show that she continued giving the book to friends into the late 1930s. The mystery matters, but the writing does not need it: this is a complete reset of the original sequence, with each separately spaced lyric or aphorism given its own page and the book's quiet architecture made newly legible.

Biography

Margaret Lancaster is the author of *The Kingdom of Silences: From Whence All Springtimes Ever Flow*, printed in Los Angeles in 1933. No reliable birth date, death date, birthplace, family history, or professional record has yet been attached to the author with certainty.

The book itself is the firm center of her biography. It was issued by Lancaster and printed at Abbey San Encino, 6162 North Figueroa Street, near the Mission Road district of Los Angeles. Abbey San Encino was associated with printer and artist Clyde Browne, whose work linked fine printing, Southern California antiquarian culture, and the city's arts-and-crafts afterlife.

The Kingdom of Silences consists of short devotional lyrics and aphorisms. Lancaster's vocabulary draws on mystical Christianity and a broader metaphysical language of the Beloved, divine unity, self-surrender, rebirth, and creative discipline. California enters through hills, desert, mission landscapes, birds, gardens, frost, wind, and water.

A surviving inscribed copy described by the antiquarian firm Between the Covers was presented by Lancaster to Hahna Travis Fulton in August 1939 and contained a typescript review associated with the *Los Angeles Times*. That inscription proves Lancaster was still personally circulating the book six years after publication and gives one possible social connection for future research.

No additional book by Lancaster has been verified. Because Margaret Lancaster is a common name, unattributed newspaper, census, and genealogical matches cannot responsibly be joined to this author without corroborating evidence. The current edition therefore offers a full literary text and an intentionally cautious biography, leaving identification questions open rather than manufacturing a life from namesakes.

The Kingdom of Silences

The complete 1933 devotional sequence

The complete sequence of short devotional poems and aphorisms, separated according to the spacing of the original edition.

[I]

A Weaver of silences, am I.
On the loom of time, I spin the flax of endless
breath.
The shuttle of my thoughts weaves to and fro,
and on and on—
A seamless garment for the endless you and
me.
A weaver of silences I Am.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 3.

[2]

As twilight draws her misty mantle o'er the
shoulders of the hills—

Thy protecting love enfolds me throughout
long hours of trial.

I dare to rest;

Then dawn unveils my morning and I see Thee, face to face.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 4.

[3]

“the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.”

Hasten not to grant me objects of my desires, for well I know, close on follows
their departure.

I steady myself in adoration of Thy Name.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 4.

[4]

Consider me, Lord, a mendicant,
Begging from House to House, Thy Bread.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 5.

[5]

Though the way be rugged and the path is long,
My feet are shod with lasting joy for I have
learned to know Thy Bread.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 5.

[6]

Thy constancy, Beloved, is stronger than the
pull of men.

A fine thread, makes of pieces, a garment.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 5.

[7]

Life wears a mantle of many colors.
One life, many colors.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 6.

[8]

Were I a sculptor, adorable One, I would release from crude stone, Thy
presence—

An image of Thy tender Self, as I have felt It, through the touch of man.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 6.

[9]

Tears.

The cup runs over.

I am sad because I cannot contain Thy joy.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 6.

[10]

Between temptation and Thy grace, I
stand.
May I realize, I stand between temptation and
Thy grace.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 7.

[II]

My humility—is Thy strength.
Thy strength—is my humility.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 7.

[I2]

If you feel you must rebel rebel against your
own rebellion.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 7.

[13]

Thistle—down blowing.
Next year, more thistles, and gentle winds to
blow them.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 8.

[14]

The tender Truth is ever blooming—
May I think to breathe it.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 8.

[15]

With my head resting on Thy Bosom, I view
Thy people walking as asleep.
Knowing not where I lay my head, they think
I am aloof.

In Thee, there is no aloofness, but everywhere
constant concern—awaiting our response.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 8.

[16]

Chill autumn breeze.

Falling of leaves.

A call from Thee, and things lose their charm.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 9.

[17]

White crested hills.

Slow moving rills.

Secure in Thy poise, passion's abated.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 9.

[18]

Grades, declines and fertile valleys,
Blessed by our Mission Fathers.
Efforts, trails, and realization.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 10.

[19]

The clay must not be overly tenacious.
It must not cling unto the hands of the Master
—but in separateness become His ideal.
Sculptor, clay and likeness.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 10.

[20]

I Sought to borrow peace from out the hills.
Scanning one from base to peak, I read:
Man's troubled mind, is like the surging sea
wherein I dwelt for ages.
Through the way of graduation have I risen.
The sea, in turn, receded.
As we cling, so is there clinging unto us.
The scope of my vision increases as I rise.
On rising, there is less of me.
So long as we are of the earth, there is need for overcoming.
Though now far off, the sea is reaching toward me;
Reaching with desire, shrinking in despair.
Insatiable desire. Relentless despair.
My heart adores the Hand that holds the scale.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. II.

[21]

Who can say from whence or how long the
contemplation—ere the bud appears?

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 12.

[22]

The hand moves now beneath the page.
Turned is the page of yesterday.
Toward to-morrow, through the book of life,
the hand of time moves ever now.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 12.

[23]

Facetiousness is a counterfeit of wit.
Wit is the balance wheel, the delicate adjuster
which smiles at vulgar display.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 12.

[24]

The unawakened, revel in banquets, while the
body requires but little for its growth.
The unaware, welter through volumes, while
the soul awaits but the spirit of the word.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 13.

[25]

The arrow comes from whence the bow was
drawn.

From what lofty heights the masters send their
living words.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San
Encino, 1933, p. 13.

[26]

My Father's mansions cast no shadows, one
upon another.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 14.

[27]

Men bottle ideas while sages drink the nectar
of the Gods.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 14.

[28]

When my eyes weep, my soul rejoices.
The waters sing as they descend the valley to
awaken flowers that sleep.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 14.

[29]

One frost may devastate an orchard for a
season; so one harsh word might blight
your garden of to—morrow.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 15.

[30]

While my heart bleeds, love to me is born.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 15.

[31]

I Gather up the fallen sparrow, and as I
feel its ebbing pulse, I am drawn closer to
that One Heart which lends its warmth
to everything that breathes.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 15.

[32]

Earthly attachments fade and drift away,
but forever green continue the branches
of the tree of life.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 16.

[33]

It is better to weep than to cause another to
weep.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 16.

[34]

When you weep before man, know you are
crying to God.
He will shield you from man's censure for His
love enfolds you both.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 16.

[35]

Moisture and much crushing are required to make clay plastic for the hands of
the sculptor.

Tears and hardships make us fit to do His will.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 17.

[36]

As the bird wings eagerly homeward to its nest amid the branches,

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 17.

[37]

So on every breath
Beloved, I rise nearer Thy welcoming arms.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 17.

[38]

Let thy waiting, my heart, be not in barrenness, but pregnant with pulsing
faith.

The desert prays in secret, then bears God's
beauties openly.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 18.

[39]

Slender trees marshalled across the hillside's breast a harp unto the winds.
Each breeze calls forth a different harmony.
I bare my heart strings unto Thee Beloved—
Play whatever theme my soul most needs.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 18.

[40]

The theme has moved serenely.

A new note is introduced.

The symphony now sways. Each instrument
is sounded to its depths.

A pause.

The theme, still sweet, is weighed gainst richer
harmonies.

Each instrument, more seasoned.

The players sigh as they finish another chapter
in their book of life.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 19.

[41]

Of this moment, I am covetous.
Drink of the grape now, ere it turns.
From the Altar of the Now, cast all that is
unseemly.
To-morrow awaits in chastity.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 20.

[42]

Read first of God, before you scan the daily
paper.

His word will clarify your vision, immunizing
you against vulgarity.

Through you, His influence will steady the
hands that err.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San
Encino, 1933, p. 20.

[43]

Use enough of the fire of determination to
temper your mettle—not enough to destroy
it.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 21.

[44]

As figures on a hillside stand like silhouettes
against the sun, so stands self, seemingly
impervious against the light of truth.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 21.

[45]

My thinking mind moves like a kaleidoscope;
at every turn, a picture.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 21.

[46]

I Presented a bouquet, which awakened
thanks.

God gave, while I witnessed.
I would the recipient, this day, might know
the Giver and the Gift.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 22.

[47]

Graciousness of manner bespeaks self
knowledge.

In attaining knowledge of self, one taps the source of compassion which flows
to all.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 22.

[48]

In love I cannot fall.

In Thee, Beloved, I rise.

Fires of my flesh spring from Thee, and burn on the altar of Thy ways.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 22.

[49]

Superstition is a fungus on the tree of
ignorance.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 23.

[50]

Let your thinking, breathing and speaking
be the orchestration of your ideal; you will
then conduct heaven on earth.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 23.

[51]

Not what you absorb, but what you express
is your education.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 23.

[52]

Consider how you think, not what you
think.

The how will take care of the what.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 24.

[53]

Harmonize your life's theme and you will
keep step with God.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 24.

[54]

Your breath channel is your life channel.
Prepare the way of your breathing so you
may express yourself with majesty.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 24.

[55]

Your character is a road map of your ways
from the abstract to the concrete. The
way through which you conduct life. Your
disposition.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 25.

[56]

To become, you must conduct yourself becomingly.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 25.

[57]

Suspicion is born of insincerity.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 25.

[58]

Control your finer-breath and you will
not have to traverse the blind alleys of
your emotions.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 26.

[59]

Raise yourself. Do not lower yourself to
pity.

To pity yourself is to blaspheme your Maker.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 26.

[60]

To ignore your latent genius is to deny God.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 26.

[61]

Command the tempests of your emotions
and intuition will reward you.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 27.

[62]

Poise is a modulating influence.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 27.

[63]

Bells in the mission toll the hours of mass.
May my voice, Beloved, ring with Thy Ever—
Presence.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 27.

[64]

My metal cries out in the crucible of sublimation.
Some elements would cling unto the earth.
The earth too is Thine, Beloved; do not decrease the flame.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 28.

[65]

The hills, to-day, are enrapt in peaceful contemplation.
Man is engrossed in busy-ness.
To-morrow, man will come, empty handed, to
gather flowers from the hills.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 28.

[66]

“prepare ye the way.”

The perceiver breathes; the body cannot
breathe.

Think to give the body finer breath.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 29.

[67]

Love is not duty bound, but free.
Mayhap you have misnamed a task.
At every call the gates of my heart swing wide
to usher forth love's blessed stream.
I would know love's freedom.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 29.

[68]

The light of the body is the I.
I Am the light of the world.

As the light of truth is kindled in our hearts we give ourselves, a living sacrifice,
unto the altar of our ways.

In the ever-presence of that light, our footsteps
cannot stray.

Unmoved by wanderings, a stillness comes.

In that stillness, the voice for which we've longed—

The voice which through all voices sings—

That life which through all places rings.

Be still and know that I Am—God which lights the world.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 30.

[69]

Here and there, frayed ends.

The pattern faded and the fabric rudely torn.

I mend my ways, and God grants an ageless garment.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 31.

[70]

Desert of ages parched by the sun.
Sometimes showers and blossoms come.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 31.

[71]

Deserts of waiting, burning with despair.
Hope springs, faith is born, and love is there.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 31.

[72]

When first I hungered, my Mother's tender breast awaited me.
Thy response, Beloved, awaits my every need.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 32.

[73]

This or that, I say, is all I ask.

Why ask?

Let the effort of doing be the prayer which
bears Thy fruit unto my hunger.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 32.

[74]

The tiniest flower shows the delicate unfailing
concern of the Master.
Integrity is Godliness in man.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 33.

[75]

The quality of your voice proclaims your
moral status.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 33.

[76]

Your real self is a wellspring of Good.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 33.

[77]

You are the divine alchemist who can convert
your base mettle into gold.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 34.

[78]

Dominion over self commands respect of
all.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 34.

[79]

Use unpleasant circumstances as the plant
uses fertilizer.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 34.

[80]

The rose bud is held within the embrace of
its hope until it proves its faith.
When it yields up its perfected heart it exhales
the breath of divine achievement.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 35.

[81]

As you go forth to perform your activities for the day, move aside the scenery of your mental stage to accomodate the full scope of your vision.

If your vision be broad, other actors cannot crowd you.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 35.

[82]

At daybreak the birds awakened me to say that spring had visited our garden.
As I roused myself, I sensed the earth breathe forth a sweet surprise to find
 fresh flowers strewn o'er her bed.
To awaken to Thy gifts is such a happy dawning.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 36.

[83]

An eagle flew forth to try its wings in other climes.

As it soared, I saw its fleeting shadow bear a fond caress across the bosom of the
hills

which gave it shelter.

How different would be our ways, if man, in passing, left the impress of Thy
tenderness.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 36.

[84]

Trees, branches, and glimpses of sky between
the leaves.

Without the open spaces, there would be no leaves nor trees.

These are weighed against the Truth of That.

Even so, as I express myself, my words are traced against the breath which gives
us life.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 37.

[85]

Go forth today to give—not forth to get.
For, in the giving, is the Giver and the Gift.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 37.

[86]

You were, and you will be.
In this precious now, while life flows through
our veins, draw close, that we may know
the God of sentient beings.
Responding to the thrill of Spring, the tree
yields up its full capacity;
It flourishes, grows rich in being, and through
its lacey fullness, I have heard the heavens
sing.
Oh may our days, through courage, richer
grow.
May we, through honesty, true riches know—
That all our deeds, like fruit, contain within
their hearts the spirit of new growth.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 38.

[87]

And so, when winter calls, go home with confidence knowing that the spirit of
all we
loved, all yours and mine, our deeds, their
fruit and seeds, in one dynamic unity will
enter into that One Heart from whence all
springtimes ever flow.
We were, and we will be, because I Am.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 38.

[88]

This life is a chasm—cleft by man's desires,
In which he struggles to become whole.
In death there is no chasm, so life is swallowed
up in death.
Man is made whole by death in life.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 39.

[89]

Life is a book of verses,
Its varied measures marking cadences through
which the One is ever flowing,
With color and form, music or perfume—
Creating ways through which the Voiceless
Voice is ushered.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 39.

[90]

Courage is quickened by tenderness.
Under the touch of a gentle rain, I see each
tiny growth strain forth with joy to bear Thy treasures.
Man's intellect must woo his heart ere his precious soul may dare to flower.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 40.

[91]

Out of darkness into light.
The cherry tree bears blossoms in her suppliant
arms, heralding the coming of Thy fruits.
Had I yielded my unyielding self unto the rhythm of Thy ways, my
countenance would wear a smile to-day.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 40.

[92]

Ice in the river must melt.

To be further blessed by its source, the river must yield its holdings to the
valley.

Man must release the gates of knowing—to be
quickenened by the flow of realization.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 41.

[93]

Now that the crocuses and hyacinths have come,
I would I had dealt more patiently with winter.

I little dreamed, that 'neath its chilly mien, its heart contained such charity for
me.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 41.

[94]

Out of God's heart, my heart unfolds.
If the meditation of my heart be constant,
God's pulse will be felt.

Before taking a physical ablution, I cleanse
the basin to avoid polluting the water I
would draw.

When I have finished, I cleanse the vessel,
again making it acceptable.
“A fount does not give forth waters both bitter
and sweet.”

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 42.

[95]

God's mind, my mind discloses.

A tree stands between the earth and the sky,

drawing sustenance from the earth and
bounty from the air.

Man stands between the kingdom and the
world, fed from out the heart of God, yet
he does not flourish as the tree.

When we realize that we all draw from the
same fount we will cleanse our mental
vessel of all prejudice toward man's misinterpretation of his divine self.
Instead of being annoyed by our displeasure at his conduct, we will be blessed
by man's
real atmosphere.

Out of God's heart, our hearts unfold.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 42–43.

[96]

Deep calls to deep.
Out of the ocean of humanity, from the realm
of pearls, drawn together by a bond of
love,
You have made for me a rosary.

Each precious soul an answer to a prayer from
me a praise to You.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 44.

[97]

To have faith in faith, is achievement.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 44.

[98]

I Watched the subtle breeze, through
magic fingers draw the slender grasses,
like strands of floss,
Embroidering a garment for our mother—earth.
We are of the earth but for a day.
Shall we not, with reverent deftness, wield the fingers of our breath and make
of speech a fitting mantle for our soul?

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 45.

The Breath of Life

LIKE leaves in the fall of the year, I now see
my members withering in the autumn of
life.

The spring time of this span was all too short.
In that youth I was unaware.

The summer, glorious, perhaps, but in the heat of unfolding circumstances was
absorbed; an intensity which demanded that I stray not

Distant fields I could not see yet my mind was moved by winds which wafted
wonders to my soul.

Now in the autumn of life, I muse. In the
crumbling pungency of the fallen leaves—I reflect.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San
Encino, 1933, p. 46.

[100]

The mantle of colorful memories still clings.
Breathing the evanescence of my unfailing
substance, I contemplate winter. Not
doubting, yet wondering, I think to the depths into which my spirit again must
pass.

As I retire, the winds of the past are calling.
The less I seem to live, the more I feel of life.
The winds that call are but the breath of spring
which again will raise me.
Resignation to the passing-now, but frees my circulation. Like the ever turning
waves
upon the sea, I must sink that I may return again.

“Lest ye die, ye cannot live.”

I give my withering limbs and memory’s colorful leaves, so the winds of love
might bear
them deep down into the roots of me, that
I may rise again.

The in-breath of autumn, the out-breath of
spring, seasoned with summer’s contemplation and the resignation of winter.
One life, one breath, in constant circulation
through all things. Wheel within wheel,
the cyclic flow of life.
On every round of breath we are born and we
die.
Having “died daily”—I do know God.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 46–47–48.

[101]

The voice of the soul moves like a proud ship
over a sea of waveless breath.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 49.

[102]

As the brook conveys the song of the waterfall,
So my being radiates Thy spirit—
Unfailing Source, urging me on into the sea
of experience.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 49.

[103]

To endearment my heart responds as the violin
sings under the touch of the bow.
Love awakens love.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 50.

[104]

“Let the dead bury the dead.”

In the invisible we live and move and have our
being.

With the immortal, unseen eye, we witness the
ever dying visible.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 50.

[105]

Respect is the keynote of education.

Realizing the virtue of every expression, one respects all manifestation.

By practicing respect we become respectable.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 51.

[106]

Moving with gentleness, the swan sees
always its lovely self mirrored in the lake.
Stilling my mind I realize I Am Thy pure
reflection.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 51.

[107]

While among trees, sensing their profound brotherhood,
I find my head bowed with human frailty.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 52.

[108]

If the way is not prepared the waters babble, and reflection therein is most uncertain.

When I regard the source of my being, my voice moves serenely, conveying suitable words.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 52.

[109]

Like shafts of sunshine finding their way
down through giant forests to call forth.
the tiny violet—

So, through the denseness of the world's activity, I feel the influence of the
 White
Brotherhood—
Calling up my courage.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 53.

[110]

Holy Spirit, abide in me.
Take root in my breathing and flower in my
consciousness.

Let my thoughts be the unfolding of Thy
petals, and my voice—
Thy fragrance.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San
Encino, 1933, p. 53.

[III]

My senses like the rigging of a ship are strung—
From heights to depths, from stem to stern.
My spirit the captain is, and how it loves each gale that blows.
Oh God of sentient beings, out upon Thy sea
with joy go. I
My heart is like the rudder, echoing every thrill
to which my senses yield.
With confidence I tackle all the winds that blow, for
Thy Spirit like a compass guides my soul.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 54.

[II2]

Like sea gulls soaring in the wake of a ship,
Out over the sea of life my hopes encircle the
Faith of the Master—
Moving on toward the Light.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 55.

[II3]

The throbbing wings of an eagle expectant
with purposeful flight
Are like the pulsing urge within the heart of
the now.
Oh Eternal Now, may my pulse be the shadow
of Thy pulse
And my expectancy Thy Universal Good.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 55-55.

In the Garden of Life

My heart, like a brimming bird fount, bears
Thy love.

I bid my thoughts, ere they take wing drink

deep, that through

Thy love they might endure,

And with its song inspire love where'er they
go.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 56.

[115]

Every effort is rewarded.

How is it Thou rewardest me, when it was with
Thy strength I resisted other gods?

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 57.

[116]

Unfailing source!

Did my countenance bear gratitude, from drink
to drink?

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 57.

[II7]

Against cross winds, the slender tree strains
to keep Thy poise.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 58.

[118]

Dawn and darkness on every breath as I
swing the gate between the here and there.
The darkness here is made bright by the lightness there.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 58.

[119]

I Have made of my heart the cornerstone of
the temple wherein I do Thy work.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 59.

[120]

Beyond the many husks, the tender silk.
Within the silk are rows of gleamy pearls.
They in turn are formed from out the heart
which holds them.
So, we perceive, all seeing is but many veils between the Formless and the
Formless.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 59.

The Still Pool

I KNOW a glen where a limpid pool

Is fringed all'round with rushes cool.
The water's so still, it serves as a mirror
For the clouds and the sky, drawing Heaven within her.

Oft'times at eve, when the air is cool,
I wander down by that quiet pool
And enter in to the vesper prayer
Which is held by all that assemble there.

The birds and bushes, and flowers and bees,
The ferns and rushes and tall stately trees
All gather'round their altar, that mirror
Which pictures the sky, drawing Heaven within her.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 60.

[I22]

Shadow pictures are so lovely.
The spirit of the flower seems to hover there.
The songs I sing were written first in silence,
Then the shadow of the tones rest on your ear.
Through the cyclic way all things proceed—
Out of the Kingdom of Silences,
Then to It they return.

Publication. First published in *The Kingdom of Silences*. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933, p. 61.

Bibliography

Selected primary and secondary sources

Book and periodical titles are italicized throughout.

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The Kingdom of Silences: From Whence All Springtimes Ever Flow. Los Angeles: The Author / Abbey San Encino, 1933.

Works About the Author

Contemporary *Los Angeles Times* review, known from a typescript reported with an inscribed copy; full citation not yet recovered.

Colophon

Publication and production notes

This critical reading edition was edited by Brian Kim Stefans for The Text-Tech Papers, Los Angeles, in 2026, as part of *Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry*. The poems were reset from the source pages identified in the publication notes and datasheet. The book was composed in EB Garamond on a cream field at 6 × 9 inches. The cover uses original abstract artwork prepared for this edition.