

POEMS THROUGH THE YEARS

VIRGINIA MUSTERMAN TSCHUDIN

POEMS THROUGH THE YEARS

DEDICATED TO EACH MEMBER
OF MY LARGE FAMILY

MY MANY FRIENDS

TO MY NEICE ORLIE
MUSTERMAN FOR
HER ENCOURAGEMENT

VIRGINIA MUSTERMAN TSCHUDIN

**Greetings from
Old South Main**

*The first old street near the river's edge
With ancient houses, side by each
Whose windowed eyes, over rocken ledge
Into tomorrow, peer and reach*

*A street filled with such history
Whose buildings, still with proudness stand
Enhanced with aged serenity
A credit to our state and land*

*In your minds eye, you still may see
A weathered trapper trudging in
Laden with pelts to get his fee
According to what his "catch" has been.*

*And if you watch with prudent care
A redskin warrior you may see
Venturing in and lurking there
Behind some long gone maple tree.*

*Not only were such simple men
The ones that trod this street
But fabled heros walked it when
They recognized each one they would meet.*

*Audubon who painted here
Lewis, also Rogers and Clark
Adventurous men who knew no fear
Started from here a road to mark.*

*Commanders from those foreign lands
Who ruled this town before our time
Their home as then, today, still stands
With quiet simplicity sublime.*

*Daniel Boone who all admire
So very often came this way.
Supplies and sundries to acquire
And to many a house a visit pay.*

*So very fortunate are we
Remains this same old street
The houses here for all to see
A historic picture will complete.*

no title

*In my twilight years
I stand alone
I lift my face toward the sky
Knowing I no longer see the stars
Those diamond studs against black velvet night*

*Those stars are there
I know it well,
I see them with my memories eye.*

Beyond

*Purple stepping stones across the evening sky.
Together for the little ones at levels low.
To Giant Steps horizon high
Heralding end of day.*

*Whence go you beckoned on
By Starlit promises.
the land beyond the evenings edge
Must always be tomorrow.*

Today

*Please linger for a while, Today
Before oblivion
Nor hurry on to join your brother, Yesterday
You've been so very nice, Today
I loath to see you go away.
I cannot know Tomorrow
Til it turns it's name to thine
Or even guess what it will bring
Nor would, perchance I could.*

Farewell To An Old Friend

*This missive does not say goodbye
Nor does it say adeiux
It only comes to signify
A happy wish for you.*

*A journey to an untried land
Has possibilities
Of bright and joyful contraband
For you to see and sieze*

*So look not back to places bare,
But rather look ahead.
Anticipation has a flare
To spin a silver thread.*

*And every thing I think of You
And often that will be,
A wish for joy I will renew
A gay hello from me to You.*

Live Now

*Surely Mortal One
Pause by you needful path.
Sip from the sap of the Maple tree
Sit when you must neath the willow.*

*Down summers pleasant vale
Whish worn, wind hewn
The way dim-lit by a demi lune
The autumns blood red sail.*

*Neither eager steps, nor gay
Nor yet reluctant ones
Ease rock strewn, storm bound way,
Warm winters pale, cold suns.*

*List for those hours, bird sung
Lest they pass by unaware
And you search in vain
For a tree, fruit hung.*

*Hearken ye-listen well
For that chantecleered call of assurance
Tho the hard night be long
and the journey far
It rings as sweet and clear as a bell.*

Sights

*I thank you Lord, for the right to love
The scenes you paint
On the earth below, and the sky above
Without restraint.*

*By springtime green or autumns ruddy brush
By dawns glow or noontime sun
with drone of bees or song of thrush,
Or barely seen when day is done.*

*The distant hills of purple tint
And valleys deep in evening haze
when fall betokens winters hint
And nights are longer than the days.*

*Or home lights shining thru the rain
Then tree and bush dusted with snow
A thousand more sights still remain
For me to see and love and know.*

Time Past

*The golden dust from off the stars
That were my youth
Bespangle all the years
From then until silvery now.*

*Soften every flagstone step
For tired feet
Lighten each load
For weary back.*

*Gild the hills that echo back
So clarion clear
Those well loved voices,
Only there.*

Br-r-r

*The long cold fingers of winter
Hung off the eaves today
And pointed with icy derision
At those who chanced their way.*

*Inside of the house are the children
So snug and safe and warm
Held prisoner by Mothers decision
To guard against all harm.*

*They think of a snow man and sleigh rides
Nose against window pane
With plaintive remarks to Mother
But inside they must remain.*

*Too soon they grow older and hardy
Needless of cold and snow
And much to their satisfaction
May skate if its ten below.*

*King winters reign is a short one
Happy his day may be
But if you are younger or older
The spring you are glad to see.*

*The long cold fingers of winter begin to drip and drop
With an ever increasing crescendo
Finally go ker-flop.*

Later

*And now little Dary
Has joined this gay crew
His title is Captain
Although he's brand new*

*He is really quite lucky
He rules with a grin
His mates are so plucky
Tho their boats made of tin.*

The Lily And The Rose

*She stood without the brass bound door
A golden Chalice in her hand.
A full blown unplucked rose, A near
That smelled as sweetly as
The lily clinging at her breast.*

*They stayed and waited patiently
For he who would be sent their way
And held the key
To ope' the door.*

*So eagerly he strode along
Until he came near by
And looked into the face of fate
Then stooped so tenderly.*

*He lifted her and turned the key
And stepped across from now to then
And so they went, the petals dropped
From off the rose, as softly as a tear.*

Thanks

*Breath deep, smile wide, step high
The bird is on the wing
No tear, no fear, no sigh
Laugh and play and sing.*

*Work hard, wish good, aim far
The flowers are in the bloom
Be glad you're what you are
Good riddance to old gloom.*

*Breath, smile, step, work, wish, aim
Hope comes with early spring
Birds sing, I'll do the same
Thanks God for joys you bring.*

Retrospect

*My Memmories, like fallen snow
Covers the landscape here below.
Bedecks the past with a warm sweet glow
Those bright brave days of the long ago.*

*Somehow the days of toil and sorrow
Were swallowed up in gay tomorrow
A life so full of joy and laughter,
Enough to last the long years after.*

*There were bad days, as well I know,
They seem glossed over much as snow
Hides many things that shouldn't show,
Surprising beauties to bestow.*

*And if some day, and well it must,
My heart lies low, my dreams be dust,
Anticipation holds no spell
My future past, I know it well.*

*I'll turn the pages of my past
And live them over to the last
A face on every page I'll see
And feel their love come home to me*

*I'll wrap my love like a warm dry coat
About my dears, and then I'll note
How very fortunate am I
I'll try to smile and never sigh.*

Journey

*My restless soul ill-sits a chair today
Like nightmares champing at the bit
In eagerness to be away
Before full slumber writes their skit.*

*Necessity weaves strong my chain
And binds me with the links of life
Then marks the spot I must remain
Bemused and torn by now's dull knife.*

*Sweet wonderlust pulls at my sleeve
And beckons with beguiling lure
Down roads by which I may not leave
Unles perchance by Dreamlands tour.*

*So here I go to you and back
To wonderous places yet unknown
Adventures I will never lack
I'll be a queen upon a throne.*

Fantasy

*Time hangs suspended in a silver web
Spun from the tipped up end of the new born moon
To the highest blossom on the tallest tree
In the apple orchard beside the lea.*

*Wasted to and fro by the evening breeze
Lullabied by the signing of the apple tree leaves
Anesthetized by the fragrance rare
That could only be found in the spring filled air
Of a night in June.*

*A place to dream and be near by
To wish upon the evening star.
And listen to the night birds song
And drink the beauty of the night
With eager lips.*

*Only the young or the young in mind
May ever hope to reach this height.
If weighted down by age or fear
You have never seen such a heady night
Nor ever will.*

Thinking

*There are no words
To say the things
My heart means*

*I stand beside the river wide
And listen as the seperate shores
Combine their voice until it soars
Into a song of tearful tide.*

*I think with wordless thought
Of how the water wonders on
Over, under and around
With neither end, nor age, but bound
Forever to the sea.*

*The unfathomed silence of the sea
Tells me the words
I can not say.*

It Comes

*Raw bleakness of late February day
Corrupt of beauty
Destitute of seeded promise
Fallow - empty - void
How difficult to think it will be May.*

*The only promised thing, is Month to be.
March, heeled upon by April
Then beauty breaths
With every breeze
And grows with every sun
The loveliness is there for all to see.*

*Somnolent grow and hope for early spring
Rest for a while
As does the season
The better to appreciate
Each blade of grass, each song of bird,
Each thing.*

Depression

*I looked into my soul today
And found
None of the gay bright dream
Of youth.*

*I found the grey, dull, crow-like look
Of disillusionment.
The wan acceptance of frustrated hope
Barely a wish to pick the crumbs of comfort
Dropped my way.
The shadow of impending loneliness.
A wishful look toward safe oblivion.*

*I looked into my soul today
And found
To my amazement - Age.*

Trust

*I lay me down when day is done
And wander close to slumbers edge
Then close my eyes until morning sun
Wakes me from over my window ledge.*

*Into thy hands my soul I place
Abandon care, go where I may
Where resting in an unknown space
Tomorrow turns into today.*

*When dawn and day and dusk have gone
When toil and play and mirth and tears
In fast succession off and on
Turn weeks to months and months to years.*

*Rest when I may, I have no fear
At any time or any spot
Be where I may he's always near
I cannot go, where he is not.*

Sorrow

*I saw it yesterday
In the rain
The sorriest looking
Leghorne cock
Accompanied by his frau.
His tail hung low
And his comb drooped too
In the rain.
They knew not what upon they sat
Nor the one below could see,
I was the only one that knew
In the rain.*

A Couple Of Kids

*Dear little funny face
Darling and two
A cranberry merchant
Has less things to do*

*Trips to see puppy dog
Stops at the sink
An urge for a cookie
Then more milk to drink*

*In again out again
Times without end
Whence comes the energy
She must expend.*

*Perched top the gymn bar
Or dunking in mud
There's one thing we'll all say
This kid is no dud*

*Small Mister Dignity
Next will be four
Finds it quite difficult
Guarding her door.*

*Sweet in the way only
Small boys may be
And wide eyed with wonder
At things he may see*

*Dads little replica,
Moms pride and joy
As straight as an arrow
A very fine boy.*

*Well dosed with love
And guarded with care
You'll search for and wide
For a happier pair.*

Musings

*The weeks roll ever more swiftly by
As my years grow closer to always.*

*Chide but gently those who love you
Lest some sad and bitter tone
Reverberate and echo thru
The after years, and lone.*

*In my minds eye, I still can see
The little child you used to be.
In my minds ear I still can hear
Your voice, and feel you very near
So neither smiles, nor time, nor space*

Entirely hides from me, your face.

*Oh - new born day
Gilt by the sun
And pearly new*

*No other jewel
Given by man
Could ever be
So fine as thee.*

A Couple Of Kids

*Dear little flower face
Smiling and so
A wonderful melody
Has less things to do*

*Time is my enemy
Steps to the end*

*It was a long time ago
That I was young and gay*

*Until today quite suddenly
I find I'm wan and grey*

Wish -

*It could have been but yesterday
That I was young and gay
Until today quite suddenly
I find I'm wan and grey*

*The ordered march of days passed by,
Were filled to the brim with living,
You'll hear from me no muffled sigh
But a smile filled with Thanksgiving.*

*Sweet in the way
Small days may be*

*And smile and with music
If things be easy*

*And light and joy
Means peace and joy*

*In straight as an arrow
A very first day.*

*Well down with love
And guarded with care*

*I'll search for and give
For a happy end.*

Hands

*Gentle hands that smoothed my brow
Still point the way far me to go.*

*Strong work worn hands that led me
Safe thru childhoods fields
Now wave to me from yesterday.*

*Dear little hands that clung to me
Now pluck the strings that are my heart.*

*Two hands to which I joined my own
A far way back
And on ahead a way to go.*

Saarinan Arch

*New, bound by strong proud bands of steel,
To old,
Hope thrust skyward
Still earth held
New City feel
On old City streets
A combination of then
And now
That of necessity brings
An upsurge
And soaring
Of weary spirit,
A fresh expectant lift
To town moral.*

Look

*The hollyhocks were an accident
Close by the black iron fence
I didn't plant them
They just grew.*

*Like Topsy, only of different hue.
A beautiful deep-deep, rosy red.
They reached their arms
Toward the bottom branch
Of their neighbor, the maple tree.*

*The black iron fence and the hollyhocks.
And the maple tree,
Such a sight to see
Such a joy to me
Those three.*

Tale Of An Old Mirror

*Of all old things, that tales could tell
Of yesterday and years gone by
The tale of life it knows so well
The "looking glass" with its staring eye.*

*I watched thru love and birth and death.
The antics of both old and young
I watched them all with bated breath
They feared me not, I had no tongue*

*Oh pretty maid with gleaming eye
Smile sweetly now, before me pause
Few people are so honored by
Such sweetness with so little cause*

*And baby dear - fetch him to me
And let him see that other child
Who while he stays, he too may see
Smile when he smiles, irked if he's riled.*

*Then junior with his grimace rare
His stuck out tongue and awful grin
With well thumbed nose and ruffled hair
My strict approval strives to win*

*Mirror, Mirror on the wall
(I know quite well you've heard it said)
Which is the fairest of them all?
It matters not, they all are dead.*

*"They all are gone and still I stay
With bulging tales I cannot tell
Of Yesteryear and Yesterday
They've gone before, I loved them well.*

*But since I must I'll hang around
And wait for smiles to come my way
I'll say no word and make no sound
I'm here to see what comes today.*

Who-o-o-o

*Who are you calling, wild wind?
A wood sprite hanging from a bittersweet bush?
Or the jay bird squaking in the alder?*

*Are you crooning to the new babe
But lately come from Somewhere,
Or soothing an oldster soon to go to Nowhere?*

*You breath down my chimney
And push at my door
What is it you seek, wild wind.*

*You've the wide world to look in
the universe to search
As you have done forever, wild wind.*

Take Of An Old Mirror

Of all old things, that tales could tell
Of yesterday and even older
The tale of life is known as well
The "looking glass" with its smiling eye.

Thanks Giving Eve Of Fifty Six

As the wild wind howls,
The Cold knocks at my window.
The snow falls.
A chill taps at my heart.
Somehow the magic now is gone
Of holiday.
My house is only full of memories.

And I'm alone - I feel the pain
And let him see that when I'm
And I'm alone - I feel the pain
And let him see that when I'm

There's justice with the gods
Heaven and hell are
There's justice with the gods
Heaven and hell are

Mirror, Mirror on the wall
I have made you be loved
Which is the fairest of them all?
I answer you, they all are dead.

They all are gone and I'm
With nothing left I can
Of yesterday and tomorrow
They're gone before I could them see.

But since I must I'll hang around
And wish for smiles to cure my
I'll say no word and make no sound
The best I can when nature's gone.

An Imaginary Poem

I love my soul
With a great and full
Accepting all its
To love the things
Things I'll never
I'll never let go.

Seeking

Savour each day with a seeking heart.
Each minute hold with clinging hand
Draw from each hour e'er it depart,
For time is like the drifting sand.

Pray for the strength to live today.
Look not back with lingering eye.
Tomorrow is so far away,
With luck, it soon shall have its try.

Above all, give, with lavish joy
For as you give so shall you get.
So as a child enjoys a toy
Regard each morn a day well met.

Live each day with a joyful guest.
Enjoy a smile, your food, a friend.
The countless things with which we're blessed,
Enjoy the sunset at the end.

Eventide

*The whispering voice of eventide
Sings sweet
Above the fresh cut field
Of garnered grain
Rose edged, with promises
Of fair tomorrow*

*The rippling brook that always sings the same song
Yet ever welcome sounds to human ear
The locusts' eerie chant of days acceptance
At dusk
The wide winged swoop of joyful birds.*

*Deep throated, low the cattle, near their slumber
In answer to the vespere toll
From yonder spire
From water's edge the chorused frogs give offering
Among the long haired willows sighing there.*

*Across the meadow flit the fireflies seeking
Perhaps like small Deogenes
An honest man
United, all become the voice of evening
God's smile upon the summer countryside.*

At Sapphire Beach

*I sent my soul
With a grey sea gull
Awinging out to sea
To learn of the deep
Things I'd never know
If I stayed along with me.*

*I flew swo high on my borrowed wings
In search of the birth of day
Sired by the sea
Brought forth by the sun
Given to you and me.*

*I dipped to the sea
When it waved at me
And soared to smile with the sun.
I wept with the waves
And bathed in their spray
And watched the tide begun.*

*I joined my own to the wings of morn
And started back to me
In a garnet glow to the world below
And a golden day begun.*

*If I smile with the sun for a happy day
Or weep with the waves for woe
There are more to be had
Some good - some bad
And time will grow and grow.*

Back Home

*Nostalgia walks along with me,
A sad and solitary mate,
We've come to visit Used To Be
The years are long and time is late.*

*We travel a familiar lane
And look for things that once were there.
Once found, they give both joy and pain
That oft'n associated pair.*

*We view each passer-by, intent
In search of those we might have known
So long ago, when pleasure bent
We wandered here, then unalone.*

*One oft'n remembered Maple tree
I single out from all the rest,
In it I perched in childish glee
To read the books I loved the best*

*That long legged wide eyed, eager child
I view with plump placidity
Who once was I, so shy and wild
Now chained by times indignity*

*Then I come to a house called "Home"
And only strangers you would see
But Mom and Daddy never roam
And they are the only one, with me*

*Who live there in the same old place.
In memory happy hours we spend
We phantom figures, lost in space.
We'll always live there, til my end.*

Memories

*Memories rattle one by each
Soundless phantom without feel
They cannot hear have no speech
Still memories are very real.*

*All that remains of used to be
Grief and laughter, joy and tears
So very much a part of one
Day by day, year by years.*

*May this day be a happy thing
To save for a bright tomorrow
If only a lovely song to sing
That cannot bring me sorrow.*

*My darlings walk along with me
So I am not alone.
I feel the presence I cannot see
I feel the love that I have known.*

From A Grand Mother

*To you who come
When I am gone
And Know me not
But bear within your veins,
To carry on
Our common lot
Read you these lines
That you may know
Somewhat
Of things I think.*

Can No One Hear?

*Soft voices plead from out the past:
Can no one hear, does no one care?
They built their homes so they would last,
They built them strong, they built them fair.*

*What site more fitting could be found
On tree-filled hill, at rivers bend?
They chose, with wisdom, toil earned ground
On which to live until life should end.*

*They thought a heritage to leave
Along with valor-dignity;
A hearthstone where upon to cleave
A land mark proud for all to see.*

*Our southern friends guard their's with awe,
They save and love each hallowed place
Tradition rules with iron clad law,
For modern things they take new space.*

*Those well loved oft remembered names
So formost in our history
Once lived and worked and played lifes games-
Their homes are gone, desolved in mystery.*

*Oh, Spirit Of St. Louis, vaunted
Belated, waken from your slumber,
Rally round, your aid is wanted
Count them, oh so few in number.*

*De Menil, Bissell and those others
Left to us, their laggard offspring.
Will to honor fathers, mothers,
To their Memory, wreaths of offering.*

*Soft voices plead from out the past.
Can no one hear -- Does no one Care:*

St. Louis

Our City

*Hail to you, Oh Living Place of many people
You, from France of long ago, who gave it name.
And those who came from Cork and Kildare,
Across the breast of the ocean,
To live and love in Kerry Patch
With a wild love of laughter
And a taste now and then, of "Paddy's Eye water".
... And to South City,
Steeped in the smell of hopes,
Resplendent with well scrubbed steps
And shinning panes.
Industrious sons and daughters from "Der Faderland".
... On to the "Hill" where live the folks
From sunny Italy, in bright and tidy homes.
... To those who can no longer think
From whence their roots have sprung,
But only know that here and now is home.
Oh City, sired by the Father of waters,
Nestled in the lap of the foot hills,
St. Louis - - - - - Salute.*

When your cup runs over
and you bask in the clover

Soak it up.

When the spring comes peeking
and winter goes sneaking,

Live it up.

Today is twenty four hours
given by our higher powers,

Waste it not.

Today can never come again
yesterday became its name.

Live today.

Tomorrow simply never comes,
for then today its name becomes..

Accept it now.

Forever happy we are not.
Some tears become our lot.

Accept them too.

But there are many happy days
To laugh, love down joyous ways.

Thanks be to God.

Virginia Tschudin