

Vagabond Verses



J. GASKILL McDANIEL

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May the world.
always be in
rhyme for you.

J. Haskell McDaniel
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Whatever may be said of New Bern's youthful Poet laureate, there's no denying his infinite variety. His efforts have been featured by everything from Sunday school papers to smoke house monthlies during the past six years

FOREWORD

To the publications relinquishing rights on
these poems, to the friends who un-
knowingly inspired the efforts herein,
and to whosoever may chance to
be a reader, the author is
sincerely appreciative.

This little collection of verse, such as it is,
is humbly dedicated to the author's
home town, and to home town-
ers everywhere.

CAMP FIRE GLEAM

There's something in a camp fire's cheery
gleam

That opens wide the windows of your
soul;

It sees each plan, each little far-flung
dream,

It lights the candles that lead to your
goal.

You gain new faith in all your fellow
men,

There where the feet of old Dame Na-
ture trod;

Within the camp fire's magic glow, my
friend,

Your heart will tell you that you're close
to God.

BABIES

Babies are such funny things,
If I may voice my thoughts;
They reign supreme, like tiny kings,
Their domains are our hearts.
They sorta grip your heartstrings,
In their chubby little hands;
And know just how to start things
With their infantile commands.
The cynic's stare can only see
Some brat that always cries;
But sentimental fools. like me,
Find angels in their eyes.

TOKEN

It seems quite right, that after all these
years

Of separation, I should call you friend;
And that within this cynic vale of tears
Our hearts should quicken, when we
meet again.

You've changed, and yet, in fancy I can
see

The little girl who lived across the way;
That's why the little boy I used to be
Comes back to write these lines to you,
today.

LINGERING LINGERIE

I've a problem rather vexing,
Simple, and yet quite perplexing,
There is not a chance for compromise;
This most profound situation
Was not made for legislation,
For with me, alone, the verdict lies:
Shall I write down in the annals
That today my winter flannels
Were discarded for a sheerer pair;
Or must I continue waiting,
Even though the birds are mating,
And I see gay blossoms everywhere;
Old Dame Nature, tell me, do,
That your last cold spell is thru.

BOYHOOD

Swimming holes, and fishing poles,
Ball games in the street;
Summer rains, on dusty lanes,
Calling to your feet;
Backyard shows, and tied-up toes,
Day dreams in the shade;
Shy romances, stolen glances
At some village maid:
Such is boyhood's fleeting day,
All to soon, it fades away.

NOCTURNE

The night unfolds her all protecting cloak,
And spreads it with the wisdom of her
years;

She whispers regal things to simple folk,
And sprinkles star dust over lonely tears.
Like baby laughter in her magic song,
It breathes of hope, or little dreams and
such;

Sprite moonbeams light the way she treads
along,
And all of nature throbs beneath her
touch.

It is not hard for one with dreamer eyes
To see her huddled, waiting for the
dawn;

And one can find there, under curtained
skies,

The fragile gems of hours that are gone.

TO MY MOTHER

I'd like to have the rhythm of the rain
That pitter patters on a city street;
A small boy's whistle, on a country lane,
The joyous sound of toddling baby feet;
I'd like to have the tom toms of the sea,
Beating a challenge, on fast changing
sands;
A night bird's call, a brook's soft melody,
The sigh of winds that come from distant lands.
Although my idle wishes are all wrong,
And having half these things would never do;
Id' love to blend them, in a mother song,
Then hurry home, to sing it just for you.

MATINEE

Rows and rows of juveniles,
With their faces wreathed in smiles,
Watch each hectic move upon the screen;
Villains, wearing looks malicious,
Haunt a maid, pure and delicious,
'Till our hero struts out on the scene;
Flying fists, and two gunned fighting,
Frightened steeds and leaps exciting,
Love that conquers all, to have its day;
(Chilling, thrilling situations,
That fire young imaginations,
Reign supreme, for one grand matinee.

CONCERT

When Nature's magic touch unlocks
Her overflowing music box,
She frees a thousand captive melodies;
The tenor of a robin's song,
The trill of brooks, that flow along
To join the mighty rhythm of the seas.
There's rhapsody, when night winds sigh,
And something in a bob cat's cry
Sounds strangely operatic 'neath the stars;
The frogs roll out their mighty bass,
And somewhere, in her hiding place,
A wren essays a few soprano bars.
It's time for tunes, when Nature's hand
unlocks
The melodies within her music box.

FINALE

This is the end, and yet you too must know
That you'll live on, among my souvenirs;
I'll wear a smile, where ever I may go,

And I'll be gay to banish unshed tears.
Life is a play, and mine a young fool's
part,

Fate draws the curtain on my happiness;
And no one knows the sorrow in my heart,
Nor senses tragedy in each new jest.

This is the end, and yet when shadows fall.

I'll see your image in a wind swept sky;
And though, perhaps, it isn't right at all,
I still will love you, as the years go by.

