

LOVE'S LASTING BONDS

By Susan Luckie Reilly

*To my precious, departed sister,
Tiki (Gracie Luckie Wilhelm).*

*Though we're far apart,
You're always in my heart.*

*As time keeps passing, year by year
The precious memories grow more dear
Of happy times I've shared with you—
To brighten the days my whole life through.*



SPIRITS OF THE DESERT NIGHT

By Susan Luckie Reilly

*The rosy glow of the setting sun
Casts dark shadows afar,
A lone coyote, with an eerie note,
Sings to the evening star.*

*His call is wild and free—
Voice of the desert domain;
The softly soughing wind
Echoes back the refrain.*

*Is it just the wind? Or is it the brush
Of a moccasined foot on the sand?
Can the muffled tread of a tribe long dead
Be heard in this timeless land?*

*With the first pale tint of coming day
The night murmurs fade away;
The coyote's howl and the hoot of an owl
Again hold their lonely sway.*

TO A CANARY
By Susan Luckie Reilly

Oh, little bird, your cage is mall
It seems to me no room at all,
And yet you sing the whole day through,
As if the world belongs to you.



DAY'S END
By Susan Luckie Reilly

The lark at eve his song has sun,
The last sweet solemn bell has rung.
Sunset flames the western sky,
Then twilight gently passes by.

One by one, the stars come through
Making the heavens a wondrous view
As night draws 'round its mantle deep
And lulls the world to restfull sleep.

SPRING'S ARTISTRY

By Susan Luckie Reilly

*The timid touch of Spring's first green
On sodden, frost-browned hills
Awakens tiny sleeping flowers,
Gives voice to songbird trills.*

*And when new life beings to swell
The season grows more bold
And soon upsets her paintpot
Of red, and blue and gold.*

*Paintbrush daubs the landscape
With vibrant, firebrand hue
And Lupine lays its carpets
Of Heaven's azure blue.*

*The hillsides glow with poppies,
And in each fragrant dell,
With age-old oaks for shelter,
The shy blue violets dwell.*

*Thus Spring spreads wide the colors
That summer softly blends,
As one takes up the palette
Where the other ends.*

PRECIOUS COMMONPLACES

By Susan Luckie Reilly

*What are life's treasures, held most dear?
To me they come thru eye & ear - - -*

*The mountain's cloud veiled majesty,
The roar of pounding seas,
The glory of a sunset sky
The whisper of the breeze.*

*The whirl of southward wending wings
Before the silent pristine snows;
The touch of Spring, renewing then,
The beautiful blooming of the rose.*

*The dazzling flash of raindrops
Caught by sunshine on the green,
When birds are singing everywhere
For earth's washed fresh and clean.*

*The endless depth of star strewn nights
Whose silence and serenity
Belittle all our earthly strife,
As measured by eternity.*

*The world is full of sights and sounds
To bring our hearts good cheer
For just the time to cock an ye
Or lend a listening ear.*