

# Arthur Franklin Fuller

## Selected Poems



# Arthur Franklin Fuller

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Sed ut perspiciatis unde omnis iste natus error sit voluptatem accusantium doloremque laudantium, totam rem aperiam, eaque ipsa quae ab illo inventore veritatis et quasi architecto beatae vitae dicta sunt explicabo. Nemo enim ipsam voluptatem quia voluptas sit aspernatur aut odit aut fugit, sed quia consequuntur magni dolores eos qui ratione voluptatem sequi nesciunt. Neque porro quisquam est, qui dolorem ipsum quia dolor sit amet, consectetur, adipisci velit, sed quia non numquam eius modi tempora incidunt ut labore et dolore magnam aliquam quaerat voluptatem. Ut enim ad minima veniam, quis nostrum exercitationem ullam corporis suscipit laboriosam, nisi ut aliquid ex ea commodi consequatur? Quis autem vel eum iure reprehenderit qui in ea voluptate velit esse quam nihil molestiae consequatur, vel illum qui dolorem eum fugiat quo voluptas nulla pariatur?

*A Book of Poems.* Berkeley: Anchor Publishing Company, 1913.

*Brother Mine, and Other Poems.* Los Angeles: Self-Published, 1919.

*California and Other Selected Poems.* Los Angeles: Anchor Publishing Co. ,  
1919.

# Money

Money—Money—Money—  
Once I sought the jinghng hoardstuff,  
Heard its siren tinkle sounding,  
Felt the lust that makes men battle,  
Disregard all save achievement;  
Every muscle, nerve and talent,  
Bent to winning sordid treasures  
Scorning peace and homlier pleasures.  
Blinding eyes to Nature's doings.  
Deafening ears to song-bird's wooings.  
Longing, feverish, for that great hour.  
When should sound at their dictation  
Siren tones that conquer most men —  
Make them slaves as I have been.

Money —Money —Money —  
Well I knew its magic jingle,  
Sweet, elusive as its mother;  
Tameless, lawless, who may hold her ?  
Wings she taketh, swift and silent,  
Leaving subtly, without warning—  
Cruel as a woman's scorning.  
Money ! how the sound did lure me—  
Made me bow to my task-master.  
Fiercely guard each hard won vantage-  
Long it baffled my endeavors;  
But in time I gained the summit—  
Form-ed a gold-tide, watched the scramble-  
Made a test of what 'twould buy me.

Money —Money—Money —  
Disapproving frowns now vanished;  
Doors that had been closed, now opened—  
Haughty ways were changed to fawning;  
Strangers boasted long acquaintance,  
Pledged their everlasting friendship;

Balls, receptions, in my honor.  
Signs of favor without number.  
Sped the time, fulfilled my longings.  
Turned such appetite to loathing;  
Satan laughing, scoffing, sneering,  
Watched the fall my hopes were taking;  
All this lacked the ring of true steel—  
Echoed only siren tinkle.

Money —Money—Money—  
When the silly, vapid laughter  
Died away and left me stranded,  
When the dance had turned to fool-play,  
And the dinners changed to hell-feasts.  
When I saw the drifting favor,  
Pierced the shallowness and pretense.  
Soft I heard a voice of music,  
Sounding like a voice from Heaven;  
Knew a hand-clasp, heard the joy-tone  
Of a heart's sincere devotion.  
Then I knew that gold and silver  
Bring no joy to feed the hunger  
Of a heart that yearns for trueness.

Money —Money —Money —  
Blessed be the day you left me—  
Now I laugh at Satan's luring;  
I have learned the truer values—  
Count my treasures in the tresses  
Gold as sunset —crowning glory  
Of a vision fair as wholesome —  
Mark the rubies of her rose lips,  
Love the turquois 'neath her lashes,  
Love the smile that shows her pearl teeth;  
Love the privilege of love-clasp,  
Love her graceful form, and yielding;  
Love her sweet ways, loving service.  
Love the blessing of her nearness.

Money— Money—Money —  
What a silly, teasing earth-god;  
Bringing discontent to thousands;  
Bribing, tempting, cursing many.  
Tinkle, tinkle, clinking silver-  
Chime your sweetest, yellow gold-stuffs,  
I have treasures far above you;  
Far more precious than you all.  
Tve a queen that knows my ardor,  
Loves my love and care and labor:  
Treasures, treasures, boundless, worthy;  
Here my whole heart glad, enslaved is:  
Here my jewels, gold and silver;  
Life flows peaceful as a river.

# Since Thou Art Gone

Since thou art gone, the restful sky,  
Hath lost its lovely blue,  
No more have bells a thrilling sound.  
Nor flower's a charming hue.

Since thou art gone—this body seems  
A worthless mass of clay—  
Life's endless round, but horrid dreams,  
That keep Friend Death away.

Since thou art gone, I wait and wait.  
And listen all the while,  
Yearning again thy step to hear,  
And see thy loving smile.

Since thou art gone,—if God there be,  
That heedeth human grief—  
He'll soon call thence my mangled soul.  
And send the grave's relief.

Since thou art gone, I grope, I fall,  
I wonder who I am,  
And what existence here is for,  
And what the end of Man?

Since thou art gone —O Faith, stand by!  
Oh, leave me not alone —  
There IS a God—He'll hear my cry—  
And some day call me Home.

Home —where moth and rust eat not.  
Nor thieves break in and steal—  
Where mortal woes are all forgot,  
And Christ all wounds doth heal.

# O What Is Man

I sat me down by the wayside  
To watch the passing throng  
And guess at the varied inf rests  
That moved each one along.  
I saw the young and simple  
That flirt in wanton glee—  
The hurrying man of business,  
As serious as could be.

I sat me down by the wayside  
To note the crowd and din,  
Where haste keeps ever silent  
The still, small voice within;  
For minds that brim with conquest  
Forget what's right and wrong—  
And hearts that seethe with lustings,  
Unreasoning, drift along.

Behold th' approaching master!  
With pompous ways supreme-  
Perhaps he's just created  
A Universe, I ween!  
Now what is God beside him  
Who struts so proud and chill-  
Omnipotence is nothing  
When one has Power to Will!

O vaunting, crumbling castle,  
O sod that stalks so fine —  
Where didst thou get thy power,  
Thy intellect sublime?  
Well friend, just let me tell thee  
A Truth that thou shouldst know-  
Thou mayst be wise and mighty,  
But siich had e'en to grow.

Now listen, self-fooled debtor,  
And learn this lesson well—  
There's nothing so important  
As keeping out of hell;  
Too late thou mayst discover  
Some Laws must honored be—  
No man has e'er escaped them—  
To this thou must agree.

No thing was e'er created  
By man, and man alone—  
The very thought thou thinkest,  
God gives thee now to own;  
Conception is receiving  
And fostering law on law.  
The thought which God created  
And full fruition saw.

All Power that was, or is, sir,  
Or may seem given birth,  
Comes straight from God Almighty,  
Be it in heav'n or earth;  
Then be not quite so haughty,  
But choose a lowly place —  
Humility becomes us  
Who live but by His grace.

# Disappointment

They said that years would bring me joy—  
And years indeed have quickly flown;4[  
But whereas the bliss without alloy ?  
The treasures I should call mine own?  
And whereas the silver to the clouds,  
The harvest for the labor wrought ?  
And Where's the comfort that I dreamed  
Would sure be mine if bravely sought ?

I Vm hungry for a little love—  
I thirst for that I deem my right;  
My grief-worn heart its sigh exhales,  
And yearneth for you day and night.

The ocean in majestic turn  
Sends foam-capp'd waves from shore to shore—  
As ceaseless in my lonely heart  
Arise Hope's ghosts forevermore.  
Ah, sad the smile that hides the wrecks—  
The clinging clasp would fain retain—  
For God in heaven only knows  
If even dreams may come again !

I'm hungry for a little love—  
I thirst for that I deem my right;  
My trembling soul in anguish waits,  
And craves response through day and night.

# California

Your letter came today and pleased me well—  
I'm glad to sit right down and try to tell  
What can be found in this dear "Golden State\*\*";  
Don't think I overdraw—I'll tell it straight.

Within its boundaries you can find  
\*Most every climate you could call to mind;  
Yet for the most part, it is milder here.  
And nearly ideal, any time of year.

The East lies buried deep in ice and snow,  
When here the grass and trees the greenest show;  
The sky is bright and sun shines clear most days  
In California—theme for poet's lays.

Electric lines, like giant spider webs,  
Convenience give—the steam-roads' prestige ebbs;  
While miles of boulevard lie beside the sea.  
And lead o'er hill, o'er vale, by ranch and lea.

You'd see great droves of cattle—herds of sheep;  
The stock-farms, truck-farms—then your gaze could sweep  
O'er groves of walnuts, fields of cotton, too;  
The spine-less cactus—best fodder e'er man grew!

Here fields of sugar-beets the eye will please,  
And sweet alfalfa waves in luscious seas;  
In Coachella valley, date-palms spread—  
In Yucaipa land grow apples big and red.

The ostrich and the alligator farms  
Afford amusement—add to feminine charms;  
The San Joaquin valley adds its tasty store  
Of figs, grapes, prunes and luscious things galore.

But the greatest thing of all in this great land

Is the orange grove—so fragrant and so grand;  
Casabas sweet with water-melons vie.  
While grape-fruit and peach orchards oft you'll spy.

\*Tis in Tulare county where one sees  
A wonder of the world—the redwood trees;  
Why there are some near thirty feet at base.  
That reach three hundred feet up into space!

But many love the eucalyptus best-  
Some stand one hundred feet from ground to crest;  
While in the background loom the mountains grim —  
Here's scenery to meet one\*s every whim.

There's beautiful Lake Tahoe—I 'most forgot—  
A splendid place to go to fish and yacht;  
In California's marshes cranes we see—  
In the mountains, wolves, deer, bears and lions be!

'Round Bakersfield comes little from the soil.  
But there a world of wealth is found in oil;  
There's scarce a thing you'll name but here is found—  
Of all the stuff that's taken from the ground.

Within our cities one can go and find.  
In color, tongue, religion —his own kind;  
Poor folks declare the climate safest yet—  
Because for fuel and clothes they've less to fret.

This State's a splendid place to come and rest—  
And those who can stay the longest are most blest;  
They renew their joy in living—for they see  
One place where things are as we'd have them be.

So many come for health and find it here—  
Some come too late for aught to help or cheer;  
Here Father Time wears an indulgent smile.  
And for the old folks, just turns back a while!

The yards and hedges yield for sHghtest care,  
Profusion great—there're flowers everywhere;  
Sweet violets, roses and geranium,  
Poinsettia, poppy and chrysanthemum.

Who could from loving flowers now refrain—  
Make these dear smiles of God exist in vain?  
Hydrangea, hyacinth and lihes white,  
Nasturtiums and sweet peas, e'en bees delight!

The gaudy moths and butterflies flit past  
In glad parade—no need for them to fast;  
The humming-birds call California home—  
When joy and food abounds, what need to roam?

All through the night the mocking birds here sing;  
By day, red-headed linnets on the wing,  
Fruit-robbers prove — yet pipe sweet tunes; just hark!  
Yon bull-finch rivaling nightingale and lark.

Strut, satin-blackbird —sing, gay oriole—  
Make man expand his sordid, hardened soul;  
Ye sportive seals, make merry 'mid the rocks—  
Ducks, geese and quail, speed, marshward in gay flocks.

All nature's joyous—life is worth the while—  
Sure all have blessings—only fools revile;  
If Fortune lets you come out Sunset Way,  
You'll swear "Old Cal" 's a bully place to stay!

# Ugly Ellen

October's blasts blow raw and chill  
In frolic mad o'er vale and hill;  
Around the house they shriek and moan—  
Through leafless trees they whizz and groan.  
In whirling eddys in the street.  
Dead leaves and twigs in mourning meet;  
The dark comes quick with noises queer—  
The most depressing time of year.

A mother sat in her kitchen neat.  
Preparing toothsome things to eat—  
Came hurried steps and draught so cool.  
To prove that Ellen was home from school;  
She came with song and laugh before —  
Today her books drop to the floor,  
As sinking down at mother's knee.  
She gives full vent to misery.

When Ellen's grief was nearly spent.  
The mother into causes went;  
For none can find in any land,  
A friend so quick to understand;  
And none can comfort—dry the tears.  
Renew the hope and calm the fears.  
Like mother 'neath the shrine of home.  
Where grief-tried hearts should always come.

\*\* \*Twas Jennie Northrup made that speech-  
The others love to hear her preach!  
She thinks she's smart because she's rich!  
She's pretty —but she needs the switch.  
I cannot help my carrot locks,  
Or being clumsy as an ox—  
My freckles and my poor pug-nose,  
Are poor excuse for snobbish blows.”

“That Ellen’s face will be her doom —  
She is the ugliest in our room—  
The rich and handsome men, you’ll see.  
All marry pretty girls, like me!  
But ugly girls like her—why fudge!  
She’s bound to be a kitchen drudge —  
But I’ll wear silks and be a queen.  
While such as she, get envy-green.’ “

The mother said: “Don’t cry, my child—  
Your school-mate’s frank, but far from mild  
Yet all her dreams may not come true—  
We’ll hope to see the matter through;  
A ‘beauty’ is unfortunate —  
At best she finds a jealous mate—  
Is spoiled, made selfish, kept a toy;  
Will have temptation —know least joy.

For Beauty kindles carnal fires  
Makes worldly things bind all desires;  
Thus selfish traits grow on apace—  
The vanities of life debase;  
You can’t be beautiful—’Tis so!.  
You can be clean and goodness show;  
Improve your mind, gain charm and grace.  
And make of home a happy place.”

October’s blasts blow raw and chill.  
In frolic mad, o’er vale and hill—  
Around the house they shriek and moan,  
Through leafless trees they whizz and groan  
But Ellen feels no more depressed  
For hidden deep within her breast  
Are mother-sown ideals to prize  
Which Ellen means to realize.













































































































































































