

Allie Isabel
“Aeona” Lucas
Selected Poems



Allie Isabel “Aeona” Lucas

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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?

The Raven's Leaf. Los Angeles: Fowler Brothers, 1907.

Night.

Sweeter thy silence, oh! night supreme I
Than melodies borne from a bustling world.
Deftly thy mantle is spread over all
In the mountain vale, where the shadows fall
Sooner and longer, inviting to dream
Of the "Milky Way" with wonders unfurled.

Myriad eyes I they shine in the dark;
As softly they gleam thro' etheric space
Fixed and motionless I-mortals gaze,
And doubt the astronomers' reckoning pays;
Think th' great panorama some stellar park
Where elect with "the Gods" find a dwelling place I

Sweetly thy twilight closes the day
With etchings are varied in vapory fleece;
Who knows but our racing "crystal sun"
Hath his colors caught from the Coming One?
Loving him better when gone far away
On his round of duties that daily increase.

Acres must fair vegetation grow I
Our millions to feed, stimulating the arts:
Learning takes lead, photographing the race
With their music, their thought and th' astral face;
Clothing and life giving germs do we owe
To the bright solar ray in blessing departs.

Leaving us night's restorative balm
Makes the mind more tranquil in tropical belt;
Nature, serene, in smiling repose-
Contrasting with sharpness of gale that blows,
Freezing our breath in a northern calm
Where the soul is "snow-bound," only fire can melt.

Peaceful thy sway I-when storms do not sweep

From an overcast sky or abnormal mind ;
Welcome I to one has courted in vain
Some soothing influence on a bed of pain,
Frees the soul at last in a restful sleep
Loosed the iron hand of a fate unkind.

Cares without number, the poor man's dower
And they with ambition scarce halt for the night.
While not for those songs of rippling mirth !And
not for a dance on gay fortune's hearth,
Would I exchange eve's first quiet hour
In the sunny south-west when the world goes right.

Sweetest of all-from sorrows can draw
The heart in suspension, counts moments well spent
Is the rich perfume of the orange groves,
By the zephyrs wafted to spicy alcoves.
Roses prolific !-what flora with flaw?
Doth its wild beauty blend with bounties, are lent.

Tired of the light, wakes incentives to toil,
We droop in the heat of the mid-summer sun:
Brings to maturity, bakes in the sand,-
As th' rain may descend or exude on the land;
How could we endure thro the night to broil
Under other Sol rose when our day was done?

Wisest of all beneficent plans
Was division of Time gave this precious boon,
Youth ever buoyant to "Cupid" yields,
In its sober years tender infancy shields.
Wasted and wanted I those after bans-
For an eternal Night make us wishful soon.

Who has not tasted that dual Life?
In dreamland, escaped purgatorial pain ?
Lived an age in an hour, some heavenly joy
Refreshing again for this earth's alloy;

Slow to believe,-engaged in the strife-
Yet for Days and for Nights, GOD has made thee twain t

Faded from sight, those glorious dyes I
Of a landscape changed in the sinking sun,
Gently the touch of fair "hidden hands" I
Takes upward my thought, to the angelic bands
Prison doors ope,-when the physical lies
In the victory wrapt, dual self has won.

Sleeping and waking, we journey on I
Nightly losing ourselves in the "King's highway";
Know never the secret, unbars the gate
As the shades approach have guarded "estate";
Hoping to rise with the morning dawn,-
Have you promise of night with a Better Day?

A Study in Nature.

One sovereign holds indisputable sway I
Her lightest caprice all creatures obey,
From the least to the greatest, thro' fear or respect
Bow low to. her mandate-no matter what sect.
Whatever the foibles they fly at their mast-
The wonders of Nature-men worship at last;
And her insect creation elicits more praise
Than the garments she dons on festival days.

Some industrial way, each teaches in turn,-
Their usefulness puzzles grey matter to learn ;
Apparent to me,-'twas unpardonable freak
Or spite work of Nature when sylvas were bleak:
Were a vast, howling wilderness-left destitute
Where naught but the thistle survived with the brute;
When convulsions of Aer moved mountains in haste
Leaving earth but a noisome, and gaseous waste.

Did the great dinosaur and mammoth then roam?
Shaken out of their haunts, no shelter I no home I
With primeval man doomed to lay down their bones I
In caves far away, or the stretch of the zones.
Ah I canst thou remember the frown that o'erspread
The face of fair Nature I-her favorites dead;
Saw those forests laid low I her fauna and flowers
Came to garland the Spring in her happiest hours.

How she wept and bewailed till th' Spirit abroad
O'er the waters that reigned,-brought message from. God;
Awake I mother Nature I My energies all
Are now at thy service, awaiting thy call,
Let the waves and the plasm their portion begin
And you shall evolve a line without sin ;
As free as the air,-intervening Above
Sulphurious fumes hide the Anchor of Love.

A new generation, unfolding their wings
May destruction escape of terrestrial things.
Dost know thy carnivora preying on Man
Too aggressive made him to live out his span?
With kinds are more gentle, domestic to grow, Given
fruits that are cooling, like rivers to flow
Shall thy fountains of Life be cleansed for a "hope" I
With humanity born of sweet Penelope.

Seemeth distant the day-prodigious the task! What
ample resources are thine, if ye ask.
Wan still, was her smile I till a rift in the clouds
Showed her germs had been spared, would furnish the crowds
Of beings she needed, to demonstrate worth
In the promise providing wings at their birth.
Only half reassured I-Nature gave but a tithe
Of her atoms possessed to larvae that writhe.

But her "will and idt<I' were bent on their flight;
What a marvelous Age now dawned on her sight I
This principle working proved more of her skill
And efforts continued, would th' universe fill.
Soon the Soul of the World was stirred with the thought
Of the order much nobler the Comforter taught ;
After beautiful birds should follow the trend -
Ushered butterflies, bats, and beasts without end:

AJI wearing appendage to soar in the Sky,
More thankful-aspiring to Heaven on high.
Did Nature regret that experiment westLoosed
a parasite swarm to torture the rest ;
Fledged an army of insects to nip in the bud
For the sole satisfaction of sucking our blood?
Yes ! harvest and Summer revealed at its close
Her fatal mistake when those vapors aro~e.

Repentant she sighs through the late autumn gale
Where barren and fruitless her trees tell the tale ;

Knew constructi01i her forte but wot not of this,N
or designed them to spoil her Eden of bliss.
Perpetuity lent, looks up in dismay
For a possible “change” may mark their decay;
Was that tremor a chill for wish unexpressed
That the rigors of Winter would wipe out the pest?

“Confidentially told” by those on the way
intelligence lost where Nature has sway;
That immortal her seal -they also insist
Was affixed from that Day on all would exist.
So sadly she mourned that her petulant mood
Brought a sorrowful train of e-vil with Good,
That atonement she sought, and found that the prize
Was not offered to mortal, though winged it dies.

On the Borderland stopped shades hover a while
To dispel in the mists that rise from the Isle I ·
Ne’er animal form can inherit Beyond-
With power to inflict those have broken th’ bond;
Their season of torment is now and the here
Where visible vengeance has numbered the year.
Hail I deliverance comes when th’ ego expands
Spreading Wings of the soul joins the Angel bands.

Suppose ‘twas a ruse-not Nature’s mistake I
Was Wisdom of Mind, not a mythical fake;
To make discontented the creature so loth
To study with profit queen bee and the moth.
For the drones there’s no use in the earthly hive I
This lesson observed, shall communities thrive?
Here’s example and principle worthy of note
For you I lost no time interviewing the mote

The Men With the Hose.

What's the profile of heroes-their making a dream I
In diplomacy's reign brings peaceful regime
As the commonest lot individuals share,
That stranger at wicket the least of our care.
All secure in our homes I where authority long
Takes public expression to palliate wrong.
Aboriginees tamed, either settler or shirk I
Neither "Cossack" to dread nor ravishing Turk.

Who now hears a rumor of barbarous host?
Of regiments marching, might menace the most,
The last one to threaten, permitted to pass
Was dispersed with the shout, "Ho ! keep off the grass."
Thus departed each fright that once had its day,
Good and honest intentions seem holding their sway
Till the sign of the dollar grows red in the sky,
And the worst of all foes shows his "evil eye."

But, with implements modern, our lord of the land
Flings fear to the wind, never hoe in his hand ;
'Tis a thing of the past I yet a ghost of the truth
Will haunt and confront him, "dumb terror," forsooth I
It camps on his trail when debts multiply,
Should misfortune attend, no earnings laid by
He is crushed under new nether stone was devised,
Till at last in despair a sale's advertised.

Now, identity lost in the civic concern,
He soon brushes elbow with brothers to learn
How the latest of horrors are stalking more bold,
While they manfully grapple with problems of old.
Generations of heroes live in their brains I
The blood of the Bonapartes flo" IS in their veins ;
Though they're ~oing their best in the battle that grows I
They must take off their hats to the men with the hose.

Beyond computation I-such service to man ;
Why I-the fate of the universe hangs on Dan.
He's the ready, the brave, with caparisoned steed
To the rescue will fly, ne'er a parley with greed.
Wilder note of alarm rings imperative haste I
On rushes the chief with his engine has chased
From the track ev'ry trace of traffic and trade,
Like him who was "monarch of all he surveyed."

Do they hazard in vain for humanity's need?
Or imperil for aye, precious life indeed?
Ah! here comes a hero !-a lover, and one,
Leaves a woman to wail for husband or son.
What are chances of grandees compared to this trust?
What the tardy success returns to the dust?
What the mead of mad praise-principalities' gain ?
Their mitre and crown into nothingness wane I

May they yet be too late? Oh I th' weight of the thought;
Shall its meaning in loss be mirrored for naught?
Are the flames soaring heavenward, crackling and fierce
the "demons" unloosed? Do in mockery pierce
Those agonized beings stand homeless this hour I
Or a funeral pyre behold in their power.
Should the smouldering ruins hold sweetest desires
God pity I that no one could put out the fires.

Without, they are raging I-within they consume !Canst
thou say? whence ignited I for th' fatal gloom
Of that "outer darkness" sets blacker with pall,
For the fitful flashing of the sparks that "fall."
Is the microcosm, only heir to this ill ?
Did the whole Macrocosm give signs with a chill?
When the scroll of our "heavens" departs with its flight
Who will put out the fires of Eternal Night?

Westward

“Unto a Land I Will Show Thee.”

Is life uneventful? Don't feel resentful.
Is it finely related? Be not elated.
Circumstances perverse, could a change reimburse?
Do your plans meet fruition I Expect an omission.
Do you slumber at ease best of earth to appease?
Wants simple,-your shading hath naught of upbraiding;
Brimming nectar your lot, no power in your plot
Of contentment, entwining sting or repining.
Are friends grown austere, cupid's vows insincere!
Under mistletoe wed dost repent that you said?
Smile on with the gayest, remember thou mayest
At a moment's warning board train in the morning.

To His temple for some shall He “suddenly come”
Whilst they're tenting on plains caught with glamour and gains,
At wayside dismounting-money-bags counting
Or motley pile guarding-unfoldment retarding.
Behest to the mountain, faith healing fountain,-
The Divine met in nature, once good nomenclature;
Whatever its guises star of empire rises
And unrest points estate toward the Golden Gate!
It may be persuasion marks the occasion,
Maybe a stranger thou rovest a ranger.
Peremptory calling obeyed saves the falling-
With possessions make haste get thee out o'er the waste!
Be forgetful thy past made “iconoclast,”
Forget towers tumbling, murky waters rumbling!
Him who bade sacrifice though the infant cries;
That “leap from the altar” when priestless did falter!

Take the lives defending I-God knoweth ending,
Wrought in firmament high, thy satellite nigh;
But pack ye no idol preparing for bridal!
For honeymoon westward depend not on pass-word.

Buy a genuine ticket, for “scalper” at wicket
Undetected in time costs you many a dime.
Leaving faces most dear, hope lendeth good cheer
That our loved gone before gladly greet at the door.
The route* not in question,--others suggestion
Is all potential in every essential.

From halls that arraign us, from battle-grounds famous
From populous centers, country manors with renters:
Come a great avalanche swelling ranks from the ranch!
Much as rodants that farmed, Peter Piper had charmed.
Fields fertile deserting, lane and meadow skirting,
Flee the rigorous east with the “basin” it fleeced.
Rockies shunning, sweep onward if motto is “forward”
Through the state with its mines, mill and orchard combines—
Red granite and lignites, unparalleled birth-rights.
A visit disdaining-through tunnels remaining
Sesame opens wide on the southern “divide.”

Through rich territories where the Toltec glories—
You pass to the “Needles” rock-ribbed by the creedals.
All well at the River, transition—saith Giver—
Undisputed by Me burden bearer on knee;

*Reminiscent of journey to California in 1904, via “Santa Fe” R R

Not fearful of loss trusting Him on the cross!
Over peaceful expanse-on suspension advance.
Should a furious storm leave bridge without form!
Ahead signal flashes, ‘tis unsafe ! he who dashes
Still recklessly on, life-preserver must don;—
On a more level plain seek for passage again.
Take the “Southern Pacific,” banks less terrific—
Where elements kindly, permission give blindly.
Thus a circuitous line down the streamlet of brine
Sends you many hours late toward the Golden Gate.

That long, lonesome valley—here would you dally—

From track ever wander, or exchequer squander?
Just as fatal to halt near that river of Salt
Like the wife that defied might you be petrified.
If conducted along by steed that is strong
On a prosperous journey sped to “far country”—
Find the palms gaily waving hint the date trees saving.
But with “Engineer” brave, never flinch at the grave
Disheartening prospect of border decked ;
Unsignificantly those hillocks, not a shrub for bullocks t
Not a visible sign could the human incline
To look for provision, or suspect a revision
Of baggage at Yuma; or troops Montezuma—
Once had stationed around for dreaded foe found
Avaricious withal, who embroidered his pall
While in friendship they fawned where Cordilleras yawned!

Are these sentinels standing lone in the fells—
With an arm akimbo like truants from “limbo”!
Do they watch o’er the mounds (soul-freedom for hounds!)
E’en with Banquo released when their tribe is deceased;
Doing penance perchance, for victims of lance—
On th’ battle-field won dedicated to “Sun?”
Thorny cactus unveiled might the Spanish be “mailed!”
Were conquering heroes, fair sample of Neroes;
A scape-goat discerning must be for the burning
Cf city, he’d pillage with surrounding village.-
Saw the Christian fine fiber to color the Tiber!
To cremate in his home by fanatic at Rome.
In religion’s name I does escutcheon blame-
That pagan devotion had traversed blue ocean;Singing
sad requiem when blood-shed for them
To adventure gave fame with a populace tame.

To greed are we debtor that conditions are better?
That a continent’s spanned by railway so grand—
We can tap every source of its wealth in our course,
And select our own road to that future abode?
But the “Styx” with its shades ‘mid those deep everglades!

Is the swift Colorado; when haunted by shadow
Of the past to distract us, we imagine those cactus
Hold the souls of the lost in eternity tossed,
Starting them in anew, giving something to do;
A guide-post reminding mistakes ever binding—
Are the thistle patch seeding, refractory needing
A constant resetting for sins they're abetting.

Disappointment—the goad, may furnish the mode
The vesture to fashion for unbridled passion.
Will the Gardener choose, never blemish excuse
To faults in extension fit mammoth dimension?
Ah I unwise to survey?—explanations delay;—
You are loth to descant on the ghost of the plant;
You would now stem the current nor heed a deterrent;
Speed slackening on sand at the margin we land:
Here the stop being brief, close our eyes in belief I
Though we're troubled for breath in that stillness of death
And are scarcely aware of our flight in the air;
Conjecture nor fearing, aught's wrong with the gearing.

Were you conscious of “change” in the widening range?
Didst sense situation—hear vast elevation
Above river flowing unto the gulf going?
Did conditions then take your attention from lake?—
Drained dry in upheaval, still considered evil,
Report says is lower than sea-level.—Slower,
Still train moving forward, may discover off nor'ward
The evidence later, what happened when crater
Belched forth in its vent as internal fires rent,
Repeating the fable “cleansed Augean stable.”

This marvelous canyon—depicted by Bunyan
As the flood from the “Throne” could for wicked atone,—
Helped the Pilgrims' Progress, providing an egress
For “brimstone” solution with ancient pollution.
Purifying, its length is a freshet of strength
For soil that's depleted, if carefully meted.

Olden obstacle gone, burning lake* that so long
The trav'ler affrighted ; -whilst revellers slighted
Admonition to learn of the Master's concern:
Upper "road" leading straight to the Golden Gate.

*A reference to the Salton Sea of Eastern California, again filling up
since this inference of its correspondence to the Scriptural Lake of
"Revelation." Its unusual rise significant of the further work to be
accomplished by "Grace." - Author.

"On the heights" (with your wraps*) kept in snow-covered caps
That laborious trail to reward would not fail;
But so few ever so~ght Loving Mercy, in thought—
Colorado, one day, sent He wending its way.
And its task is complete, Hercules leaving sweet!
Sulphurious region grows lichen in legion ;
Pretty homes, on its brink, will arise ere you think
When stream deviating cools sands palpitating.

Are you struck with surprise that the silence implies :
That "Inferno" of Dante's was sunk with Atlantes?
In safety, pass hither, no ghoul asking whither I
Ascent gained by toiling, never enemy foiling
For wise occupation ends vile operation,
On the desert disbands all hostile brigands.
Is heat more oppressive? Do not be aggressive!
No explosive will thrive, just be glad you're alive I
How near destination? Bright expectation—
Pictures children who stand with a welcoming band.

'Unfamiliar the scene at the window you lean ;
Oh I loveliness stealing o'er vision with feeling I
Will exquisite delights soon repay for the nights
Of sorrow, or anguish, of pain that would vanquish
When torment appeared with ferocity feared ;
Oft clouding horizon with malarial poison

*Here the phrase "en rapport" well applies with its concealed cryptogram;

and also revives the much mooted prophecy of the “Millerites” who scheduled the Coming of Christ-for the year of 1844,-the same strangely fulfilled in those “Rochester rappings,” which with increasing and more intelligent phenomena, have astonished and convinced a Sceptic World of the Life Beyond, of continuous and progressive Soul-Consciousness across the grave; of the authenticity of our Scriptures and its Divine character as well as hidden imp()rt.-
The Author.

The sunshine excluding, left one concluding:
Unconscious man reckons where oblivion beckons;
Boon-sweetest for weeping, remittance in sleeping
Of weights seldom lighten, or “comforter” brighten.

What rapturous sight shall now burst with the light?
Is Immortal beyond ? Hath Eternity bond?
We have reached new divide, why I the higher we ride
More balmy the weather, more fragrant the heather.
A mist hides its beauty, an unfulfilled duty-
Bids me tarry till earned that my works be not burned ;
In patience and trembling bide the assembling
When “hosannas” proclaim at the Wedding “new name.”
Wanting gold that makes “rich” we’ll arrive at the switch
For Los Angeles train, where the peris obtain
Gifts truer to off er than merits of scoffer-
Who tastes no contrition; who doubts that “perdition”
To his own bringeth each would sell or impeach
The Christ that hath taught him, the Crucified bought him.
I’lis place in the Potter’s Field, nor with guilt concealed I
Earthly lust sealed his fate not to enter the Gate.

Much experience here is required to clear
Brazen “image” from sky, early mote from the eye;
Is one so well gifted? Yet he must be sifted
Of mortal corruption ere th’ final eruption ;-
On a tropical bar likely gaze from afar I
Wait the beggar who died while he held in his pride
Crumbs Lazarus pleaded, his portion exceeded ;

Cool draught he implores laves northerners' shores.
Here wishful he'd tried on material side
To examine the map for a path over "gap" I
Love-ties yet unbroken, like Dives urge a token—
Advising dear brothers, strive harder for others.

"On Abraham's bosom" may heavenly balsam
Cure cords that are aching, touch tendrils awaking I
Of "ivy" that withered when th' frost-elf gathered
Her dewdrops adorning, ere stars of the morning Sang
their peans of praise for the glorious days I
Were coming, yes, coming, full soon with the humming
Of wings in vibration, that bear inspiration
And heart of evangels to th' City of Angels.
Large enough Father's Breast that the weary find rest,
The buoyant find work too enobling to shirk I
The student, more wonders than Sinai's thunders;
All thy gnawing be stilled where th' Table is filled!

Room enough for each guest hopeful turns to the west
With grandeur so tempting, with breezes exempting
From sultry months summer inflicts on the drummer,—
Poorer artisan fined if he will lag behind.
How broad ocean swelling is ceaselessly telling :
Other pleasures are well, other treasures excel,
Than our limited spheres can attain in the years
·That fly while we're longing, its distant shore thronging.

Had celestial to guide why not satisfied,
Where the "loved gone before" scatter smiles as of yore ;
Richer petals to glean, heartsease set between-
Was indefinite space came with pardon by "Grace."
Precious missives received kept the mind relieved,
Which, fanning affection, proved with an exception
How truly they missed her, especially sister—
Not in circle when flown her good-bye said alone.
Thus-tides turning windward, drew back to the, "vineyard"
Where twigs in profusion might bud with diffusion

Of th' spirit she'd shown, when in beautiful zone—
Understood that our hates shut us out from “The Gates!”

