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SEEDLINGS

WANDA BROWN

Phyllis Goldin

DEDICATED WITH LOVING MEMORIES TO
MY FATHER AND SISTER, MAX AND SHERRY GOLDIN.

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P.O. Box 244, Forest Lake, MN 55025
SAND BY SAND • 1973
Your eyes turn on your cheeks puff up
Like popcorn on the run
You muse about your old man river
But that song done been sung
I love the life and the sorrow
Sketched upon your flowing brow
It seems a shame that the treble clef
Did not meet you til now.
Chorus: I've got the feeling that you'd go with me
Sand by sand through life's journey
I've got the feeling that you'd go with me
And and and without turning.
And after all is done and said
You contain a gentle friend
And after all is done and said
You contain a gentle friend.
Chorus: I've got the feeling that you'd go with me
Sand by sand through life's journey
I've got the feeling that you'd go with me
And and and without turning ... back.

ONE INVITATION • 1982
Chorus: One invitation per lifetime honey
To march in my love parade
You were the one who undressed for the party
And you are the one who stayed.
Many folks have crossed my path
Many painted clowns
Though their colors faded fast
They don't get me down
I have touched the cracking lips
Of polyester souls
Felt the cool and failing grip
Of arms that don't take hold.
Grey the clouds of emptiness
That fog the rising sun
Dark the inner voice that jests
There won't be anyone.
Come the day I lost my pride
And hit the bottom
I remembered less of life
That I had forgotten.
Chorus
Then by chance a drop of heaven
Fall into my sea
Rippled through my heart and leavened
Every thing for me.
I said, Let the feast begin
Let the bloom unfold
You're the one I'll revel in
As we're growing old.
Chorus

TO TELL ME NO LIES • 1978
You tell me no lies, you tell me no lies
I come to read the gospel
In your heavenly eyes.
I have to confess, it's about time to confess
You season my life
With spices of humor and tenderness.
You are my dear protector
We dare speak anything
You are my sweet comfort
It's for you I sing
It's for you I sing
You tell me no lies.

LOST IN THE CLOUDES • 1980
I love you when the sun is lost in the clouds
And when the sky boasts only blue
I love you when the dishes are all done
And when the pots are greasy too
I love you when the house is full of ants
And the garbage makes me cry
There is not a single circumstance
To blind my loving eye.
Chorus: You cannot fool me when your patience is thin
Or when you're steady as a rock
I always know when you are not in your skin
Or when you're buried in a thought
I love you when you're full of raves and rants
When your humor makes me cheer
There is not a single circumstance
To dull my loving ear.
Somehow our love transcends the many twists and bends
Of life's indignities
Somehow our love transcends the often shifting sands
Of our strengths and our frailties.
Chorus: You cannot fool me when your patience is thin
Or when you're steady as a rock
I always know when you are not in your skin
Or when you're buried in a thought
I love you when you're full of raves and rants
When your humor makes me cheer
There is not a single circumstance
To dull my loving ear.

SLEEPWALK • 1981
Sleepwalk through a city
Jungle of the living graves
Headstones lift stories tall
Named for money's many slaves
Short walk through a city
To where the waters foam all day
Winds turn never-ending jewels
From wild and healing waves.
Chorus: It's gone with the morning light
A dream that carries me
Through the parting of the night
To the stirring of the sea.
Grey mist in a city
On a concrete afternoon
Silent windows hold the clouds
And objects of our ruin
Short walk through a city
The pulse that leads me soon
Excites my blood and wakes the bud
Of passion to full bloom.
Chorus:
Blue dawn in a city
When glamour stops to rest
Eyes and ears are spilled with beer
By those without a nest.
Sleepwalk through a city
In my cotton flannel best
There's time it seems
Within my dreams
To ride the water's crest.
Chorus:
WHERE WILL WE BE • 1978
Where will we be when the sun is going down
Where will we be my love
When our time is nearly done
Will you braid the quiet expectant days
With my thin white hair
Will I crochet your hours
Into colored squares
The dawn may rise to find us on a gentle stroll
Rediscovering the treasures
We felt so long ago
As we walked this way before
Up and down the milky shore
Will we stir our tea with polished sterling spoons
Dip our honey cake in golden afternoons
When evenings call us to our quilted bed
Will we read old favorites aloud again
Our fears allayed by rhythms understood
Our appetites and hopes made good
Where will we be when the sun is going down
Where will we be my love
When our time is nearly done
Will you braid the quiet expectant days
With my thin white hair
Will I crochet your hours
Into colored squares
When evenings call us to our quilted bed
Will we read old favorites aloud again
Our fears allayed by rhythms understood
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OUTSIDE

MISS GOODRICH • 1979
Miss Goodrich I'm afraid to sing alone
Miss Goodrich please don't make me sing solo
I'm only ten years old, got asthma or a cold
And Miss Goodrich I'm afraid to sing alone
Miss Goodrich please don't make me sing solo
My lips may spit, my voice may crack
I may break my mother's back
Miss Goodrich it's a curse to sing alone.
I will gladly sing with others in the class
Our tender voices joined together sweetly to surpass
dew limits of our youth, the hazards of our birth
Melodies to nurture us through all our days on earth.
Miss Goodrich can you guess that I'm full grown
Because of you Miss Goodrich I now sing alone
My lips may spit my voice may crack
But counting all of that
How I love to sing alone
All the time you must have known
Miss Goodrich it's a joy to sing alone.

BALLAD OF ROSIE RUIZ • 1980
The year was 1980 a crisis of the faith
Swept across the country in a vintage year for hate
But those who came to Boston upheld the high ideal
That honest competition restores the power and the will.
They gathered at the starting line in momentary freeze
Terry halos round their brows tension in their knees
They came from many places their mission was to run
And time alone would tell who'd win the Boston Marathon.
A shot as brief as lightning dimpled the Eastern sky
Eight thousand numbered bodies meant to teach the birds to fly
Eight thousand numbered bodies pit their speed against the breeze
And when the dust had settled the winner was Rosie Ruiz.
A tremble of excitement woke blossoms from their sleep
From Miami to Seattle people hailed the victory.
Her name had been unknown now she took her fame with ease
The judges hung a medal upon Rosie Ruiz.
Even as her glory was fresher than the dew
A story that she cheated passed from lip to lip and grew
Some said that she began her run not long before the end
The more that doubts compounded the less Rosie would bend.
The judges were embarrassed they could not find her face
In all the rolls of film that made a record of the race
They named another winner thinking it was right
For never had a runner surpassed the speed of light.
The sun's no longer shining bleakly hang the trees
The wind has caught the sorrow of poor Rosie Ruiz.
A year now in Boston the earth will beat again
When tracks of this year's marathon have vanished in the rain.

JEWISH CHRISTMAS SONG • 1975
It comes to pass in our time
That Zionism divides the nations
And Jews who claim old Palestine
Are accused of being racist
Have we soon forgotten
The plight of the humble Jews
The ones who were forgotten
Many nations did refuse.
Chorus: Let this Christmas song
Proclaim an age-old wrong
Toward Jews around the earth
Who must bear cold frank insensitivity with mirth.
Beliefs come in all colors
And states of circumcison
None among the others is worthy of derision
There must be beyond belief
A place for people to rest
To warm the soul if not the feet
In or out of Jesus' nest.
Chorus:

THE BOOK IS FINISHED • 1983
The book is finished the binding torn
A life is over a life that's worn
The heart of doubt upon its sleeve
A heart that always spoke to me.
He lived in times that tried the truth
A holocaust and World War II
Though he was not called to fight
He found it hard to sleep at night.
When I was still a little girl
He spoke of slaughter of the Jews
And little girls in far-off lands
Taken from their fathers' hands and mothers' arms.
The war was over God saved our King
In Canada our home was lean
He worked until his fingers cracked
And in this way three decades passed.
With the world's uneasy peace
He felt an ill that would not cease
In a moment close to death
The name of Hitler on his breast.
I knew that from across the seas
The wind had brought a bitter breeze
To take a man whose hopes had seen
A shorter span than might have been in other times.
The book is finished the binding torn
A life is over a life that's worn
The heart of doubt upon its sleeve
A heart that always spoke to me.

BLESS THIS HOUSE • 1927
Bless this house, O Lord we pray
Make it safe by night and day
Bless these walls so firm and stout
Keeping want and trouble out
Bless the roof and chimneys tall
Let Thy peace lie over all
Bless this door that it may prove
Ever open to joy and love.
Bless these windows shining bright
Letting in God's heavenly light
Bless the hearth a-burning there
With smoke ascending like a prayer
Bless the folk who dwell within
Keep them pure and free from sin
Bless us all that we may be
Fit, O Lord to dwell with Thee
Bless us all that one day we
May dwell, O Lord with Thee.
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NUCLEAR NEWS • 1982
August, 1945: The first atomic weapon, more powerful than any bomb in the history of human warfare, has been exploded over Japan by the United States. Hiroshima, a port city of 318,000 people, was levelled by the blast.
April, 1954: Senator Joseph McCarthy, the Republican from Wisconsin, has suggested that communists in the United States government are responsible for intentionally stalling research and development of the hydrogen bomb for a year and a half. Said the senator, "Our nation may well die because of the 18-month deliberate delay."
February, 1962: Public financing to build fallout shelters has been requested by the Kennedy administration. The plan's objective is to shelter 20,000,000 people in the event of a nuclear war.
November, 1974: Foul play is suspected in the death of Karen Silkwood, a plutonium factory worker killed in a car crash near Crescent, Oklahoma. At the time of her death Ms. Silkwood was on her way to a meeting to present evidence of safety violations at the plant.
November, 1979: A false alarm signalled a Russian nuclear attack when U.S. computer systems malfunctioned. The error caused the United States to launch jet interceptors and put missile bases on stand-by alert. Leonid Brezhnev has sent an official complaint about the incident to President Carter.
August, 1982: The Reagan administration believes it is possible to win an extended nuclear war with the Soviet Union. The Pentagon has recently designed a strategy to enable the United States to withstand up to six months of nuclear warfare.
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SEEDLINGS • 1981
We need to help preserve the living
The world grows cruel and less forgiving
We must stop war it is our worst disease
And let the seedlings renew the full grown trees.
Japan has known the lick of evil
A cloud that kills the future with the people
Four decades pass and dull our memories
Of how the seedlings renew the full grown trees.
While millions starve without a crust of bread
More bombs and missiles fill the silo sheds
Our leaders' heads are filled with fear and greed
Lord let the seedling renew the full grown tree.
I call to work my aching heart
My silent tone from silence part
We'll do our share to bring the world to peace
And let the seedlings renew the full grown trees.

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