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PART I: A CHILD'S REFLECTION



"A Child's Reflection"

Little persons-yet so innocent and pure
Seeing what really is there
Little bodies with fresh eyes to use
And minds not fogged with cares

But as we grow up, we lose our mind's touch
With confusions that corrupt
Trying and wearing lorgnettes to glasses
But still needing beginner's classes

Yes, children see the truth
In what we're now looking for
So, sit by my side you little one
And take me back to four

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

“Little Girl Blue”



Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

Little girl blue
Come blow your horn
The cows in the kitchen
The mice in the corn

Come home little girl
Tell your blue
Come home little girl
Why sad are you?

Little girl blue
Why aren't you pink?
Be rosy instead
Be happy to think

Come home little girl
Tell all others your woe
Till you're a forgetting girl
That you felt so low

“Fun Away Child”

Fun Away Child
Birds, trees—breeze caress
Flowers falling in a row
Water falling in a mist

Happy winds go
Dancing by—flying high
Skipping feet through cooling grass
Little hands that reach the sky



*Silly thoughts, funny minds
Teddy bears,
Stuffed tigers,
All a part of a loving heart*

Smiling brooks of
Mirror tricks—picture's me
Fresh ripe strawberries in a patch
Sky real blue, grass real green

Hearts play along
As day goes on—songs will fill
The fresh sweet air with notes of cheer
Until the sun hides past the hill

Night calmness comes
Time to rest your sleepy eyes
The stars will turn on glowing lights
The moon will wave the day goodbye

Fun-away child
Bread is gone—bed is soon
Sandman holds his bag in hand
Even in your summer June

Artwork by Ron Cable

This poem is also one of my songs.



"BAMBI"

At the age of four
Nature opened the door
for the little boy...

With young eyes
and carefree truth,
Bambi saw pictures of rainbows...



In the forest
and in the lakes

And the yellow butterfly
Captured the sun
and shone its light through the breeze

And the eyes of love
and little hands
grasped at the sun;
a dancing poet,
gathering beauty to share

...And pink lemonade
and animal crackers and candy
were passed out by peace echoes
drumming in the soul of the little boy

(Once upon a time, we were all part of Bambi...We could really love. But "growing" people sometimes only grow UP instead of WITHIN...losing themselves...And once again we must return to the wanting, seeking child that is a part of all of us.)

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg

“Sunny Children”

Sunny children
Running to greet their mothers
Lovely children
Playing with sisters and brothers

Watching rainbows,
And wondering how to catch them
Saving pennies,
And waiting time to spend them

...Now we're living in our past
For we cry as we grow old too fast
Why can't we keep their young sun
Growing in our eyes?

Sunny children
Not feeling gray-faced and old
Happy children
Believing fair tales told

Picking clover
And making wishes from dreams
Finding flowers
And chasing the birds & sunbeams

...Now we're living in our past
For we cry as we grow old too fast
Why can't we keep their young sun
Growing in our eyes?



Sunny children
Running to greet their mothers
Lovely children
Playing with sisters and brothers

...But sunny tomorrow
Why don't we look ahead?
And leave this sorrow,
Let's smile and bow our heads.

This poem is also one of my songs.

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg



Marshmallow faces

One sticky face

Twitching skin

Puffy nose

Rubbing it all in

This poem was dedicated to “Cindy”, granddaughter of Joseph Levine’s (movie mogul) brother, George Levine...I wrote this poem for George in return for several dresses he sold me (and many others) at a great discount....The Levine’s were originally in the clothier business & it looks like his brother (who was said to be looked upon as a black sheep of the family) kept the business going when Joseph became famous. I met Joseph’s brother while working in a movie theatre on Hollywood Blvd. in Hollywood, California (across from Grauman’s Chinese Theatre) as a concession stand clerk in 1965....first job in Hollywood after the GoldeBriars disbanded & I was broke & needed a job. Once when I was selling tickets at this theatre and I had my hair in pigtails, I could hear the people in line whispering that I was Sally Fields & it must be a publicity stunt.

“Cindy Little”



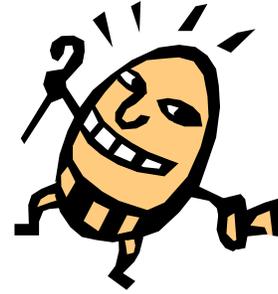
**She lives in a world of her own
With wishing wells and wishing bones
Being only three years old, platinum hair and blue eyes
She still wonders why we big people can't fly**

**Ah, yes, with `amburgers in mouth and `ot dogs in hand
Off to the kitchen for `andy she ran
Stuffing her little tummy `til "ouch!"
Making better by watching cartoons on the couch**

**She's her own little mommy with all of her dolls
Caring and cuddling each one `til school calls
Dressing each one in their own little clothes
And changing their diapers `til onward she grows**

**Her Mom calls her "baby doll" as she combs her curls
She said "nooo" I'm just a mommy's girl
As she dresses up for Sunday School
In a pink chiffon dress she'll study the Rule**

**Enjoying a breeze on her poodle pog
A midmorning sunshine while playing with her dog
Her name is Cindy—she is little
For she comes to my knees—about in the middle**



"Here Comes the Bus!"

**"Hey Mom, here comes the bus!
I know, the driver's coming just for us
So pull out all our small change
And let's stand on the stopping range"**

**Boy, I remember when I was a tot...
The excitement that would build for the bus to stop
And how Mom would let me drop those coins
In the machine--grinding with others when joined**

**And to race to find your very own seat
And if crowded you might have some defeat
And when seated you could watch the "colorful" parade
For all kinds of people the bus was made**

**As I grew up...
I noticed all sorts of scents
Like perfumes to alcohol to my seat was sent
But as I said the bus can be a "sit-u-ation"
Of all sorts of people and combinations**

**As a kid, I enjoyed the bumps and passing sights
Looking different on a bus as day is to night
And as a sled ride is fun going down a hill
A bus is a fun ride for a Jack or Jill**

**...But today is different—
It's not such an awful chore
To get used to a soft-seated car and more...
So leave the bus to all the kids
And if a bus ride's the auction—mine's the lowest bid**

Kristin, my daughter, at 2-1/2 Years Old
Photography by Daniel Catherine

Lollipops, gumdrops
wrapped up in
sweet mouths
Always on hand
Never out of style...
Little people love
candy,
sugar
coated
love

Children—
To hold over one
young thought.





“A Happy Clown”

(“And spring & flowers are bustin’ out all over!”)

A Happy Clown,
Yellow balloon in hand
A Happy Clown
Wants you to understand

His heart’s all-aglow,
not like you think you know
Sad paint is a mask
while underneath he laughs

Children watch him play...
the games that make their day,
and deep inside he knows why
some painted clowns never cry—never cry

This clown sees the bird
and the trees growing tall
and the children that smile,
making his life worth while.



a chaos of toys

laid beside my bed,

and I threw them down

and cried.

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg



Why can't you be like me?
 Why can't I be like you?
 We both have eyes, a nose, and a
 tongue--
 But you don't seem to understand me

Often I wish I could project
 Big Words
 But I seem only to say a lot with
 small ones

--A Child's Request

Artwork by Sheri Holmberg



Why are trees so tall?
 Why are minds so small?
 Why are skies so blue?
 Why do I like you?

Some answers can be obtained
 By peering into brains
 But none will tell the tale
 While attempts go on and fail

Crying is for little ones
 But are we not always a child?
 A part...with a laugh and a smile,
 Looking, staring all in a while?

Searching
 searching
 searching—
 watching—
 wondering—

As I
 All in my time—
 tick
 tock
 On and
 on.

Late '60s in front of my Hollywood Apartment



"I Like My Stuffed Dog"

**I like my stuffed dog
As he stares from the couch
So kind and not outspoken
Big people want to touch**

**He's not fussy about his menu,
Feeding on all chatter
Never helping lower budget
Or getting any fatter**

**As you look into his fuzzy face
He makes people more thoughtful
By an expression of complacence
Some hoping could be boughtful**

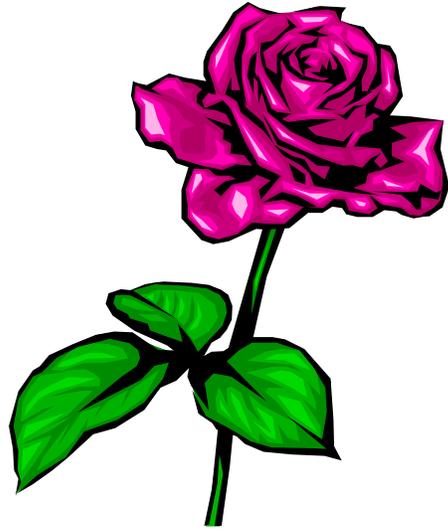
**As he remains at a stance,
He leaves a lot to say
Although stuffed and filled to brim,
His easy-going personality will stay**

"A STUFFED TIGER" ...
striped up and
down

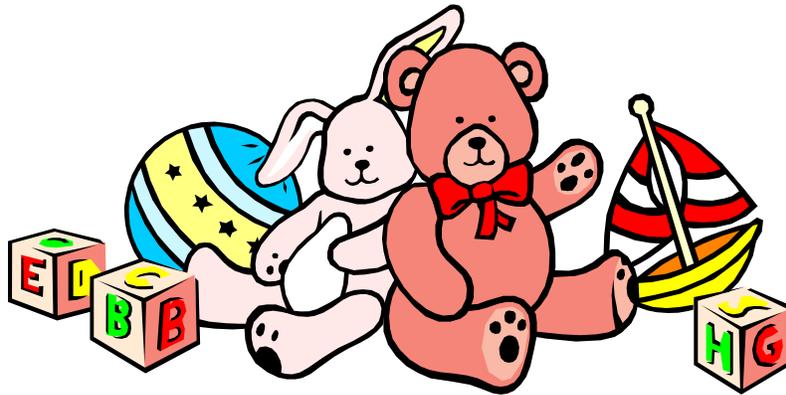
BIG
whiskers
eyes brown
BIG

paws ready
to roam
around

sleeping away
and with
only to be
watched
and loved
BIG



And the flower blossomed
Grew up
Was cared for,
And loved the world.



Quiet the child
when it cries
Tell it to
watch the
stars in the sky,
And it will
close its eyes.

"Take Me Back"

Take me back to all my toys
For now love carries the sad—no joy
Oh, let me be a child once more
To forget love's pain and close the door



Sand and blocks can't be but fun
With nature reflecting the light of the sun...
To wade through roses and dance through daisies
With fantasies making young happy eyes gazey

Let me build my tower
One block at a time
Take me back to my childhood
Then maybe good love I'll find

Oh, take me back to the beginning
Then maybe happy love I'll be winning
No seeking love or heart of pining
No long lost road and words without rhyming

Take me back to all my toys
For now love carries the sad—no joy
Oh, let me be a child once more
To forget love's pain and close the door

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