

# Don't Kill the Butterfly



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## Fleeting Clouds

Fleeting clouds race above  
The air below slightly stirs  
I have no wings to catch  
The jet stream of your life  
Nations come and armies roar  
Souls are born and soon depart  
While in this morning light  
The flowers bud and open  
Unaware of brevity

Sunlight breaks the cloud cover  
To shine upon my notebook  
Is this an accident of time?  
Or does that greater mind  
Know every single thing?

Ships that once sailed the outer seas  
Now belong to history  
Some you still can go and see  
Framed in a museum  
The sky is alive with possibilities  
The wind chimes respond  
A freight train on schedule  
Whistles at the crossing  
As it did yesterday and would tomorrow

High above the passengers of  
Flight 401 see the metropolis  
Like legos to a child  
Swimming pools turn to water drops  
As wings ascend and catch the wind  
In rarified air  
Rushing past the clouds so swift  
Like metal from a slingshot

As the morning paper hits the front door  
The helicopter flies overhead  
Seeking the full extent of traffic's roar.  
While upstairs little feet  
Hit the floor  
And stomachs wonder  
What's for Breakfast?

## Drift dreamer

A driftwood dream calls to me  
A driftwood dreamer from Eden's shore  
Petrified from distant times  
I hear the Mammoth's roar

I watch these Sea Trees dancing  
Like sentinels with unseen eyes  
Again the lion roaring  
To now forgotten skies

I pass through sunken archways  
To microscopic shores  
Wooden oars are creaking  
Gulls begin to soar

The Sea keeps chanting  
In its plainsong  
Come back  
Come back  
While  
Etched in wooden graves  
These witnesses regard our passing.

**Eden Night**

If I set out again to build  
The thing 'gainst which I set my will  
A conflict I create in mind  
Both sides of which I cannot find  
Up is down and black is white  
Bad is good and wrong is right  
Anxiety becomes my guide  
And leads me to nowhere to hide  
A fig leaf in the Eden night

**Fog invades**

Fog invades  
City fades  
Awake my soul  
Opinions fly like insects

## Many Wings

Where the water falls  
I hear the roar of many wings  
Like the noise of many waters  
Sounding in the wind

Where living waters flow  
A multitude of voices sing  
Living creatures soaring  
Letting down their beating wings

And a throne appears like sapphire stone  
Upon it sits a man alone  
A fire burning and a rainbow cloud  
And now we see the glory of the Lord

And the rain is falling  
The water is calling  
We must return to you  
The fountain of living water

In the day of plastic  
Headphones on our ears  
Very few are listening  
To the sound of distant tears

Cell phones keep on ringing  
In the middle of our sleep  
Our hearts are broken cisterns  
As the emptiness repeats

And the  
Rain is falling  
The water is calling  
Turn our hearts to you  
The fountain of living water

## Slap back Echoes

The slap back echoes  
 Of former days demands  
 Altering with simplicity  
 Presumptions complex plans  
 As I travel, tunnel down  
 To Fruitport Michigan  
 My grandmother rocks on the side porch  
 The little birds that visit daily  
 Observing every nuance of their invention

I too watch, not just the birds  
 But the mason jar upside down on the grinder  
 Filled with coffee beans  
 Imagining cookies, molasses and sugar, in stoneware jars

French windows catch reflections  
 Grandma and a small boy on two rockers  
 As if in a glass globe  
 I await the moment of her consent  
 So a small boys dream can come to earth  
 With cookie plate and Vernors ginger ale

From my bedroom  
 Far below  
 The wood burner ignites the day  
 I smell through the heater grate  
 The day's beginning.  
 Then it's time to get dressed  
 And carry my chamber pot to the outhouse for disposal  
 I taste the dew still lingering on the corn  
 And don't forget the barn  
 All a boy could imagine hiding  
 Just beyond the paint cracked door  
 Too heavy to slide alone but inviting  
 Like a trip to former sights and smells  
 My Grandpa must have known.

Breakfast by the old gas stove  
 Eggs cooked in bacon grease and  
 Water too precious to waste

The old pump throbbing with use and  
 The well somewhere below  
 In the two seater out house  
 Post cards from around the world  
 Told the boy of distance  
 As he hung to the edge  
 Of the wooden seat  
 So as not to fall to unspeakable depths

Grandma was the center of it all  
 Yet something more  
 In golden silence  
 In secure presence  
 There was moral authority  
 There was worship of Creator's hand  
 There was respect for genuine life  
 Not hurried by demand  
 No sign of ostentation  
 Rhythm of rise, eat, feed the birds  
 Put the orange peel, egg shells, coffee grounds  
 In the garden  
 Check the corn  
 Walk down to Spring Lake in late afternoon  
 Feel the breeze  
 Hold your head high  
 Hear the fish jumping  
 Leaving their ripples behind  
 And in the evening  
 In dim parlor light  
 Around the rickety card table  
 Play canasta  
 With Ada Brown and Mrs. Samish

As my Father fiddled in the evening light  
 Across the way the Alger boys played in summer dust  
 Until at last  
 Their mother cried  
 "Come in boys"

While they were chasing each other  
 Day passed into night.

## Footprinting

Sparkling gulls  
 Glistening hulls  
 Wind wooshing  
 Pelicans fishing  
 I am listening  
 Listen  
 Moon rising  
 Hidden hills  
 Protecting  
 Through trees  
 Full moon  
 Squeezing out  
 The darkness  
 Rising

Stone Circle  
 Fire flickering  
 Sending signals  
 Family gathering  
 Coals warming  
 Glowing browning  
 Little white moon  
 Marshmallows  
 Children's mouths  
 Awaiting  
 Anticipating

Little feet  
 Pattering  
 Footprinting  
 Moonlit trails  
 Slowing,  
 Last brief windings  
 Of today  
 Sleep calls  
 Imagining  
 Tomorrow

### Wednesday Prayer

There is no ceiling in this room

Our prayers are ascending

There is no ceiling in this room

Your mercy surrounds the throne

There is healing in this room

Our prayers are ascending

There is healing in this room

As we come humbly to Your throne

This room has no ceiling

There are Angels all around

No force of flesh imagining

To hold us to the ground

## Echoes

Steamy mist

Mirage

Echoes

Echoes

Behind

The Sounding

Surf

## Butterfly

Do not kill the butterfly

His wings are still

Imagining

