

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

