

c-@\$@#2#92o

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Better Realities	-	2
At Urgent Care	-	3
Time Capsule	-	4
In Cloakroom Moments	-	5
Prodigal	-	8
For Marty		
Beyond Words	-	9
The Wind is Rising	-	10
Tsunami	-	11
How Irrational is a Miracle	-	12
Heart Attack	-	14
The Thing I Lost at the Carnival	-	15
Thanksgiving Again	-	17
Rainy Day	-	18
Transported	-	19
Waiting for the Midnight Oil	-	20

© 2012 Charles Ellsworth Smith

Better Realities1-25-2012When I was in 1st gradeAnd I misbehavedI was sent to the cloakroomWhere I was supposed toStare at the coatsOn their hooksAnd somehow suffer such embarrassmentAnd fearThat I would not repeat the alleged offence

There in the cloakroom In the quasi darkness My imagination would take hold And I would contemplate better realities Than sitting hands folded At my desk As voices droned In the distance

At night, in my bed I was sure there was a tiger in the room I would slide further under the covers So he couldn't eat me

There was a babysitter named Dee Whose discipline would be To lock me in the scary dark closet Where I would fly Beyond the sky To other planets like Tom Corbett

In the end The cloak room became a friend A sanctuary between the worlds Where I first went Beyond the veil

At Urgent Care 6-19-2011



Like a waterfall Sound cascades as Children bang toys In the waiting room

TV drones distance While we watch Methane fill the ocean As precious oil From the rig Drowns all aquatic species

We all await treatment

Down the hall from the pharmacy A Latino man plays Fur Elise On an old upright piano While in the cloakroom I remember a cloudy day As a child Home sick from school In Toledo Ohio I hear My sister practice This same Beethoven piece Until it imprints Rain upon the window Of my soul

Time Capsule 11-12-2008

Raining again Flags high atop Fly in the wind Golden leaves Blow and stick in metal trolley tracks, The Earth Shoe Shop is now The Recycle Bicycle Shop Bouncing by A girl with backpack Toting a plastic bag of cans Looks expectantly ahead, Long legged ladies One in a green miniskirt The other in raincoat With sleek black boots Discuss the young man Walking his pug faced dog Hands in pockets,

Only \$8.25 to park your car all day

As the trolley blocks my view For an instant Raindrops fill the windshield And I feel insulated, Under water Breathing in my time capsule

In Cloakroom Moments 12-8-2009

As the storm arrives The rocks surprise Suspends me, Like a pelican Skims the foam Nearly touching But somehow alone

So many of us In the sea Like curtain Rippling, rolling, breathing Grasping for material But Forgetting The Wind

On this cloud soaked day When waves roll in endlessly Like life itself Protoplasm of salt And sea Undulating 'til Stopped by moon's embrace

It is by the limit of Your permission This alive giant Reaches out as if to Engulf me and spews out Sand dollars and Broken shells From mouth breathing In and out Life and death itself

Thousands of years without electricity Expand before me In cloak room moments Separated from now Like minarets of cloth breathing

I feel alone like a little boy Waiting for the door to open

On high hooks priests and prophets Dressed in black lurk In the back waiting their turn Posturing

To me this room feels more like Tigers waiting to pounce As I pull the covers over my head Curl up in bed and wait for sleep

Centuries, Gothic moments parade by Asking to be Written in my imagination Grave stones silent wait The dictator's dream And in the night an oil lamp Flickers

As distance magnifies A man and woman Leave their place of comfort For their chance at the puzzle And generations fall like Dominoes in a line And like the ocean tide Stop at my feet

My eyes on clouds Making castles of gold Deep within I know No rough beast will emerge From this present foam

But beneath the covers I envision A door ajar in heaven

Like a light house A beam descends A golden stairway Rends the clouds The splintered fragments Return at last Carving out fantasies In Stained Glass

What mighty rider With iron scepter Rides these beams? Who not far From Bethlehem's star Contemplates His Kingdom



<u>Frodigal</u> 9/17/2008

When my long lost friend returns I cannot go back To yesteryear I search but there is Only stale memory Behold, in my mind The yield sign appears I slowdown and see the doorway Here Like through a wormhole We zoom through to Renewal

For Marty 9-11-2009

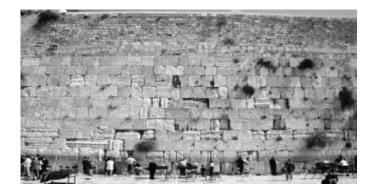


Spinning like a kaleidoscope A collage of folks from the East Magnifies to my eyes People still living An email away

When I passed through the door To all that had been Before I traveled west It was as if you died And these old relationships At best Became ghosts Vanishing in the night

Now toward journeys end I think of you again Purposefully forgetting old emotions I press through and send A simple note of love To which you graciously respond

Beyond Words 6-8-2009



There is a language beyond words We are seeking Like a river flowing Down from your throne

There is a language beyond words We are seeking The strength and beauty Is in you alone

Your way is in the sanctuary Outside your gates Are fear and worry You will arise and have Mercy on Zion Your servants take pleasure In Her Stones

The Wind is Rising 7-5-2009



The wind is rising Clouds approach White caps surging in the sea You are resting Without a care Lord how can you sleep"

Awake, Awake Can't you see? We soon will perish in the storm You arise And speak the word Be still you winds be calm

Who is this? Immediately in a breath We are on the other shore

Where is He The multitude cry Is He on the other side? They get in boats And hurry on In hopes of what they'll find

Yes a storm has risen The surging waves roar So watch the Master closely And He will take you Where tempest Is No more

Tsunami 8-17-2009



I hear a distant rumbling But where now is the rain? The mountain range so distant Soars above the plain

Where we stand still waiting White Dove circling the lake The Light of dawn is breaking The ground begins to shake

Stay behind the ancient stones Warning us of wrath A generation suffered O so much To place them in our path

How Irrational is a Miracle

6-19-2011



Thinking my wish for a large agate too selfish I hear You say Pray. Turning around I take three steps And looking down Eight large agates lie there Waiting.

Somewhere in time and space Astonished I stand Seeing more agates appear Shining in the sand

How irrational is a miracle How suspended laws Quiver anticipating resumption

I walk down the beach asking myself Is this happening everywhere? But no, Only in the place My prayer originated

Storm clouds surround Here I am Between earth and heaven Like I'm floating above the ground In a zone of sparkling light

I look up at gray sky Then down to sand

As more agates appear Deposited there by hidden hand I am aware Little man that I am This is YOU

I look down again More agates Again More Shining Until 163 agates Are gathered in answer To your gentle entreaty Pray.

All four pockets in my raincoat Now bulge with this gathering As rain begins to hit my face I ask, "Is that all? I hear, "That is all."

Earlier in the day You said to me "I have called you to myself." Overwhelmed I took out my guitar And wrote a song Rain O Reign in my heart today

Surely You have shown yourself Master of all creation Down to the tiniest stone

I hurry up to the cabin As the dark clouds roll above And the rain wets the back of my coat I empty my pockets Revealing all to my family Heart Attack

6-11-2010



I almost died today Coming down the steps I couldn't breathe My chest was contracting. 911 Brandon the ferryman took me to ER Popping Nitro tablets in my mouth As I was seeing stars

Are you right or left handed they ask? Lying on a cart surrounded by doctors The last thing I remember is Mary and Jake in the distance

After the operation in a vision I see a black house made of tar Like burnt cookies Ugly The House of Death. As I stare Tiny holes began to appear After a while Pinholes of light stream out Slowly vines inch through Covering the house and breaking into Magnificent white bloom Then I Hear

"Jesus has the victory over Death."



<u>The Thing I Lost at the Carnival</u> A song

_8-9-2011

Paint your face Make up your smile And hurry out the door Down the drive Then home at five You hear the engines roar

Please your boss Don't suffer loss Climb the ladders rungs At the top you're all alone Your song already sung

But Take a moment with you when you go out walking

Like a carnival Your life goes traveling around Set up the lights More cash in sight You're dancing like a clown Hit the target Get your prize Give it to your child Years go by You lose your way You're back at lost and found

So Take a moment with you when you go out walking

Oceans roar Comes in the door You're lounging in your chair Little children make sand castles All without a care Back to childhood You travel in your heart Looking for your playmates hand Never to return to start

It would take a moment with you It would take a moment with you It would take a moment with you To deeply love





As I hand out the pencils We make our Thankful Lists From the littlest member to the Biggest From the youngest to the Oldest Each sits And for a while recalls What has happened In the past year To bring us here To this gathering

As we go around the room Youngest to oldest My eyes fill with tears For I see again How much You have done To keep us all together





Rainy Days

Which of us can ever say Where goes the soul on rainy days? Within the self does storm cloud source Remind the soul of blood's true course? Does steady drip and patient drop Through the flesh to sanguine tock Seep invisible liquid flow Revealing rhythm to the soul?

The pulse that skips through daily games The same way spills the gentle rain And so contents the frightened soul Drifting in those blood fed shoals That even in the self clothed night Can fit into the infinite Not afraid of death of time And love without the self sublime

Early poetry of Charles Ellsworth Smith

Transported 8-18-2008

To be contemplative I put on my headphones Listening to Chopin In the waiting room TV droning Transported To a better place Like bright sunshine Breaking through prison bars Or clouds and mist Obscuring scorching sun Love that addresses

Loneliness Sees beyond time Submits itself to Discipline Is compelled by urging divine No more this stale air Wind stirs all nature To breathe In rhythms dancing From the master's yielding To Him who inspires The next breath Of creation

Waiting for the Midnight Oil 11-12-2011



We come to the marriage supper of the lamb Waiting for the midnight oil to burn My heart within begins to yearn A song is being birthed For your returning,

I turn to fill the jar within my heart With oil from hours spent apart Drawing near in prayer and adoration

Thunder fills the air with sound I turn around and see The lamps are flickering The earth begins to totter like a drunkard

From the center of the light A figure comes into my sight My eyes are blinded by the flash of lightning

Now my heart cries out in fear A man of light draws so very near You come into my presence Like a Magnet I find it difficult to stand You reach out to me with open hand You say "Be not afraid simply believe me."

As the sound becomes the wind The Spirit stirs my soul within And wakes me from my slumber to alertness Men in dark cloaks turn away From the brilliance of this Day The Day of the Lord is now unveiling.

I join with voice of highest praise Voices to the heavens raise A harmony of deepest adoration Keep your lamps burning bright No wicked plan of darkest night Can dim the bridegrooms coming back for you Stand and never looking back Walk with Him the ancient path Until at last we meet him face to face

Hail, Hail King of Kings We see you In Jerusalem All will be made so very plain The whole earth shall be your domain The armies of the night Forever will be cast aside They will vanish like a desert

Now arrives the midnight hour We strongly feel your saving power For the joy set before your heart You endured the darkest hour The greatest love upon the cross The evil thought your greatest loss And now the wedding feast,

Tears of Joy Wash us as we enter

©2011 Charles Ellsworth Smith