

SOUNDWATER SONGS



Children's poetry

By Carmel

Charles Ellsworth & Mary Adams Smith

Illustrations by Anna Strong (except Big or Little)

BIG Or Little



Big or Little

Little or Big

That's what I want to see

Big or little

Little or Big

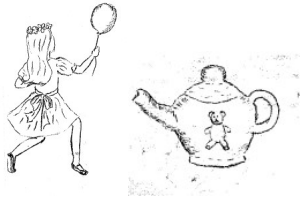
Now which one's you

And

Which one's me?

Charles E Smith

LITTLE SONGS



In a cozy cupboard
sat a china teapot,
Sugar dish and creamer
for little girls and dreamers.

Orange juice in the morning
cold and frozen can,
Add three cups of water
poured by little hands.

Cards for table settings
secrets drawn on pads,
A scripture for my sisters
love notes for Mom and Dad.

Treats for intermission
served with tender care,
Balloons and popcorn bags
flowers in their hair.

Little people dancing
popcorn on the floor,
Pink ballerina slippers
whirling 'round the door.

Sleep's a cozy blanket
covering silky hair,
Rosebud lips and sleepy eyes
clothes strewn across the chair.

Do I count my blessings
as they grow up one by one?
Such precious tiny blessings
as they pass beneath the sun.

Charles & Mary Smith

NOVEMBER MORNING
WITH ABE

"Let's go hiking," you say
as we walk slowly up the hill.
you look up at me,
blue eyes sparkling.
"I see you're carrying your song sheet," I say.
"Which one do you want to start with Dad?"

I suddenly realize, in your mind,
hiking and singing go hand in hand.
"You start one son."

I find myself singing
"Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus Christ is born."
My hand on your shoulder like two angels,
voices ringing, through the woods
on a brisk November morning.

November Afternoon



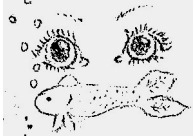
"Let's play football" you shout.
"The ball's flat," I reply
"Get the pump" you implore "find the needle"

"Hold the ball like this," I say
Soon, your little toothless grin
rearranges my day,
And I feel like
an all American quarterback.

"Let's lie together awhile,"
We make a pile of leaves.
Our dog Red urges us down
the trail,
but we just
rest
in peace.

Charles E Smith

WINDMILL



"They won't
attack the windmill,
Turn on the wheel, mom,
the fish will be alright."
Standing on the couch
nose against the fish tank,
Another world is swimming
through your mind

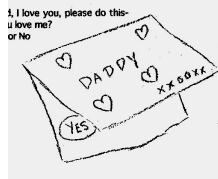


QUAKER GIRLS

In a darkened playhouse
three Quaker girls
dressed in nightgowns
shout and scream
like Indians.

Mary A. Smith

MY DAD



My dad is warm and cuddly.
He is chubby and very cubby.
My dad has very warm big hands
that secure me and I love him.
He holds me very tightly
that's how he secures me.
My dad's my buddy,
he and me are close, and big.
My dad and me are the best friends
that could be
My dad's very tall and BIG,
I love my dad!
And he loves me.
Love, Carmel

Dear dad, I love you, please do this-
Do you love me?
Yes or No

Carmel Smith 1987

THE DAY WE WENT GLOVING



Golden days
seemed to be sliding into winter
and it seemed time for the
family hike.

Leaves changing and hiking
seem to go together like hot sun
and swimming, so we told Curly
"We're going to go hiking,"
and she delightedly ran and
put on her yellow boots and her
yellow mittens announcing to all that
"We are going gloving."

And why not
Gloving could be as exciting as hiking
and alot easier on the feet.

After a car ride, we found ourselves
gloving down a trail, past a waterfall which Esther promptly christened
"The SOUNDWATER."

What a marvelous Indian name that can be.

I began to wonder, if I let Esther,
whether she could rename the animals, flora and fauna. . .

I wonder if Adam went gloving
past the Soundwater?

Charles E. Smith

TAPING SECRETS



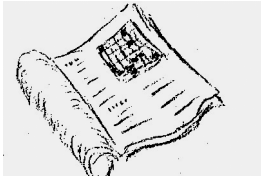
I'm taping you say,
as casually you walk
Through the house
recording every idle word.
You'll hear a phrase,
punch a button,
And sometimes sing along
to tunes you are imagining.

Wait I'll say,
but to late,
As some forgotten conversation
interrupts our day.
"Could I have said that?"

Remember, God will judge
every idle word,
"Push erase !!!"
I hear me say.

Charles E. Smith

CROSSWORD DREAMS



Snuggled in your covers
Your knees a little desk,
You work your crossword puzzle
before you go to bed.
You're chewing on your thumb
I see you concentrate
Four up or five down
it's getting very late.
A little later I look over
your head is on your chest,
No telling whether riddle or dream
was the last thing in your head.

Charles E. Smith

UNDER THE TREE WITH ME



Scotching under the Christmas tree
I see you Esther and you see me.
"I'm a Christmas present" you say,
green ribbbon 'round your chest
whispering away;
"And you're a white light,
and you're a red light,
and you're a blinking light.
Daddy will you come under
the tree with me?"
I edge completely under
and looking up I see
realms I've never imagined
between the lights.
Wonder in your eyes is contagious

What mystery there is to see
lying 'neath the Christmas tree.
What childhood fantasy
is playing in its' boughs.

Carmel makes a golden wreath
from cast off clippings near her feet.
"Shall I hang it on the front door or my door dad?"
"On your door sweetie, I say."

What treasure in these little hearts,
How secure these repetitions.
Now I know why all year long
you asked me,
"How many days 'til Christmas," or
"When will the Christmas tree go up?"

As you sing "Stile Nacht,"
even though you don't speak German,
I have the secret revealed to me. . .
You children
are my Christmas present.

Charles E. Smith

THE SOUNDS OF NATURE



Outside, the leaves are falling in different colors.
The little dewdrops squish as I walk on them.
As I'm walking, I see a baby bird.
It has fallen out of its' nest.
After a while I pass a beautiful garden.
I pick a few flowers.
The icy-cold wind is blowing real hard
so I'll go inside for a hot cup of cocoa
with foam on top.
I'll put on a warm woolen sweater,
sink down into a cozy warm sofa
and sit back and read a book.

Carmel Smith 10/87

TRAIL SONG

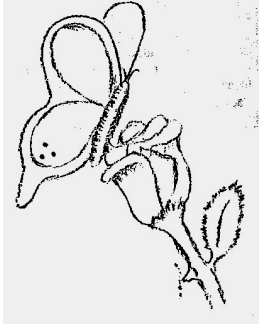


Little children's' voices
Ahead on the trail
Stopping at the castle
Leaping from the rail
Eyes alive with wonder
At what seems to me the same
Cause me to look much closer
and see a gentle rain.

Now the legs are longer
the trail goes many ways,
Little hands reach up no more
But hearts are still in need.
Dad will you drive me,
will you be there when I fail
Momma will you love me,
as we go down the trail?

Charles E. Smith

MOMENT



Wind, like waves
billow through,
Wind chimes ring
and change the mood.
As fans drone on
summer goes,
and we,
like butterflies,
find our
brief moment
upon
the
rose.

Charles E. Smith