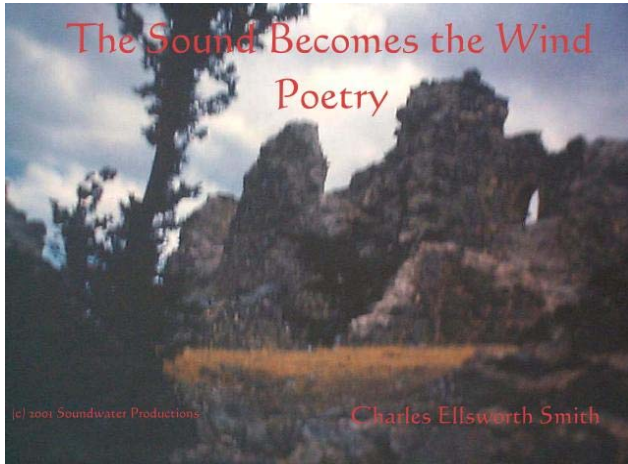




*The Sound Becomes the Wind*

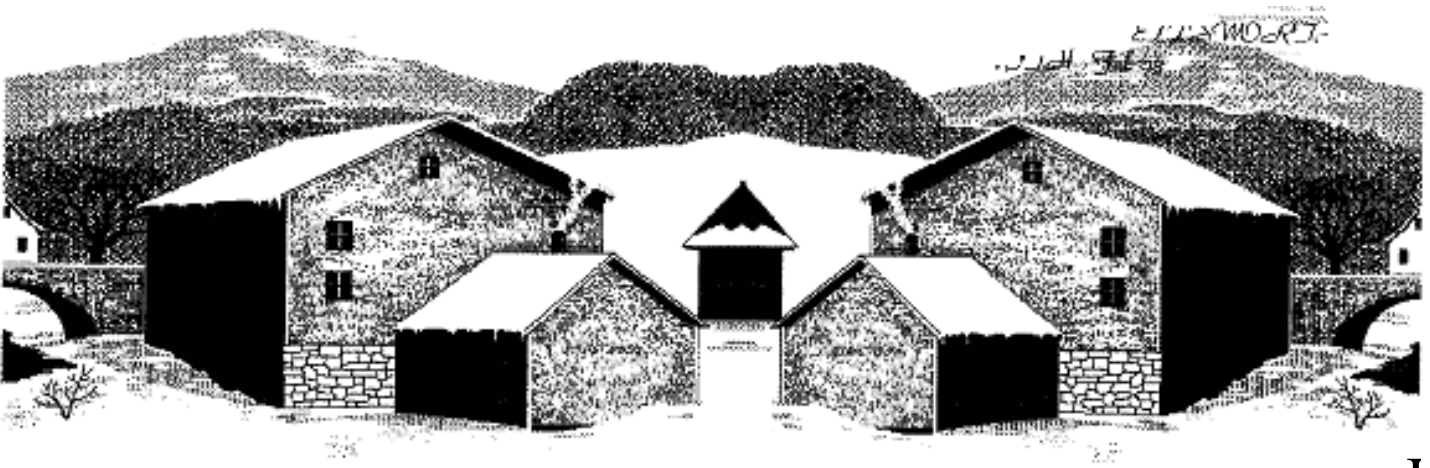
*The Poetry of  
Charles Ellsworth Smith  
Volume Four*

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I

## AVENA HILL

Avena hill in the snow,  
my sled like lightning  
between the row of cars  
'til  
flashing onto Parker road  
we see how far  
the ride will go.

Quickly home,  
a bowl of soup  
and out again  
'til lost in snow,  
sliding and climbing  
at last the twilight falls  
and frozen hands  
and soaking feet  
begin to thaw.

Runny nose and frozen toes  
cannot prevent the  
plan to sled again  
tomorrow.

As the tub begins to  
warm my soul,  
I relive the feel  
of crunch  
and whiz,  
while outside  
snow quietly  
gives the hillside back,  
rewinds our tracks  
as if  
they  
never  
were.



## SILENT CAME SPRING

Just like that  
In the midst of winter  
Silent, white silent  
Came spring  
Green echoes of spring  
In the midst of silence  
Silent, imagined leaves

Just like that  
In the midst of winter  
Silent, white silence  
Brought spring  
She and I  
The silence surrounded  
Shouted ghost words  
On the unutterable wind

# NOSTALGIA



As we barefoot pass the pond  
Of our time left loss  
Stopping now  
In hand locked pause,  
Fairy toes squeezing  
Breezy soft moss.  
As we gaze  
In our love lost mirror, longing,  
Lightly skipping stones  
Over surface leaves,  
Sink at last  
To old times toss.

As we linger  
The last ripple dying,  
Hoping still  
For some faint call,  
Reflecting  
From dusk smooth gloss

We close our eyes  
And see our former selves  
Swimming from shore to shore  
And late at night embrace,  
The moon's soft glance  
Reaching back for old romance  
Like Chopin on the air



## To Beauty

Because of time  
We are attempting  
To capture  
Beauty  
So,  
Fleeting butterfly,  
Come to my net  
And in a glass case  
Your wings  
Will give evidence  
To your absence

Because of time  
We are attempting  
To capture  
Decay  
So,  
Fluttering moth,  
Fly to my flickering candle  
And in the light  
Your wings  
Will silently bear witness  
To beauty

## The Rhythm Of It All

The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all  
The rise and fall  
The ebb and flow  
The to and fro  
The come and go  
The sea gull's call  
The rhythm of it all

The fall and rise  
The incoming tide  
The sea breeze sigh  
The my oh my  
The trees so tall  
The sea gulls call  
The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all

The sand so smooth  
The channels groove  
The shift and move  
The tide is in  
The splash and swim  
The distant fin  
The castle 's fall

The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all  
The sun so bright  
The mist blown light  
The small boy's kite  
The ball in flight  
The ship in sight  
The fire on the beach  
The strange bird's screech

The distant roar  
The faint car door  
The foggy night  
The lighthouse bright  
The breaker's might  
The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all

The rhythm of it all  
The driftwood logs  
The bark of dogs  
Bare feet in sand  
The end of land  
The buoy rings  
The waters sing

The sea gull's call  
The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all  
The rhythm of it all



While I  
explore the wave  
it crashes  
upon me  
As I explore  
your Love  
the storm comes in  
A thousand birds  
arise  
to challenge  
the sky

*Charles Ellsworth Smith*



## Oceans Apart



Wicker torch holder weathered  
By the sea  
Near the deserted driveway  
You catch my eye

As cars whiz by the restaurant and  
Elderly ladies jockey for position  
In the booth  
By the sea  
By the sea  
In the booth  
By the sea

The rocks emerge  
Their remarkable lace now washed away  
Now clothed again.  
What great occasions were lit by  
This faded wicker torch?

Oceans apart from its net  
A Japanese fishing float washes up  
On the beach  
On the beach  
By the sea

Later, flickering on my TV  
Tornadoes, earthquakes wars and rumors  
Pedal to the metal  
Sodom rises like a Phoenix from the ashes.

Wicker on a pole what stories you could tell  
Of summer nights beneath the silent moon

By the sea

Near the beach

By the sea

Is the last dying breath of a culture

Always like this?

A frenzied effort to satisfy flesh

That soon will be

By the sea

No more

Surrounded by plastic and silicon chips

Do we try to imitate

That which is real

While what is real

Like a pastel sunset

Disappears from view

By the sea

In the booth

By the sea



How can I find You ( reflection on my grandchild's birth )



How can I find you?  
How can I find you ?  
How can I remind you?  
Of the things I see

How can I get under?  
How can I get under?  
Receive your sense of wonder  
At what's to be

Shifting sands reveal  
Hidden cities long ago  
Your hands, even now  
Shaping tracing destiny

As old men sigh  
And children die  
Creation cries  
Come Lord come quickly.



**DAWNING**

**Listen**

**to the wind**

**It is calling**

**from**

**Strokes of sunrise,**

**Fleeing**

**glimpses**



*Worlds away  
a voice  
Concentric rings shrink  
to stones throw*

*Splash  
my stone swiftly sinks  
to riverbed  
As rings expand again  
and stillness fills the silence  
Worlds away  
a voice.*

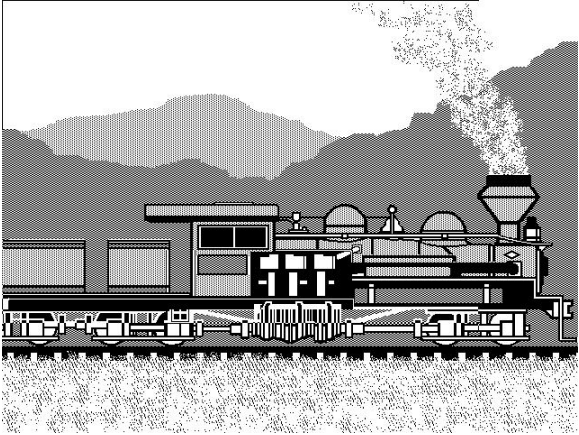
*Cheryl A. Blaworth Smith 11/9/93*

**AT THE PRECIPICE**

**What the wind tests  
is our planting  
Are we tossed to and fro  
or deeply entwined  
at cliff's edge  
bending  
but  
not  
uprooted**



## THE LAST CONTINENTAL EXPRESS



Winding down the gorge it came,  
The train,  
Like bullet shooting  
Past leaves in subtle shades of red  
Display their gilded splendor.

Wind blown breath of autumn  
Frosts the rising sun  
While waterfalls as if perpetually on  
Proclaim the downward law  
That draws us all  
To that from which we've come.

And the train's last car  
With final roar  
Like slamming door  
Around the bend  
The sound  
Becomes  
The wind.