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Poems by Charles Ellsworth Smith 1985-2001

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Charles Ellsworth Smith 2/6/93

CHOICES

FOR THOSE WHO LOVE

HOW SIMPLE THE CHOICES,

TUNING OUT THE HAUGHTY VOICES

'TIL THE COMFORTER DRAWS NEAR,



Freedoms Cry



It is hard to unbare my soul
when time is a watchdog
and the next event
lies waiting in the wings
But courage soul,
honest words to seeking hearts
will open freedom's cry
to heaven's door
So many need unlocking
that only you Lord can bring
Please,
Use these
Impoverished members
to glorify your name

Charles Ellsworth Smith 10/92

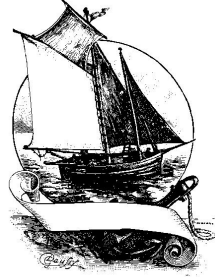


OAK TREE

A stream in the distance
Is a meditation to my soul
To hunger after inner life
That grows to so much more

Like acorns midst
The leaves in fall
An oak tree lies within
The only thing that separates is
The moist
Deep
Earth's
Imprint

Pool of Rest 10/27/92



River rushes towards
Foam flecked rock, where
White bearded flow
Reforms the sight of stone

In the midst of channel
Now urging
My craft begins to
Move again
Rescued from
The back current
Of my lack of
Skillful guiding

Now I feel
The speed increasing
Falls lie ahead and
Certain destruction
Except
You Lord
Have been this way before
And will shoot
The rapids
Into
The pool
Of rest

RESCUE ME

8/11/89

What a dead end

Dependence on anything

But you, O Lord



The streams overwhelm me

Your enemies like cast iron walls

Attempt to block me

From drawing near

Rescue me my King

From the mouth of the lion

From the one who is vague

And deceptive,

From the tongue of the proud

And the snickers of the unclean,

Most of all from

False impressions I have of me

Let me stand before you in purity

My conscience clear

Innocent of transgression

Both great and small

No fear free to influence

The love you wish to loose

Or prevent the call to follow

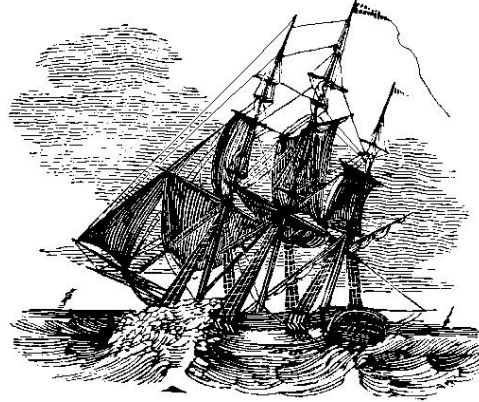
Reputation



How many souls have stumbled
 Pursuing another's dream
 To raise on earth a citadel
 For self to dwell supreme
 A place for us to worship
 We hear the tempter cry
 And watch the mask come off his face
 We see the subtle lie

Yet something in our human heart
 Desires the earthly throne
 To hear the hands that clap for us
 And earn a name well known.
 How different is the Savior
 Who walked right through the lie
 And taught the way to worship Him
 Is for the dream to die

S.O.S.



In my brother's S.O.S.
I sail to rescue him
From some distress
Like ships at sea
His storm affects me.
As waves of doubt and
Shoals of fear assault my soul
Only one desire I pray he'll find
A loyal heart and focused mind
That through God's grace
Will reach the goal

Journaling

©t rick



For some, writing to you, with you, and
 From you may be an illusion;
 The misguided activity of an over active imagination
 To me it is the necessity to live as a spirit person.
 Because the veil was rent by your passion
 We know each other, person to person
 Beyond the veil

I confess I have a strong soul,
 The beauty of nature
 And the passions and lusts of this world system
 Call to me
 I ask that your light break through
 From spirit candle to soul mirror,
 Through physical eyes, ears, hands
 That brings the Kingdom into this culture
 In which I live

Communion must be deep and pure,
 Yet shortcomings and failures brought to you for help.
 "Example," I hear you say,
 "is Moses' radiant face" after eighty days with you
 or the apostles before the Sanhedrin
 "What is with these men?"
 "They've been with Jesus."

The Blood, the Fire, the Crown

3/7/85



The Blood, the Fire, the Crown
 There is a price the master cries
 When all that's dear has failed us.
 The Blood, the Fire, the Crown
 There is a true response, he says
 When Satan's lies assail us

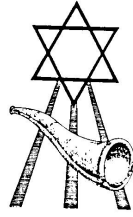
The mask falls off
 I am revealed in light so bright surrounding
 And changed without the knowing why
 Because of love astounding

The Blood, the Fire, the Crown
 When looking down
 You see me, there before you,
 The aimless look of something lost
 And you have what I need
 And in my image
 You have been before

Press on,
 Press on my soul
 Take hold
 And don't let go
 The hand that stretches out
 To all who cry
 Within the night
 For morning light's delivering

The Blood, the Fire, the Crown
 At last my soul can hear the sound
 The worship of surrendered wills
 Upon the hills of freedom

Tread Well



Playing the horn
 Identifies me to myself
 When left on the shelf
 I start to decay
 Unnoticeable and silently
 A mold begins to grow
 That affects everything else
 I do
 Praise, Praise, Praise
 Light released
 Destroys decay

Holiness

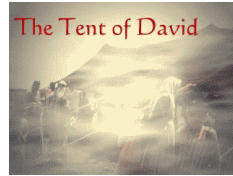
The tree of knowledge has an anxious power
 Holiness is to be free from anxiety
 Translate from and thru LIFE directly to'
 The Lord Jesus Christ

A Brother said

"Fear not the silence
 Of the enemy
 They are only coming into range."

A Tent That is Free

8/16/95



Lord to follow the cloud
 We must pass through the fire
 Yielding only to
 Your heart's desire
 Within me I find
 The need to be blind
 Blind as your servant
 Who pressed through the pain to die

Now, raised from the dead
 You beckon us up, up, up
 A new life
 Based not on council
 But on might
 Not on worldly skills
 But on light
 Your Spirit comes
 O Holy One,
 And tears the veil in two,
 Together we enter David's Tent
 Free to be with you

Overlook



There is so much to overlook
 To close the eyes and not to see
 To leave the healing to the King
 Whose virtue is surrounding

Heart and mind would bring to judgment
 Each particular failing
 And the accusation from the mouth
 Wounds, then breaks the heart
 Before it's free to slander

Break like a clock that's wound to tight
 Your dreams are all in passing
 And the jewel that is to be revealed
 Is encased in stony hardness

Break, break you stone of time
 That calculates my madness
 The precious gem that God has hid
 Becomes a Holy Kingdom

Salmon Falls



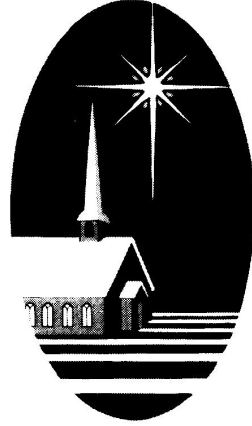
Salmon climb white waterfalls
 To spawn and die
 Leaping up the fish ladder
 Bright rays from the sky
 Only to fall and fall again
 And then again to try

Dark clouds swoop in swiftly
 Lightning then the storm
 We're climbing Jacob's ladder
 For a generation to be born

Pressing through distracting floods
 Scaling mountain heights
 Stretch forth our hands
 To pass the torch
 And sound the silver horn
 Stretch forth our hands
 To pass the torch
 And sound the silver horn
 The message echoes down the gorge
 Prepare for His return
 Prepare for His return

How Silently You Come

12/19/96



Christmas approaches
 Feel like a whirl
 Esther and I wrote a song,
Enchanted dream,
 The other night and we wrote a
 Christmas story together

Sad bell ringers
 Open doors
 Wondering
 "What is this all about
 For which I ring my bell?"

Jesus you are
 The center of life,
 Still hidden in
 Electronic night
 How silently you come

What?



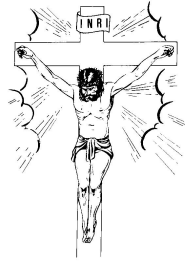
Morning breaks before me

I see the colors change

I turn around behind me

What is it that you say?

Let Innocence Appear



A thorn breaks
the thin skin veneer and
blood begins to drip.

No band-aids anymore
can stem what now
begins to flow.

No rescue crew emerges dressed in white
to process the patient
to the operating room.

A cry of pain
goes unanswered
until the sound
awakens memories
of a dark and cloudy day
where etched upon a hill
the one who made us all received the stripes that heal
that turns the terrible cry of pain
to cleansing, sweet refrain.

“It is finished,”
said the Spirit
with a voice so sweet to hear,
“The agony is over, let innocence appear.”

Lone Tear 1/97

I find myself in Hillsboro waiting to see Lavette
 When I first saw her and prayed,
 A lone tear rolled out of her eye.
 As I was driving home I asked,
 What was that tear for
 "That was ME crying
 Was Your reply Lord.
 I thought
 Miss Roberta would understand

11/16/96

A Funeral at Willamette National Cemetary



At the wall taps sounds from a hidden speaker
 Remains in drawers
 As faces of grief consider
 Our mutual destination

Pleasant relief
 As life is loosed midst golden leaf
 Truth springs forth from a buckeye.
 Is eternity hidden in a seed?
 Yes death is the key
 Unlock the door with confidence
 And discover you are free

The Fountain You Prescribe



I can no longer prolong this mood
 A song must be more than diversion
 Or a poem a tear,
 No turning back, though flesh intrudes
 Covered by the precious blood
 I concentrate on you
 On my duty to satisfy my thirst
 At the fountain you prescribe.

Mixture I find within
 And sin too attempts to change my course
 Thanks to you the narrow channel has been dug
 Before I was ever born
 I still look out for friendly hand
 But realize the journey is for now
 Complicated by my mind.
 Simplify my thoughts and I will find you
 Even in the thorny way
 Shepherd of a dark and cloudy day
 Let no callous form or cataract
 Keep me from your glorious light
 Deceive my heart, pervert my sight
 To fall away

Carry Me

Light is breaking always
 Unto the perfect day
 Carry me when I stray
 And deeply I will thank You

Curtain Call

Last Sunday because of packing I was totally unprepared for the meeting. I rubbed Mary's back and packed instead. I went thinking I would use an old teaching, when the anointing came upon me while worshipping. I had started absolutely flat. As the presence increased, Mary and I came into a beautiful place. At the end I suggested a clap offering.

As we applauded I saw, in the spirit, Jesus coming out and taking a curtain call, much like Renita Tibaldi at the Rome opera house, when curtain call after curtain call, flowers kept flying on to the stage.

The slate is clean 10/8/95

The slate is clean
 Time to begin again
 Awaiting your return

The standard you have shared
 Causes me to care
 For those I might not know
 Are hurting.