



## When All the Days Align

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*When the Tree is Green*

If they do this when the tree is green  
What will they do  
When the branches are full  
The words are true  
And the fire begins burning

If they do this when the tree is green  
What will they do  
When times are lean  
There is no grain  
And smoke obscures the sun

At last  
The tree decays and dies  
The birth pangs of a new age cry  
The sand departs the Master's hand  
And the hourglass turns at His command  
When darkness fills the night with lies  
Will our minds be saved from blind surprise?  
Will Love stand firm in the face of death?  
And with each emerging breath  
Will we redeem the time?

The child in fear  
The old now blind  
In the face of pride's deceiving tide  
With each emerging breath  
Will we redeem the time?  
Will mortal plans be cast aside  
Will we redeem the time!

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## *The Watering Can*

I had done my best  
to collect the rest that  
vague and shimmering  
eludes me.

A walk I think,  
take a moment with you  
instead of scattered illusions  
moving on a screen.

Fresh air at last,  
I pass a window box  
I'd left untended  
flowers bended  
wilting  
downward.

It only takes a moment  
to see the rusty watering can,  
water still mixed with leaves,  
In my hand I gently sprinkle  
instant sanity.

That evening as I pass by,  
these flowers extend their greeting  
to the sky  
And I  
now refreshed,  
embracing the settings sun's constancy,  
receive the love of simple things  
well done  
amidst a sea of forgetfulness.

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*While the fruit falls to the ground*

While the fruit falls to the ground  
Unpicked and forgotten  
Slowly turning rotten,  
We whiz by in our  
Hurry to the store  
To buy the hot house fruit  
Freshly sprayed and  
Somewhat hard,  
While grace  
Freely given  
Calls  
Like church bells  
In the morning hours

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*Rise up Early* (Jeremiah 7: 25)

A voice sounds  
In the silence  
The last church bell  
Subsides  
Rise up early  
I send you  
With the word of life  
Light the lamp  
I send you  
Into that dying night  
Mend the shattered fragments  
Shine a single light  
And nurture those  
That linger  
Who ripen on the vine  
Endure the raging thunder  
Now is the harvest time

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*Water Falling* (for Jim)

Water falling over stones  
And gently let my spirit roam  
    Down to brooks  
        And quiet glades  
Into silken summer shade

Water falling over stones  
Plunging low a driving force  
    Each individual drop  
        Awakening, sparkling  
            Altering  
                To spray  
                    Upon the rock

Bathing in this swift surprise  
    Inhaling from the wonder stones  
        Mist envelopes, wraps me  
            In a moist cloak

A traveler now  
    I journey towards  
        The source of light  
Where gawking camera eyes  
    Cannot follow  
And cacophonous voices  
    Are lost in thunderous roar

In this Selah  
    Between the worlds  
        You visit me  
            With tears

*When all the days align*

When all the days align  
Like falling rain  
And Bach is  
Playing order  
Into my cloudy brain,  
I percolate a  
Pot of coffee  
On the old gas stove.  
As the downpour  
Beats upon my skylight  
Rain and hail  
Hail and rain,  
Thunder explodes.

This symmetry  
Calls like counterpoint  
Sun and rain together,  
Then apart  
A fugue of heavenly art,

I rush to my back window  
Purple, blue, green, yellow, orange and red  
A rainbow painted overhead  
No more flood,  
No Ark to build of gopher wood.  
I listen  
Was that thunder?  
Or His voice sounding  
As in the day  
He spoke to Noah.

As Bach inventions  
Play gently in the distance  
I pour the crisp bite of percolated coffee  
Into my mug  
And imagine that lightening flash  
From East to West  
That answers creation's groan  
And startles the whole world into praise.

As trumpet sounds a welcome home  
To Holy Mountain bright and blessed  
Lion and lamb lie down together  
As John lay on Messiah's breast  
Six long days of history  
Just a moment on a quest

Anxiety where are you?  
Fear cannot disturb this happiness  
Trembling  
The air ozone fresh  
I hear the sound of peace,  
Holy silence.  
Competition ends  
Eternal voices blend  
In Song of Songs  
It never ends

Forever new  
Completely true  
Creation exhales  
It's last weary groan  
Washed away  
By brightest Day  
So blessed

No more sorrow  
No questioning the dark  
Intention of death  
We are  
One with You  
One with You  
In Sabbath  
Rest.

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## *Saturday afternoon*

Color is everywhere

Color caused by wood  
weathering  
and turning gray.

Color caused by leaves falling  
Yellowing, browning, reddening,  
Rusting metal  
On a rainy day.

"Out with the paint,  
Break out the broom," you say  
Brush, brush, brush, brush  
Rake, rake, scrub, scrub  
Whitewashed walls and immaculate lawns  
Deny the process of decay.

Then fill the compost

Rest and wait

Open on a spring filled day  
Dung the lawn and flowerbed  
In the yard spread and spread  
From death springs life  
It's not to late  
Now's the time to celebrate.

## *January morning*

A gull floats  
Brown speckled drifting  
Rain spray in my face  
Watching me  
Every vibrating cell  
Alive with you

Thank you that  
Each living soul on this beach  
Can feel specially  
Known  
Individually  
There is room  
In your heart  
And memory  
For every grain of sand

We can feel  
One another's approach  
Or distance  
On this beach  
The spirit passes  
Through the air  
No metal, wood  
Or mass of any kind  
Can deny our knitting  
Our dependency upon  
Our Father's care

Now, in front of me  
The Gull waits calmly  
Do I have a crust of bread?  
Or will the agate  
Half-light  
Peeking from the pebbles  
Fill my pocket with wonder

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## *August In Caledonia*

I feel other Augusts close upon me  
I search the air  
As if you were there  
And wonder at the almossts  
I have left behind.

Three in the morning  
Full moon paving beams upon the lake  
Fills the rest rooms tiled floor with shimmers  
I reflect upon the book I am reading  
Longing for love  
Disappearing with dawn into  
Hot sunlight steaming into my tent  
As five hungry children wiggle and dance  
Waiting for a trip to the bathroom and  
Dad to cook breakfast

On the Sandy River  
A train whistles  
A century of melody  
Bouncing up the gorge  
Cliffs peek out from evergreens above  
Like totem masks  
A long time waiting.

A few years back  
A flood  
In this very spot

Keeping with the tempo You have set  
Not controlled by meter of cars and rhythm of trucks  
Water flowing over rocks  
And breeze gently flutters leaves  
You play the song and still play  
Though today I miss my companion adding harmony.

Many summer evenings driving back from Benson Lake  
The sun at first in my eyes  
And then brilliant pastel reds and oranges  
Flowing above the Columbia.

In the distance  
The bridge  
My friend, now departed,  
Helped to build.

Afternoon breeze waves from a motorboat  
Fellow travelers forgetting all but the moment they are in.  
Now I fantasize owning a motorboat.  
I am tan from so much sun.  
I just live at the beach, a beach bum.  
No ambition.  
No concern for anything  
Ignorant of Hollywood or flying saucers or  
Newsroom prevaricators filling my mind with clutter.

The smell of oil.  
Jets fly by reverberating.  
Electric guitars vibrate from a boat anchored near.  
Across the water  
Steam engines start and sputter and start and sputter again

I walk a bit  
August  
Why this sense of longing  
This sense that all is done?  
I surrender  
Time to move on  
Life as I know it has ended  
Something new must come

Once again I lay my life on the alter  
All that I am and will be is yours.  
The sense of never ending pause  
Remains upon my heart  
Like the time in Caledonia  
In the middle of the woods  
In the quarry  
I stare through smoked glass  
As the moon eclipses the sun.

Hurry

Hurry will dust its way

Through your dreams

And cause you to forget,

The delicate brush strokes

The poignant touch

Love itself

Has restfully etched

Upon your memory

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