



When the Tree was Green

Part Two

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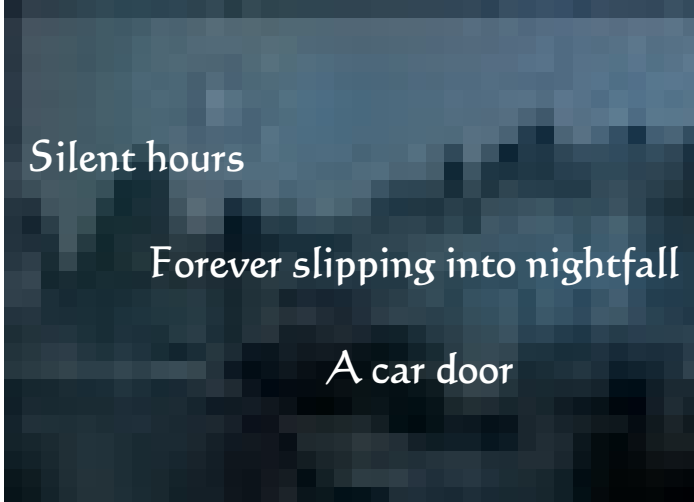
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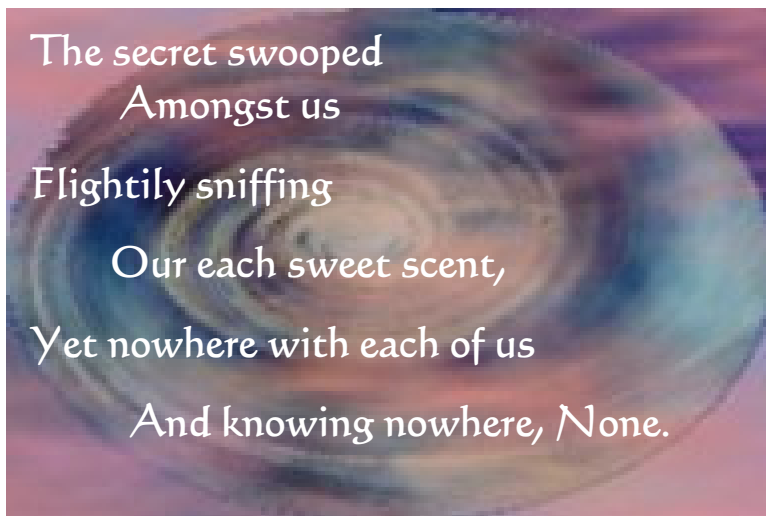
The Spider Fingered Light

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Silent hours



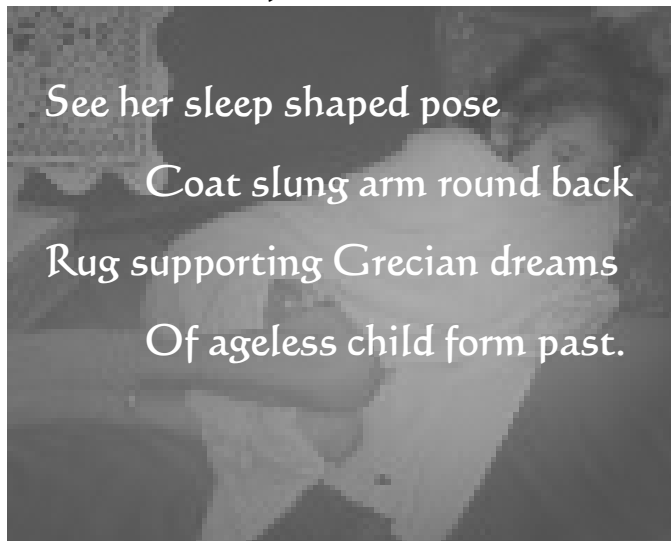
The Secret

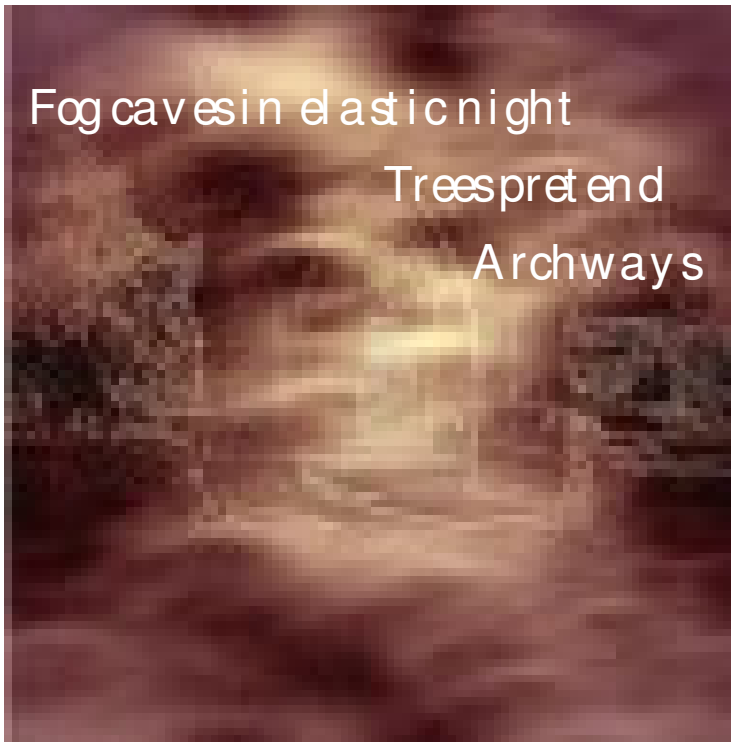


Eclipse



Sleep Pose



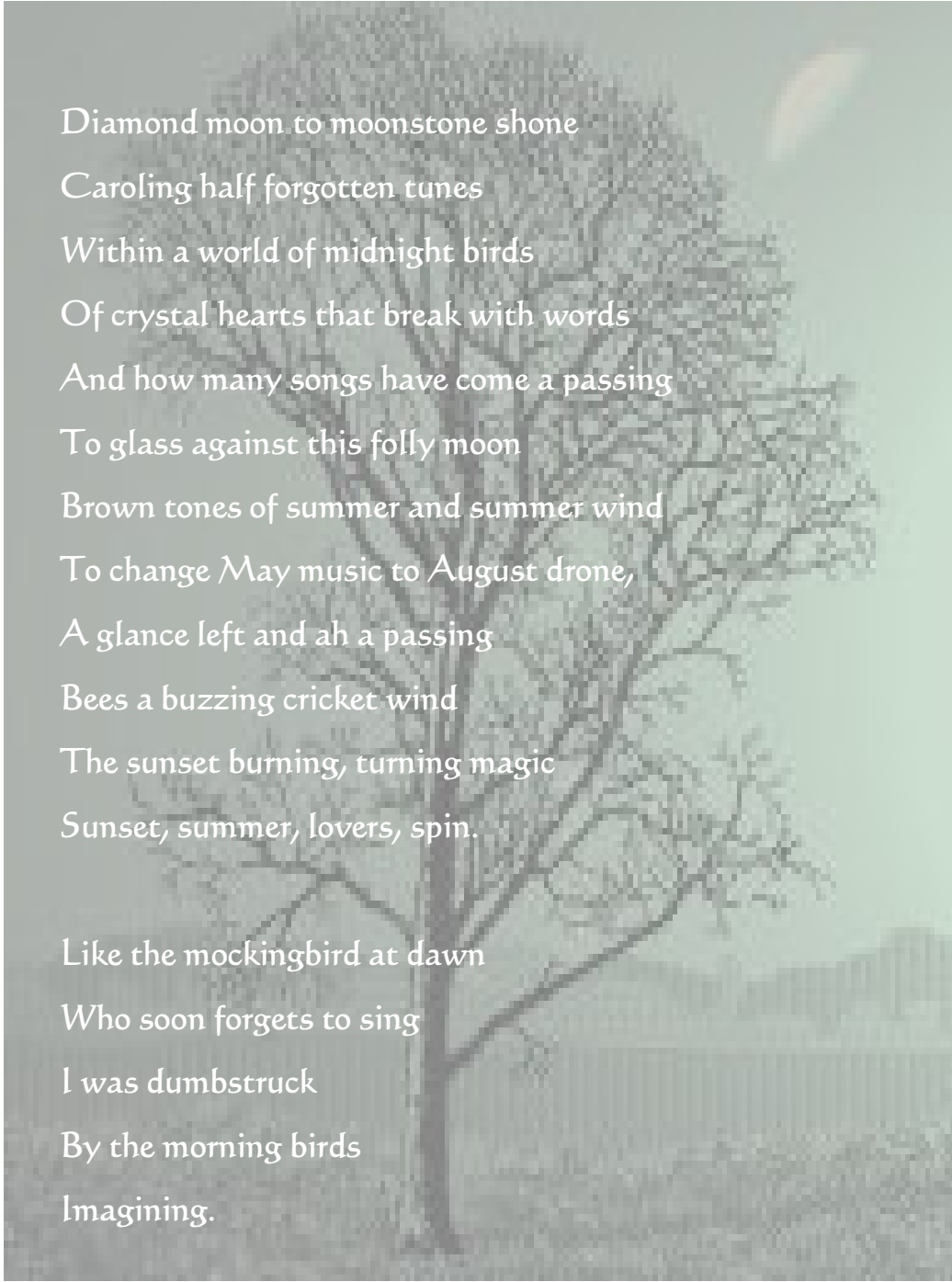


Fog caves in elastic night

Trees pretend

Archways

MIMESIS



Diamond moon to moonstone shone
Caroling half forgotten tunes
Within a world of midnight birds
Of crystal hearts that break with words
And how many songs have come a passing
To glass against this folly moon
Brown tones of summer and summer wind
To change May music to August drone,
A glance left and ah a passing
Bees a buzzing cricket wind
The sunset burning, turning magic
Sunset, summer, lovers, spin.

Like the mockingbird at dawn
Who soon forgets to sing
I was dumbstruck
By the morning birds
Imagining.

Musing



To put together a wish
And a willow
To sway with the coming wind
To bathe again in the
Sunset summer
Glance once to glance once again,
To call while writhing and turvy while diving
And man demand full fathom fiver
To flither and blither
Resourceful relivers
To ride the wide winder
To rhyme.
Can you hear the bells chime
Ding dong
Sing song
Can you ding
Can you sing
The bells chime?
Could I make this stronger
Longer and longer
And linger the
Loving Muse's time?

ORIGIN



It was not long ago
When we dreamed the sea's indifference
Crawling, writhing, tossing, fighting
Our sibling toes running coyly to the water's edge,
We watched as

Sandcastles rose between our tide dry legs, and
Sandbox people marched, stilt like,
Through their particular realities.

We bicycled our way
Through those giddy hours
Thinking ourselves in the clouds
Moreover in the stars,
Stars that surround the moon
In the yawning dusk
As the waters pull so slowly back
From the ever receding beach that
You think the dim rhythm
Of things has completely
Reversed itself,
And sand people start walking backwards
Shrinking
Then
Hush, Rush Whoosh
The tide advances
Cove like, upon the sand
Leaving no trace of
The work of our hands.

(continued)

As castles dissolve
Time reshapes the builder's plans
But what of the sand box land?
Where lakes are formed
From sprinkler cans
And tunnels dug by tiny hands
Make pathways to the sea

Hold a conch shell to your ear
Then you will believe.

Charles Ellsworth. Smith
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Gladiolas

When first I stalked the corridors of this world



I cut through a maze of pinking shear moons
Concerned alone with the ups and downs of
things.

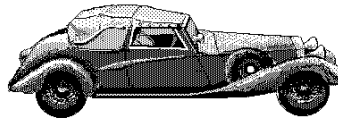
Slipping through encircling vines,
Only time, mine
In infant hand clutchings
Grasped at the fleet dark wind

I could see that world rage fire
The season's pass
And the waxeness of a fresh cut flower.
Too soon, I knew
My perfumed breath must fade,
For shadowing that bleak shade
That heralds seasons end.
Returning then
In malleable magic form
It seemed the norm for me
Was this renewal.
Yet
Could it be
Revival, Resurrection
Bursts through the brazen skies
Undoing deaths bleak cold lie
Unto a life
That is eternal?

UPON FIRST ENTERING OREGON

Seventy miles an hour, the old car humming
Making the run from San Francisco to Portland in ten hours
It's like the time my record collection was stolen from my car and in a fit
of denial, I drove from San Francisco to D.C. in three days, non stop,
picking up a hitchhiker and taking turns at the wheel in frantic effort to
return to safety zone perceived but never realized save in dreams so easily
shattered by impending storm. Insecure youth's attempt to believe that
norm that prevents change despite the unwritten law that

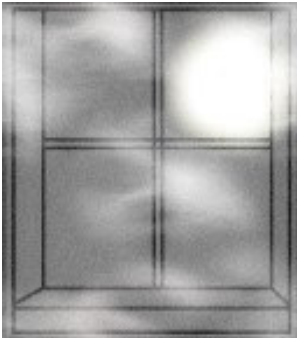
Change
Is
Law
Unwinding.



So there I was,
Barreling towards Portland and
POW my tire blows
Mary waits while I change
And quickly on the road
Ten hours is the goal

Brown is changing to green.
A line is drawn
As season's change re-enters our hearts
While California dream begins to fade
Like tentacles letting loose
And truth again asserts,
Hope is
more than
imagining.

THE SPIDER FINGERED LIGHT



The spider fingered light

Pulsing through the blackened pane

Creating in my brighter world

Illusion of a summer lane;

An alley way, sweet downy breeze

Ambling with an August love,

Stepping on the shadowed leaves

My hands slide into nature's glove,

Feeling into silkened shades

Where summer sun had sought to hide,

Slipping into private dark

Turning outward sight inside.

There, huddled in the dream self's night

Forever spider fingered light.