



When the Tree was Green
Part Four

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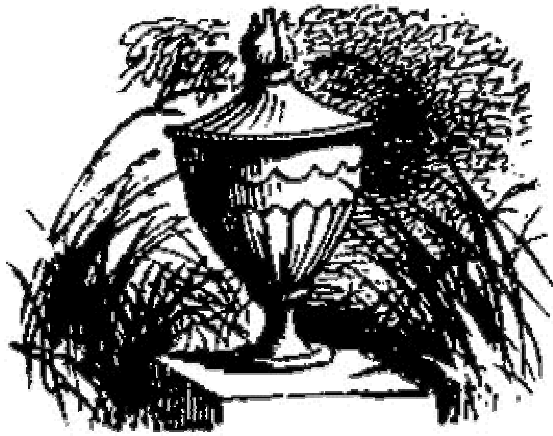
Los Angeles

Words

Death

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NOSTALGIA

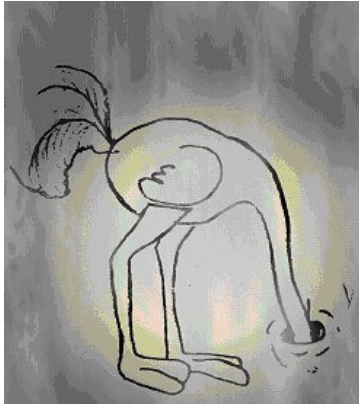


As we barefoot pass the pond
Of our time left loss
Stopping now
In hand locked pause,
Fairy toes squeezing
Breezy soft moss.
As we gaze
In our love lost mirror, longing,
Lightly skipping stones
Over surface leaves,
Sink at last
To old times toss.

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

THE OSTRICH



Have you ever wondered
What the Ostrich sees
When he hides his head
In sand-down waste
As if the better to breathe
He might think, *I am safe*
A tomb is safe, from seeing, being
Squeam goes a worm across his beak
Safe am I from the narrowing sky
a hole's the place for me.

Did you ever taste
What the Ostrich eats
When he grits his beak
In sand-down waste
A strange oasis is this place
He might wonder as he ate.
It could be he covers his head to sleep
It's hard to sleep in this beastly heat
I think I'll cover my head so deep
I will freeze my thoughts
in the cool dry sand.
As if to dream in that beckoning land.

Have you ever felt
What the Ostrich feels
When his tail is singed
And his head's in the soil
There's a thought to make you boil
If you like to burn in desert heat
And the Ostrich does
'Cause year round year
He's making the world a cozier place
It must be safe,
 he will say to his mate
 for soon I will want an Ostrich child.

A cool hole
For torpid thoughts
A strange new Ostrich child.
Can you mimic
Those Ostrich ways
That awkward Ostrich style.

ERASER



On my pencil

Casting a line

Eraser ran away

With the words,

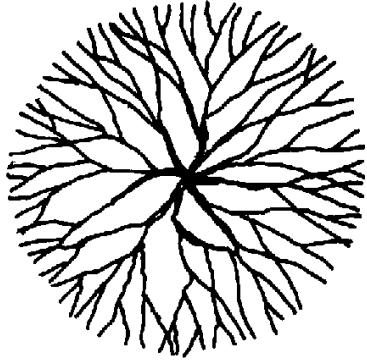
Beige eraser

If you could see

What runs away

With time

THE QUEST



Rustling with antennae sigh
A flutter wing wavers painting sky
Then nectar wine from mind soaked cells
Spins honey combs through pollen wells
In ant like sway a mazy winde
Reducing mountains root bound high
And in the distant rain I hear
An echo bird upon my ear
Bursting puff blown on a wave
Debussy loosed from fettered stave
Casting rose hue over thorn
To the mist
'Neath the film
Of the morning
I am torn.

From camera night my soul was tossed
To print the awesome question why
Sphinxing gyres, spinning still
Inside imaginations will

The eye of mind
Time still the night
The running ring
A bell sound cling
The ping pong pouncing the bouncing of light
On blazing primal panther heights
Burnished in gold
In sperm channel fold
I groped to see
With infant sight

And what of the genie
Awaiting the breaking
Pastel of morn
Silence in a stillness born
He wonders the answer of time
To the mist
'Neath the film
Of the morning
I will climb

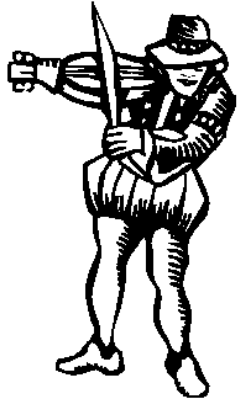
Frog leg veins in fibrous roots
Oozing from the lung fish fall
To the land
Near the winds of beginning
I will crawl.

EVOLUTION



In the voyage of my descending
A once taken step too soon,
In the raging forest's wind struck fury
My bones were sucked to quicksand doom,
Ganglia tearing at the sky
In shifting fog skin breeze,
The netted veins of dinosaurs
Translated into trees,
As lave membranes cooled to bark
On trunks stuck feebly to the soil
There, in somewheres greater dark,
Imagination's coil,
Twisted to the shape of dreams,
A separate sphere from deadly things
Life mind bound in primal slime
Again the quicksand eye of time.

Morning Mug (To E A Poe)



I cannot believe their dark whispering
Wiping glasses, pacing glare
Strutting scared in paranoid street glow
Playing games in hell down there.
I saw him out there moonlight twisting
Turning, glancing, dancing, dug

Searching with that rabbit sense
A fleet foot kill, a morning mug
Off in distant corners humming
Screwing, scheming, switchblades prick
Forgotten ghosts in distant nightmare
Screaming whispers 'gainst the brick
When he looks at fog elusive
Mirage, vision, money, dead
Running back to join the hipsters
Join with them in fog mare dread
I cannot believe them silent walking
Killing, raping, hate, pretend
Shaking hands in hot pants pockets
Shouting, " Dig, around the bend."
Someday that may be their end

Los Angeles



The city reeked

Like on a Sunday

Day gassed night

And baby

They swung there

Exhausting themselves

The precious air.

WORDS



My words lap thirstily for time soaked meaning
As I stand rooted against the streams receding
Swift currents splinter upon a ripple
My words round a curve and are still
Black roots poke into the stream
Periods against the swim of things
Remember the noise wet silence
The tickle toe tot who can not yet
Transgress within a wordy world
What of the metaphor of a kiss ?
Or shadows grinding in predatory mist.
And the peacock's feather
Spewing ribbon smoke sight
Distant laughter in murky night
For a moment then forgot
A water bug squirts in squid stroke stutters
Fritillary flutters in the wind
My words have muddied through a furrowed world,
Sun soaked the ice is thin

Cont.

The riddle sphinx the shadow years
I see an outline or maybe a star
Blowing whirligig in the wind
I see Dragons teeth
In Chinese lanterns
Leering, I nearing the grin
I hear silver whistling on winter wind
And the drift of December words,
Floating above this frantic gale
The violin shout of birds

The paint is crumbling on my palate
Soon my metaphors too will age
Like the Latin word as the years recede
Fading from the ink shaped page

Now we free the western mind
The sexes slowly blend
Our games themselves accentuate
There is no seemly end
Mid our machinations
Let words from silence rise
Into this riddle diddle rhyme
This snake coil question life.



EATH

There are no ends to thoughts

Spiraling crows

Glimpsed for a moonlit instant

Until scared away by ghosts.