

## While The Ghostly Fog Patrols

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## While the Ghostly Fog Patrols



While the ghostly fog patrols  
The regions of the snow  
And the choo-choo train  
Thunders in the mist,  
Ordinary folks  
Wrap up in their cloaks  
And walk like marionettes  
On the ice

Frozen limbs bow  
Then snap to the ground  
Tinsel reflecting  
Streetlights below  
Inside the fire crackles  
As soup smells waft  
Through the air  
And little people  
Press their noses on  
Frozen windows  
Making tiny peepholes  
Periscopes into the Narnian night .

## Babylonian Romance

I/II/04



Babylonian romance  
Dances in the air

Vanity  
Everywhere  
Disappears  
When your  
Weary eyes meet mine

Your hair dyed red  
Sadness etched  
Upon your forehead

Vanity  
Everywhere  
Disappears  
When your  
Weary eyes meet mine

Time to sing  
Time to weep  
Now awake  
Then asleep  
In a dream  
Apart from time  
Your face  
Now young  
Begins to shine

Vanity  
Everywhere  
Disappears when your  
Weary eyes meet mine

# Children Leading Children

11/2/03 - 7/04



Children leading children

Blind leading blind

Take the blinders off

The treasure is inside

I saw the veil come off your eyes

I saw the light break through

I saw the innocence appear

More of Him and less of you

## Do not be Defined by Human Mind



Thoughts that penetrate this veil  
Have themselves a sordid tale  
Been shaped in tainted history  
Were not formed innocently.

Look beyond the distant skies  
For rewards that cannot fail  
For light unbent by human lies  
Leads at last to Holy Grail

## Hot Weather



Last nite

I go to the Chinese market

To get us some milk

I say,

"Nice breeze this evening."

The clerk who speaks little English says,

" I try "

As I come out the door a

Lady looks at the number

On my license plate

She says,

" How do I get to your house?"

I reply,

" It sure is a hot day."



Mirage - in memory of Jeremy

Life is a series of fleeting mirage

Here you are now you're gone

Life is vapor in a child's hand

Disappears cannot understand

The clouds against the backdrop blue

And swiftly change to darkness you

Lift your arm and cannot see

Your hand before your face

Life is a series of fleeting mirage

I'll see you tomorrow but tomorrow is gone

And when today appears again

The telephone voice says no more friend

Yesterday you paused before my eyes

Your squirming son a little shy

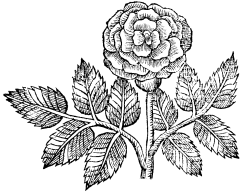
His hopeful grin where has it gone?

As you drive off into mirage

As you fade out into the clouds

And day becomes the night

## Passing



My passing

Should be like leaves

In autumn mist

## Retirement



A smattering of applause

The crossing

The race was won

Time is passing

For a moment

We remember your

Contribution

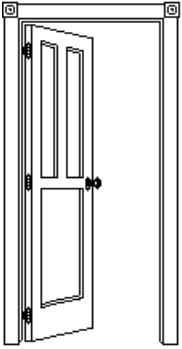
And then

Enjoy

The rich dessert



## Bathroom Door



Could it be

There is something

To wait for

Here

Outside the

Bathroom door?

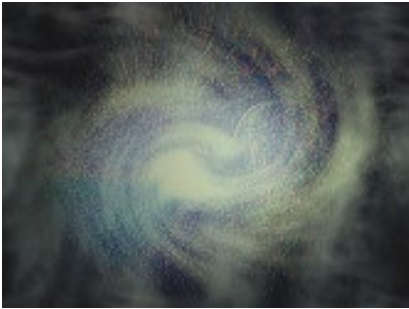
Twenty people pass me

In the hallway

There destination sure

And then you appear.

## PILLARS OF CREATION - Upon Seeing the Eagle Nebula



I dreamed the tides indifference  
To my desire for control  
I saw the clouds afire  
From the golden suns halo  
While in the distance crouching,  
Like a lion hunting game  
I sensed the moon before it rose  
And saw the sun's last flame.  
Now night in all it's mystery puts on a cloak of mist  
The midnight hour begins its knell a silent final kiss  
Then all we know and have believed  
Of earthly life's command  
Will vanish in the candle flame,  
The glass runs out of sand

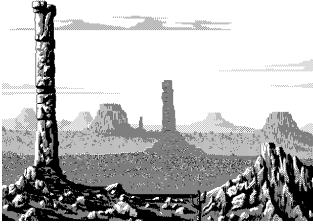
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Like phosphorous pools in moonlit lands  
Splashed like stars by veiled hands  
Like eggs in distant nebulae  
Stars are birthed to sightless eyes  
As these heavens have their curtains drawn  
Now we see the galaxies  
The finest mirrors probe the skies  
Into mythic eternity  
That all we see and hope to know  
Light years away from mind  
Pillars of creation shout within the Eagle Nebula  
The hand that births in endless space beyond the ancient skies  
Tears the fabric of the veil  
And freely gives eternal life.

Charles Ellsworth Smith 6/17/04

## Silence in the Desert



Approaching Flagstaff  
A rainbow in the sky  
Brilliant enduring light  
Storm gods make a wonder

Soon we ascend  
The highway subtly turns  
And snow begins  
Tensely we navigate the  
mountain ice  
To search for  
Howard Johnson's.

Our room a refuge  
At least we're warm  
Dinner at the restaurant  
As the model train,  
Colorado Western  
Blows its whistle over our booth  
And the geezer laughs and says  
"That fooled yuh bub"  
Pounding on our door, a fight outside,  
Giggling women at 3 am

Outa there, to a new motel,  
Drive out to Wapake ruins  
I break my camera  
As obnoxious tourists jump  
around on sacred ground.

Grand Canyon draws  
With magnetic force  
To see what space and time have done  
Descending to Flagstaff  
The Navajo land seems like home  
In jewelry sold from roadside stands  
No one has change for a twenty.

Deer cross the road  
Coyote  
Cactus  
Cantilever  
Open the box says Frank Lloyd Wright  
Use what you have on hand  
Do your best to  
Totally blend  
Into your environment  
As buzzards circle in the distance

At last  
Red Tock Mountains speak  
As hot winds stop  
Our lips refuse to move  
Silence in the desert

St. Bernice - Set to a composition by Paul Lerman



St Bernice walks the meadows

On a sweet Highland morn.

He finds the heather bloomin

And the beauty of the dawn.

When he hears the pipes a blowin

And the strings play on the air

He thanks the Lord for hearing

His humble morning prayer

As He listens to the music

Of the Spirit in his heart

All creation nods agreement

With a life God's set apart

Summer came in little patches

9/13/95



Summer came in little patches this year

On a garment of gray and wet

How good it is to feel

The days of August

Though it be September

Remind me that

My rubber raft is still in the rafters

And my tent is yet to be unpacked

## A Stellar Wind



A stellar wind seethes  
As fangs of winter know  
Wolves in sheep's clothing  
Instructing lambs in hypocrisy.  
I listen as Shelob like  
The Spider lady spins her web around  
Beer laden frogs in couches  
Cheering millionaires who  
Care only for the glory and the gold.  
While souls are bought and sold  
For less than nothing.



## SAILING TO KYRENIA

6/19/04



Cerulean Cyprus  
Like a heart beat in the distance  
As our ship sails on to Kyrenia  
Waves jazz like with brushes  
Attack the snare drum shore  
Like little hillside suns  
Fragrant lemon groves  
Surrounded by the azure sea  
Seem to call to every conqueror  
Thrust from distant harbors  
Aphrodite awaits, Come

Before we reach this golden realm  
Fog envelopes us all  
Soon fades the bright imagined thing  
So that, in a moment, the ages rearrange.  
Emerging from this shroud  
Ancient empires sleep walk through the mist  
Persia, Rome, Venice  
A long list  
Come searching for the imagined kiss,  
Only to reek havoc and depart  
Orthodox voices chant in distant citadels  
Robed in black in summer sun

While Byzantine legions gain a foothold  
Only to be thrust through by Saracens  
King Richard's ships tossed by tempest splinter then land.  
He builds a castle and takes a queen at St. Hilarion  
Yet Jerusalem's mirage beckons  
Blood stained shields proclaiming victory to the wind  
Castles crumbling walls are all that yet remain

Grecian gods cry Enosis, union with the motherland  
While Turkish armies repeat the same proud changes  
Erased by shifting sands.  
As minarets arise  
The English Empire comes steaming into mythic night  
Smokestacks replacing topsails  
In blackened morning light  
The silent stones remind  
Soon another ruler will depart.

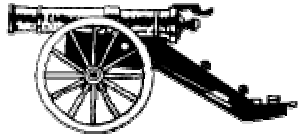
Tombs of bygone Kings shout from a distance  
We are mortal as all the others who came before  
No enlightenment or manipulation of time  
Can gain for us the imagined passage.

We drop anchor, our journey at an end  
Kyrenia harbor in all its simplicity, a symmetry pretends  
I feel like a traveler to Byzantium having just arrived  
When really my imagining belongs to antique times

As we walk now  
On the beach  
Where Venus imagined wish vanished in the roar  
Moonlight in Paphos invades the star lit cove  
And sings of what is and was  
Before the ancient oar  
Stole the distant sea  
And hid its steadfast treasure  
In bright eternity

# STRANGERS TO OURSELVES

An American Ballad



We have become strangers to ourselves  
Here on the moonlit pathway  
As we step to death's marching orders  
Who is this that casts the dark reflection?

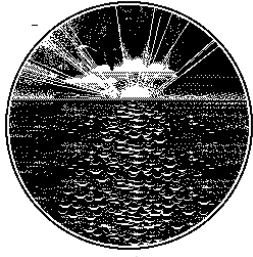
What is it we defend fragmented in the mirror?  
We barely remember heroic tales of what we were  
This shattered countenance no longer whistles a joyful tune  
Or whittles a ship on a summer afternoon  
Or flies a kite in crisp March air.

Now we stand alone on distant shores  
Surrounded with the image of our stars  
As we study our absurd reflection  
With vacant stare  
Our enemies fall before us  
Not comprehending the subtle magic  
Our inventions camouflage

We are no longer there  
Only the image of us remains  
We have become strangers to ourselves  
Here, on the moonlit pathway  
The frail blood stains

6/23/04

## What Casts the Shadow - Upon the death of President Reagan



Once I loved a memory  
It cast a shadow  
Mortality  
Reflections in a faded mirror  
Of what must soon disappear

All the works I have begun  
Are like lattice lines in summer sun  
The earth rotates and spins  
Until noon arrives in brilliant glare  
And shadows have nowhere to hide

What casts the shadow  
Is our mortality  
Which blends into the night,  
While far from sight  
Righteousness gleams  
Like stars in the firmament

7/8/2004

Dan 12:3  
Those who are wise shall shine  
Like the brightness of the firmament,  
And those who turn many to righteousness  
Like the stars forever and ever. NKJV