



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 almos'ts
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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