

The
Sound
of
Thought



THE SOUND OF THOUGHT

By

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TIME

*Time's restless hands are on the move
Each moment of the day,
And every second that we live
They're stealing life away.*

*So make the most of what you have
And live in such a way,
That when they've stolen all you have
There'll be no need to say—*

*Too much of this instead of that,
Too many things undone,
Too many bones of good intent
Lie bleaching in the sun,*

*Too many beauties unadmired,
Too many joys to bring,
Too many notes of discontent
In every song we sing,*

*Too much compassion still in store,
Too many thrills unknown,
Too many pities yet unused
Save on ourselves alone.*

*For when in time the hand that turns
Has ceased to turn for you,
The many things you've left undone
Are things you'll never do.*

MEMORIES

*Into the silent yesteryear
Flow the youthful days of all
Where in the ageless hands of time
They pale on mem'ry's fading wall.*

*For time adds steps to every stair
Life's tired feet have yet to climb
And with the burdens each must bear
We tend to leave our pasts behind.*

*But pleasant things are without weight
And to passing days they bring
The fuel for dimming fires of hope
That light the way to higher things.*

*Our troubled cares we leave behind
Or bury them deep within
To let their colors slowly leach
As though in fact they'd never been.*

*But some are sketched in dyes so fast
They weather all acts of time
And remaining there remind us
Of the need to keep our lives sublime.*

SUBCONSCIOUS

*There's a creature alive within us
Deep in the dungeon of thought,
That shapes with relentless, cunning hands,
The mettle of which we're wrought,*

*And brings us to task for odd pursuits
Which violate the code
That's born of the swirling, bitter dust
Along life's twisted road.*

*It matters not what route we choose
Or how well we chart the way
To avoid the barren, rocky straits
Beyond the peaceful bay,*

*Where on old ocean's bearded wake
In sight of a coveted goal,
There's many a dauntless ship brought short
By this master of our soul.*

*It's an awesome shock to many a man
Whose dreams are thus denied,
To see the worthless, shattered ruins
And feel the smitten pride,*

*That comes from the acts of this silent one
So few ever know exists,
As he swings life's keel to his chosen line
And sets their plans amiss.*

*We think we command with a singular voice
That wells from the conscious zone,
But we fail to regard with deserved respect
This voice from the mind's unknown.*

THE VAULTED BAYS

*My interludes
Of solitude
Compel the mind to stray
In loneliness
To each recess
Of regions far away,*

*Where fleeting forms
Betray the norms,
And seldom mirth displays
The awesome spell
On all who dwell
Within its vaulted hays,*

*For often still
Within the will
Is born the need to know
The fate of all
Who meet the call
That beckons each to go,*

*To search for rest
And happiness
So near the journey's end,
Beyond the strife
Of mortal life,
Beyond the clutch of men,*

*Where in the halls
Of somber walls
There tread with noiseless feet
The teeming mass
Of ages past,
Their mundane tasks complete.*

THOUGHTFULNESS

*We all at times have felt the need
To brighten someone's day,
and setting prudence to the side
Let impulse lead the way.*

*Because we reckon not by worth
But worthiness of deed,
We go our happy way in search
Of that to fill a need,*

*And as we make our final choice,
Of this belated thing
We fail to give sufficient thought
Two problems it may bring;*

*For many think of thoughtfulness
Is tied hidden string
And fitting not the norms they know
Must host some evil thing;*

*Then when we look in retrospect
At smiles they've turned around
We wonder how from thoughtfulness
They form an angry frown.*

*If understanding were a rose
And friendship were its vine
Should not we find the two of them
Together every time?*

*They say the wise let each mistake
Show them a better way
But if my back must face a friend
Then fool I plan to stay.*

SOUL SEARCH

*I had a dream the other night,
A very strange affair,
For all of those that I've disliked
were somehow gathered there.*

*Why do you thus intrude my sleep
I blurted out at last,
Four strange it was for me to see
These faces from the past.*

*And then there stood among the group
A man so tall and fair,
With pleasant face and smiling eyes
And very humble air.*

*He raised a hand above our heads
As silence filled each sound,
And voiced aloud with measured words
This narrative profound:*

*"You've thought us mean, uncouth, and bold
And often called us names.
You've said our faults were never yours
'Twas always us you blamed.
We suffer not your feet of clay
Nor have we else to hide,
In truth the faults lie not with us
But in your selfish pride."*

LIFE

*Life speaks a voice of gladness
To those who treat her well,
And to each day
Along the way
She tends her magic spell.*

*As a mother would for her children,
A simple story tell,
She calls us near,
That we may hear
Of Heaven, death, and hell.*

*She cautions us with kindly words
From wisdom's hook of gold,
That for our sake
We often take
The time to search our soul.*

*Except for God man has no judge;
How seldom this we heed,
And hurl our darts
At faithful hearts
So pure in thought and deed.*

*Why do we thus contrive to he
Those things which we abhor
And oft' decry
Our brother's sty,
White we our own ignore?'*

*While in our search for happiness
Let each man reckon thus:
We are content
To the extent
We let life smite on us.*

THE MIRACLE OF LIGHT

*Deep within this humble heart
Was once a vast domain,
Completely filled with nothingness,
nothingness, and pain.*

*And then one day there came a light
With rays so warm and bright,
It made the black of nothingness
A harmless part of night.*

*And when the pain stood thus alone
To face the searching light,
It faded into nothingness,
The nothingness of night.*

*And thus a heart that's often known
The solitude of night,
Is filled with warmth and cheerfulness,
The cheerfulness of light.*

SONGS OF NATURE

*I went down to the brook one day
To watch it flowing by,
And stayed awhile that I might hear
The red, red robin's cry.*

*As nature tuned her symphony
To play the songs of spring,
I saw a baby sparrow
Beneath its mother's wing.*

*And then the lonely whippoorwill
And a timid little dove,
Joined voices with the whispering wind
To sing the songs we love.*

DON'T TOUCH

*I've read the sign upon your back
That says "Please Do Not Touch,"
But then I guess
I must confess,
It hasn't changed me much.*

*In fact I'm glad you have it there
To keep the wolves away,
Then when I find
You're on my mind,
I'll know that you can stay.*

*And if a tear should cloud your eye
I'll dry it with a smile
And touch your lips
with fingertips
That linger for awhile.*

*Then in the azure of your eyes
I'll watch the twinkles play
And in a while
There'll be a smile,
To shame my cares away.*

*My nights will hold a place for you
That none will ever know,
And every day
I'll hear you say,
The things that thrill me so.*

*For me, you see, a little sign
Could never change a scheme;
To have your charms
And loving arms,
I only need to dream.*

NIGHT'S STILLEST HOUR

*When night has brought its stillest hour
To numb the mind with sleep,
The stilted voice of wakefulness
Denies the rest I seek.*

*And as the world about me lies
In deep nocturnal bliss,
I hear the call from yonder side
Of life's unlikeliness.*

*Into this land of lassitude
Where wishing makes it so,
I take the seed of each desire
My days have come to know.*

*I taste the lips of loveliness,
I hear a whispered smile,
And hold the hands I dare not touch
Except. across these miles.*

*I sense the softness of the form,
'Til now from me withheld,
And thank the fates for having put
An angel in my hell.*

*I hear the voice that brings me joy,
I see the soul laid bare,
And pride that only I'm allowed
To see the beauty there.*

*Then from these eyes which worlds have passed
There falls a tiny tear,
In mem'ry of the lonely years
I've failed to find you here.*

*Like all of us who pass this way,
I, too, the dust must share,
But on my lips will be the kiss
An angel left me there.*

VAIN PRIDE

*Mighty mistress, so demanding,
You who will not be denied,
Parent of our grief and torture,
How we loathe you, vaunted pride.*

*You who guard a sickened ego
As you tend the insecure,
Setting man against his neighbor,
You who feign a magic cure,
False you are and ever shall be,
Peace cannot be had your way,
Quit us now, be gone forever,
Let us each our friends dismay,
As we rise above your evil,
Facing all who come our way,
In the knowledge that we're human,
And at times are forced to say,*

*Man alone is never perfect,
Much despite his need to be,
And as image of his brother,
Must he need be unlike he?*

*Can we not be as we are,
In a way that all may know,
Where we've been with every error,
Other men have yet to go.*

THE EDGE OF SLEEP

*On edge of sleep at night I seek
The meaning of each day,
In netherlands of consciousness
Where agile voices, say-*

*What have I done? What shall I do?
Why have I come this way?
What would I find if I were there?
Would I be asked to stay?*

*To fill a need would be indeed
A thing of beauty rare,
To have you near, to see you smile,
To know your every care,*

*To hear each thought the day has brought,
To see at once again,
Beneath the shell we each erect
That hides the gem within,*

*No lustful thought or vaunted pride
With false and hollow ring,
No tarnished rules or tattered codes
Or other worthless thing,*

*To mar the spell or spirit quell,
To hamper or to bind,
But free to take and free to give
And lasting mem'ries find.*

*No charted way must we obey,
No twisted route to go,
No selfish thought or false pretense
Or shamefulnes to know,*

*So drop the veil, that truth assails,
Make known your every thought,
Speak out you heart that I may know
Whatever fate hath wrought-*

*Make hare the flesh, remove the blind,
Cast off the last deceit;
Be proud if ever you can find
The naked soul replete.*

*Can time confute the absolute,
Or change the inner man,
To bring content for days ill spent,
Or halt the meager span?*

*Must we deny, and falsify,
The mettle of which we're cast,
That drives us on with eternal force
To waiting arms at last;*

*To quench the fire of our desire
And tumultuous demons still,
To find the peace that comes at last
When nature's cup is filled?*

*When life is done, the battle's won,
Will you be forced to say,
"I had the chance, I passed it by,
My needs I failed to weigh?"*

*Or when at last the years are past
And darkened voices call,
When grayness fills each hour of day
And shadows slowly fall,*

*Will you stand tall, to face them alt,
Hold high life's cup and cry,
To let them know before you go,
That you have drunk it dry?*

A RARE FLOWER

*Among the barren fields of man
There stands in solemn grace
A flower born to be admired
Ere others take its glaze.*

*With head held high on stems of pride
And roots in life's own sod,
With petals hued in tints of dawn,
Each by the hand of God,*

*A work of art by any rule,
Thus man is oft consumed
By what he feels when he is near
This ever lovely bloom.*

*Oh foot I be if I allow
This bloom to blush with time,
And hang its head as all things must,
Before I make it mine,*

*For life is but a grain of sand
Upon the beach of time,
And joy provides the magic ray
With which to make it shine.*

LOVE UNGRATIFIED

*Within emotion's swirling depths,
Where reason's hands are tied,
Are couched the embers and the pain
Of love ungratified.*

*And when to passion's health we bring
The fuels that love inspire,
The embers from their depths arouse
An all consuming fire*

*A gnawing failed by every stroke
The greats of art have tried,
When filling canvas with a life
Where love has been denied*

*And when with walls of make-believe
We try to stem the tide,
That grips the groin and tears the heart
With love unsatisfied,*

*We learn the price we pay to live
Within a senseless norm,
Where rules negate at every turn,
Emotions overt form,*

*For life that's lived in lovelessness,
Despite what all may say,
Will show beneath the light of truth,
As life that's thrown away.*

TO A FRIEND

*If I were granted what I wish
I'd ask for ways to show
The happiness that lies beyond
The living hell you know.*

*I'd show the rainbows meant for you
The clouds of grief now hide,
That wait to shine when in your life
The clouds are pushed aside.*

*I'd show a tyke ten annums tall
With eyes of heaven's blue,
For whom a mother's gentle touch
Can come from only you.*

*I'd have you hear her frightened voice
And see her trembling hand,
If she were left to walk alone
This unforgiving land.*

*I'd let you see inside her heart
The love that wells for you
That's often hidden by the things
A child is prone to do.*

*I'd find a way to cast despair
Into the milling throng,
And fill your troubled emptiness
With laughter, smiles, and song.*

*I'd polish every coming day
To brighten it a bit,
And then I'd steal your troubled thoughts
And rob your need to sit.*

*And from lethargic buds of life
I'd grow a mighty tree;
A tribute to your worthiness,
For all the world to see.*

TEMPER

*We seldom know the harm we do,
Nor can we seem to see
The awful price we each must pay
For temper's luxury.*

*Some think it comes with them at birth
'Cause nature put it there,
Still others claim that we should blame
The color of their hair.*

*It's not good taste to blame on God
What He did not intend,
Nor should we fire old nature's ire
About her color trend.*

*The truth lies not in God or fate,
Or poor old nature's plan,
For it's with anger we protect
The ego of the man.*

*If deep inside we know we're not,
What words have seemed to say,
We'd reason more and anger less
With friends along the way.*

*But most of us are so involved
With what our brothers see,
With angry words we polish pride
Far more than it need be.*

*By this we hope to keep our place
Among the common herd,
But fail to see we alienate
With every angry word.*

*And so we put ourselves beyond
The things we have in mind,
For everyone soon comes to shun
A human porcupine.*

LIFE'S CUP

*Some go their way
From day to day,
Life's cup at finger tips,
But choose to hide
Their thirst in pride
And never wet their lips.*

*Still others make
A grave mistake
In much a different way;
They drink their cup
With bottoms up
Till life is drained away.*

*Somewhere between
These two extremes
A netherland must lie
Where one can sup
Life's precious cup
And still not drink it dry.*

*So when you feel
The need is real
Be not afraid to try;
Just wet your lips
With guarded sips
For life is passing by.*

*Attend your needs
With equal deeds,
Coming not in sorrow,
To find at last
Each day now past
Was once a bright tomorrow.*

*Hold high your cup
And have a sup,
You'll come this way no more,
And you may find
A peace of mind
You've never known before.*

MEMORY'S EDGE

*A haunting voice from mem'ry's edge
Disquiets my troubled ear
With vibrant tones from yesterdays
That I once held so dear,*

*And as I listen to the past
Recalled by lips from then,
I sense the stirring of a beast
So long asleep within,*

*But hindsight's vision never blurs
When called upon to test
The truth that hides in each event
The past has laid to rest,*

*For unlike beauty, truth is not
That which to eye it brings,
And unlike guile's mendacity
Truth has no hollow ring,*

*And thus it is when life has left
The die that gives it shape
It bears a permanence of form
From which there's no escape.*

*So with the many 'could have beens'
Still loud upon my ear,
I wait for time's unfaillingness
To dim the voice I hear,*

*For with the restlessness of tides
Time tumbles on and on
To fill the vast eternities
That form the great unknown.*

MA FILLE

*Come close to me my little one,
Hold high your head and smile.
Forget the tears
And empty years,
If only for a while.*

*These gentle hands could never harm
The tender heart they hold,
Nor could they press
A false caress
Against your locks of gold.*

*Your dimpled cheeks, your ready smile,
And eyes of azure blue,
Expressive lips
And finger tips—
That's how I'll think of you.*

*A curl of hair, a twinkling eye,
And even now it seems,
You'll always be
Each day with me
If only in my dreams.*

*I cry aloud that all may hear,
Although we're now apart,
Somehow you'll know
I love you so—
Just listen with your heart.*

THE AIMLESS

*Endlessly plodding with purpose naught
Down the pathways of life's brief span
In search of that which will matter not,
In dire need of a master plan*

*Many are drifting on life's wild sea
At the mercy of angry storms
Wheels untended and compass astray
With their sails unmended and worn.*

*Battered about by the winds of fate
As swirling and twisting, they blow,
Driving their prey within easy reach
Of the perilous reefs below.*

*Seldom we heed the purpose of man
Or the realm of which he's a part,
Or the good that lies so proud beneath
The shell that guards an angry heart.*

*With narcissistic pride we oft descend
To the dark of our own small sty,
And with clouded eyes refuse to see
And deafened ears the truth deny.*

*Sad is the plight of misguided man
Who seeks the impossible goal
Of being part of the common herd
While aloof, remorseful, and cold.*

*In him who holds this enduring truth
Abides a mystic dignity
That reflects an inner peace profound
For great are those who humble be.*

SOMEONE IN MIND

*I know someday you're sure to find
I'm wandering through your mind,
So hasten not to bid me go,
I've come for but a time.*

*And if you give it just a thought
You're sure to realize
That no one else can see me there
Behind your laughing eyes.*

*So quell the fear that what you do
Is known by others, too,
For everything I've come to know
Is known alone by you.*

*So when you search for sleep at night
Be not dismayed to find,
That while engaged in pleasant thought
I've crept into your mind.*

*'Cause when I find the door ajar
That leads into your thoughts,
There's every chance I'll walk right in
To see what they have brought.*

*You know not why I come your way,
'Tis not for you to care,
But you will find I cannot stay
Unless I'm welcome there.*

THE WHAT'S-IT

*I've got a little what's-it
I'm saving gust for you,
But when I think about it
I guess you've got one, too.*

*This poses such a problem
I'm not sure what to do,
'Cause you won't need my what's-it
If you have got one, too.*

*So I guess I'll look around
In hopes that I can find
Someone that has a what's-it
That's not the same as mine.*

*But when I mull it over
I'm sure I have a clue
Of why my little what's-it
Would maybe interest you.*

*Although you've got a what's-it
That must be very fine,
I'm pretty sure your what's-it
Is not the same as mine,*

*And if there is a difference,
Then things will work out fine,
You let me have your what's-it
And I'll let you have mine.*

SO GROWS THE ROSE

*One day along my lonely way
I came upon a Rose,
That summed at once the loveliness
Of everything that grows;*

*And all around the world was bright
And filled with rare perfumes
For who could else but envy me
This all consuming bloom.*

*So there with pride I took my fill
Of this enamored thing
As though some fate intended me
The pleasures it would bring.*

*But what falls soft upon the ear
And pleases sight so much
Can prove a different thing indeed
For those who dare to touch.*

*Beneath its ever seeming charm
Where pleasure's dreams are born
I learned at once to my dismay
Each Rose must have a thorn.*

*So wiser now and lonely more
My smiles are more in vain
For having learned that beauty blooms
Upon a thorn of pain.*

MOUNTAINS TO CLIMB

*If our lives seem lacking direction
And we've far less axes to grind,
And the rungs of the ladder above us
Seem more than we're willing to climb,*

*If you think that we're shy of ambition
Or age has unsteadied our hand,
'Cause we measure the worth of mundane things
By value beyond your command,*

*Waste not of your pity on likes of us
'Tis on you whom it should be spread,
For while you're struggling up mountain peaks
We view your toils from far ahead,*

*'Cause we've climbed every, mountain before us
And swum every ocean in sight.
We've matched the challenge of life's every day
And conquered the shadows of night.*

*So if whetting toils on the dreams of youth
By the best of the rules you know,
Remember while judging the likes of us –
We've long since been where you must go.*

BRINGING UP THE REAR

*Long handles with flaps were much in style
When Rose was a budding young lass
But buttons were scarce and hers had none
To hold the flap over her past.*

*'Twas in such a state of disarray
That the sound of a chicken's scream
Set Rose and gun on a dead-heat run
To check out her omelet machine.*

*At the chicken house she drew a bead
On a weasel with food in mind
When Rover, the dog that followed her
Came up to our Rose from behind.*

*Now Rover was such a playful dog
And so loved his bare-bottomed Rose
That he cocked his head and smiled out loud
As he gave her his best cold nose.*

*She let out a yell and fired the gun
In a sweeping motion of fright
That gave the whole roost a buckshot bath
And killed every chicken in sight.*

*And 'til this good day our Ramblin' Rose
Is the shyest flower that grows
And makes tracks fast whenever her past
Is approached by a cold, cold nose.*

POPPER-SNAPPERS

*They say her popper-snappers
Beat all you've ever seen,
And that's sayin' quite a mouthful
If you know what I mean!*

*That's why it blinked my tilt light
When she said I could play
With both her popper-snappers
Just any time of day.*

*So now my nights are wakeful
And filled with lovely sounds
Of charming poppers snapping
And other messin'-round.*

*'Cause both my eyes glaze over
My seams all come unglued
And both my livers quiver
When snappers are pursued.*

*Things like these will warp your gourd
And melt your bubble gum
Blow rings of smoke from both your ears
And make your gizzards numb.*

*But now I'm sad and wiser
And smart enough to see
How both her popper-snappers
So fascinated me –*

*'Cause those confused the quickest
Are sheltered country boys
Who find that popper-snappers
Are children's jumping toys.*

THE TWAIN

*Is it not wise to realize
That Time would have you see,
The trust you place is ever safe
Why waste your pride on me?*

*When social grace demands a face
Unlike the one you've known,
Your flawless guise for others' eyes
Must not become your own.*

*I know full well what beauty dwells
Beneath the veil you wear,
And ponder why your searching eye
Has failed its presence there.*

*Defend with pride that which you hide
It merits far more care,
And if it win a steadfast friend,
Discard the mask you wear;*

*For if indeed, despite the need,
You fail to keep apart,
That which is shown and that unknown,
Small joy will warm your heart.*

*When we would be what others see,
Instead of what we are,
The price we pay will far outweigh
All other gains by far.*

*Just keep in mind that what they find
Fulfills mores decree,
And know that when you face this friend,
Your pride will waste on me!*

ONE FRIEND AMONG THE FEW

*Someday when life's a tangled web
Seemed bent to have your all,
And those who make your present world
Are most beyond recall,*

*You need not fear that I'll forget
What came my way with you,
For in my world you'll still remain
One friend among the few.*

*Though many worlds may pass my eyes
And others touch my heart,
The fondest thoughts will go with you,
The lesser ones depart;*

*For time that dims the brightest things
Must fail each trial anew,
That takes from me your memory
One friend among the few.*

*Through what remains of life for me
You'll always share some part,
Secure and all alone within
Your corner of my heart.*

*Foreknowing this go you in peace,
And when life's trials accrue,
You'll never have beyond your call
One friend among the few.*

HONEY BEE

*For every flower put on earth
They made at least one bee
To taste the nectar of its bloom
As everyone can see.*

*It doesn't matter that the bloom
Has interest in the bee,
The bee has interest in the bloom
And that's how they made me.*

*It's very true I have no wings,
Or none that you can see,
But every time I see your bloom
I know that I'm a bee.*

*So if your honey door's afar
And I'm a-buzzing 'round,
You'll know that I have come to taste
The honey I have found.*

*So if you'd keep your honey safe
From this old honey bee,
You'd better lock the door tonight
And throw away the key.*

*But even if you lock the door
There 's one thing you should know,
They gave a key to every bee
To fit the honey door.*

*So if you'd like your honey safe
And circumvent this thing,
You'd better sack the stuff away
And pull the pucker string.*

AN AWKWARD MOMENT

*Somehow I thought it would be fun
To blew my little brain,
With a jingle on a subject
That someone else had named.*

*I'd read these books about the girls
That said they 're pretty smarts
And thought that I should search one out
To help me get a starts*

*So when I saw the flowing hair
It brought me to a stop;
I knew it had to be 'la femme'
'Cause hippies have no tops.*

*I asked if she could somehow spare
A minute of her time,
To help me with this little thing
That I had on my mind.*

*Although I don't know why she should,
She looked with great surprise,
For a glimmer of the meaning
Behind my beady eyes.*

*The shock that filtered through her smile
Soon made it plain to see,
A question of morality
Was being blamed on me.*

*"You know I never touch such things,
Besides I'm not. a crook,
And with this sheltered life of mine
I'd not know where to look,*

*So if you'll only think awhile
I'm sure you'll help me out.
I'm searching not for what you think
Just what to write about."*

HEAVEN'S GIFT

*There once was a garden in Heaven
Where the touch of a master hand
Had fashioned a flower more lovely
Than ever imagined by man.*

*Its petals were tinted with pigments
From the hues of an arctic dawn
Distilled with the smite of an angel
And the tones of a sparrow's song.*

*A bloom with the fragrance of springtime
And a texture that shamed the clouds
With the truth of unborrowed beauty
Beneath an ethereal shroud.*

*Like the fire of a dancing diamond
When the rays of a bright moon's light
Entwined in her garland of stardust
She lighted the heavens at night.*

*So they named her the Goddess of Moon,
And then by a special decree
They endowed her with endless rapport
For the hearts of mortals like me.*

*In Heaven her fame was a legend,
And many an angel had sighed
At the sight of her endless beauty.
Aye, many an angel had cried,*

*Then once when the heavens were cloudless
An angel looked over the moon
And noticed the earth there below her
Where seeds of despair were in bloom.*

*Now the earth was so disenchanting
Its carpet so faded and bland,
She vowed she bring it a beauty
With the wave of her dainty hand.*

*So she went alone to the garden
Where then with a flick of her hand
She loosened the shackles of thunder
As a tuba for Heaven's band.*

*From hammered gold of a setting sun
And silver from many a cloud
She fashioned a carriage resplendent
For the journey that she'd avowed.*

*And when she'd placed the goddess inside
And turned heaven's candles up bright
They flashed down to earth from heaven's gate
On ribbon of silver light.*

*Then looking down at the lovely bloom
And touching a wand to her head
She drew upon wisdom's boundless store
But a moment before she said-*

*"Henceforth you will go as a woman
Down the pathways where none have been
And the charm of your endless beauty
Will enrapture the hearts of men~*

*So fear not the warp or woof of man
For it's part of a master plan
That gives them a yearning deep inside
For the touch of a woman's hand."*

*So the goddess now walks among us
And the beauty that's hers alone
Has enhanced the earth with a splendor
That's befitting an angel's home.*

THE WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE

*When I was a lad and stilt in my teens
I knew there was nothing as good as ice cream,
Then one happy day I tilted my poise
While learning that girls are not made like hoys.*

*At first I was shocked and filled with surprise,
I blushed and I stammered and tried to disguise
That I had more fun than a child with his toys
While learning that girls are not made like hoys.*

*I soon learned so much I won as a prize
A charming young mate with baby blue eyes,
And we've filled the house with, children and noise
While learning that girls are not made like boys.*

*With each passing year I've sharpened my sights
By giving up ice cream most every night 3
And each time I did I murmured with joy
While learning that girls are not made like boys.*

*I'm sure that someday I'll crave more ice cream
When life's turned me out to pastures of green,
But I'll not forget how much I enjoyed
While learning that girls are not made like boys.*

*Now I have a son who's well in his teens
Who may well have lost his taste for ice cream,
'Cause just like his dad, the thing he enjoys
Is learning that girls are not made like boys.*

REMORSE

*If I have loved and loved not well
May Heaven hear this vow:
I gave the only heart I had,
She has it with her now.*

*I gave to her my only life,
Thus have I lived in vain,
For all that I have had to give
Has only brought me pain.*

*For one to love is not enough,
Both hearts must feel the same;
For one to give is not enough,
And only leads to shame.*

*When we joined hands across the miles
So many years ago,
I found a peace down deep inside,
I thought I'd never know.*

*How foolish is the mind of man
When love he fails to show;
How sad for him the day that he
Must sit and watch her go.*

*What was a man is now a shell
With hope and faith all gone;
What was a life is now a hell,
With nights so black and long.*

*I bow my head in humble prayer
And ask that she may see,
As I was meant for her alone,
So she was meant for me.*

REVERIES

*I feel your touch and linger much
With dreams of things to be,
Then hold you near and whisper dear,
How much you mean to me.*

*May Heaven bless with tenderness
The place I hold for you,
And let you see with unveiled eye
The route I must pursue.*

*Each day abounds with thoughts profound
As memories linger near;
Each night I rest against your breast,
Your fleeting voice I hear.*

*The time is near, our deed is clear,
Why must we linger on?
Why must we wait another day
Until the spell is gone?*

*To be again as we were then,
To feel the same once more,
To have and hold with tenderness,
To know you as before,*

*How can I go until I know
What joy I may have missed?
Why must we say, some other day,
We'll seal it with a kiss?*

*So tell me dear while we are near,
What will your answer be?
Will you forego all tenderness
Till you have gone from me?*

A FRIEND

*It's true there is no Santa Claus,
In fact there's never been,
But you will find,
When in a bind,
There's nothing like a friend.*

*A friend is one who cares for you
Each step along the way,
And weighs his deeds
Against your needs,
Despite what you may say.*

*A friend will know your guarded thoughts,
He'll sense your every care;
He'll see inside
The things you hide
Lest others see them there.*

*So when by chance you find a friend,
Be thankful for the day,
And guard with care
The feelings there—
Too few will come your way.*

IN YOUR HANDS

*If all the that I have known,
Down life's uncertain way,
Were somehow turned to gleaming gold,
You'd be a brighter ray.*

*Your loving arms and tender lips,
Your heart of purest gold,
Your ready smile and charming way,
Are pleasures yet untold.*

*You bring a meaning to each day
That long has been denied,
And with a warmth and gentleness
You soothe a wounded pride.*

*To Heaven's gate I raise this plea,
That something in your soul
Will make you tend with due regard
The life your hands now hold.*

JUNGLE NIGHT

*Eerie shadows steal about us,
Night is falling everywhere,
Elves of darkness take their places
As they gather 'round to stare.*

*Howls and shrieks will break the silence,
Phantom wings will beat the sky,
Beady eyes will watch each other
As the day begins to die.*

*Little ones will wait in silence,
As their elders stalk around,
Preying, one upon the other
In their darkened hunting ground.*

*Then with dawning of the morrow
Birds will voice in song again
So many happy little tunes,
Few will know where death has been.*

DAWN

*When dawn's great hand has clutched the sky
And torn the night away,
The proudest star must hide in shame
Before the orb of day,
And all the creatures there below
Will soon their torpor stay,
For in its womb of gleaming gold,
Dawn brings an infant day.*

*And those with mountains yet to climb
And earthly seeds unsown,
Will meet the cadence of the task
Life holds for them alone,
But those whom time is passing by,
Whose seeds were long since sown,
Will flinch not from their final need
To meet the great unknown.*

*So dawn brings each a different thing—
In part man shapes his own—
For if the world breaks step with him,
'Twas he who walked alone;
And he who comes to reckon thus,
The truth must surely know:
If yesterday, he knew today,
Would be a bright tomorrow.*

THE EARTH BELOW

*Green are the valleys that divide the hills
'And nurse the streams that flew
Like endless threads of silver white
In the fabric of earth below.*

*A canvas of colors by a master hand
With beauty of endless profusion;
Beyond the descriptive powers of man,
This challenge of nature's allusion.*

*And above it all a bowl of blue
Held high by an unseen hand,
Flecked with the bright of diamond dust,
A noble shield for our beloved land.*

LIFE'S PICTURES

*To each is given a fragment of time,
A palette, a brush, and a will,
And upon the canvas of life we paint
Our days with immeasurable skill.*

*Each stroke of the brush is a deed now done,
A deed we can never erase;
Each color we choose is a fadeless one,
Remaining forever in place.*

*No one can question the pigments we use
As tines from our brushes surge,
But our mettle will show to our fellowman
As forms from the shadows emerge.*

*So give to each stroke the best that you have,
Choose all of your pigments with care,
And you'll not be ashamed for others to see
All the scenes you have painted there.*

SPRING

*Today I heard a robin cry
That spring is on its way,
To bathe the meadows browned by snow,
With sunshine every day.*

*Soon the gentle winds that blow
Will paint all nature" green,
And have the flowers lift their heads
To face a world unseen.*

*Bees will fly and lovers sigh
As songbirds fill the air,
And Cupid's darts wilt capture hearts,
When spring is everywhere.*

*'Tis nature's time to leave her bed
Where long she's been at rest,
And clothe herself in bright array
To look her very best.*

*So when you hear a robin's cry,
Be first to turn an ear-
The cold, cold winter's gone at last,
Another spring is here.*

TOURBILLION

*Sometimes I sit and wonder why
They call me 'Tourbillion.'
It isn't me that's whirling by,
It's just the world I'm on,*

*And if the fates that turn it 'round,
Could in their wisdom see,
How much my life is upside down,
They'd stop it just for me.*

*So if by chance it ever slows
Its crazy whirling pace,
I may get off 'cause Heaven knows
I hate this dizzy race.*

*But if they slow it down for me
I still may not survive,
'Cause there's no way that I can see,
To leave this world alive.*

WHO COULD?

*If I could I would,
If you could I would,
If you could I could,
If you would I would,
If you could but wouldn't
I would but couldn't,
If you would but couldn't
I could but wouldn't,
If we should and could, we would,
If we should and couldn't, we wouldn't,
If we should and would hut couldn't,
Or could and would but shouldn't,
I'm sure we wouldn't. – Would we?
My Julie! What a mess!*

EACH A DIFFERENT THING

*When day has faded Into night
And birds have stilled their song,
I feel anew
The need for you
That I have known so long.*

*I long to hear the choir of life
That sings when you are near,
And know the tears
Of angry years
Are soon to disappear-*

*To learn the angel's song I hear
Is but your muted sigh,
And see the star
That from afar
Still twinkles in your eye-*

*To hear your soft familiar voice,
To feel your gentle touch,
To see you smile
If but awhile
Would mean so very much.*

*How can I thus be so content?
What will tomorrow bring?
It like today
Must fly away
On time's untiring wing.*

*For when the daylight floods the dark
And birds begin to sing,
Will what I have
And what I had
Be each a different thing.*

IN SEARCH OF A MEMORY

*While walking down the back roads
Through the mem'ries of my mind
I chanced upon a picture
That had long been lost in time.*

*A scene of great elation
Where the mystic hand of love
Had held the quill that drew it
With the stardust from above.*

*And as I looked it over
Through the dimness of the past,
I realized the colors
Were of pigments strong and fast.*

*And then I looked beside me
At a scene from yesterday,
And felt a pang of sorrow
As I watched it fade away.*

*So now I search about me
In the hope I'll find a quilt,
And an ink of every color
For the canvas I must fill.*

*Yes I have the urge to draw,
With a stroke that's light and free,
A scene to last forever
On a page of memory.*

TRUTH

*How oft ' we look behind a smile
And fail in fact to see
The guarded thoughts that lie beneath
Their veil of dignity.*

*How oft' we crave a simple touch
And in it fail to find,
The urge that made us want it there
Was hidden in our mind.*

*How oft ' we push our needs aside
Before they go too far
Toward showing us that we are not
What we would think we are.*

*Wherever credence shows the way,
With but a fleeting glow,
We find that truth is seldom near
The things that we let show.*

*Is this because we've fooled ourselves
And really never known
Until unguarded moments when
Our inner thoughts have shown?*

*Then when in time we meditate
About these unlocked doors,
Must we abscond to habitate
The shackles of our mores?*

I COME YOUR WAY NO MORE

*You've asked my name and what I want
And why I've come your way,
So I'll be brief and to the point
In what I have to say.*

*Friend is the name I'm mostly called
By those who've come to know,
That friend's the name of every seed
I've ever tried to sow.*

*My needs are nil, my wants are less,
And all my schemes today
Lie in the mind of those who doubt,
When kindness leads the way.*

*So when as friend I come your way,
In failure as before,
It is in sadness that I turn
To come your way no more.*

FROWNING

*I hope you soon get better
And wear your other face,
'Cause that one you're a-wearing
Is clouding up the place.*

*Of all the things around us
That we need less than more,
It's less of what you're wearing
And more of what you wore.*

*So wear the one that's pleasant
The way you always do,
Then when you see a mirror
Someone will smile at you.*

REFLECTION

*I saw the darkness flee the dawn,
The sunshine kiss the dew,
And while the night gave birth to day
I gave a thought to you.*

*I thought of how the gentle rain
That permeates the sky,
Must be the tears of loneliness
Your sister angels cry;
For if the goodness in your heart
Were somehow turned to gold,
No kingdom's wealth could ever match
The treasures you would hold.*

*I thought of all the lonely ones
Who's lives are more worth while
Because their troubled hearts have known
The sunshine of your smile.*

*So here at dawn of infant day
While all is still but thought,
A conscience tests a worthiness
For that which life has brought;
But then the hands that turn the world
Have shaped us for the task
Of bringing to each day we face
Whatever it may ask;*

*So though I be a bush of thorn
On which a beauty grows
I'll stand with pride while arbor-like
I hold aloft the rose.*

DREAMER

*From smiling lips there came a sigh
That echoed through my mind;
From gentle hands there came a touch
That stayed the march of time,*

*And from your lovely blue touched eyes
There came a warming tight
To shame the beauty of a star
In heaven's cloudless night;*

*And then there came a flowing breeze
That mingled with your hair
To brush aside the dust of stars
That nature left you there.*

*What angel's wings have brought you here³
I thought in mute surprise
As I pondered how a halo
Could be so well disguised.*

*How warm it made this aching heart,
If only for awhile,
To know the peace of those who feel
The sunshine of your smile;*

*But when I saw you disappear
Into the coming tight,
It saddened me to realize
I'd dreamed most all the night.*

THE WRONG WRONG

*When one has all that fate allows
But walks alone each day,
Are we not wrong when judge we must,
His troubled, wanton way?*

*Who knows what smile and gentleness
Has reached across his day,
To touch his life with tenderness
And push the clouds away?*

*Who knows what hand unseen by us
Has dried away his tears,
And coaxed a pleasing melody
From strings untuned by years?*

*Someday we, too, may live a life
Devoid of all that's dear,
Someday we, too, may crave someone
And want to have them near.*

*So when if ever there's a time
A wrong you must pursue,
I wonder if the wrongs he did
Will be so wrong for you?*

REMEMBERING

*Someday when you are all alone
With nothing much to do,
A thought or two may wander back
To pleasures you once knew.*

*While musing thus in quiet repose
lover lips again may part
To taste anew those seldom words
A willingness can start.*

*Then you may want a loving arm,
Or with a muted sigh,
Recall again the eagerness
In some unhaltered eye.*

*For scenes we couch in memory
From each subconscious quest
Can feign with awkward gentleness
A babe upon the breast.*

*But should the mind turn in rebuke
Its character will knell,
Forsaking else to firmly state,
"I know you not that well."*

*But retrospect is quick to teach,
Each trust that's been well placed
Is worth a myriad of doubts
And all their saving grace.*

*" 'Twas but an impulse," some would say,
By which to surely show
An ignorance of hidden need
They each would loathe to know.*

*When you pursue your memories
Be mindful' from the start,
We oft' erect a bold facade
To hide a wanting heart.*

LEARNING

*I've heard the cry of a still small voice,
And I've felt the hands of fate,
And conquered the fears
Of passing years,
But I've teamed so much too late.*

*I've known the joys of a woman's love,
And I've felt her thorns of hate;
I've pondered the themes
Of selfish dreams,
But I've learned so much too late.*

*I've tried the fruit of life's twisting road
To the foot of hell's own gate,
And burned with the fires
Of my desires,
But I've teamed so much too late.*

*Now in the hands of fate's lady fair
I'm tortured that I must wait,
'Till her smites my way
Are but to say,
What I've teamed is not too late.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

At age 14, the *author decided* to become a watchmaker and hitchhiked to Memphis each Saturday during school years to visit watchmakers there and to learn from them.

On graduation from high school, he worked in a 10-man shop repairing watches for Sears. He volunteered for the Air Corp at age 20 and served in the Pacific area. There General MacArthur awarded him a Legion of Merit for his aircraft instrument work.

Following a degree in mechanical engineering, he worked for 35 years at the Oak Ridge, TN Atomic Energy Plants.

Retired for the past 26 years, he has designed and built skeleton clocks and written books so others could build them. To date, he has published 15 books and five 2-hour clockmaking workshop DVDs.

Mr. Smith is a ham radio operator, W4PAL, has owned two airplanes a number of motorcycles, spent many years repairing CB equipment, has written songs, has been taught Medical Hypnosis published 5 books of poetry, holds 5 gold medals for handmade clocks in international competition, has taught others both watchmaking and clockmaking. See his Web site at www.wrsmithclocks.com. He has designed and built what is likely the world's smallest telegraph speed key and the world's smallest telegraph straight key as well as a number of other unusual speed keys.

He and his wife live in Powell, TN, a small town that sits on the north city limit of Knoxville, TN. During the year of his 90th birthday, Mr. Smith completed his sixth book of poetry and started his 16th book.

