

*WORD
IMAGES*

**W. R. SMITH
2010**

Word Images

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WORKS BY W.R. SMITH

POETRY

I CALL YOU LOVE

SOMETHING ABOUT LOVE

WORD IMAGES

THE SOUND OF THOUGHT

IMAGHS OF THOUGHT

HOW TO BOOKS

MAKE A STRUTT EPICYCLIC CLOCK

MAKE A SKELETON WALL CLOCK

MAKE A LYRE SKELETON CLOCK

MAKE A GRASSHOPPER SKELETON CLOCK

MAKE A GEARLESS GRAVITY ARM CLOCK

WORKSHOP TECHNIQUES

TOOLS AND TECHNIQUES

HOW TO RESTORE TELEGRAPH KEYS

TWO HOUR WORKSHOP VIDEOS

TOOLING THE WORKSHOP

WHEEL CUTTING, PINION MAKING &
DEPTHING

GRAVER MAKING & HAND TURNING

WORKSHOP PROCEDURES

A WORKSHOP TOOLING LECTURE

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PUBLISHED BY
W. R. SMITH
8049 CAMBERLEY DRIVE
POWELL, TN 37849-4218

A FEW WORDS FROM THE AUTHOR

From a young age until about sixty, I had a strong urge to write poetry. The result was the publication of four books of rhymes, free verse and sonnets. I then became involved in other things and failed to publish the last batch of poems I had written.

Recently I was visited by a lady who became quite interested in the poetry and encouraged me to write more. I was convinced that at my age of eighty eight, I could no longer write as I once did, but remembered the unpublished poems. On examination, there was almost enough for a book. I then decided to try my hand at a few new ones to fill out and publish this book. The late poems are designated with an asterisk, (*).

As expected, writing did not come as easily as in previous years, but I believe that the new writing is of acceptable quality.

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THE ROSE

In the beginning
The earth was wrought
From the depths of darkness.
It was dull and colorless,
With nothing to please the eye.
And seeing the fault,
The Maker commanded the earth
To yield up a thing of such beauty
It would warm the hearts
Of all who looked upon it.
And when it was done
He was pleased and called it a rose.

So delicate was its texture,
So lovely its color,
And so singular its charm,
It became the norm
By which all beauty was judged.
Throughout the ages
It reigned supreme...
The unchallenged symbol
Of beauty's seldom mark.

And then came woman.
Now beauty goes by another name.
So wear this proudly before men my dear,
That all may have the both to judge
And learn how slender is the margin
By which the rose now holds its throne.

TRY AGAIN

Inconstant ways and pseudo things,
Within life's troubled stay,
Are but the guise of thieves that hold
Our kindnesses at bay.

And to the ones who vest their all,
No selfish thought within,
Oft comes a sullen fruitlessness,
When helping fellow men.

For those whom we would mantle friend,
Before their mettle shows,
Too often mock the simple things
On which a friendship grows.

But then someday a soul will need
And I again will try,
Full knowing that my help could yield,
But spittle in the eye.

GONE

She turned my way,
As if to say,
Some things she'd have me know,
But when in pride,
She turned aside,
I had to watch her go.

Beyond her care,
I now despair,
The great, great wealth I found,
And know too late,
The pains that wait,
When love is turned around.

WASTED PRIDE

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 other's eyes,
Must not become your own.

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

Defend with pride that which you hide,
It merits far more care,
And if to 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 more's decree,
And know that when, you face this friend,
Your pride will waste on me.

THE ARCHER

Yearning's abundance,
Lifted on the softness
Of your whisper,
Charms the restless silence,
Before folding itself
Into the shapes of nothingness.

And night,
Proud guardian of secrets,
Gathers its cloak about us
To hide the pliant forms
Of love's shy moments.

In our vaunted position,
Near the flowing edge of time,
We wait for that great archer
To pull the mighty bow
And fling the comet's fire
Across the heaven's face.

HOW WOULD I MAKE YOU

Your skin would be from the finest rose,
Your body a sculptured art,
I'd make your smiles from a sunlit day,
And the songs of an angel's heart.

I'd have your hair more fine than silk,
And your deep-set turquoise eyes,
Would wear the bright, of a starry night,
And blend with the morning skies.

Soft as the fleece of an unshorn cloud,
And curved like a lazing stream,
You'd be the norm, of perfect form,
And the equal of any dream.

If there be worth in a mountain climbed,
A rose bejeweled with dew,
Or homage paid, for that well made,
They'd each have their basis in you.

But the mark of your hair and blue, blue eyes,
And the beauty of each flowing line,
Shows me I'm late, you're made by fate,
To a plan much grander than mine.

THE END OF TIME

As the end of time approached,
Gabriel tested his only horn,
But because of a broken part,
Only sour notes were born.

In Heaven's best repair shop,
No needed part was found,
So the horn was sent to a LTS shop,
Where the needed parts abound.

The end of time was postponed,
And Heaven closed its gate`
The crowd afoot went to the Soul Hotel,
For the notes they must await.

The horn was returned to Gabriel,
At a speed beyond belief,
And when he tested the notes it made,
He sighed with great relief.

On the day of the end of time,
He blew his notes at last,
The pearly gates flew open,
And the hotel emptied fast.

Then Gabriel put his horn away,
And all of God's children rushed in,
The gates were closed for the very last time,
And the world was again free of sin.

THE SEARCH

The morning sun shoots arrows of light,
Into the darkness of my bay,
Bares the windows of my mind,
And moves me to another day.

As the twilight of my garnered years,
Meld in the eons of yore,
I drowse in the warmth of a cozy bed
And live the life of days before.

To the turns of a younger time,
When I looked for one to share,
A happy life, as my young wife,
That we be a loving pair.

I saw her as the all of all,
A girl, the best of her kind,
But time betrayed her wanton call
And the foibles of her mind.

Not for her was enough enough
In the turbules of her soul,
Never was enough enough
To meet her coveted goal.

As best of seed on fallowed soil,
Grows nothing matching its breed,
Like this her smiles and loving toil
Were but her shields of greed.

From these days of my simple youth,
I learned of the twisted minds
And garnered an impressive truth,
Not all is gold that shines.

For many years, with abject mind,
I have searched the souls of all,
In hopes no greed will mark their kind
And set them beyond the pall.

Thus, much of life I've gone my way,
With question of most I see,
In hopes my God would someday say,
The world has a love for me.

Should I, in luck, one happy day,
Find another willing to share,
Then I to the God of Gods would say,
Bless the soul for whom I care.

And she and I would go our way,
To live in a world of love,
And know our lives from day to day,
Were shaped by the powers above.

And at the end of life's brief span,
When we walk the silent hall,
I would be there to hold her hand,
As we join the Maker of all. *

DREAMS

When those about hold hands with sleep
And thoughts are free to stray,
The mind with dreams will do the things
It dares no other way.

By this the hand that cupped a heart,
The lips that sought their mate,
Are freed of all the bonds that bind,
Beyond their undreamed state.

And then those needs that boil beneath
The guise that all employ,
Rise up to kindle passion's fire
With all consuming joy;

As each its rightful place assumes,
To reign in full array,
Where peace for every want that cries,
Lies only thoughts away.

And so it is we guard our dreams
Of things that haven't been,
In knowledge that we find in them
An ever welcome friend.

LIFE'S ROAD

The hands of time have touched my brow,
And bird songs seem off key,
The stars, once bright,
Now dim at night,
And life has changed for me.

And as I take these last few steps,
Head held above the rest,
I'm quick to say,
That day by day,
My life has been the best.

By every rule I've ever known,
Great good has come my way,
A loving wife,
My joy of life,
What more could one man say.

So as I go this last short mile,
And think of all I've known
I realize,
These dimming eyes ,
Once viewed the best alone.

So when I join the noiseless feet,
That trod the silent hall,
I'll go with pride,
Cause deep inside,
I've had the best of all. *

MAY YOU NEVER FORGET

I have lived and loved but once;
From you has come that love and life.
Up from the dark turnings of the past,
You lifted me to a life of brightness,
And by the giving of your love, made me whole,
Filling those seldom noticed comers with joy.
Because of you I have won pride among my peers...
Though I could not tell them why.
Because of you I have had the need to cry your meaning
From the highest mountain....
I thrill that you have loved me.
I thrill that you have needed me.
I thrill that in loving and needing me,
You have made me feel I'm the most special person
On earth.
My nights and days and every waking thought
Are filled with the loveliness of your touch upon my life.
Our times together have left me joyful...
Endlessly I cling to the memory of the moments...
The gentle magic of your touch...
The beauty of your body
A body that has formed itself into every shape of love.
The thrill of your kiss consumes the workings of my
Imagination,
Resting gently and endlessly on the rivers of my mind,
Returning again and again to bring me joy
And remind me of how very special you have made
Yourself to me.

In wanting the best for you,
I have stood ready to give whatever part of me
Was needed.
To the extent of those needs, I have offered
Consistency of feeling,
Love, devotion, and a need for you that few
Have ever known.
How often have I taken you into my arms...
When you were nowhere near....
Felt the softness of your body curling its
Pleasures beside me..
As I joined the beauty of your hidden parts.
You have so completely filled my eyes,
I see only the absence of others,
Noting only the lack of need for them
And allowing their presence but for a seldom
Comparison,
A reminder that I have already known the best
There is.
As the shadows of life creep my way,
I turn to thoughts of you for the comfort no
Other love has ever brought,
And the pleasures that could never be mine
Except by way of you.
And when I am highest on the tide of life,
I turn to you with appreciation for having lifted
Me there,
For having let me love you,
And for having loved me in return.
No greater gift could be among the treasures of
Any man.

SHE'S GOT PROBLEMS

When yesterday I met a girl
Who said, "I think you're sweet,"
I caught my breath and told myself
This girl's hungry!

And when she offered me a kiss,
I thanked her just the same,
'Cause I'm no fool, I learned in school
That stuffs fattening!

And when she said, "Let 's take a walk, "
I knew I'd met a crook,
But still I took a second look
That concrete's heavy!

And when we went out to her car
She said, "Let's take a spin."
I let her know, I couldn't go
That makes me dizzy!

And then she said for me to rest
My head upon her chest,
As you can see she's kidding me
She ain't no boy!

And when she kissed me on the cheek
And said she'd like my pin,
I took it slow because I know
Those things stick!

Then with her arms around my neck
She held me too darned tight,
That's one more night I had to fight
She's part boa constrictor!

And when she saw my state of fright,
She said that she was kidding
But that mistake I mustn't make
It's immoral!

She said she knew a little bar
Where we could have a nip,
But I thought "Dear, I'll have a beer
I ain't no pussy cat!"

While there I saw a miniskirt
That really tore me UP,
'Cause I could see with certainty
That girl could 'a froze to death!

As she was driving me back home
She thanked me for the blast,
And for awhile it stole my smile
Dynamite scares me!

She handed me her front door key
With etchings on her mind,
But here's one fool that played it cool
They hurt my eyes!

And then she took my hand and said,
"You really turn me on."
I quickly took a careful look
She ain't got no switch!

Before I left she softly said,
"I'm real hung up on you."
But while in sight I stayed polite
I ain't no coat rack!

Then with a parting goodnight kiss
She said, "Are you all man?"
It's plain that she needs sympathy
She's got bad eyes!

THE GEM OF LIFE

I watched her standing in the door,
Her chancing lips acurl,
As if to say,
In her cloaked way,
Please come into my world.

In you I see the many things
That set you well apart,
From most I know,
With ought to show,
In matters of the heart.

Nor do they feel a need to give,
Or drop their selfish pride.
But in despair,
Expect to share,
The worlds that from them hide.

In you I see a kindred heart,
A touch beyond compare,
And in your eyes,
As no surprise,
There is a will to share.

I wish that we, my pleasant friend,
Could share another day,
With threads that bind,
Our common minds,
Along life's troubled way.

And I would hold you far above
The churning world of strife,
And to them say,
In my best way,
Here stands a gem of life. *

SHELTERED

It's a shame they think I'm sheltered.
With ego both shy and withdrawn,
That most of what's said,
Goes over my head,
While I wonder what's going on.

I know that tail is what wags the dog,
That passes will get you in free,
And porno's a thing,
To which people sing,
So why are they laughing at me?

I know that sex is a musical horn,
And grass is a moo cow's delight,
That studs are pins
To mount diamonds in,
So I guess my learning's all right.

I know that a lay is a necklace of blooms,
And dykes are what hold back the sea,
Making out, I would guess,
Means doing with less,
So why are they laughing at me?

I know that a piece is a real fine gun
And messin' round wastes lots of time,
So there's no debate,
My head's on straight,
And this time the last laugh is mine!

MY WIFE

When I think of the days gone by,
And joys that all were mine
It's plain to see,
That you gave me,
The best a man could find.

You taught me the sharing way of love
The unfettered meaning of life,
And led the way,
From day to day,
A smart and gifted wife.

Your voice is of a mellow note,
Your touch of softest down,
Your eyes the bright,
Of starlight night,
Shame most of those around.

Your body' s the envy of art,
Shaped by the Master's decree,
And as I go,
I'll always know,
He did it just for me.

As I trod life's tangled way,
My love for you grows more.
The life we've shared,
Which when compared,
Excels all gone before.

And so it is I love you dear,
In ways that few have know.
Until at last,
Our time is past,
I'll walk with you alone. *

THEY CARE

By what name do they call one who loves you,
But with a love unknown by most?

For his is without jealousy,
without greed.

He loves you but he is not in love with you.

To him you are an indescribable thing.

His pleasure comes from seeing you happy,

His joy in giving, not taking,

He expects you to love those you need to love

And encourages you to do so.

He shares with you the joys of your triumphs,

Your tears of failure.

He wants you to be attractive and gain the
admiration of others.

He guards your privacy and peace of mind.

He may at times refuse to answer – but
he never lies to you.

He admires your good qualities and accepts
your faults.

He admires you and respects you for what you are.

He works to keep your pride intact,

Knowing how often you must put it aside for him.

He will stand guard for you, defend your name
and die with your secrets.

He does not pry.

He does not judge
He does not assume.
He does not expect.
And he always gives you the benefit of the doubt.
He gives you of his wisdom,
His experiences,
He listens,
He cares.
He will know you better than anyone else on earth,
 including yourself.
He will allow you to do anything to him,
for him, or with him,
Because he knows and believes you would do him no harm.
If you have more than two or three like him in a lifetime
 you will be lucky.
Those like him are so few you will have nothing with
 which to compare him.
For this reason, he may seem unreal – you may miss him,
Because he loves you as none else can ever.
In him you have found a friend –
 among the rarest creatures on earth.

INSOLVENCY

Life packaged-
another week of dullness,
unfettered needs,
and arms of emptiness.

I curse the darkness
that stains all thoughts
with the privation
of love's insolvency.

Excited as sin,
and taut-strung
with anticipation,
I offer solvency.

And wait!

LOVE'S SPARKLE

When twilight creeps across the day,
And bird-choirs still their song,
From mundane tasks I turn your way,
To arms where I belong.

You are to me a lovely sky,
With flecks of diamond bright,
That make the sparkle in love's eye
And light its wondrous night.

And till the shifting sands are stilled,
And oceans shun their shore,
This heart that only you have filled,
Will hold you ever more,

AND HE SAID

What once was a man is now a shell,
With hope and faith all gone.
What once was a life is now a hell,
With everything gone wrong.

I pray my prayers for your return,
I cry endless tears alone,
My heart that beat with great concern,
Is now but a silent stone.

I would that I could somehow change,
The life I've come to know,
I would that I could now arrange,
A better way to go.

But time has shown that your hard heart,
Beats in your unbending way,
And cannot restart, even in part,
To reshape my coming days.

So the world I hoped would be rid of strife,
Now heads toward eternity,
And the one in my life, I would have as a wife,
Has turned her back on me.

CHOICE

If on the tree within my grasp
There hangs the nicest peach,
And hunger for it tears my guts
Should I do else but reach?

Could it not be the peach and tree
Were meant to be that way,
And I by wisdom born of life
Allow them so to stay?

Or should I feel that this rare fruit
Was born to be admired,
And go to him who first by it
Is endlessly inspired.

That it by this fills destiny,
And I my hunger quell,
When made to know by Nature' s way,
All's well that ends so well!

A LOST SOUL

I came to you a wanton soul,
My trials at life askew,
And hoped to find,
A peace of mind,
And launch my life anew.

You took me to a quiet place,
In the comer of your heart,
And by your charms,
And circled arms,
You gave my love a start.

And I, who thought life passed me by,
Now join the rest of men,
Learning from you,
Love's bonds are true,
And life can start again.

And now I go a happy way,
With smiles for all I see,
For as I go,
I've come to know,
Love made a man of me. *

QUANDRY

If what her eyes have said to me
Is only partly so,
She holds in store some precious thing
That she would have me know.

Toward that sweet truth I'd have her lay
Her opaque cloak aside
And tear away the least pretense
In which her beauties hide.

Like ink upon a sheet of bond,
Let her lay down for me,
The many things this lonely mind
Has begged my eyes to see.

But since a pureness marks her days
And nobleness her deeds,
I must make sure no tarnish grows
From my corrosive needs.

REMINDERS

A song I heard the other day...
Reminded me of you.
The blue, blue eyes that turned my way...
Reminded me of you.

Each touch I've known from those who care.
Reminded me of you.
Each joy I've know from those who share...
And every high my life's accrued...
Reminded me of you.

And of the things that pass my way,
A smile, a laugh, a pain, a "Hi,"
A hug, a tear, a kiss, a sigh,
Were none the match for what I knew,
When life was love, and love was you,
And each good thing,
Reminded me of you.

YOU

In that still time,
When life looks in upon itself,
I hold the many dimensions
Of your boundless charm,
Remembering full well
The oceans of emptiness you have filled,
The quiet turns of your love,
The comforts of your presence,
And the gentleness
With which you touch all things.

And in that time to come,
When I hear life
Through the muffled ears of age,
Your voice will still ring clear,
Sounding your needs for me
And giving love a chance to be.

And the mind will beg these eyes
To view that span of time
And see you
As last you came to me,
With open arms and heart felt joy
That we might break the body's bread
Together
And fill our chosen space
On the tapestry of life.

In that happy moment,
Among the superlatives of thought,
The buds of youth again will swell
And age will stand itself aside
And life will go another time with love.

OASIS

I will drink deep the little while I'm here,
For I have come a long and dusty way.
I will rest with confidence and without fear,
Though I know I have not long to stay.

I would miss no single fluted tone
Or birdsong or the tuning of a leaf,
For these remembered joys and raptures known
Will be my sustenance in coming grief.

I shall not leave until I'm made to go,
For I have found here treasures undefined. . .
My prime regret will surely be to know
I'll leave so little recompense behind.

TO MY WIFE JUDY

I've held her close in every thought
And made her trials my own
And in my way,
Have tried to say,
The depth of joys I've known.

I've felt her touch of tenderness
And heard her whispered sighs
And dried the tears,
Of passing years,
That welled within her eyes.

The charms and grace that light her face
And sparkle in her eye
And come my way,
As if to say,
No love has passed us by.

If any woman be more queen
Than she has been to me,
Then God made two,
The likes of who,
Few worlds will ever see.

MISTLETOE

With twinkles dancing in her eyes,
And pulchritude aflow,
She beckoned me to stand with her,
Beneath the mistletoe.

And I, a naive, sheltered lad,
(Intent that it not show),
Disguised my fears and followed her,
Beneath the mistletoe.

She smothered me with tender charm,
And letting lip-locks flow,
She changed my whole biology,
Beneath the mistletoe.

My swelling feet soon split my shoes,
By wrist watch band let go,
And all my genes turned somersaults,
Beneath the mistletoe.

You may have guessed that what she did
Made all my fuses blow,
But I'll not tell what else I lost,
Beneath the mistletoe.

From this alone I realized,
What all farm boys should know.
The nicest things are done by girls,
Beneath the mistletoe.

HAIR-O-STATICS

There in the flats of Macanally
Defending his long held crown
Was the awesome one by the name of Butch
A lover of great renown.

Opposing him was a lanky gal-
A prize by name of Red-
Master and slave of mad potent love
At least so her billings said!

The whiskey ran and the beer cans flew
As they snuggled from wall to wall
With both as high as a Georgia pine
And each of them tree top tall.

With roamin' hands and rushin' fingers
Our Butch was working like heck
When to his dismay she came in fast-
And locked on his guinea neck.

All looked lost in the heat of the meet
'Cause Red had him on the rock
But he got to her and won it all
With a typical Butch lip-lock.

A TROUBLED WAY

I've come a long and troubled way,
In search of one like you,
Who's well honed skill,
And tempered will,
Have made me whole anew.

There is a twinkle in your eye,
Proud lips that curl a smile,
A loving heart,
Sets you apart,
Along life's twisted mile.

And as I look upon my world
That aging eyes have snared,
Mind, by its eyes,
Still visualize,
The wondrous life we've shared.

And though I came of lesser clay,
Your hands have shaped me well.
As all can see,
You rescued me,
At the very doors of hell.

And now I go, my head held high,
Thanks to your loving heart.
I'll hold your hand,
In nether-land,
The day the trumpets start. *

FROM JUDY

I listened to your voice at night,
Reading your latest poetry,
Of lovers lost and life gone by.
What brought such sad soliloquy?

And when our paths did finally cross,
You came to me on bended knee;
I wondered if this shining knight
Had truly come to rescue me?

And as the years have come and gone,
I think of all the life we've shared,
From that brief touch that brought you here,
And the joy since we've been paired.

Who could have known that such great things
Could come to kindred hearts like ours,
Amazing love and late night tomes
From poetry read in the morning hours. *

THERE GOES A HEART

Somewhere today there goes a heart
That only I have known,
Somewhere today there goes a love,
That I would have my own.

And if the past were turned around
To come my way again,
The heart and love that passed me by
Are those I'd try to win.

I'd turn the world the other way,
I'd drain the oceans dry,
I'd make the rivers run uphill,
I'd have the angels cry.

An if I failed her love again,
Despite how much I tried,
I'd know the fault was not of me,
Or of my foolish pride.

ENDOWED

Who's got two of everything,
And more of all the rest,
And turns the eyes
Of all the guys,
Because of how she's blessed?

Who's petite and lovable,
With loads of charm to spare,
And helps our way
Through every day,
With smiles beyond compare?

Who's got two of everything
A girl should have in store?
And goodness knows,
Beyond what shows,
There's maybe even more!

Who's the one whose mate by chance
Could waken in the night,
By angel's side,
Think he had died,
And leave this world in fright?

Who's got two of everything?
You'll know without a doubt,
When she walks by
And you learn why
Your overload's blown out!

SEE WITH OTHERS EYES

When cast in the role of juror,
And swayed by the dictates of pride,
How hard will you try,
To see with the eye,
Of the one whose fate you decide?

From wisdom's store will prudence sense
Those hidden wants bevoiced by deed,
Bring with them a word,
That remains unheard,
Except by ears of equal need.

By this you lean what others fail,
And if mindful of how you've known,
Then when you've decreed,
Their limits of need,
Will you also have judged your own?

YOUR DAY

A leaf, a stem, a nesting rose,
A thought that's turned your way,
And may they light your ready smile,
To help you start the day.

Then as you face its many cares,
And walk its endless mile,
You'll find a joy that few have known,
Somewhere behind your smile.

MEMORY OF A MEMORY

When I at times behold the past,
The joys life held for me,
My thoughts are often drawn to you,
As ever they should be.

For in those corners of my mind,
Where only I can see,
You go among the finer things,
A fadeless memory.

CRAZY WORLD

When the earth turns the wrong way round,
And there are no waves at sea,
The stars are black and the sky is white,
Things don't seem right to me.

When balls fall upward toward the sky,
And rivers run uphill,
I feel sure the world I've known,
Is about to end up still.

When all the birds fly upside down,
And boys lose interest in girls,
It's plain to see, with certainty,
There's something wrong with the world.

When the sun forgets to shine,
And mummies do the soft shoe,
I'm much amused, but more confused,
And do not know what to do.

When politicians tell no lies,
And cats and mice make friends,
I'm getting off the crazy world,
As soon as the slowing begins.

THE SQUIRREL

I sat in my back yard
Watching a squirrel having his lunch.
He was sitting on his haunches
With an acorn in his hands.
"Poor little ignorant squirrel," I thought.
He has no education, can't do math,
And doesn't understand physics.
When the acorn falls he knows nothing
Of Newton's apple or gravity.
He can't count and doesn't know
How many nuts he has buried
Or if they will be enough to feed him,
During the bitter months of winter.
He has no home with running water.
He has no electric lights.
He has no car for travel.
Poor little ignorant squirrel.

On the other hand, we buy food,
His food is free.
We pay much for a lot with a view.
He builds his home in a tree top,
With a wonderful view.
He needs no running water;
The rain supplies his need.
He needs no electricity;
He sleeps at night.
He has no paycheck, but needs none.
He pays no taxes.
He can climb trees better than we can.
He has a photographic memory,
That lets him remember where he buried nuts.
With all our schooling we can't match that.
He learns all he needs to know about gravity
Jumping limb to limb from the time he is born,
And by listening to the nuts falling to the ground.
He has no car, but never goes anywhere.
Maybe he is smart and we are the dumb ones.

GOD TOOK CARE OF ME

I've climbed the stormy mountains,
I've sailed the rolling sea,
I've held my breath, while dodging death,
But God took care of me.

I've flown my plane through angry clouds,
Dared the edges of eternity,
I've cowered low while bombs were dropped,
But God took care of me.

A Kamikaze once fell nearby,
As we slept 'neath our plane's canopy
Except as a dud, we'd all be dead,
But God took care of me.

As I've trod life's troubled way,
Choosing what paths should be,
I've made mistakes, and had heartaches,
But God took care of me.

Blessings have come in measure full,
Humbled, I live life free,
My heart is filled with grateful songs,
For God takes care of me.

As now I go my halted way,
And yield to time's decree,
Based on the past, I know at last,
God will take care of me. *

THE AUTUMN LEAVES

When the autumn years are on us,
And life's leaves begin to fall,
We turn at last,
To thoughts of the past,
As our memories we recall.

Yes, time has powdered our hair,
And we often walk with a cane,
The slower pace,
Of life we face,
Often comes with pain.

I've dried her tears and she's dried mine,
As we've walked in life's lock-step,
No greater love
Can ere be found,
Than that which we have kept.

As we see the turning of our leaves,
And the dimming of our sun,
We're proud to say,
That day by day,
Though paired, our lives were lived as one.

And as we go, I hold her hand,
My life, my love, my pearl,
And let her see,
That she for me
Is still the queen of all the world. *

NOTES

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

At age 14, the author decided to become a watchmaker and hitchhiked to Memphis each Saturday during his high 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 24 years, he has designed and built skeleton clocks and written books so others could build them. To date, he has published 13 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, 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 N. City limit of Knoxville, TN. At the time of completion of this fifth poetry book, Mr. Smith is 88 years of age.