

Shadows of footsteps

Poems wrote by

William A. Kofoed

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Getting your poems in print is almost impossible. Yet you want your poems read by everyone. My way has been to upload my poems to BBS and network systems. And then I tried ebooks and now to self publish.

I hope at least some people will read and enjoy them.

I do not know why most poets write poetry but I know why I do so. I write because a thought gets in my head and bounces around till I write it down.

You could say that I don't try to write but that I am forced to write.

Now I do try to write "good" poetry that people will enjoy reading, but I don't try to write poems for people to read.

Most people find that they like some of my poems and hate others of them.

Some people want to tell me how to rewrite my poems or how I can write better poems.

Many people don't understand my poems.

Sometimes I don't know if I understand my poems.

Some of my poems aren't here.

I hope that if you read my poems you will find some that you enjoy reading.

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Why

Freedom.
The power.
For power,
the war.
From war,
the death.
The death,
for freedom.

To Carol

As I walk tonight,
I look to the stars,
and they are as far away,
as you were once from me.
And the love in my heart reach's out and
holds the star.
And from the star comes my life.
And my life is full,
and I want for no more.

I see a love,
a beauty,
and a life.
And I find I want to be with her.
But I dare not to reach out,
for I fear I will hurt her with my touch.
And as I am in despair,
the love and beauty touches my heart.
and the love becomes my life,
and our love become the beauty,
and we will live forever,
And not die.
For in love and beauty,
is life.

As I walk in the garden,
and feel the colors,
and see the perfumes,
I feel as an ant in the workshop of an artist.

The Door

I want to go in,
but I cannot open the door.
within is the warm I need.
Yet,
the handle is hard to turn,
and my strength lies in the rust of time.
I cry out for someone to help me.
And as the people come and go from the
door,
they look at me,
and continue on.
And time passes with them.
And I cry out in vain,
I live without hope of going in the door,
I cannot open.

I go in hope,
but men will not help.
as I try to see,
they give no light.
And if I open my heart to feel,
I find that in love is pain.
The pain in which I live,
after the love is gone.

The Fireplace

Look at the ashes,
do they look cold and dead?
Yet,
if you blow on them,
you will see they are alive and will warm
you.
Now look in to my heart,
does it seem cold and dead?
Yet,
like the ashes,
but with a few words,
you can find the warmth in it.

A Idea

To contemplate,
to run with it through the hills and valleys
of your mind.
living with it,
to love it as your own.
Looking to find the good in it.
And,
if you find you agree,
or not.
Yet to do so,
with love.

It is his mind,
and his life,
his thoughts.
And they are shaped by his dreams.
I can tell him my thoughts and beliefs.
It is for him to find the truth,
And false,
in them.
To entwine the truth into his life,
and use the false,
to find truth.

Genesis:2-18

"And the Lord God said, it is not good that
the man should be
alone; I will make him an help meet for
him".

And the Lord God did,
but for me there is not found a help meet,
and it is not good.

For I am sorrowful and cry for myself.
By the days and by the nights I dream for
one.

And I hope.

And in my days I wander,
my heart finds no one.

Yet my heart still looks to the Lord God,
and I have hope.

I know not of life,
for my life is as a dream.
And my dreams are as my reality.
And my reality is that of a greater man.
A man who cannot be,
who exists not,
But in my dreams.

Progress

To go within that which is.
As the ticks of a clock man's thoughts of
that which he would
have go.
To move faster,
and climb higher in the world where he is.
To take what he sees and to show it to the
world,
with out to move or hurt it.
To talk to the one he loves,
when she is so far away,
That he could never see her.
To see a light in the nights sky,
and from his world,
to reach it.

I am as one with time.
We flow without touching the things that
would delay us.
For there are many along our way that bid
us to stop.
To hear a sound,
or to look upon that which they would have
us see.
And to stop is to find joy and happiness,
and to be content.
But there is opposition in all things.
For joy and happiness,
there must be sorrow and despair.
And in being content,
we will become buried in our ways and lost
to the world.
And we content on.

To Say Farewell

It is hard to say farewell,
to one so young and fair.
To think that we will not meet again.
And that I will not know you,
and that you will not know me.
I will think of you often,
I hope you will think of me.
Farewell.

I will not say of your beauty.
I cannot give you the stars,
or even say the sun will shine.
And to say,
all our days will be happy,
I would be a fool.
But,
If of these you do not care,
take my hand,
and come with me.
And I will show you all that I see,
tell you all I feel,
and give you my heart.
And all I have will be yours.

Oh of all the years I've sought thee.
The many places I've looked,
and the people I've known.
Of the joy when I thought I had found thee.
And yet too,
pain then I knew it was not.
This is but memories now,
for I have found thee.
And the future is ours,
for we are in love.

I sit alone,
eating candy,
thinking of my loves.
How one laughed,
and one watched me.
Of walks in fields,
hand in hand,
making plans.
Of being together,
happy and gay.
Of the look in her eyes,
the sound of her voice.
And of all we did,
memories help.

To lose love,
is to lose all,
but hope.

I am one,
alone.
You are one,
together.

Venus

Standing in her lonely corner,
looking out with her large,
sad eyes.
She's alone and so am I.
I watch wanting to go to her,
and with my touch to bring her joy.
And I,
in her joy to find joy.
There she stands,
my sad Venus.
Venus,
I want to love thee.
Yet in my heart is fear.
Your alone and so am I.

Do not curse the mountain that lays in your
way,
but marvel at its strength,
and at its magnificence's.
Then climb to the top,
and look down upon it.
Now are you not greater than it?
So it is with life,
there will be many problems in your way.
And some will seem as impassable as a
mountain.
Yet,
a problem is just to be solved,
as a mountain is to be climbed.
And the greater it is,
the greater you will be when it is done.

To be seen in darkness,
one must be in the light.
To see into darkness,
one must give light.
To leave the darkness,
one must follow the light.

Finding not

Love is winging,
swiftly before me.
Going on,
with the sun.
Running after,
hopeful running.
Finding not,
finding not.

Here is beauty,
long sought after.
There is beauty,
fairer still.
Where's the beauty,
I run after.
Finding not,
finding not.

White seem gray,
gray seem black.
Are black and white,
yet the same.
Where is the truth,
I run after.
Finding not,
finding not.

I want to live,
not sitting still.
But free as a sail,
going where I will.
This is the life,
I run after.
Finding not,
finding not.

In secret ways I move.
To raise grain on grain,
building slowly,
carefully,
that all my secrets will be good.
And I hide it from all.
Until by it's greatness,
no one may kick it down.
Till all grains are lost within it,
as atoms are,
within grains.
That all are truly one.
till within,
I its maker,
will fear no more.

A beauty in my mind,
like a lover's sweet song.
A feeling of love in my heart,
all who meet her must feel.
A longing to be with her,
that cannot be denied.
A sparkling joy and warmth,
only in her eyes.
To be with her,
is joy unknown.
To hold her,
without time.
For her,
I would die.
For she is all,
I am nothing.

'Tis my joy to bring joy.
And it is my love to help you to find love.
And it is my life to bring joy and love to all.
And when I find I cannot give these to you,
it tears my heart,
and bring my tears to flow.
For I have known life without joy and love,
and my life was no better than death!

'Tis my joy to bring joy.

As a bird barred from the heavens by a cage,
longing to soar the sky.
Rising with the warm air,
to high above the earth.
To go with little effort,
far across the land.
To be like a ship of sail,
flying over the seas,
To where I wish to go.
And like a tree of fruit,
to stand free of all,
except land and rain.
Yet,
to give freely to all.
I want to fly far to night's stars,
seeing all that awaits me there.
To be free of daily cares.
To lose no more time,
sold that I may buy freedom.
The sort of freedom short lived,
and soon lost to me.
I want to find joy,
not brought of man.
Of friends of life,
and not just parties.
I want to be free.

After the rain has stopped.
And the sun comes to its throne.
Leaves,
in golden glory of autumn,
carried forth upon the wind.
Going in to all the world,
and here to land,
and show their beauty to us,
from so far away,
Can you not see God?

Some where,
she waits,
very far,
from me.
Though time,
and space,
between is,
my heart,
and hers.
Some where,
she waits.
I wander,
from here,
to where.
With time,
though space.
Looking for,
her arms,
about me.
For ever,
to hold,
her close,
to me.
Some time,
we'll meet.
Some where,
find love.
Some day,
together be.
Though time,
and space,
between is.
Some where,
some time,
she waits,
for me.

I'm sorry grass,
I know you're like glass,
so fragile on to pass,
today.
But I had to pass,
across you grass,
to get the glass,
today.
I need that glass,
that lays on you grass,
I need that glass,
today.
I need that glass,
for my giraffe,
that's on you grass,
today.
Grass my giraffe's glass,
is on you grass,
so on you I pass,
today.

If they say ill of me?
Then we'll let our tears be,
the drops of dew falling from the leaves,
before the morning sun.
And the wind howling in the night our cries.
And in the new day,
with actions true,
going beyond their words.
Showing the good of our beings.
That none but fools,
and the deceived,
will believe the dark words.
The fools we cannot help,
so we will cry for them.
And those deceived,
to help to the sun's light.
So that all the dark,
will lose their hiding,
and be seen false.
And chains of darkness,
will no longer hold captive,
those who heard dark words,
yet looked not to see the acts.
And in this we'll be known.

Once I stood alone,
with dark clouds around me.
Once I couldn't see,
the bright hope of today.
Once I bore the dark world,
crushing on my shoulders.
Once when I needed your help,
I would manly turn away.
Once proudly I needed no one.
No friendly hand could help me.
Once I vainly needed no one,
now no one needs me.

Morning Symphony

Before the sun's ascension in golden glory.
Before birds sing in the morn.
The sky's smooth,
soft,
breath breathe across the land.
And like a babe's first breath,
brings life anew.
Leaves rustle eagerly and majestic oaks
dance with
impatience.
Quickly the dance begins among the tall
slender grasses.
And flowers turn their brightly color faces
to see.
Now the cheerful birds begin the song of the
new day.
First one,
then another,
building a crescendo,
till now with all singing it becomes a grand
symphony.
Unmatched by man's greatness.
And now,
the fantastic festival,
with gay,
bright colors,
is lost.
Slowly the grand music dies away.
The dancers slowly stop.
Slowly the morn's breath ends.
In awe,
of the sun.

On noble wings,
they fly the sky,
far above the land.
Going where,
some men but dream,
of going to one day.
To where some will look,
and yet others will turn away.
For there's but great and noble things,
that live up in the sky.
And man is born of earthly soil,
and in the soil will work.
For the sky is but a useless thing,
and they turn away.
Yet some will look and think,
and though,
upon the soil they must climb,
if in the sky to be.
For the sky they will reach.
And in the sky,
be.

High upon the Oak,
on one of the many limbs,
a single leaf waits.
Trembling in the wind,
till it can be free,
to go with the wind,
the gusts carrying,
in joyful flight.
Till landing in a brook,
with its cheerful sounds.
To be like many others like unto it.
Swirling in the current,
with another in an eddy,
once,
and when,
to stay on a stone,
or perhaps the shore.
Then to go again,
upon the water.
Then in the end to rest,
to go no more.

I touch you,
you touch me,
the world touch's,
you and me.
I am part,
and you another,
all just parts.
One part nothing,
not touching another.
Part together become,
whole and one.
I,
you,
one.

I am.
I know my thoughts,
I let them run free.
I walk my paths.
I live in my ways,
I let others in their way be.
I know my goals,
I work to their day.
I fly on the wings of my dreams,
I run and leap,
 climbing upwards to my stars.
I am me.
I am a man.

Thru another eyes I look,
at that which I cannot see.
Of people,
places and great events,
that are not a part of me.
'fore my clouded eyes do not see,
some things that clearly be.
A then again what may not be,
some one else will clearly see.
And with their eyes I can go,
To places far and wide.
With the world open to me.
And all there is to see.
And though my eyes are blind to see.
Thru their eyes all I may know.

I dream of someone,
with who to find love.
I look for someone,
with beauty within my eyes.
One who's joy is found,
just where I find mine.
Someone who waits to see me,
and is happy then she does.
One who does what she wishes,
and lets me do the same.
Someone's who's dreams,
are found in my dreams.
Someone who sees me,
and knows just who I am.
Someone who'll walk beside me.
Someone I can love.

We want to reach you.
Yes,
You're just the one.
But not in your blue jeans,
wear a coat and a tie.
Yes,
we do want you,
please come and be gay.
And we all must look nice,
so no one will question our way,
or think we are wrong,
for dressing your way.
Please won't you come,
we'll have a good time.
Just don't wear those clothes,
and act in your way.
Now why do you turn,
and now,
walk away.
We want to reach the one.
Yes,
you are the one.
But we do care about you,
and your clothes are wrong.
But your just the one.

Onward it comes,
with many ware's.
To sell to me,
for a price so low,
I could not say no,
to these,
from many.
To look anew,
upon the world.
To have again strength,
that now is gone.
And to know my dreams.
These it will sell me.
And for a price so very low,
surely I'll not say no.
And yet,
still more.
Before my eyes,
it's wares I can see.
A free,
clean mind,
with all dust blown out.
And to do with ease,
that which other men but dream.
All this,
much more,
and still for a price so low.
All it's asks,
is but for a third,
of all my life to give.
Yes,
but a third,
is all to pay,
the price sleep asks,
of me.

I am there

I open my eyes.
And though them
I see the sky.
And like leaves,
blown by the wind,
to patterns know but to God.
Stars
lining the deep velvets of heaven.
The dream of them calls me.
And I rise up.
And go out from the world.
Fleeing from the tenuous hold.
Going too,
past her moon,
without a lost of pace.
Leaving too,
her sun's planets far below.
With swift flight to go,
deep within man's dreams.
For dreams are what my life will be.
And in dreams I'll always be.
So I will rise out to the dreams,
and again of the world,
I can never be.

You ask me,
who I am.
I am the third,
all three one,
yet still,
each a life apart.
In to two,
I was born,
in to the first,
without beginning,
as in the last,
yet to come,
without end.
And to know who I am,
you must know of each.
when in the first,
I was not in this body of matter,
nor of any known to man.
I was without time.
And times beyond number,
I watched this universe's beginnings.
Exploding out of out that great fire ball,
flinging galaxies like dust.
And in them,
stars without count.
So that worlds beyond numbering,
laid before me to see and know.
and stars to give the heavens beauty.
I saw the stars live,
and too,
die.
And like a phoenix,
rise up from their ashes,
born again,
yet again to die.
And then,
tho full,
the sky is dark and without life.
And then as always before,

they fall collapsing on them selves,
falling all within the great ball again.
And then for a time to begin anew.
And once,
as I looked among the galaxies,
in one of them,
at it's heart,
was a being unlike myself.
And around him many beings like unto me.
And there I,
for the first time,
was born.
Into a body yet not of matter,
a form of a man,
yet still without time.
And then begun,
My great quest.
I,
and too others,
to fallow the being,
who we then,
as now,
called Father.
And we with him planned our quest.
A bold quest with danger.

Then,
one by one,
leaving to join the quest,
by being born again.
In to this body.
And the being you know.
Ant although I remember not of my life's
before this.
Yet,
some of what I was before,
I know now.
And too,

I know that which my quest is.
And I am,
and will,
working and fighting,
for it to be.
For it is,
and will be my fourth life,
and the greatest of all.
When in it,
I will have all of the best of my self's.
And then will be a beginning which can only
be know,
as God.
And now you may truly see,
that which I am.
That which I was.
That which I hope to be.
And now,
knowing these things,
you may know your answer of,
who I am.

He looks to his lord,
and he says he sins,
and he know's why it's wrong,
and he says he'll stop.
He's just a fool.
He tries not to think of it.
He tries to do the right.
And he tries to be good.
He's just a fool.
He thinks he'll weaken.
And he thinks it will be hard.
And he thinks he will fail.
He's just a fool.
Not because he says he will,
not because he say's he sins,
and not because he tries to stop.
He's just a fool.
Because he tries not to think of it,
and he can't win by running away.
Because he thinks he'll weaken,
and he must believe he can.
And because he thinks he'll fail,
he will.
He's just a fool.

Smile at me,
so I'll know you're happy.
Talk with me,
I don't want to be a bore.
Walk beside me,
so I'll know you want to be here.
Look in my eyes,
so I'll know its true.
I want you happy,
and I don't want to bore you.
And I really am lonely,
And I want you,
to want to be here.
In your eyes I can see if you do.
I'm so very lonely,
and I'm so much afraid.
I need someone to be with me.
I don't want to be alone again.

I am with great sorrow.
And I cry within my heart.
For in my life there has been great lost.
For my love that knew no bounds,
went from my life,
and left me lifeless.
I've knew dreams of greatness.
To take long labor to from.
Torn down from the sky,
and cast to the earth,
to be ground under foot.
I have lived with my soul in darkness,
I went alone cast out of the light.
And many things more,
which cast long shadows,
and endless pain within me.
And at some times,
as indeed now,
I know only that which was dark in life.
Thinking light will never be again.
And the good I have know,
is liken to dreams in the night,
Which in the dawn is never coming.
The dawn I now await.

They see me in darkness,
because they do not look.
They think I am different,
because they do not feel.
Within the ways they live.
And but little look to others.
Thinking not,
but with fear of doing thinks not the same.
And because of this,
they look to find evil in them.
And find evil and always will.
And not see the greater good.
In myself they find evil.
And in gathering evil in themselves,
and seeing not the evil in themselves,
will in evil always be.

Light can be brought to darkness,
mud can be washed away.
That which is done in error,
helps that the error will not be done again.
That which is lowered,
we can rise again.
That which we destroy,
we can make greater.
And that which we do,
we can always do better.
If we fail,
we can try again.
If there be evil,
there is good also.
What ever we feel,
it is we who feel it.
However high we dream,
there we something higher to be dreamed.
And where ever we are,
we have stopped there.
Where ever we go,
we must go there.

What fools we are within our walls,
that we have built to keep others out,
with many stones cut with care to fit.
Stones of fear, hate and greed.
Stones of envy and much, much more.
And to fill the cracks,
thru they be so small,
lies a plenty.
And upon their tops,
To be their crown.
A crown of thorns with many barbs,
of distrust and unyielding in our ways.
These are but a few of which we build.
Some walls are thin,
many are wide.
And very few,
all too very few are thin and hard to see.
May ours be one of the very,
very few.
And but small fools we be.

Once I had a dream.
A dream of wanting to have.
Many years I dreamed.
Till one day I need dream no more.
And that day my dream died.
And became a millstone about my neck.
For I dreamed of the earth,
and to the earth was tied.
Gone was my freedom,
No longer to walk my path.
No longer to be free.
Now a true dream have I.
A dream of freedom,
to walk where I would,
doing only that which I would.
Of being me.
And all this can be.
Now I dream again,
but now,
of being free.

Pain,
Anguish,
Endless torment.
Searing thought of what once was.
The mind is rent with memories.
Joy once known is sorrow.
Those which I knew now are lost.
In where others now go,
I go not.
In that which they see,
I see nothing.
Some see evil where it is not.
Where the paths of my quest wander,
men find nothing and no one follows.
At times my path crosses another,
and for a time we walk together.
And always they part again.
Perhaps to cross again.
And I will always walk my path,
to go forward always 'cause none can go back,
and all I pass is gone,
and all there is lays before me.
There is only now and that which is to come,
someday I will be there.

The land is rich,
with many valleys hidden,
and mountain peaks forlorn.
There are plains of green grasses,
and lakes deep with water blue.
The paths I walk go to these.
Though in this short time of life,
I cannot see all of the lands there be.
To walk all the paths,
and climb the hills so many.
Up on the peaks forlorn,
(though they stand with others,
they are so far apart,
and each so different,
to truly be forlorn.)
I have climbed,
that there more land will lay at my feet,
land wide and going on so far,
in them are many things I see not from so high,
I know though.
That upon the land I see,
winding between trees and across streams,
are the paths I walk.
As I try this land to know.
On some paths many go along,
and these are worn wide,
going with the easy path,
knowing no hardships,
and those on these see little,
learning not to be hard with hardship,
thus knowing not to be easy with the gentle.
And some paths,
light and narrow,
hard for the careless eye to see,
followed by a few are well kept by the land,

wander freely across the land.
starting somewhere lost,
going where the free go.
Some are easy to walk,
some are with rocks and fallen tree.
And too many hard to walk,
yet some walk there,
and so the path is.
Some are good and others bad.
And many are both and neither still.
Some on which rock and fallen tree are,
where to go along is slow and hard,
are good.
Some which are smooth and straight,
going quick to the end,
are bad.
And either can be the other.
And of some no one can say.
Of them many I have walked.
And of many more I know that I have not.
Some of them I know well,
many more things I want to learn,
on the ones I know.
I walk often,
and with each time along one I walk,
somewhere along it there is something,
something I've passed by before,
I will see and it will then be with me,
in my mind to know forever,
and in that I will be richer,
{though not in gold,
richer still.}
Some perhaps I will walk but once,
and to see some of where they go,
once to find that which on them lay.
And although how hard I try,
{and the effort of a man can be great}
there is some I will never see or know,
they go to where I will never be,

they show much, which is good,
they would lead to a better me.
And knowing this,
I will walk the paths,
that this short time of life will let me see.
And I will walks the paths,
as long as I will be.

I am alone and free.
Standing though in the crushing sea of man.
Still I am alone and free of all.
I go where my dreams will carry me.
Going where I and not men will go.
Where I am alone and free.
I see the world with my eyes.
In colors not for all to see.
Seeing them I am alone and free.
I am free of man.
The paths I walk are of the free.
Paths that go though the land of man.
I soar on the breath of my inspiration.
Breath that is my very life.
Life I have free of man.
I follow a star,
following not the brightest,
or the one that never moves.
A star I know to be free of man,
I am alone and free,
I am free of man,
I follow my star,
I am.

Love's black wings fill my sky.
Darkening the sun that was my life.
Leaving the valley of my heart without light.
And in the darkness all seems ill.
Of love my mind sees only pain,
the anguish and endless torment.
And each time the pain seems greater.
Although before I felt no pain could be more.
And now I fear to bear more.
Now I run from the change of love to be.
I fear love more than a knife that will pierce my
heart,
and end the life that lingers there.
And although I know not love,
neither do I now fear of it ending.
And the suffering I will be therein.
Pain that would cut to the very soul of that which
I am.
Yet still love will come.
And I know it to will come with pain.
I live in the fear of this,
blackness dwells in my heart.

Time was passing slowly.
And with time the seasons went by too.
In the season when cold turns to warmth.
When all that seems dead,
shows to what eyes that may be watching,
that life is still within them.
On a tree not unlike many others.
One leaf beginning but as a small bud,
the bud yet the same as all the other upon this
tree,
the same to all except unto its self,
begins to grow with the water from rain,
rain coming from the Lords sky,
falling upon the land our Lord made,
land rich in all the trees needs to grow.
And with the growing of the tree,
the leaves that are no more buds,
leaves that grow in the passing time.
And the seasons pass too with the time.

Time passes.
Seasons going with time.
One always with the other.
The season of warm is now on the wane.
Warm in which much life anew has grown.
Warm which came driving out the cold.
Warmth changes the land from white to green.
which came as all good from the Lord.
And with the warmth end,
which although good must end or would become ill.
Ill in that all would grow in the warmth,
the weak with the strong.
The two growing together to become one with time,
and the one being weaker than the strong alone.
And in being weak then sickness came to the land,
{sickness that comes always in time}
all would die leaving none living when it left.
None living to grow again.
In this the end of the warmth is good.
For now the cold is beginning to come again.
And by the cold the weak die.
And the strong live though they look dead.
And when warmth comes again,
the strong will be where to live.

In the passing of time.
The seasons come to change to another.
Warmth comes to the cold.
And in the changing the leaves in the trees change
too.
From the green of the warmth,
to the gold of the cold.
And now arrayed in gold of the changing,
falls from the tree in to the wind.
The wind that carries all leaves that are free from
the tree.
Carrying them with many others.
And though there are many there are no two alike
to the other.
And in carried by the wind.
And giving by it a beauty before not known.
They go dancing in swirling ever changing patterns.
Till as the wing dies in slow death.
And in its dying leaving the leaves upon the ground.
It lay there with some alone and some together.
Knowing no design.
And yet for this leaf to land with another.

Time passes.
And the two leaves are together upon the ground.
They came to be here carried on the wind.
And only the wind and the Lord know why.
And in their being together is good,
Tho being apart would not be bad.
And together the Lords wind carried them.
And for a time in being together they were.
And time passed as they were together.
Together with the season and each other they
changed.
And in the changing one went upon the wind,
one kept to the soil.
And in this together they were not,
now alone they each be.
The leaf now changed.
The coat of gold is now brown.
The soft and sweet life now is done.
Time passes,
seasons pass also.
All is changing,
all is new.

Slowly in the dark street I walk.
My footfalls echo with emptiness.
Black shadows lay across my path.
Closed windows like eyes see nothing.
This way I walked has found its end.
Now into a square I've come.
Across its vacancy many ways doth go.
To be walked together hand in hand.
My path across goes to nowhere.
I just walk there by myself.
I walk tonight no place to go.
Wandering I know not where.
I have no aim my dreams are gone.
The star I followed has plunged down.
Once it was the brightest star.
Once then my dreams knew no bounds.
Then I walked and knew the way.
Each moment has like a day.
Now she's gone I know not why.
Now alone I can only cry.
I wish the tears could wash away,
the dark gloom that hides the day.
Hides the noon that we met.
Hides the joy and love we had.
Hides the memory of how it was.
Now she gone I know not why.

Together they will go.
Together on a trip be.
Together they will be as one.
Together no one can be alone.
And if it were to be,
I there could be.
I could be one of them.
I could go there with them.
I could not there be alone.
And there will be joy.
Together they will go.
And with them no one will be alone.
There I could not be alone.
If only it were to be.

I stand apart from you.
And do not come to be your friend.
My actions are not like yours.
Things I do seem strange to you.
And you cannot understand me.
Because I do not understand you.
In youth I knew no close friends.
And knew only myself.
I turned to within myself.
'cause there was no one else to turn to.
And by my living within myself,
knowing no ones thoughts other than mine,
knowing just what I have lived,
I don't know what will please you.
I don't know what to say,
or how to act,
or what I may do,
or that which I cannot.
So I stand alone.
I can't act the same.
Too long I've lived within myself.
Too long I've lived alone.

Beauty I have known from afar,
close to me,
it rarely is,
I've lived almost without it.
Knowing only the day to day of life,
not daring to think of finding beauty,
after living so long without beauty,
I don't know how to talk to you.
Knowing so little beauty,
and finding myself in awe when with you,
words seem so little and useless,
when to be used to say of you.
I a mere man cannot talk with you,
and I could not be anything for you to see,
for I am not of beauty,
I feel I am not to know beauty as yours.
I come not to you,
and still live alone without beauty.

What do you do for a broken heart,
how do you stop the bleeding,
will a Band-Aid do to close the tear,
the tear left when love was tore from it,
can a doctor sew it together again,
is there some first-aid to give,
how do you fix a broken heart,
I wish,
I wish I knew.

I walk a path,
a path not for men,
though I be one.
Alone I am in this,
and yet men are not to be alone,
though on this path I find no man.
It is a path of three worlds,
one that we wish to be,
one that is,
one that few men see.
Most men look ahead,
some look to now,
some look back at that was.
On this path,
I walk ahead,
for I know what lay behind.
I wander on,
for I can know no rest,
nor live in what was.
I walk not with men,
and the Gods are not with me now,
I walk this path alone.
I walk not knowing to where,
nor truly why,
nor of want to stop.
I walk my path.

Am I to wander ever alone.
Will I not know of rest.
Peace to forever be gone before me.
Knowing seemingly only sorrow.
And will pain forever fill me.
Must I always look to greener lands.
Will I never find a place that holds me.
Can I never know an endless love.
Am I always to be as I am.

The land lies in waiting,
and although it is dry,
there is water near by.
Riches are in the soil,
held there by the parchedness,
parch with water a few feet away.
In a canal going to other lands,
some of the lands are poor,
and some are rich,
all need the water,
to the rich it goes,
passing this dry land by,
leaving the riches locked,
to free them in other lands.
Yet for waters not used,
there would be riches more,
someday a canal will come.
In when water here will be,
the land its riches yield,
water having freed them,
has done a great work,
so that the world is repaid,
and no land is thrown away.

The Craftsman

With the skill of many years,
his aged hands move,
movement that years have made,
fast and sure that when young,
were slow and doubtful,
and thought years of practice,
when in each day he does again,
the same moves as always before,
and the same as tomorrows,
and day by day his skills improve,
although each movement may not be better than
the last,
in the passing of time,
he improves in all,
with his advancement in his skills,
his work becomes better,
and being better is worth more,
till it becomes a thing of beauty,
an article to live beyond its maker,
to become of value with age,
until it is priceless,
a thing of art forever,
to be looked upon as a ultimate,
to be known long beyond,
the death of the craftsman,
the man who made it.

Footprints in sand

Time swiftly covers our way,
washing away our footprints,
as the sea upon the beach,
clearing it that we can write anew,
the things of each new day,
and in each new day,
time covers more of our life,
more that washed from our mind,
and although we lose much,
still we gain more in its place,
some that is worth more to us,
and too some that is not,
and of all we learn,
some of it will not be of our choosing,
will become lost to us,
and in this we change,
and are not tomorrow,
as we were today,
yet of what today we learn,
in tomorrow we will become,
for we can only be,
that which we have learned,
and of which we remember.

The night's mind

In the dark of night,
the mind wander in odd ways,
sounds become unreal,
and frightening,
that in the daytime are not,
in the darkness,
seem things which are harmful,
that we know are not there,
only in light,
are we safe,
in darkness,
is the terror,
so in the night,
we go in hiding,
to hide from that,
which is only in,
the mind.

The Hat

In the world of hats,
there are many hats,
there are tall hats,
and there are short hats,
there are thin hats,
and there are fat hats,
and there are some hats,
that are flat,
and many that,
are other than that,
and one of the hats,
that are other than that,
is the socking cap,
and like other hats,
there are long caps,
and short caps,
there are narrow caps,
and there are wide caps,
and almost all types of caps,
but there is one cap,
of all the caps,
and that is the skier's cap,
a most unusual cap,
'cause to wear that cap,
wear it on the back,
the back of the head that,
off to fall looks that cap,
but does not fall that cap,
but holds to the head's back,
and will not fall that cap,
and its cling,
it does seem,
must be a impossible thing,
and that cap's cling,
is what makes the skier's cap thing,

that is why,
this cap is that,
the skier's cap,
a most unusual hat,
is that.

I would sleep,
yet sleep will not come,
and in this late hour,
when others are resting,
I cannot rest,
still my mind races,
and thoughts go within it,
there is still so much,
that I would do yet today,
but this body will not let me,
and it call's to me,
asking to sleep,
though I would not end this day,
and yet too,
I know I must sleep,
and know it will come,
yet it has not come thus far,
and still I await it,
and hope it will soon come,
for I would sleep.

I shout into darkness
I cry for what never was,
I aid that which will never be,
love is not,
life did not begin,
death is forever here,
tears fall in an ocean,
help is not felt,
sorrow forever,
suffering I go in life,
alone I am nothing,
joyless I am.

I run from this world,
to one that is not,
I climb on the broken dreams,
to reach out to the stars,
I know not of what men would do,
yet know of that which I will,
I know which way to go,
and question that knowledge,
I must always walk my way,
in a world I made,
I running from this world,
going to where I am.

Alone,
mind not touching minds,
knowing only my thoughts,
never to know another's,
living only for now,
bitter in the shortness,
to fall back to myself,
bound forever in this shell,
living alone,
alone.

As I sit tuning the radio,
to a station I can never find,
looking up I see,
the stuffed dog from a one time dream,
laying on its back off to the side,
cast off for something more important now,
as yesterdays dreams often are,
and they now mean little if any,
life is always rushing on,
dreams becoming lost forever,
lost is why they were once,
lost too is why they are not dreams now,
dreams are often only for now,
to often they are not for tomorrow,
the tomorrow that is now today.

You ask me my name,
and I told you it,
yet I will not ask your name,
because it will not tell me of you,
it cannot say of your likes,
nor of your dislikes,
it will not tell me of your wants,
or of your needs,
of what you have done,
or that which you will do.
Your name may cause me to think of another,
whose name is the same as yours,
and I may think that you will be like her,
though it need not be so.
But in knowing not of your name,
I will think only of you.
Then I may learn of you,
thinking of no one else,
but of you.

Joy is,
a light easy feeling,
sparking deep within the eyes.
Joy is,
running in open fields,
laying in the sun.
Joy is,
free,
not tied from day to day.
Joy is,
soft,
not hardened from pain.
Joy is,
the good in life,
that comes from living.
Joy is,
a beautiful person,
walking beside me.

Life is to live,
being free.
To listen to birds sing,
walking in parks,
chasing butterflies.
Life is to be happy,
doing good,
helping others.
To sing songs in darkness,
working in the sun.
Life is to walk together,
no one being alone,
because there is no one to be with.
To fall in love.
Life is for living.

They're friends in passing,
passing each other by,
looking and not seeing,
touching and not feeling.
They sit in a room,
together and yet alone,
within inches and miles apart.
Thinking the same thoughts,
that they have nothing in common.
They need only to talk,
and to listen to one and other.
They need a place to be together,
a place to laugh and be close.
A place that can be anywhere,
maybe even here.

The street is dark,
and you wonder why,
the way is curved,
first to one side,
when back to the other,
yet all others seemed unswerving,
and you don't understand,
sometimes you think you see the way,
and run with feet of joy,
out pacing the memory,
memory of running before,
of going without fear,
and when of the endless walk,
that lay there at your goal,
although the goal was not where,
and memory has again caught you,
memories that seemingly try to stop you,
to pull you down,
yet back along the way,
you know there is nothing,
nothing that can hold you there,
nothing you could forever look upon,
and tho,
now and again you may stop,
you must as of yet go on,
on to find your place to be.

May I be with you tonight,
may I look in your eyes,
and see you smile,
may I be silent,
and seem far way,
for tonight I am,
I am running in fields,
where yellow flowers grow,
chasing after butterflies,
and flying on the wind,
tonight I look up,
to see the stars,
and to see the clouds,
running before the moon,
Tonight I'll feel the wind,
that goes through my hair,
and rustles trees,
that grow afar,
tonight is for magic,
and elves to sing,
tonight I would be with you,
and have you with me.

As we walk up the hill
the last of the day's once firm hold
weakens on the world
till as we reach the top
it falls away
and night slowly begins to fold about us
and as the towns and cities below us fade
overhead in the sky
which was a dome of blue
blue that left with the sun
slowly coming at first one by one
when by two and two and then by threes
till coming faster that the mind can count
the stars awaken to await the moon
who at its coming will rule the night sky
and now we turn about
to look down upon the towns and cities below
that now seem to mirror the sky
or perhaps to be another sky
we turn to look into the others eyes
eyes that are filled with the pure light of love
and with the hill as our alter
and with the stars and moon to watch
we tell the other of our love
swearing to it forever
swearing to seal our life's together
and to make our dreams and hopes one
we kneel hand in hand
and pray to God that we may come to his house
and there for him to seal our love forever
so that our love will never die.

Despair

Slowly the black waves roll in
No gulls wheel overhead
Nor are their cries ever heard here
No wind blows the air about
To cool the sand baked hot by the sun
And the sun stands forever overhead
No shadow is there here to hide in
No water comes here running
From mountains afar and capped in white
The cool white of snow giving birth to waters cold
and the sea is poisoned with body now dead
But dead as all who comes to here and cannot
escape
Here where nothing lives or can live
And here lost forever with no escape
I am

I go by Bill
My given name is William
And some call me still others
Yet none of these
Nor any other is mine
For no man knows my name
And I myself do not know
For it is known only to God
And my friends who linger there with him
For in this world no one is born with his name
And no one of this world can tell him it
Yet someday I will go to God
And I will ask him of my name
And if
If he tells me
Then still I can tell it to no one
But only whisper it to myself
But then I will know who I am
For now I do not

Once that feels so very long ago
in a place ever so far away
a young man worked on his dreams
he dreamed of becoming a great man
a man who would do many wonderful deeds
dreams of helping his fellow man
to make a better world and life
but this young man did not know the price of these
he didn't know of the work
of or the time spent in study
of day after day struggle to learn
and the hours of being alone
and in this testing of himself
he failed
yet he knew he was failing
and knew that then in his life
he could not do that which was needed
so he left there to go and prepare to return
as he knew that someday he must
for his dreams would not die till he did
and now he is much older
though still a young man
and now he is wiser through pain of long years
long years in which his dreams aged
and with age gained depth and meaning
now his dreams mean much more than then
now for his dreams he will give much more
now he knows a man's dreams are his life
and he knows to live without his dreams
is to live a life worth nothing to him
it is to live thinking always of what might have
been
to live in a world that no longer is
and less and less in the world that is
now he knows he must have his dreams again
now he is begging you to let him try again

The Lord speaks to me with words sweet and clear
to tell me of truth, of love and doing right
he shows to me the paths that I should walk
and is always with me when everyone else is gone
his light before me is always shining
to lead me from black despair
he teaches of his ways and of his kingdom
he helps and guides me to find my way there

Last night I found that which I have been looking
for
The pain that lived with me for so long was gone
Joy came and filled my life washing out the sorrow
Leaving my soul in beauty and deep love
All that I could ever want was now mine
And the happiness which was so long missing from
me
Returned to me with greatness never before known
And then in my great joy I rested
And slept
And when I awoke it was gone
And in dark despair I knew where it had gone
It went back within my mind where it lives
For it was just a dream
I wish sleep and my dream would come again
And then never, never leave me again

No music is in the air today
Tho many birds do sing
And though within this crowded room
My ears with silence ring
And loneliness is deep within my heart
For you are not here to talk to me

"Repent ye, repent ye".
Words come softly on the wind to me.
"Repent ye, repent ye".
Hearing these words I lift up my head.
"Repent ye, repent for the day of the Lord".
Words coming from far away on the wind.
"Repent for the day of the Lord is at hand".
A voice calling to the world.
"Repent for ye cannot be saved in sin".
A young voice of someone far from home.
A voice with joy in it, and a little fear.
"Repent ye, repent ye. For the day of the Lord God
is at hand
and ye cannot be saved in sin".
"Repent ye, repent ye".
Words called upon the wind.
Words on the wind going to all lands.
"Repent ye, repent for the day of the Lord".
And hearing these words I know them to be true.
And I rise and go to find who speaks them.
For surely that one knows the truth.

Slowly the yellow ball sinks
Falling out from the pale blue
With its wide halo of white
Touching first the darker blue
Causing the bright golden mist
Tinting the white and yellow
The blues around the golden yellow
Slowly all darken with richness
White turning to yellow
Yellow to change to gold
Pale blue to golden blue
The ball slips between the blues
The golden blue darkens
The darker blue turns black
Till dark blue and black remains
The sun is down

See the bird,
Birds are to be free,
To fly the sky,
And sing songs of joy.
See the bird,
So much like me,
In a cage.

Somewhere sitting on grass
Seeing each blade
Counting the clover
My love is
In clouds are castles
The wind sings of love
The sky is a sapphire
The sun gold
This my love sees
Flower line our paths
Trees give us shade
Birds sing our joy
Grass is our bed
Somewhere
My love is

Slowly the ball of molten gold sinks
Falling from the high pale blue
With its halo of pure white
Touching first the darker blue below
As a mist of flaming red sandstone rises
Burning away the halo of white
Heating the gold hotter still
Its golden light climbing into the sky
Brightening the pale blue to white
And yet the touch of the golden ball
Turns the darker blue almost to a black
And continues downwards sinking into the
darkness
The darkness swallows the ball
As the mist now falls back out of the sky
And the darkness swallows this too
Till only white lays between dark and pale blues
The white grows smaller until it is gone
Then the pale blue darkens
And then the high blue becomes black
And the sun is down

Light of my life,
Lord of my days,
Savior of my forever.
He who first walked this path,
He who's steps I try to fill.
In peace he lived.
With beauty he taught.
In living his words,
he asked all to live as he.
My heart sings his joyous praise.
The beauty of his creation fills my eyes.
My soul soars with the thought,
of what he did,
he did for us.
For our souls he was betrayed,
for our sins his life he gave.
He suffered great pain that we would not.
And all he did,
he did for us.

Forgotten,
leaves blown upon the wind where no one sees.
Forgotten,
a gull soars upon the wind over the open sea.
Forgotten,
Thoughts blown onward with a wind faster than
men can run.
Forgotten,
waves wash across a tiny reef that sinks slowly
Under them.
Forgotten.
a sun in a distant sky slowly burns to ash.
Forgotten,
life moves and an egg hatches into cold darkness.
Forgotten,
the dreams and hopes of today for tomorrow.
Forgotten,
a man steps into his darkness,

Onwards and up I rise from this blind shell,
Leaving the eyes that will not see,
ears that do not hear,
hands that cannot touch.
I long to reach the thoughts my mind cannot think,
master my feet to paths they can never walk,
speak the words known to no people.
I go to sing the songs of life with the sun,
to find the joy of being among the stars,
know wisdom in lost treks of space.
I will soar where no one may be,
speak where can be no sound,
understand that which will never be.

Born of a world of pain and war,
of man against man and brother against brother.
Of one to rise to be above another,
of one to rule another and bend the other to do his
will.

Where a man will use any and all that there is to
achieve his will.

Where love is used as a tool.

Where a friend is to be used to gain a hold higher
that where

one has already clawed on the ladder of men
climbing men to

be greater than the other men.

Born in innocence's and being pure and free from
all the sins

and evil that is in and of the world.

Free of the pain made of man, so great as to
change the very world that is the home of the men
who in their lust for the power that they see with
the twisted vision of their mind

that sees the world as they would have it and not
as it is or

of that which it should be.

Born to grow within this world seeing the evil and
lusts of men.

Born to grow seeing all these things and to know
that they are not as they should be.

Growing within these and seeing that they cause
more ill and

pain to many men who would but go their way
though life and

do no ill nor harm to any man nor change that
which is to be

some vain dream of their mind.

Growing to know these things and to find that
they have given

birth to a sorrow within his heart that grows so as
in his growing he comes to know more of the ill

and wrongs of men.
Growing as pain deep within his very being that is
becoming a
moving and living force within him that is shaping
And becoming his being in life.
Now he is that which must bear great pain to see
pain in
another man.
Now he is that he can not force another to do his
will.
Now to be free from another's will he must always
be.
Now he cannot cause pain in changing that which
is because another want sit.
Living now he does no ones bidding lest he too
wants it to be done.
Living now he will and must leave even one who he
may love
rather than to submit himself to her wishes,
when it is not his wish too.
Living now with so much pain that has come from
living as he must,
live that the greater pain that would come from
submission to another's will not as his would come.
Living now in sorrow that so few who walk on this
path in life know that they are often alone upon it.
Alone he asks himself why he lives this way.
Why he has cast himself out from so much of the
world.
So much that the world is and from many people
that live that way.
He asks himself why,
and he has no answer.

Reach out.
And lift your head up.
Then soften your heart,
open your soul,
and feel.
The heart beats.
Lungs draw the world in.
The world lives and moves,
within my ears.
Feet on the moist grass.
Wind through hair.
The sun flows across my chest.
Autumn savoring on the tongue.
Your mind runs through the sky.
I live,
feel,
love.

Cry
Despair
Sorrow
Pity for them
Fools who see with their eyes, not their heart
They who hear words, not understanding
They cry out for help
And wait with endless sorrow
Immortals they pray for mortals help
Endless life's seem as endless hell
Needing only that which men can do
They wait in endless hope and sorrow

I am only one,
one person in a world of billions,
and what can I as one person do.
Can I feed the hungry masses,
or heal the sick.
Can I go among them to teach.
Before me lay many paths
And each can take me to a different place
And each place has its own virtues
And its own faults
Yet only along one path
To only one of the places may I go
And as I look from one to another
I see each path's beauty
And all of the others faults
And I want to first to follow one
And then a another
And yet a another still
And so I stay here
With paths before me
Wondering which way I should go

Many people die,
and although it is not my fault,
nor can I stop,
or help to stop them.
Can I not still cry.

Forgive me the words I do not say,
the smiles I do not smile,
the touch I do not give.
I would talk to hear your voice,
smile to see your smile,
touch to feel your touch.
I wish to hear your voice,
love to see your smile,
dream of your touch.
Yet,
we sing to different songs,
smile for different reasons,
touch what we would touch.
I find a gulf between us,
small enough to see across,
to smile across,
to talk.
Yet,
one I cannot cross.

Who has the past,
and where are the tomorrow's.
Today is but so little,
a moments passing sorrow.
How quickly we flee,
our darting eyes averted.
How quickly we hide,
among the distant shadows,
they spring out of yesterday,
we'll live in them tomorrow.

Slowly,
softly,
a gentle warm,
slowly moving,
softly changing,
all that it caresses.
Warm wind blows,
bright sun lights,
white castles are,
up in the sky.
Water dances,
green grass freshens,
skin becomes tan,
little Children's laughter,
life is happy,
forward looking,
spring moves upon the land,
and in the hearts of men.

A boy and a girl,
walking hand in hand,
a flower passed,
is quickly picked,
and quietly given,
a new flower will grow,
even as their love.

Oh noble dreams of man,
how great and endless hope,
with courage to climb the highest peaks,
and tame the wildest land,
you know of no quest too daring,
no goal lays beyond your grasp,
oh great and noble man;
do you seek no rest.

Oh how great the distances between us
Oh how far apart and afraid
Why is there walls between us
Why do we keep each other so far away
I long to reach out to you
I long to bring you in so close
To hold you with my arms tight about you
To close the space that lays between
Oh why do we hold away from one another
Oh why do we keep to ourselves
So alone

Oh I would have reached out to you
I wanted to give you my hand
You needed help but would not take mine
You wanted someone to hold you
Someone to make you feel loved
A shoulder to lean on
A strong arm around you
Words spoken softly to you
A hand to stroke your hair
On but you would not let it be mine
Oh how I wanted to touch you
Oh I wanted so to help you
To let you cry the tears you were holding
To let you know that someone cared
Oh I sorrowed at your sadness
I cried the tears that you would not
I felt the feeling you had hid
Oh how I wanted to help you
I wanted to show you how much I cared

Do not cry, my little one,
because I am leaving you,
I am not leaving forever,
I'm just going home to see my father.
My father who I have not seen in many,
oh so many years.
Someday, someday you to can come to see him.
And I will be there waiting to see you too.
We will be so happy to all be together,
we'll all be so very happy to be together again.
And then we will always be with one another,
forever and ever.
So don't cry,
you see,
it is only for a little time,
then you will see me again.
For I must go home,
because my father is calling,
and I must go home.

It has been said,
Hate the sin,
And love the sinner,
But I say unto you,
Love the sinner,
And with understanding of the sin,
Pity the sinner in the sin,
For surely hate is a poor servant,
But a powerful master,
Few can rule their hate,
And many are ruled by it,
And who can or will look past their hate for the sin,
To see how they can help the sinner,
Therefore,
Love the sinner,
For love is,
Not hate,
The way to understanding.

Oh Lord of hosts
Oh creator of all
Father of all people
Lord of lords hear me
My father turn thy thoughts to me
With faith endless
And knowledge of thee
Yet still life is hard
Still my heart is sorrowful
Still I feel that it will never be
Oh Father Oh Father
Give me the will to go on
For I am such a weak and insecure child
I need thy strength to go on
Oh my Lord
Let me not forget thee
May I remember thy plan
And know that someday all things will be
Lord, Lord
Oh I await that day
Long for that glorious day
Oh may it be soon
Please let it be soon
I need it to be
I want it to be
Oh my Lord
My dear, Oh my most dear Lord
Oh most dear father
Amen

Kirtland

Oh most holy father
See now my suffering
Oh dear Lord
They do not know thee
They feel not the ill
The darkness of the very air
The sadness of thy spirit
Your sorrow of children lost
Here the very earth cries out the pain
The light of the sun is cold
Cold, so cold and hard
My heart is torn from me
My mind is dark
My soul crushed
Oh my father
How great must be thy suffering
How endless thy sorrow
How deep thine despair
I cry
I cry for that which they have done
I cry to see that which was thy house
I cry for thy dreams cast down
And walked upon by men
Oh my Lord
How see they not thine glory
How see they not thine truth
How do they not know thine sorrow
All creation
All work of thine hand
Does here cry out with despair
Oh how
Oh how do they not feel it
Why does it not tear their hearts

Oh how do they have joy here
Father
Give unto me understanding
That I may know
That I may know why they would come here
For dark do I feel the spirit
Loudly the earth calls out its sorrow unto me
Heavy
Heavy is my heart
Then I am here
In Kirtland

Oh little bird
up in the tree
Oh little bird
what can you see
Oh little bird
you can fly so high
Oh little bird
now you've flown away
Oh little bird
you can fly so far
Oh little bird
how fine you are

So far I have wandered
So far have I gone
Away from my dear mountains
Away from my dear home
No mountains rise above me
No valleys lay below
No pine trees are around me
with their scent the air is not filled
Where are the rushing rivers
their joyous songs to hear
Where is the mighty eagle
Sailing so high up in the air
Oh I long to see my mountains
To climb them up into the sky
To look upon the fair valleys
And across the land so wide
I will seek again my mountains
They wait always for me
Then home again to my mountains
The mountains so dear to me

Oh empty sky
lonely sky
always blue
so far away
oh lonely sky
so high above
oh so distant sky
I feel like you

See the bird,
birds are to be free,
to fly the sky,
and sing songs of joy.
See the bird,
so much like me,
in a cage.

Where is one to warm my side
someone to let me hold my arms around
the soft silken hair against my face
the heart to beat together with mine
someone to smile with me in a secret way
to walk with in parks as gentle rain falls
where is someone with and be with
someone who I can be me with
oh where can I find her or see her
oh where can I go and hope to meet her
somewhere I'll know and someday I'll find her

Of freedoms songs
so sweet and clear
of the great land
we hold so dear
the blue sky
and rolling land
of mountain high
and rivers wide
with wings of dreams
our spirits flies
our hearts are filled
with pride of you
let us sing
with sweet words
and shout
joyous praise
freedom songs
let us sing
with many voices
loud and clear

Rise up and soar
let your thoughts flow free
make your spirit dance
upon the wind
see all creation
in colors bright and merry
hear only laughter
all the voices singing
seek ever higher
set not bounds
may your joy
grow to be endless
we have made ourselves
to be what we are
and to change
we need but to change
to be that
which we would be

Dark deep night
with stars alight
reaching clouds
cool winds blow
the fragrant air
in still silence
void of man
no cars race
in endless chase
no thronged masses
do sidewalks bear
stores in darkness
doors are closed
stoplights flash
for empty roads
night is king
sleep the queen
and men lay down
before their thrones
few walk the night
in darkness calm
a quiet peaceful
darkened land

Softly falls the rain
tears the heavens cry
for the martyred sons of God
brothers of you and I
with love they walked
upon this earth
wanting each of us to save
just trying to teach
to love and do right
of God and to obey
why do some hate
those who teach love
and seek them out
their lives to end
where is the danger
that love brings
to make them so afraid
what is the harm
in knowing of God
that death alone can staid

There is always a light
in the darkest of nights
one no fog can hide
it shall never us fail
our way to reveal
if we will but look to it
it is the words of our God
his teaching and laws
our prophet has revealed
God's words will go out
carried to all the lands
by the power and work of man
the world shall be filled
light will all reveal
the glories and wonders of God

To dream
is not enough
to want
and to hope
is not all
one must do
because dreams
dreams are not free
there are prices
that must be paid
costs that will be took
because dreams take work
they demand commitment
your time and talent
must be freely given
and still
still in the beginning
and while it grows
your dream gives you little
and it will need so very much
yet you can dream
and your dream can come true
if you will
pay the price
dreams are not
free

If you are quiet
and keep very still
and close your eyes
then you may listen
to very quiet sounds
birds that are singing
birds that are flying
their wings beating air
the wind rustled trees
the humming of bees
children that are playing
in afield far away
and a church bell ringing
calling folks to pray
many are the sounds
so quiet
you may not hear
if you do not listen
very quietly to hear

Is life but a game
and we but players
following the rules
that have no meaning
is there an end to life
sharp and clear
when all that now is
will cease to be
when that which we are
will be but memories
to those who are living
is there no meaning
to all we do and are
but as players of a game
I think this not
life is real
not just a game
with meaning in the rules
and life changing
but without end
because there is a God
I know this in my heart
I see him in all I see
feel it within my soul
life is not a game
but to those who wish
only to play

Some goals
take a lot of time
and some
take very little
others don't
depend on time
but rather
just to do them

Sunlight flows and eddies
with bright deep pools
shallow dark currents
it rises and falls
moving in the tides
of the suns motion
within the dryness
of deep night
lies the bed
of this river
breaks the drought
floods the world
quenching the thirst
bring back all to life
flowing with richness
upon the land again
with eddies
and pools

Birthdays?
what are birthdays for?
what do we do on birthdays?
an old year ends
a new year begins
time turns about a day
four swift seasons
slowly passing
always different
yet still the same
bright sun lit summer
cold brilliant winter
season going unchained

Come my love
let us slowly walk
upon soft grass
growing between trees
beneath blue sky
snow white clouds
gentle wind
touches our backs
come my love
let us see
beauty rich
colored spring
flowers small
great towering trees
flying birds
butterflies
come my love
let us see
all there is
joyous we
beauty see
in our love
beauty dwells
come my love

Ocean waves slide
upon the beach
carrying stones
sand and bubbles
sea shells are shown
and then hidden
sea weeds cast forth
withers and dies
sunlight sparkles
on short lived tunnels
ceaselessly rolling
hisses and grumbles
gulls are soaring
dolphins glide
hills in motion
valleys that hide

Oh my brother
so shined the sun
the flowers bloomed
softly blew the wind
around the grasses and trees
Oh my brother
I met you there
I felt your touch
and looked upon your work
I heard your words
and wept
in Kirtland

Once upon a time
there were five toes
the five toes came in five sizes
there was a big, heavy toe
a tall but skinny toe
a in between toe that was always in the middle of
every thing
a short and skinny toe
and a little, small toe
these five toes where very close to one another
they did every thing together
they went with each other all over
if one took a bath they all took a bath also
when two went on a hike
the other three would tag along
we're going skin diving cried three
so are we shouted back two
in all things and in every way
they were all as close
and as happy as could be

There must be mountains
very high and proud
with few if any trails
no easy way to the top
they must be lonely
few people there upon
because they are very hard
I seek to climb the mountains
to rise with them so high
but it must not be easy
in climbing I must be tried
for I am seeking my boundaries
that I may push them back
I look for tests
that I may know myself
I do things that are hard
so I will grow stronger
therefore mountains must be
that I may climb them

How could I not think of you
How could I ever forget
In the long night while I work
Laboring alone with the unliving machines
Nothing can stop my thoughts from turning to life
And when thinking of I think of you
For what which is life to me
Is now all the many things we do together
And I cannot think of what my life would be
without you
Yes I think of you in the night when I am gone
I think of you sleeping without me at your side
Each morning I count another dawn alone
I count another awakening that I will never see
The light in your eyes when first opened to the day
I think of you turning to look and me not there
Yes I think of you alone in the night
I think of you

Yes my love I think of you
When I am far away
Then if your arms cannot hold me near
My heart is still with you
No time or distance great or small
Can come between our love
I need not see you with my eyes
To love you in my heart
My arms still feel you with their hold
Though now they may hold you not
I cannot forget your hair, your eyes
Nor how you walk and move
I think of you my love when I'm away
I think of you night and day

Arise oh my and sing
To all the world let your voice ring
Of all the love there is within you
For the one who moves you to beat
Look forth Oh eyes and see
Fairer beauty than which words can speak
From her soul springs light with which to see
Reach my hand to hold her
Bring her with my arms to me and hold her
Run softly across the hills and plains so warm
Touch my lips to hers
Taste that sweetness deeper than wine
Drink of the love forever fulfilling
Speak my mouth the words
Of joy beyond the telling
The thoughts of my unending
I love you
I love you

Somewhere wings love
flying swift and high
a silver arrow
though the sky
the flapping winging
like beating hearts
moves so quickly
foreword on
an endless flight
eyes see so far
from such a height
sing out the cry
across the land
so sweet so pure
high and clear
I love you
I
love you

Swiftly my love
come to me
running come
your hair flying
your joyous face
with laughing smile
swiftly my love
come to me
my heart grows heavy
when we're apart
the mocking smile
leaves my face
my booming voice
is soft and quiet
as I wait
you again
swiftly my love
come to me
I need your arms
to hold me tight
I need your hands
to hold in mine
I need your voice
your words comfort me
I need your ears
to hear my dreams
swiftly my love
come to me
swiftly my love
my world is dark
I need your light
within me now
I want you
my love
walking beside me

now oh now
swiftly my love
come to me

Swiftly come to me my love
bring your beauty to lighten my day
to end the darkness of your being away
back to me on wings of love fly
quickly fly for your love I need
without you here I cannot smile
I know not joy and my heart is sad
oh bring to end the endless wait
swiftly come to me my love
I need you to be here

Tick
Tock
Says the clock
Hands move
Time moves on
Tick
Tock
Moving hands
Time's all things
With the sun
Around
Around
Tick
Tock
Goes the clock
Always going
Getting nowhere
Tick
Tock
Says the clock
Tick
Tock
Tick

Ode to the hardhat
Orange and bright
It sits upon my head
A creation of plastic
My head to save
To the test
I'd hope it not to put
For if it failed
I'd be dead

Oh dreaming man
What desire moves within you
What do you now seek after
What dreams now hold you
Are you ever content with what is
Must you always want of something more
Why cannot this day to day life fill you
Why do you need that which is not
Ah dreamer know you no peace
Do you not rest within the reality of now
Dreamer, dreamer
Dream well that which you dream
Perhaps some day you'll have your dreams

Swiftly flows the brooklet by
Laughing on its way
Singing too it hurry on
Gaily all the day
Always merrily onward going
Towards the sunset

Love is a small bird
With many bright feathers
Flying though the air
On a warm sunny day

Oh what is love
Can any one say
Do you look it up in a book
Or learn it in school
Oh what is love
Can words really say
Yet within my heart
I know I love you

Softly goes the winter night
Turning beneath a star lite sky
icy wind blows upon the land
Chilling those who walk this night
Darkness bares the land of life
They run unto small caves of light
Seeking warm safety there within
Hidden from the star sky
Lonely trees stand the guard
talking softly among themselves
On the endless watch they take
The quiet is louder than any noise
It fills all space
Nowhere to hide
The sun the moon cannot be
Their lights will not fill the sky
And will not come each night to stay
Gather clouds for snow to fall
Changing land from black to white
Hiding much and showing some
All in a cold winter night

Oh
How my heart is saddened
At the fear that walks the world
At how few people
can go their way in peace
and not live in endless fear
How great must be the evil
the whole worlds ways to bend
to seed mistrust for all other men
Oh my sorrow as I walk
a giant among the small
To see the fear within their eyes
born only of my size
'fore I am a peaceful man
who would not hurt a fly
Ant I find great pain inside
at why they turn away
A true sweet love fills my heart
I would to all mankind give
Yet with their fear I cannot give
and I am in sorrow and tears

In the night

'neath dark
dim sky
As the soft
Wind blows by
As I smell
The distance rain
Feel the grass
That beneath me lay
As I wonder
Who I am
Who I am
That walks the night
In a world
Of little light
Devoid of man
And most beasts too
Quietly lays
In their beds
Who am I
Who walks the night

What words of love may I say to you
What songs can I sing
Of all the love I have for you
What words can I say
Can poems tell of my need
For you each day
How many books would I fill
With written words of my love
When I hold you close to me
Can you feel my love
Do my hands speak the love
That words cannot say
When you look into my eyes
Can you see the fire that burns within
The passion that you bring
How can I tell you of my love
Could words alone ever say

Swiftly fly's the night
Fleeing before the sun
And the dawning of a new day
Running quietly across the land
Faster than sound can fly
Though its passing has no noise
But the sound of soft morning wind
Blowing after its passing
Endless the speeding race is
Knowing not an end and rest
Yet this race speeds about me
Moving faster than I have ever gone
It seems slow and without passing
To myself walking in the night

I watch a flower bend
Under the falling snow
One cold spring day
And I wonder if it will die
In the warm sunshine of yesterday
I found such joy and beauty
Felt such hope in spring beginnings
Within a flowers bloom
But today the soft cold whiteness
That falls so gentle and slow
From higher in the sky than I can see
Bends the flower to the soil
Its touch pulling the life from the flower
Making it cold and hard
And makes me wonder if
Warm sunshine and rain
Small flower will come to this land
Will green spring and hot summer
Ever come again

Lift up your eyes
Lighten your minds burden
Fill your heart with the good of life
Rise above those things that pull you down
Transcend your daily cares
Fight not foes that cannot be beaten
Your good and bad
Happiness and sorrow
Contentment and despair
Are but things of your mind
And cannot exist
Unless you let them
And will be
If you wish them too
And if you seek them
Therefore seek after the good
Be joyful and happy
For these things are but part of you
You can control them
Then
Transcend

I have walked down mountains paths
In the early spring
When the snow is all but melt
Before the coming green
Brown and grays fade across the land
Water runs down hills and falls from mountain
sides
Dark blues and purples are the trees
Giving hope of life yet coming
Bright sunlight warms the land
And makes one think of summer days
But a fleeing cloud across the sun
And winter bite is quickly felt
Now is done winters endless cold and white
Nor yet is the warm and green of summer
Perhaps now these hills are barren
No grass or leaves nor snow are here
Nothing but limbs of trees and soil of hills are
Still I find comfort here
Life's cares and worried drop away
And I am at peace within

Outside it is raining
and night is upon the land
Cool wind slowly moves
The clouds that hide the stars
Peeping out but now and then
Down upon us
And though the stars may see us
I cannot see you
For you are in our bed sleeping
And I must work this night
Yet I am thinking of you
Are you dreaming of me
Do our minds spend the night together
Though for us it cannot be
Distance doesn't dim the memory
Of you in my mind
And though we are not together
In a few hours we will be
Touching one another
In each others arms
Joyful in the morning
When the night is gone

Long ago upon this land
Walked a single man
He the last of his people
Fleeing an enemy great
They had killed all his people
Men and women and children too
But he had a task to finish
Given of God that he must do
So his life had not ended
Still he fled a certain fate
He had to write of his people
Of their life's and God and fate
That forever would be the knowledge
Of all that they did and knew
Long was his travels and great his task
He walked across this land
Doing always the task he was given
Doing the work of God for man
Today we have his written works
His task he finished he did not fail
But what of him his work now ended
No one was there to write his end
How did he died this lonely warrior
Last of his people where does he lay

Where am I going to
What am I looking for
In there a point of happiness
Where I will be
Does the time draw near
Or lie still far away
When half known dreams
Will spring into reality
Where the goals long sought for
Will be reached and known
But do I know my dreams
Are my goals set
So I will know them
Or I am to seek forever
After things that are not
To work towards shadows
Chasing hopes that cannot be
If I am what then
Will my labors aid me not
My work earn no reward
Is my life without purpose
I think not so
Because dreams and goals
Are not of a single moment
To burst into being
After much long work
Dreams are reached slowly
Goals are made with long thought
Most dreams are of a life time
Coming only with a life times work
Ones goals of life
Will take all of life
Often the dreams and goals
Are all that one lives for
They are that which
Give meaning to life
And in seeking after them

We grow and better our self's
So if I reach not my goals
If I never know my dreams
They still are of worth
Still have meaning in my life
Of where am I going to
What am I looking for
Perhaps I will never know these
But I will be farther than now

And all these things will past into dust
The old set aside
And the new things will come into being
Thus must it be
And thus has it always been
Yet almost I would stop it
There are things
That hold my memories
Thought flood me then I see them
Or touch them
But they are not that of which my memories are
For my thought are of moments
And are not these things
Fade yet always my memories
Things now dust
Fade

The First Visit

And as the last night passed
Of those whose lives
Were to be taken
For listening to the old words
A voice spoke from heaven
To answer their prayers
Saying
For behold
The time is at hand
On the morrow come I into the world
To fulfill all things
Spoken of my holy prophets
And the next evening
As the sun set
There was no darkness
And their lives were saved.

A plane of glass
A clear wall
Between me and autumn
Not the sun
Only its light
Only its warmth
Touch's me
I look out
To see in
Before me
I see me
Upon the world
A simple thing
A picture on the glass

Tell me
Do you climb mountains
Or swim the sea
Race with the wind
Or float with the breeze
Smile then your happy
And cry then you're sad
Tell me
Oh tell me
Do you any of these
Do you like to put on
Your comfortable clothes
And then sit around
Doing little at all
Or get all dressed up
In your very best
And go into town
Just for a stroll
Tell me
Tell me
What about those
Do you get up quite early
To see the new day
Or stay up very late
To tell it good day
Do you like sunshine
Or do you like rain
Maybe you like snow
Or like them all just the same

Do you eat ice cream
With rich fudge topping
And maybe you like
A peanut butter sandwich
And a big glass of milk
For a little snack
Can you tell me
Any of these
Do you look for falling stars
Or count them that stay
Do you run after rainbows
And chase butterflies
Do you sit watching flowers
To see them grow
Tell me
Please
Tell me
Any of those
There are so many questions
And plenty of time
But I'm somewhat impatient
Thro enjoying my time
Tell me
Oh tell me
Any
Of these

Where is the tree
To sit beneath
Upon a hill
In golden sunlight
The waving grass
There to walk upon
The great blue sky
To graze within
To seek ones self
To see within
Knowing ones self
Is to know of all
To find that good
That is in us all

Dream
I bid unto myself
Dream
Look out upon the world
Lift your eyes to the sky
What does the eyes see
What thought are within me
Dream I bid myself
Dream
Cast the mind to fly
Set the mind to run across the land
Dream
Dream of that which is
Dream of that which is not
No limits set upon your mind
Bind not your self to that which is
Dream
I bid myself
Dream

Once,
not so far from here,
up on a solitary mountain peak,
under a single green pine,
I saw a man.
And I thought,
the mountain had no choice,
in being there alone.
The pine was not asked
to stand the lonely vigil.
And what of the man,
a man can choose,
where to be,
and what to do,
but did he.

On dark paths searching
around each turn hoping
till at last
you find the one
oh what joy
life now is full
every moment together
hand in hand walking
laughing as we run
in silence sitting
time quickly passes
our moments together fly
there is not time enough
for us when we're together
too much time when apart
together wishing to be
now that I have found you
joy should ever be mine
but only when I am with you
is joy to be mine

In soft forest walkin'
upon the gentle grass
golden sun beams
dance in the air
mountains are breathing
moving autumn leaves
in soft forest walkin'
upon the gentle grass
walk with me my darling
clasp your hand in mine
come walk within the forest
upon the mountain high
sweetly trees are singing
songs of love for us
all the leaves are changing
brightness colors just for us
in soft forest walkin'
upon the gentle grass

Tides ebb and flow
Moving things together
Then apart
Eddies hold them
Currents part them
Water cycles
Again and again
Never constant
To no pattern
Nothing guides it
Nor controls
Endless moving
Never stopping

Turn the circles
Set them spinning
Stand them up
And they roll
Now rest upon
The turning circles
Carrying you
Away they go

I came quickly
You weren't there
I was early
And you were gone
I looked on the path
No one was on it
I tried so hard
It meant so much
Where were you
Where were you

Time

Minutes, hours, days,
jointly flow together by,
endless passing,
around me spinning,
traveling by.
I reach out,
to touch a moment,
taste the time flow,
hear its wind.
Howling past,
screeching future,
present dead,
with no movement,
bind the present,
then sent it by.

What seek thee,
what would thou find,
to what do thee look,
and that would thee feel ?
For that is what thee will find,
that is what thee will see,
that is what thee will feel.
Thee will know what thee wish to know,
find only that which thee look for,
feel only that which thee let thy self feel.
and thee and thee alone,
will say,
just who and what thee will be.

Life
A slow passing
Thro
Endless happening
Every day
Time
For nothing
Still
For every thing
I would do

The Sea

Sitting with the drift wood,
beside a sea of glass,
what pieces here were shaped by man,
and which by wind and sea.
There is a rope,
half buried in the sand,
How came it to be here ?
Did it fail,
or perhaps just lost,
to fall within the sea.
Scattered shells all torn asunder,
the hungry bird to feed.
sticks and roots,
pieces of weed,
all things that came out of the sea.
Oh the sea,
mother of life,
where to,
all things return.

The City on the Sea.

The angry sea tosses,
waves on a jetty of stone,
at the edge of the great square.
Under a dark and torn sky,
the wind screams and moves,
lifting the waves of the sea,
going thro doors and between pillars,
tattering the banders of men.
The fallen shadows,
lint stones,
columns,
city.
The people are gone,
a city in death,
sea and stormy sky,
alone.
The traveler passing,
thinking,
wondering,
asking,
not knowing,
why.

Oh Arwen;
gone now is the morning,
fair light of first day,
our eyes since have been open,
great beauty have we seen,
as the noon must come from morning,
night will come from the day,
and with the light fades the beauty,
slowly will fade away.
But end not all the beauty,
nor light fades all away,
for in the day's end there still is beauty,
thro be blackness upon the land,
with no beauty there to see.
Beauty still will light the sky,
beyond the end of day.
Oh Arwen Evenstar,
your beauty light's,
the night,
beyond the end of day.

fly's the Hawk

Daily fly's the hawk,
high up in the sky,
seeking it's daily prey,
it fly's the currents,
it knows so well,
for endlessly it fly's them,
to everywhere its wings can beat,
to anywhere prey may be found,
and where ever prey can be found,
comes the back the hawk,
again and again,
living each day,
as the one before,
knowing not another way,
knowing only to fly for prey,
it does not fly,
 to clean its mind,
 nor to purge its soul,
or because it may,
The hawk fly's for prey.

Food and bed
roof and warmth
shoes and clothes
seem little to me
they cannot hold
nor do they guide
the paths which in
flow my dreams
they call not my heart
I seek them not
like work they are
things that must be
they fill me not
and want for more

Water
Clear or green,
blue or gray,
colorful yet colorless.
Flowing or still,
rushing or calm,
falling sometimes.
Always around us,
even if seems far away,
some shows life unending,
and some Endless death.
Known thru all time,
understood little at all.
To some it has no value,
to others its life it self.
Unthinking most use it,
thru endless cycles it goes,
changed in every use,
changeless thru it all.
Timelessly it passes,
endlessly it moves,
going to all places,
everywhere it has been.
Without it there is nothing,
with it all things there may be,

There was a time,
then I was young,
with true and false,
right and wrong.
The cause of peace,
the force of war.
Then we were right,
and they were wrong.
And we all knew,
we would change the world.

And the world kept going,
around the sun,
the years keep passing,
my youth fades away,
now all my choices,
are just shades of gray.
Now right is gone,
and I weight wrong against wrong.
The wars never end,
people are still the same.
The world goes on,
from day to day.
But I still try,
and I still cry,
the world could change,
if the people would try.
There could be a day,
before I die,
when true is right,
and false is wrong.

Last night I looked up,
and you were there.
Looking just as you did,
long years ago.
And with that one look,
I knew I loved you still.
I say your name aloud,
and you looked away,
I said I has missed you,
all these years,
I said that I loved you,
now still,
after all the years,
since the day you went away.
That day long ago,
you went away from me,
without a word,
no goodbye.
I awoke this morning,
what was your name,
dreams fade away.
I love you still.

The sword lays
behind his shoulder
left
A simple cross
of steel blue
cold
Sits there always
blade never seen
sheathed
No one has ever
seen the blade
used
Still yet the sword
tis always there
waiting
He is a swordsman
death awaiting
still

Asocial

People walk
hand in hand
As I watch
I want to cry
Yet inside
I don't know why
What they feel
I know is real
How to love
all mankind
To want the best
for one and all
To have a hope
for a better day
But I can't
feel that way
Where inside
to feel that way
I do not know
I cannot find
Nor do I wish
to be that way
I do not care
if man should live
I do not want
the best for all
It would be nice
if it were that way
But if it is
or if it's not
I really don't
care either way
I am outside

but I am not sure
Just what it is
I'm outside of

Am I the same man
who once said yes
'cause now I'm not sure
that I would agree
To put my shame
on another's head
That he should pay
for the wrongs I did
Thro I did not force
and he wanted it to be
And I would have to pay
more than I have to give
And he can pay
And carry my weight
Now I'm not so sure
That's how it should be

Not while borders divide,
and guns keep people in.
Not till people want to get in,
and stop wanting to get out.
Not while armies rattle swords,
and navies fallow after each other.
Not till soldiers fight together,
and work for peace with each other.
Not for all the words said,
and while actions speak not.
Not for all the changes made,
and prisons hold those what agree not.
Not while people fight for rights,
and not never think about them.

Yesterdays children
cast stones at today's children
Today's children
learn to cast stones at tomorrow children
But the stones they cast
are all the same
The stones they cast
never change
The stones are their fears
fear the children will change
The stones are their fears
the children won't be the same
And children live
in a new day
And children live
in their own way
Yesterdays gone
its deeds done
Today is new
new growth allowed
Tomorrow may come
let's live for now
Then tomorrow comes
today is yesterday
G rather the stones
for tomorrows children

Wanting
it grows
empty
and more empty
a lacking inside
needing to be filled
wanting more
and more
needing
always needing
endless wanting
hunger
deepening hunger
unsatiable
hunger
wanting
needing
hunger
it grows
grows

should I fight for you
for if you want me not
then how may I win you
and if you want me
why then need I fight
if we do not draw together
then can truly forced together
if there is to be love
then let it be free
if there is to be joy
then let it not be forced

within my heart
there is a small but sharp knife
it moves slowly with beaten blood
my heart tries not to touch it
yet it is scared from each time that it has
for to touch it is to be cut
to bleed and know the pain I greatly fear
the unending pain that comes to me again and
again
I feel that it will never leave me
that it will cut deeply into my scared heart forever
because the metal from which the knife is made
once was my growing love for you
and the sharp edge upon what once was my love
is the goodbye you said to me
the love I cannot forget
The goodbye that will not let me love you

Because I met you
each day is nicer to wake up too
my heart beats a little stronger
the world is a little bit brighter
and when I think of you
some how
every song I hear is a love song

I watch them play
with their toys
the pretty clothes
the fastest wheels
who's gone the farthest
who's gone the fastest
who's the toughest
who's the boss
and who's the one
no one likes
which one know the most
and who knows the best
who is better
than all the rest
who has the most toys
and will win the game

The smoke rises

In a quiet sunlit room
free from the world
without the things
that fills other rooms

A bare wood floor
white walls without
pictures nor windows
nothing to think upon

I enter in
close the door
drop the world
open my mind

I carry with me
a stick of incense
a stand to hold
a match to begin

I sit on the floor
cross my legs
calm my breathing
prepare to start

Set down the stand
place the stick within
strike the match
light a flame

the incense burns
the fire bright

then it flitter
flame no more

I put down the match
lean back and breath deep
rest my hands on my knees
grow quiet and watch

Smoke begin to rise
wavering and scattered
disquieted by moving air
set moving by my movement

Smoke slowly quiets
moving straighter into air
up to the ceiling
making a small cloud

The rising smoke shows
my every move
each breath
perhaps even thought

I seek to see
no movement
no scattering
no change

Just smoke rising
up and up
without change
without moving

Once upon a time
in a land far away
there lived a boy
he was a small boy
with curly blonde hair
his name was Timmy
he was a very happy boy
kite flying was what he did best
many hours he spent with his kites
his kites had all the colors of the rainbow
red
blue
yellow and green
kite both big and small
some with tails and some without
some had wings and some had not
every day you could find him in the field
on windless days he would lay there
and would watch clouds and flying birds
he loved all the things that lived in the sky
butterflies
moths
birds and stars
at night he would dream of being able to fly
of floating light as a cloud
high above the houses and trees
some days he would wish a magician would come
and cast a spell that would make him fly
free as a bird to fly in the sky
each day as the wind blew
he would fly his kites
and on clam days he would lay in the field
and dream of flying

ah, new love of youth
where is thy joys
thy bright promises
dost not thy feet fly
thy mind soar with high clouds
is not each day wondrous anew
is not thy dreams of yesterday
now your hopes of tomorrow
O joyous hopes of young love
where is thy sweet taste

Oh I have flown within the sky
and climbed many mountains high
I have swam beneath the sea
and sailed upon its many waves
I have walked the desert hot
and in the forest green
Oh I have done so many things
I have been so many places
always see something more
always looking to find me
I found myself not in the air
nor upon the mountain high
I found myself not with the sea
nor walking though the land
but as I did all these things
within my mind I sought
Oh what am I looking for
oh who would I have be me
always yet I travel on
so many things still to do
because now I found at last
it is my journey that is me

Fear walks tonight
a dark, flowing shadow
evil glides quietly about
power blank and strong
it eats the hearts of men
it would turn cowards of all
stronger thro than this
something walks the night
their greater power is make known to all
in their brightest light
an everlasting day
they move across the earth
giving light to all who'll take from them it
fear and evil
darkness flee
the growing light
light shall someday rule
dark forever done

He made the path
and set my feet upon it
He lights the path
that I may know the way to go
He tells me of the path
that I need not stray from it
He leads me on the path
so I know I need not fail
He leads me back
if I should wander
He lifts me up
if I should fall
He takes the burden
that I cannot carry
He stays beside me
When all others fail

Oh most holy father
see now my suffering
Oh dear lord
they do not know thee
they feel not the ill
the darkness of the very air
the sadness of thy spirit
your sorrow for children lost
here the very earth cries out
the light of the sun is cold
 cold, so cold and hard
cry out with despair
oh how
oh how do they not feel it
why does it not tear their feelings
oh how do they find joy here
father
give me understanding
that I may know
that I may know why they come here
for dark do I feel the spirit
loudly the earth's sorrow call to me
heavy
heavy is my heart
when I am here

Leaves

winters snows slowly melt
moving slowly back
inch by inch giving way
yielding up all covered
freeing all that it has kept
buried below its white
frozen unseen, unwanted
grasses, brown unliving
soil, wet, soft mud
leaves, dry and brittle
wet and soft
looking lost
out of place in the coming green

GUI's

Oh how I hate GUI's
Oh how they make me mad
My mouse, I call it Rat,
it's always in the way
It's cord dragging across my desk
the mat takes to much room
Buttons here, buttons there
push pins everywhere
Big windows, little windows
Windows everywhere
big ones over little ones
(I know it's here somewhere)
I have clock
or maybe two
it's open here somewhere
Not enough memory
close something up
(or buy another meg or two)

Oh give back my command line prompt
the words so carefully learned
The C's and A's
(sometimes F's and G's)
that I hold so dear!
I guess I learned too long ago
back in the early years
DOS feels so simple
after lload, peeks and pokes
When sixteen kilos was a lot
and we saved our work to tape
300 baud was quite fast
and we dialed the phone by hand

I cannot think of where I am
with all these windows
I get very lost
And all these tasks

going all at once
 seem to think more than me
Give me back the simple text
 give me back my prompt
I guess I am just to old
 just in a rut to deep
I just hate GUI's
 I just hate my mouse.

Clothes

I wonder about people
who are in to clothes
or cars or trucks
I wonder who they are
when they strip bare
who looks back from the mirror
In the dark
is there no one there
unseen they're just not
Do they each night
hang them self's up
folded neatly and put away
And each morning
does no one get up
until dressed for the day
Then they park they car
and walk away
do leave themselves too
Without their truck
that is fixed just so
do they loose themselves too
Who are these people
is anyone there
but clothes, cars and trucks

Change

The pride of those
who would change the world
Their blindness in the vision
vision only they can see
They set forth to make a mark
without knowing of the mark on them
Without asking nor questioning
who showed them the world
Who taught them to know
that the world could change
Do they think of where they would be
without those who bore them
Without those who taught them
grew food for them and clothed them
All the ones who make up the world
the ones who they are going to change
The ones who make them who they are
ones who without there is no world
The ones who then changed
may not make a world to be changed

Wind Words

I speak to the wind
And the wind carries my words from me
They go from me to who will take them
And the wind tells me not
To who it has gone
In this I have no knowledge
I cannot say who has been touched
By my words in the wind

Logic?

Must logic only flow
by yes and no
one and zero
true and false
Can logic have a
question
must it only be
all or nothing
always right
or always wrong
Will logic never say
maybe it is
or maybe it's not
that it just doesn't know
Can logic say
maybe?

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Waiting

Endless
time slowly movies
yet moves not
Forever it lasts
it will pass by
trapped am I
Within
changeling not
I cannot change it
It preys on me
stopping not
eating my soul
endless

In cold fall
with turning of leaves
but before their fall
came first the snow
pulling from trees
their golden leaves
buried in snow
till the spring
now comes the sun
upon the land
melting the snow
leaves now to show
now is the wind
to carry the leaves
away across the land
in sun of spring

pale sunlight comes
down thru thin frozen clouds
the blue of the sky
masked not hidden
barely is shown
the snow melts
as a cold wind blows
bare trees chatter
as grasses tries to grow
winter is ending
slow to loose it's hold
spring now is Coming
warm after cold
warm is Coming
after the cold

My people I your Shaman has something to say
I have studied the shadows, trees and sky
and the sun is staying with us longer each day
winter is broken and spring will come again
Once more the world will return to life
flowers will bloom and grasses will grow
and trees their leaves once more will show
as promised by our sacred tree
now we will rejoice and give gifts to each other
as the gods once more will give us spring
I your Shaman has had this to say

Trees breathe fog.

Trees breathe fog
I know they do
In dark cool night
without a wind
Then wise owls nest
without the dark sky
Soft mist flow upon the ground
reaching up into the sky
Grey shapes that twist
becoming thing not quite seen
Cool mist that chill
cold fingers down the spine
Dark tall shapes bend down
creek and reach out
The distant fades
becoming lost
Things move out of sight
within the white mist
Following behind you
waiting for their chance
Trees help to hide them
within the fog the breathe
Trees breathe fog
I know they do
To hide their reaching limbs
hide the monsters
Quiet the sounds
of limbs and footsteps
Trees breathe fog

Sun up

Oh how softly sings the early morn
how sweetly moves its breath
the deep dark briskness of the sky
and sweet scent of falling dew
quickly mountains seem to grow
as the high moon slowly wains
the grow chatter of dear small birds
and the rustle of leaves up in the trees

Law?

How sad it is that people feel,
that the reason people are good
why good works are done
why people love and help one another
is because there is law.

That without law
there would be no good,
there would be no love,
people would not help each other,

That without law
there would only be evil,
people would only rob and kill,
all people would turn against each other,

That without law
all the world would be destroyed?

I cannot believe that!

I believe that love comes not from law

I believe good works are not done because of law

I do not believe that people would be evil without
law

I believe people can love

I believe good works can be done

I believe people can be good

Without law to make it so.

I believe in people

I believe in love

I believe in good works

Without law to make it so.

Echoes

lost in a fog
not knowing which way
not knowing where
nor how
footsteps echo around me
people going somewhere
people who seem to know
where and how
carefully I listen
hearing echoes
hearing the way
that they go
carefully I follow
tracing their movements
tracing the way
seeking where they go
Coming upon them
seeing who
seeing where
not knowing why
listening again
hearing echoes
hearing the way
that they go
following the echoes
seeking the way
seeking where
finding places
following echos

Help

people listen not
want not
help not
they want not to hear
nor see that which is
disturb them not
let them sleep
they will not hear
cries for help
sorrows in darkness
their eyes see not
twisted soul
bent bodies
hands without feeling
burning pain
frozen movement
they sleep
soundly
quietly
they cry not
live painless
move freely

The Knight's Armor

The knight in shining armor walks
past the admiring eyes
who look upon with longing
so tall, so proud
all would be like he
And into his tent he goes
bumping the pole
he opens his visor
thru which he can barely see
loosen his helmet
he takes it off
loosen his neck
from the poor fit
removes his cloak
uncovering his breast plate
and the large bent
that it hides
he removes a glove
and it falls to the floor
the other barely works
unbuckles his plate
he takes it off
so his can bend
his plate will not
and gets the glove
sitting down he remove
the foot guards
that for once did not
pop and click
as he walked

unbuckles and removes
the leggings bright
with the knees
that barely moves
he looks at his armor
the rust spots
the dents
and thinks
at lease it mine.

Cameras

speaking to the camera
it's unblinking eye
it's face never changing
it's feeling never seen

can its eye really see
are my words even heard
what is it thinking
what does it feel

can cameras see cameras
do they see their face's change
each other can they hear
each other can they feel

people talk with cameras
each other they can see
word they speak to each other
each other they can feel

I speak to cameras
the unblinking eye
the face never changes
nothing do I feel

Flower

does a flower wait
the next day's sun
or the rain from

the coming week
or fear what
tomorrow may bring?

no
the flower grows
and blooms each day
not caring what
the future holds
knowing not
hope nor fear
it makes no plans
has no dreams
but just grows
a part of the beauty
in the world

Growth

life is like a tree
growing each day
shaped by each day life
some of each day
shaping the tree
each day's weather
rain and wind
sun and light
shape's the growth
and becomes a part
and in seeing the tree
one can see some
of each day that
the tree has lived
which way the wind
has blown the most
if enough rain fell
if the sun
has shine upon it
and all this
and in every day
shapes the tree
into what it is

A mountain's path

two men in morning light
stood at a path's start
a path that ended
high on a mountain's top
one man started off
setting a quick pace
moving quick across
the meadow at the start
the other man waited
and looked at the grasses
and then start to walk
through the meadow
and stopped to pick
some strawberries
and then continued
on his way
the first man had
quickly gone on
though a stand
of trees
the second stopped
at a tree where
a hive of bees was
and got some honey
then went into the trees
and picked some fruit
the first man had since
crossed a brook
and quickly went on
the second man
stopped to drink

and watch the fish swim
then crossed the brook
the first man continued
at a fast pace
up the mountain side
using all the cuts
to speed his way
the second followed
all the turns
and stop to look
at all the views
and pick some flower
as he slowly climbed
the first man
long time before
had reached the top
in record time
when the second
came to the top

a old man
sits in his room
tired from a long
hard life
weary from long trial
wanting only a end
unwilling to going on
is called for to come
is offered a new chance
a new start
a new life
a renewal of hope
but his hope is gone
he longs not
seeks nothing
wants only to crease
to end
he hears the call
he thanks the caller
but stays in his room
he will not go
he cannot try

The Rope of Faith

In the night I dreamed a dream
of a rope in the sky
being twisted from strings
but some strings were broken
while others ran long
and new strings were sometimes added in
and the strength changed
with the number of strings
unbroken in the rope
and then I awoke I prayed
to know of my dream
and a voice said
the rope is your faith
each string is a good work
or being faithful to a commandant
each break is a sin
or a end to a good work
and each new string
is the start of a new good work
or obeying a new law
the thicker the rope
the stronger your faith
and each break in the string
weakens your faith
and in this your faith
changes from day to day
your faith being today as strong
as you have made
your rope of faith

Tamera

Oh once that seems so long ago
a youthful me who felt so wise
met a girl so young and good
and thought he knew what to do and say

oh this girl I sought to win
and to win her to be my bride
she must see me young and good
I tried with her all to do and say

on the years have passed me by
a old man now who would be wise
lost a girl so young and good
I know not now what to do and say

I long now for so long ago
a youthful me who as not wise
to meet a girl so young and good
I think I now know how to feel

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a man waits
for long years waiting
helpless and unable
to free himself
unable to save him self
without another's help
doomed forever
lost forever
yet one day
after long waiting
one come
one comes to help him
who loves and cares
beyond him selves
who will open the trap
and set him free
the work is done
"YES" he shorts
"It it done"
"I am free"
he cried out with joy
and God and angles
rejoice with him

how do I explain
what I do not know
to a world with ears
that do not hear
eyes but do not see
minds that cannot think
hearts that do not feel
spirit fills them
but they do not know
have no time yet all there is
hear not God
their words too loud
their sight too short
vision to dim
walking in darkness
light all around
eyes cast down
upon the ground

Crawling alone
Beneath a rod
Fearful of letting
Go once again
Many call out
Along the way
That they have a better
More needed way
Still crawling on
Holding on tight
Awaiting the one
Who brings the light
Who lifts me up
And carries me on
Along the rod
Beneath which I crawl

a spring day
mid sun and shade
with flowing wind
across the grass
and thro the trees
seeds with cotton
bubbles from a child
day flees in sun
and shade playing
endless shapings making
life beginning
time turning
a day passes
as a child plays

how do I explain
what I do not know
to a world with ears
that do not hear
eyes but do not see
minds that cannot think
hearts that do not feel
spirit fills them
but they do not know
have no time yet all there is
hear not God
their words too loud
their sight too short
vision too dim
walking in darkness
light all around
eyes cast down
upon the ground

oh my father
to thee I pray
oh let not thy children
suffer in my seeking
the new path which before me lays
thou knows all things
thy will to do
thy have prepared a way
for me to find
let me not be blind
my eyes not see
my heart not know
what where should be
as I seek the way before
let not thy children
suffer as I seek
uplift them as
I try to find
the new path
that before me lays

Is it enough to simply live
A good life from day to day
Is it enough to do your best?
For your self each day?
Not nearly enough
My heart calls out
Not nearly enough
To only be good
Not nearly enough
To care for your self
Not nearly enough

I walked a path
along the way
two bright views
before me grew
one of fame
one of service
one of wealth
one of work
in both love
of fellow man
in both known
through out the land
in one before
in one behind
of mankind's view
and I cried
for which one
I could do
and I heard
a voice behind
and said this
unto my cry
pick either one
either one do
but only one
can you do
then I will
service fellow men
to you bring
all I can
I walk along
a path picked

I can see
another path too
sometime I ask
sometimes I wonder
the other path
maybe to wander
I am here
here I work
here I try
souls to save

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pad

Inkless pen
on a sheet of glass
waves meet
electrons flow
ones and zeros dance
iron spins
crystal changes
light leaps through
and lines form
rocks think
studies lines
checks its notes
sent on its thoughts
words form
that I wrote
without ink
nor paper

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Oh Lord
In my sin
I seek thee more
come closer in pray
and feel the spirit more
In my sin I turn to thee
Call on thy name
Think of thy Son
And hope more on his name

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In winter dark

Cold dark night grows
And days grow short
The green grass dies
Life begins to fade away
Wind blows and carries off leaves
Birds it takes to far away
As darkness grows across the land

Pine trees stand tall within the night
Mistletoe berries red in the cold
And the Poinsettia its brightest color shows

In the cold dark night
A new star shines bright
Beneath its light
A new baby cries

Now light grows bright across the land
Birds now sing in the new day
Wind grows warm and trees grow green
Life again into color blooms
The grass springs forth
And the days grow warm
Light goes forth upon the land

Easter

Long dark nights
 Deep in chill
Lit by stars
 Long off in night
Lone the waiting
 For hope to come
Life to come
 With a birth
Lo light breaks forth
 And shows the way
Leads us back
 To fathers home

Thanksgiving

Oh Lord help us this day
praises of thanks to give
for all good things to us
you give
for sky above and earth
below
for the sun in day
stars and moon at night
the singing of birds
and falling rain
clouds that float
with the wind we feel
eyes see flowers
and ear head brook
scents that tease
our nose each day
for drifting sand
and towering mountains
snow that covers
yet trees still grow
Lord lets us not forget
thy gifts
given us each day
even life we pray

Autumn leaves

Men's words grow
and live their season
then dry and fall
to blow upon the wind
across the land
sometimes are found
looked at with wonder
Beautiful to behold
golden and rich
till they fade
and dust blow away

leaves of gold
made of man
words inscribed
bound with rings
passed hand to hand
words are added
studied and loved
carefully crafted
for another day

when words of man
blowing on the wind
fading turning dust
are looked upon
with wonder
treasured and kept
pressed in pages
of a book

words unread
from leaves of gold
truth unknown
beauty unseen
love unknown

that's lasts all time
life's unchanged
souls untouched

words blowing
with the wind
across the hill
till they fade
words of men

Change

oh my father
to thee I pray
oh let not thy children
suffer in my seeking
the new path which before me lays
thou knows all things
thy will to do
thy have prepared a way
for me to find
let me not be blind
my eyes not see
my heart not know
what where should be
as I seek the way before
let not thy children
suffer as I seek
uplift them as
I try to find
the new path
that before me lays

Nauvoo

bare green field
lonely desolation
all that was gone
that which was
is no longer
no trace of the past
the work of man
glory that once was
dreams past away
hopes of some
fears of others
destruction is
easier than to build
fears rule over
crushed hopes
but faith and hope
spirit continues beyond
mere shells made by man
and the goals of our father
men cannot tear down
feeling there still there
moves the soul
and to some
All thro that which man made
is gone
that which our father made
there still is strong
to those who seek there

