

Well, Pearl

Well, Pearl
Harbor is 63
but I am 57.
Six years apart are we,
but aware... at that same space-in-point... when
the earth
rounds the sun to there... where we share... the
care
for those who have been attacked.
But we have nothing in common... we have everything
in common,
for our purpose for being is peace.
And, can't I talk about war!
But I've never been there... I've always been
there.
I was born because of war,
lived and became myself in consciousness through
conscience,
through the fire-storm of Vietnam,
the draft, the craft of being better than that
without being arrogant and self serving... fat
chance.
Yet always serving the self in the serving of
others... no other way,
until burned out in the fire-storm of nuclear
family madness,
and at-least in part
because of the yen for forgiveness.
Hey,
haven't you ever thought

that Sony is good equipment?

A poem inspired by a friend, Talmage Van Spence.

"The Prayer of Boomerica"

O' Lord
What
have we done
to deserve
the unthinkable punishment
of spilling our children's blood
in a foreign land?

O' God
How have we offended Thee?
When have we failed to serve Thee?
Have we not been generous to the poor?
Have we not been gracious to our neighbors?
Have we not visited the prisoners in their distress?

Have we not suffered this before?
Why must we suffer again then
The sacrifice of innocents
And why must "our" innocents
Bring the responsibility of the slaughter
Of "their" innocents upon our heads?

Why must our generation be at war?
Did not our fathers and mothers also know war?
Is this not now for us the war of our youth
And the war of our parenthood?
Do we not have a belly full of war?
Help us to "learn war no more!"

"instead of fear"

**Must needs, re-resolve the residue (the time stirred foam of
oblivion)**

Wipe clear the quakeing anxiety

See the great-ness in humanity

Intead of - of fear... a booth...

One for Moses, one for Elijah, and one for you, Lord.

You seem so different

In your pure white suit

Like the sound of the soft blown flute

That's piercing yet soothing

And given to clarity.

Now, how about that booth?

cb / 6/03

Typically, a reflection upon the New Testament
Transfiguration theme. Found @ Mark 9:2

"the lonely day"

struggle the lonely day
push and pull it through
taste the fell swope bell curve brew
of life, sweet life
He strode the hills of Galilee
sanded steps, bended knee and leg lifted,
argued with words against the hardened heart
sifted and shaped masses ancient part
until it all boiled down to you
who sees Him human, moving about
on the side of a hill
of rocks and doubt
and your ear strains to hear
and you smell His breath
and you follow on
watching, waiting, sensing,
gone your wonder,
His dance with death
cb april of 2002

*A poem based upon Luke 24: The road to Emmaeus story
Also, in conjunction with Adita Duffield's baptism*

“A” POEM

CLOSED FOR THE SEASON, WORN OUT THE REASON...

"I AM CONVINCED,"
HE SAID...

"THE TIME HAS COME FOR
IMPROVED RELATIONS
WITH THE SOVIETS."

SO WHAT IS IT THAT CONVINCES?
AND HOW WILL WE WIN AT IMPROVING RELATIONS?

GOD,
A
WORD OF HOPE?
A
PRAYER FOR PEACE.
A
IS THE BEST GRADE EVER!

WHAT WILL WE DO WITHOUT EACH OTHER?
cs / 1990

A poetic reflection upon a phrase from a speech given by G.H.W. Bush following the fall of the wall.

“What a source”

*What a source
of
rising above...
losing the course
and
remorse
of rivers
since
the
streams
that
inevitably
lead from calvary
are full to overflowing
with the bloodshedwatershed
of the innocents.*

cs / 1984

“Standing There”

As we stand there
With the night air
Chilling our skin
Even in the summertime...

Gazing at the cosmos
And seeking
If only in a small way
To fathom the unfathomable...

We don't feel sad, or glad,
We just feel,
Reaching beyond ourselves
For the sake of our stake in reality.

We want to know if it's so
That the universe has been defined
By a Son of Man
In such a way

As to bring to human self understanding
The meaning of Creation...
Praising the Creator
Who sends the children peace

If not on earth
Then in heaven, the cosmos,
The mighty structure
Whereby existence is begun and undone
In a world without end, AMEN

"the american way..."

it's the american way
of life and death
that crushes my soul
and wrenches my heart
because of my hope in Christ
for it's Christ for the world
not america... and ...
it's for the love of Christ
we change
if we change
yet if i love america
i am an american...and...
if I love Christ
someone might call me Christian

cs / 199?

" A RUN FOR THE SUN"

*Wound up, so carefully and tight
Around and around to twist and twirl, the pearl white
String, ready at a moment's notice to be a leash
Attached, as it were, to a cross-paper kite... released!
Their destiny is sky
And making the most of the wind,
Balanced by a torn curtain tail, they sail
Together, their work of the day... they play!
Dipping and turning, dancing and yearning,
The colorful kite pulls against the sleek string and her strength
And they have to know
They have noway to go, unless it is so.
Together, they are bound to the earth
By way of the birth and purpose of the One
Who gently pulls and reels them in,
And then, lets them go in a run for the sun...
Like a friend with a friend, a kite-string and her kite,
Amen and Amen, what a wonderous sight.*

cs/2003

“You just can’t kill for Jesus”

*A bunch of evil
blue in today
Made it a
unique
experience
in human striving to be human
I hate it
but
remain thankful
I bait it
but
refrain from boasting
if
I
can
Seems like
yesterday
that
I
was afraid
of
being
misunderstood
as
the fool that I am
without
cool that I sham
from
hither to yon
and
back to dawn
and
over to pawn
the
gun again
It’s not the money really
It’s the storing
You just can’t kill for Jesus
You just can’t kill for Jesus
You’re just can’t*

"Give Us This Day"
(for Dr. John Swomley)

*May I not plan for
more than today
So if this day be
my last
I might say; oh, too bad.
I shall miss supper.*

*For why should I consider
thy eternity?
I cannot comprehend it,
and today is the day
of salvation.*

*Yet I shall plan for today
quite well
So that faith may be well
expressed in living
As though my task might
be complete;
And your peace be sweet.*

*The task is yours and mine
Ours and Thine
Together is a word of peace.
And what should I say
except "Give us this day"
That the work of your cross
never cease.*

“sixty-eight”

I can't say I understand
what happened
in
sixty-eight.

I woke up late
and
shared a confession
about
laughing
in all the wrong places.

I had a band
that happened
in
sixty-eight.

I played till late
and
did more than one session
with
people
who felt like me.

But how do we feel now?
And when will we start waking up
in
time
to be
free for good!

We made a lot of love
in
sixty-eight.
We challenged the hate
and
assumed the position
for
youall
who knew us best
to be
inhell for the rest.

But what about the test
of eighty-eight and twenty o eight
and
who's the decision
for
or
who
do
We leave sixty-eight to?

The work of a generation
was begun
in
sixty-eight.

We started a song
and
embraced a lesson
about
lifeing
in all the socalled wrong places.

But don't judge
a song
as yet unsung!

For sixty-eight was only
a
beginning

And fate is only
an
aginning

for those who will sing
and
dance
to the
hope from
sixty-eight.

cs/198?

"American pockets... a poem"

*the bigger the pockets,
the more they will hold,
the more we will have,
our story be told;*

*the bigger the greed,
the more they will need,
the less we will feed,
our story be bold;*

*the bigger the better,
the throat of the debtor,
the arm and the leg,
teach them to beg;*

*the bigger the pockets,
the more they will hold,
the more we will have,
our story be sold;
our story be souled.*

cs / 2001

A reflection on the 12th Chapter of Luke especially the 13-21 verses.

“THE WATER OF LIFE”

Carlos Summers, 1989

C G C F G

The water of life is a marvelous stream

C F Am F G

That flows from the source of the life we bring

Am Em Fmaj7 G7

To be to the praise and the glory

Am Em Fmaj7 G7

To be to the praise and the glory

Am Em Fmaj7 G7

To be to the praise and the glory

C Am Em F G (| End - C)

of Christ.

A mysterious breath is the wind in our sails

A mast that is fast and we shall not fail

To be to the praise and the glory

To be to the praise and the glory

To be to the praise and the glory

of Christ.

The water of life is a marvelous stream

That flows from the source of the life we bring

To be to the praise and the glory

To be to the praise and the glory

To be to the praise and the glory

of Christ.