

Poetry Series

Smoky Hoss
- poems -

Publication Date:

2011

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Smoky Hoss(01 may 1962)

A lack of literary artifice is no sin,
So long as the way of the words invite the soul in.

'Poets are used to discovering, years after a poem is written, what it's really about.'

-Kathleen Norris (from: 'The Cloister Walk')

'To live is to fly
Both low and high.'
-Townes Van Zandt

'You don't choose a life,
you live it.'
-Emilio Estevez

'There ain't no dark
Until something shines,
I'm bound to leave
This dark behind.'
-Townes Van Zandt

'There's alot more standing here
Than what you see,
My back is bending low
But my spirit's flyin' free,
This ol' bag of bones
Ain't really me.'
-Guy Clark

'The poet says, Here, let me show you something. That is, let me help you to see something as you have not seen it before.'
-N. Scott Momaday

There is always a presence of a great Absence.

1969

it's late...it's 1969...
the sun's going down
as we turn west
driving a long black Caddy,
rolling along the boulevard of freedom at 30 cents a gallon
-step on the gas!
and just enjoy the ride
in this cool dark lady;
somewhere, way over 'there'
young men are dying
and they don't know why,
while back here we're feverishly trying
to spend the last of our freedom
before our innocence says goodbye,
the end of a decade
the last free age
hitch-hikers, hippies
free-thinkers, and Jesus freaks
-all original american prophets
hanging on just outside of the cage;
while around the globe
it's all going down with that western sun
we'll keep riding in that Caddy...our last free ride,
long hair blowing in the wind
not realizing: it'll never be this way again...

Smoky Hoss

3

Three miles to go
three roes to hoe,
three little words said, as
three drinks go straight to the head -

Three prayers spoken
to father, son and holy-spirit,
three chances for the broken,
praying that they hear it -

Three times the same dream
with only one thing it can mean,
three goes into one,
where love is never done -

There'll still be three miles to go
and three roes to hoe,
that's the way it must be,
this side of eternity -

Three times the rooster must crow
before we get to go, so
three times here let's give a toast,
to Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost -

Smoky Hoss

A Bird Of Ploy

In a meadow serene
Appears a sight seldom seen
A bird and a cat
Stand back to back
Take ten paces
Then stop and turn their faces
The bird suddenly draws a gun
The cat in panic leaves on the run
The bird laughing drops the 'toy'
For it was merely a clever ploy
Giving the bird space to fly
Rather than stand, fight... and surely die!

Smoky Hoss

A Brief Pause On Earth

The sun sets
In reflected glances,
The wind purr's
In delicate dances-
The stars align
Causing a brief pause in time,
Rendering a bright light
To move and shine-

Here, he dreamed
His little dream,
Never self-knowing for certain
Then, what it did mean-
For far too soon
The-End came and caught him,
Taking him back
To where angels fly
Dance and sing-
His light briefly upon earth
So brightly shone,
Where even time paused, just to gaze...
As by us all he flew, on his way Home-

No, he's not dead...
Just gone on singing,
Far, far ahead.

(see ya on the other side Townes.)

Smoky Hoss

A Chance (And Hope) For All

The cow died
When the rooster crowed
All the seeds were planted
All the crops sowed;
No more land of milk and honey
No more selling forgiveness
For the proper money,
The Rose bloomed
With singular salvation
Upon the sunrise
That alit all creation.
Peter cried-
Judas died,
May both by God
Find forgiveness,
In a Land
Far, far away
From mankinds mortal mess...
For, I have been with them both,
In my own way;
As I wander and look just as much
For that perfect place,
And that perfect day.
- The hope of us all
Standing here with our backs to the wall,
Just may be
Held in the scarred hands of Eternity.

Smoky Hoss

A Different Look

Go, sit out at night
be watched by the moon, stars and milky way,
stay, and love those incredible sights
until dawn breaks fresh upon a whole new day.
Simple sensations, divine revelations
smell the flowers, watch the birds in the air,
live as a child
without a worry or a care.
Try to fathom it all, how and why
the way we live, the way we die.
See the sky sparkling blue,
imagine so much more than just you.
Allow no swagger of walk
nor avarice of talk,
to obscure these most profound things
for in such, the mystery of life sweetly sings.
In so many daily events
can be found life's greatest glow,
a simple pleasure and purpose
waiting for us to know.
Like a great tree in the wind
sometimes we dance, sometimes we break,
but through it all, it is life
in which we partake.
Go, take a different look around,
you'll find in all, living does abound.

Smoky Hoss

A Few Simple Things

- Life has its share of
Unimportant stuff -
Of such worthless worry and fear
We've all had more than enough;
But, there are a few simple things
That mean more than
Any of the rest -
Like friends, and family
And the love they give; that is indeed
The very best -

Smoky Hoss

A Little Drink

Sometimes I think I think
on the brink,
my mind in overtime
needs a little drink -
When working gets a touch too much
and life's a little rough,
that's when I think I think
I need just a little drink -
Like blues and rock-n-roll
it's sometimes good for the soul,
when things start to stink
it's time to drink a little drink -
If you're carrying a heavy load
and don't know which way to go,
everything's going down the sink, stop
go and get yourself a little drink -
Call someone you know
pickup your best bro,
head to the pub down the street
and have yourselves a little drink -
When you're skating on thin ice
in the world's rinky-dink rink,
listen to these words I speak
go drink yourself a little drink -
Then see
what you think -

Smoky Hoss

A Little Humanity

One longs for a little humanity
now and then, the kind found
in the old 5 & Dime store
at the soda fountain of long ago.
Small town Americana, with it's
small conversations and small appetites -
a few needs of a few friends, a little taste
of a little ice cream on a summer's sweet eve.
The simple hungers of humanities precious purity;
the soul's thirst quenched and satisfied.
- Later the heart will again mingle
in the myriad madness of the wide world,
but always in it's deepest corners,
from it's strongest foundations,
the cry of longing shall linger eternally:
'a little humanity please'.

Smoky Hoss

A Million Miles From Home

Like a distant radio station
out there, somewhere,
is a song calling
in the glimmer of light falling,
a voice carried upon the air
as persistent as a prayer.
It whispers in the wind
blowing here to there, and back again.
It pushes through me
with an alluring awe and beckoning beauty.

I feel a million miles from home
Out in this desert all alone.
I sit under the sky of blue
and feel the soft wind too.
I see the sun passing by
watching, like God's open eye.
There's a weariness within
the weight of worldly sin.
It's a long way home
from where I now roam.
Yet, I can't stay still
following the spirit's will.
Best to travel light
while carrying this blight,
old worn boots and a hat
nothing more than what you can handle on your back.
Trust the love of strangers
passing through this land of dangers.
Places will come, and places will go
all things above, and all things below.
On and on we all must roam
for we're still a million miles from home.
The deaf will listen, the blind shall look
the answers await in an old, old book.
Perhaps only the heart here truly understands
the incredible gift offered to man.

We are all a million miles from home

and tired to the bone,
but out here what can we do, where can we go?
We'll just keep moving until we find we know
what yet we do not know.

Smoky Hoss

A Pleasant Inconsequence

- does anyone hear
that something, so near
an ear, an eye
an eagle, a fly
a friend or a foe
where does it all go
I speak alone
words to a gamboling poem
left to right
not a care in sight
even the wind
in a rain decides to take a swim
souls soar to the clouds
where bodies are not allowed
those who hear
without fear
and who see
beyond the trees
and who shall fly
before a time to die
know life's more serious plot
is not to be got
they just enjoy their short time
and make up pleasant little rhymes -

Smoky Hoss

A Poem, A Friend

You stumble out of
The cold, blowing world -
Into the warmth and comfort of a poem;
It fills your soul with the sweet aroma
Of being welcomed... welcomed back where you always belong.
You feel that you have arrived somewhere special, as
It wraps loving Words all about you;
The joy and serenity of an old friend,
So dear and so true,
The peace and satisfaction of returning home... once again.

Smoky Hoss

A Question

I write my name 1,000 times,
just to remember it.
I pause at 999...
if I do reach 1,000, and
do remember -finally- who I am,
what then?
Would an old poet
in a dusky bar
buy me a drink, hand me a golden pen,
and say:
' Well done ol' chap! You have arrived.
Now, go and write well,
for now you know who you are.'?
Must it take 1,000 insidious years...names...rhymes and lines
to live enough,
to come to discover that I am really alive?
Perhaps only a fool with a pen wandering
through his soul
would ask such a derogatory question;
but then again,
it just may be
that this is the only question
that mankind has ever truly asked.
The only one worthy of being answered.

Smoky Hoss

A Short Yellow Rose

small in stature
yet long in sweet prose;
barely peering above unkempt weeds
beauty becomes its silent words, speaking
to humanities most basic needs;
summers simple sensation rising
up and above winters silence
our souls for to enliven;
though many shall not pause here to see
I do deeply appreciate this
God's graceful gift given, to the lowly likes of me.

Smoky Hoss

A Subtle Witness

Of late, and from early,
I learn more and more
of less and less;
how a little
means a lot, and
a lot means little.
How the sky
born of nature
mingles with eternity,
not quite here,
not quite there;
birds move through
a motionless air
like grace
at God's fingertips;
the trees, burnt orange
stand resolute,
fired in falls
glorious furnace;
leaves skate downward and around,
in and out of the veil
covering a mysterious majesty.

Where was I before
and saw
what I now,
barely again, begin
to see?
When did I leave it all?
And when
have I returned?
How? - -
Leaving the leaving, now
I see,
This, all, was always
coming to me,
and I
to It.

A Thirst

The desert is dry
So is the hot blue sky,
Rain would all renew
Yet, not a cloud is in view.

Desolation rises and falls
Leaving the thirst of discontent,
As the needs of the heart
So dryly go unmet.

Smoky Hoss

A Thousand More

There's nothing you can sell me now
nothing you can tell me how:
I've been drunk in old Mex, near death in southwest Tex;
slept in the desert many nights through
right along side scorpions, mountain lions,
javelinas too.
I've seen Mississippi where it burns
and Arizona, where I nearly did;
I've ate rattlesnake, caribou and gator,
stood alone in a mournful wind
at the grave of Billy the Kid.
I've crossed Beartooth Pass in August
in knee deep snow,
been lost in 110 degree desert heat
with no water, and no idea of which way to go.
I've panned for silver, dug for gold,
I was at the big cattle drive
when Montana turned 100 years old;
I've been chased by a boulder
down Bronco canyon on the run,
flirted with a cow moose
protecting her young;
Hung for dear life from a 3000 year old Bristlecone pine
on a narrow southwestern ridge,
crossed a fifteen-hundred foot canyon
on an ancient rickety-rope bridge;
I've stood amazed on a red-rock cliff
seeing the planet a hundred miles out,
and the Colorado river so small, down below,
where I felt the touch of God when I realized
that old muddy water was the earth's beautiful blood flow;
I've come face to face
with grizzlies, a time or two,
seen the veil between life and death
open up, for just a quick view;
more than once thought
I'd pass through that door,
in one of these wild tales I've had
traveling shore to shore; but

now have come to understand, before I'm here finished,
I'll have a thousand more.

Smoky Hoss

A Young Mans Dream

When I was barely a teen
I heard a rock-n-roll singer sing,
Something about a sweet and fast little thing -
Said she was the finest thing he'd ever seen
A real smooth movin' machine,
Prettier than a silver-dream -
Said she was oh so right
Both day and night,
And well worth a fight -
I listened close, ears wide open
Found myself longing and hoping,
My heart beat really stroking -
I was so young way back then
Couldn't truly comprehend
This wonder that really moves most men -
But ofcourse I grew
And became a young man too,
Learned my lessons, paid my dues -
Then came that incredible day
When desire fulfilled came my way...
Boys listen, for I am here to say:
No price is too high, no distance too far,
To find and to have that beautiful star -
No, I'm not talkin' 'bout a woman...
My first love, was ofcourse a car!

Smoky Hoss

A.M.

A.M. radio sounds good after midnight
all-night stations come alive late;
can't see far, from inside a car
but the magic of music is a vision to appreciate.

What could ever be better
then to have troubles taken away,
by songs on the road, that will carry the load
and wash off the dirt of the day.

When I was young I heard it said
early to rise, early to bed and you'll be blest,
but those old truckers knew, what I found so true
only music, honest and raw, can give a soul real rest.

Put all worries to bed
turn up the A.M. when day has gone,
listen there to find, a new state of mind
when the speakers crackle an old soulful song.

It sounds just like heaven, and
if it's then or now I just can't seem to tell,
I hold this station from the past, as long as it will last
until the miles 'tween us cause it all to go to hell.

Smoky Hoss

Abandoned Prairie

A house sits empty
Upon the plains,
Left so suddenly
To bear it's own pains -
The windows broken
Doors open,
Dust walks right in...
and right out again.

No other homes
Any where in sight,
It moans alone
In the darkest part of night -
Sitting isolated on the Western prairie
Holding memories too strong to bury,
It looks and longs
For all who are gone...
From this country so solitary.

The abandoned prairie
Laughs in the wind,
At those intruders
Who tried in vain to tame this indefinate land -
With their weak cattle
To replace the buffalo,
And wretched reservations to capture
The proud Indian people of long ago.

Where are these invaders now, and
How shall they be found,
Lying so still
In the cold prairie ground.
And yet, the endless wind blows on
Singing so contrary,
The only one to never
Abandon the lonesome prairie.

Smoky Hoss

Age

I recall the times
I'd dance on life's delicate toes,
Always believing
The faster I'd live, the more of living I would know -

The divine dove of fearless youth
Was right beside me all the way,
That is until, out of the blue
That fickle friend just up and flew away -

There's always a time to play
And a time to rest,
Lately it's the latter
I enjoy the best -

These days my old pals and I
Can't make it so late drinking from the wild-well,
We end up sleeping all the next day
And feeling like hell -

I used to like
Riding bulls and raising cain,
Driving back roads day and night
And camping out in the rain -

I had my own special ways
And unique charms,
Born riding a horse
And working on a farm -

But, as with all of life
Everything has to change,
There's not one element in any of it
That forever remains the same -

So now I'm a bit less special
And have far fewer charms,
Mostly these days just enjoy thinking gentle in my head
And doing simple work with my two old arms -

A good thought
And a good days work,
Help to heal livings pains
And lifes hurts -

So yea, youth has flown the coop...
It's sad but true;
Honestly though in more ways than one
Age could just be the best thing to ever happen,
for me, and for you -

Smoky Hoss

Aggregation Of Life

There's a finality to everything,
a melancholy-madness to it all;
The days are so recalcitrant,
like young lives and loves
of great promise, as we all are or were,
left only to finish living indifferently,
inconsequentially.

In 'Easy Rider' they begin the journey
in magic, 'Born To Be Wild'.
In the end, the magic dies,
and alas, so do they,
caustic-casualties burnt down to the finish
like a candle that has given all the light
it possibly can to the world,
and then simply ceases to be.

- - - - -

The God who is
not quite here, not quite there,
where resides He?
And I so simple,
nothing at all,
who am I?
The air
Invisible,
and the dirt it stirs...
together, make the entire world.

'And the sun goes down in waves of ether
in such a way that I can't tell
if the day is ending, or the world,
or if the secret of secrets is within me again.'
- from: 'On the Road' by Anna Akhmatova
as translated from the Russian by Jane Kenyon.

Smoky Hoss

Aging Poet

Come and see the old poet
Laying in his bed of ashes and dust,
His love in ruins
His mentality frozen by restless rust,
His hungry heart emptied of it's fertile blood
His souls melodic purpose nearly gone,
The mellifluous music now so silent
The end, of a once wonderful and powerful song.

What happened to this poet
With dread you may ask,
The ancient story ofcourse
The evils of age and wear, and so damned many things out there
Working away at his heart, fulfilling their wretched task.

When poets speak truth and beauty into this old world
Any breath may be their last,
For so many evil spirits will stalk them
With an endless passion to haunt, from the past.
Deep hearts risk
Becoming weary and tossed,
When singing lamantations
Of all that's lost.

Still this old poet wrote
For was his vocation so to do,
Even through the battles with doubt
He held on, ever true.
Words from his heart
He rended to give,
The conundrum being
It cost him his life, to fully live...

So look! Look deep
Here lays the old poet - in state
Having succumbed - like all the living shall
To mankind's unavoidable fate.

May all the aging poets forever

Rest in peace, and ever be blest,
For the words dug with pain from the depths of their souls
Are nothing less than the very best.

(for: Townes Van Zandt)

Smoky Hoss

Alive

In the green
sun lit dream
of flowering times
and beautiful minds,
comes Heaven knows
the perfect Rose;
no longer bound
by the ground,
arose to give
life to live
and grace divine
throughout all time.

Smoky Hoss

All, Alone

All is not after all
So worthwhile
In fancy feathers fraught
And golden glowing style,
Tis better still
To lonely scale the darkest night
Naked 'cept thy own will
With none other than
Creations single guiding Light;
For the gates of hell
Look so sophisticated and swell,
But tis only in Heaven
Where the greatest riches stored
Shall forever be given.
Swim now in champagne pools alone
While just beyond your gilded-gated throne
The 'lower-ones' die diseased of thirst,
Yet one day
You will recall what God did say:
'The time is at hand mortal man
When the first shall be last
And the last shall be first.'

Smoky Hoss

Alone?

I looked for the side of the moon,
That no one sees;
I found what I sought.
In a mirror, looking back at me -
Looking in that mirror
I wonder to my self,
Am I - are we all
Alone?
The reflection I see
Appears to be, only me,
But, the deeper I look into those eyes
The more illumination I realize:
On the dark side of the moon
Or in Central Park
There is always a place
Drawn to the dark -
A map in the mirror
Showing the way
Calling souls of mankind
To where they can find
The light of day -
There is no night
God cannot see into,
No empty soul
He cannot peer through -
Alone
May be our pain
But alone
We shall never remain -
For, there is no side
God does not see,
And there is no true alone,
For any -
God gives
Inhabited silence, so that we may know
God is our
Inner necessity, alone -
The great Alone
To us he hands down,

So that
Through nature, song, prayer and poem
We, with others, will know him, and
Know we are never truly alone -
And know, knowing all of this
Makes all the difference
In all the loneliness of life...
For all together -even when alone -
We are always together alone with a God
Who so graciously desires to know, and be known.

Smoky Hoss

Ambivalent-Afflated-Alliteration

Every step I take is awake
I rest no more -
Every step I take to my wake
Where I rest forever more -
I dance in circles, I dance a round
I dance around myself, a circular clown -
I hear a distant cry
It is my child, it is my father
It is my father's child, it is I -
- All God's children cry
For we do not want to die
We die because of what makes us cry
We cry more and more to go
Where we can go to cry, no more-
Dear God love us to live and
Let us live to love
Let love live in us-
I am a man, I ache to be a better man, than I am
If I can
Can I, if I am? -
I am a man done, when I here finish my lifes run
I run to my end
The end of my run
There I shall slowly walk
Walk slowly, when my run is done
Undone am I, when I die-
I like the ways of Jesus
Like Jesus I have my ways
No one paying much mind to what I see
And no one seeing what's much in my mind
I love what speaks to my soul
And I speak to what my soul loves
I have little use for anything else
Anything else has little use for me-
I hear what few others care to listen for
For I listen carefully to hear
The Holy-Spirit I call to, the call of my spirit
I hear it call, it calls me to hear
Yet, I know not for certain

What it is I want to know
Nor know even with certainty, what it is not-
It is so beyond me
It is within me, together with It I am beyond myself
It is within all, within It we are all together
I am part of all, all is part of me
God is the All in all-
Drawn ever closer to God
God draws ever closer to me.

Smoky Hoss

An Old-Country Drive

On a cloudy gray
Late fall day,
I spontaneously decide
To take an old-country drive...

Trees without leaves
Line the roadside,
Dark and shadowy
Like rigid statues that see nothing nearby.

Paintless wood frame houses archaic stand
Scattered here to there,
Relics of a long past day
Lost to something, somewhere.

Like abandoned old friends of former lives
Along the way they lie,
Quietly calling out
To each passer-by.

Bach, through the radio
Gives the surreal scene deep feeling,
As I drive into this past world
With its hinted vision of life and being.

Life as old as humanity itself
Seen along this meloncholic view,
Like long memories of deeply missed old-folks
Recalled by so very few.

Who shall remember them all?
The homes. The animals. The people and the barns,
The work and the play
Of these glorious forgotten family farms.

Perhaps, it's all still there! Somewhere-everywhere...
Within the course trees, under the silent stones,
Behind the decaying boards
Of the leaning abandoned homes.

Or barely out of reach
Just beyond the recollections of another time,
Those of the heart
And those of the mind.

The crooked road is
As the houses near it, quite old,
Time like a seductive snake slithers on-
It could be now - or very long ago.

(as through this country-side I wander,
I'm ever increasingly inclined to wonder :)

Why none live here anymore?
Where have they all went?
Was the lure of city money too strong?
Is all they wanted -and made- already spent?

Do they ever late at night awake
Wish they'd stayed on the grandparents farm,
Would their own children be any wiser and safer
Out here, farther from hostilities charm?

There is no way such answers to know
With absolutely no doubt,
For who can say how anything, any different
Could have turned out?

Pondering such I drive on
More melancholy than ever before,
Longing so, to stop and look
Behind the old cracked doors.

It's then I come upon
An old weathered and worn country church,
Empty except for the blackbirds
Using the bent cross as a perfect perch.

A stasis of time
These feathered parishioners seem to be,
I look at them resolute

As they distrustfully eye me.

I realize I am the foreigner
Who doesn't belong,
They'll still be here, their home
Far after my kind has passed on.

Perhaps it was such as them
Who drove the old pilgrims out,
And now the translation of their squawk
Is a defiant victory shout.

For they and their kind are still here
And shall always be,
Long after the humans are gone
And have only left behind run down memories.

As the turning road winds its way
Into a crowded burg,
I reenter time
Far from the old world I'd just observed.

I stop for coffee and gas
On my return home,
Pondering why it is amongst all these hurried people
I often feel so very alone.

As I pull away from the station
I spy a single blackbird flying out of town,
I smile, for I know
To where he is surely bound.

Considering if with him I went
Perhaps the answers to all these questions could be heard,
If only I could speak and understand
The lofty language of the spirited blackbird.

These are the thoughts
Of an old-country drive,
Way out, where memories and blackbirds
Thankfully, are still very much alive!

An Unconsolable Curiosity

It's been nearly 30 years back
on some long forgotten and forlorn
New Mexico two lane blacktop;
I can still see
the violent dust rolling and rising,
the tractor trailer laying
on it's crippled side
badly smashed, like a cockroach
that had been
half stepped on, on
the drivers side.
I will never know
what was the cause,
speed, sleep deprivation, booze, poor judgement,
but, I cannot unknow
that drop in the gut feeling
of desolate despair,
a sense of lonely loss, of
something terribly unchangeable,
unfixable.
I wonder if the driver
right then and there,
where I was looking,
was already gone.
How many miles
did he need to drive to come
this way home?
How many must,
any of us as needs be,
drive to arrive?

Smoky Hoss

Ancient Wound

if heaven's rain drops, and God's tear drops
mix to fall
upon the petroglyph
of a desolate canyon wall,
out where the rock runs red
from ancient blood shed,
would anyone stop to see
this great shame of eternity
that is still flowing
throughout Indian reservations...
all across a hurting nation

Smoky Hoss

Anfechtung

Little comes this way...
nothing much today,
the cloud with a sly grin
coldly kisses the wind once again,
the rain and air
no longer care,
how Eden fell
and opened the gates of hell,
releasing an endless flood
of days without love-

Will God come, in the end
finding us as friends?
or, will there just be forever more and more
of living's revolving door?

Put on a happy face, for
perhaps there is no other place;
here we are born, here we die...
here and now just may be
the sweet by-and-by.

Smoky Hoss

Angelic Vision

She sat lightly
On the edge
Of the mighty stone,
The very same one
That had rolled away
All on it's own -
With perfume on the cross
Around her neck
And just the slightest scent
Of good news upon her breath.
She glowed without
From beauty and grace within,
She seemed to understand
Each human flaw and chagrin.
There was pure poetry
In the words she said,
With enough life
To raise the dead.
She seemed to arise from nowhere
Blessed with vivid eternal vision
Meant for everywhere -
In her hair hung
A crimson flower,
Blooming with the color of blood
Drenched in the wonder of all living power.
Blossomed from the deep cold earth
Rising, hope to give
For all who shall ever hunger, want or hurt -
Sitting in the sun
Her eyes bright as a
New day,
Her heavenly voice carried grace
who heard the words
She came to say.
Sure sincerity and subtle softness
Resided in her passionate words,
Sending out comfort and calm
Upon all who heard.
She spoke with blithe beauty

To all

Of all that is:
With life, and death
Of what was, is and shall yet be,
Of the world's aching history
And mankinds deepest divine mystery,
From old words
The prophets did say
To venerated visions
Of the judgement day,
Of the mighty mountain top
And fallen unremembered rocks
(for, they had forgotten:
they were only a piece
not the whole Mountain.)
Of picking desert flowers to save
And riding distant clouds,
Of silent meditations
And singing out loud -
Her words
Upon the air did float,
With wild wonder
Like an epic poem
She sagaciously spoke.
Those words of hers
Light as a falling feather,
Powerful as a mighty wind
All bound by and within
The eternal forever -
Freely and fondly she did talk,
Amongst sinner and saint
She did walk.
Alike to the mean and the meek
Of peace, patience and understanding,
With wisdom
She did speak,
Of all manner of things deep
For which each soul does somehow
Earnestly seek.
- Maybe she came to prophesy,
Perhaps to judge...
But, most likely
To display redemption

And to give great love!
- An angel she could have been,
A dream
She might still be...
For in this worn world
Things, heard or seen,
Are not always as clear
Nor as certain
As they so often seem...
Therefore, peacefully watch
Patiently wait
Worry not
Nor in fear abide,
For the great King who stands
By her side at the gate
Did send the angel
Assurance for all to give
Of the waiting, wonderful fate...

Smoky Hoss

Animal Kingdom

I've got this great kid who just loves all animals,
Cats, rabbits, dogs and ducks;
She wants to bring everything home
And it's getting rather tough -
If I'd let her
And she had her way,
She'd take in every wild critter
And each lost stray -
I'm running out of
Room and money,
Trying to house and feed
Ducks and bunnies -
I love my child dearly
And don't mean to complain,
But something's got to give
Before the whole farm goes down the drain!
I can't tell anymore
Who is running the place,
Us humans
Or those darn animals, for Pete's sake!
Plus my daughter's getting older now
And busier all the time,
So, it's dear old dad
Who's generally left with those critters to mind -
Looks like I'll just have to put my foot down
And let them all know,
In this little animal-kingdom
It is me who's King of the whole show!

Smoky Hoss

Animal Tales

A bird, a dog
and a croaking frog
sat in a barn
telling yarns
with a cow and a calf
just for a laugh;
oh, the tales they told
new stories and old
like the chicken who made it to the other side
and the rooster who tried but died
also the one about the long gone old goat
who chewed threw the rope around his throat;
they talked well past midnight
right up to first light
that is until a big ol' fox walked in
with a mile-wide grin, he said
I'll give you a tale to tell that's new
the one about the fox who ate every one of you;
but, that old fox was a real sap
he took one step forward then heard the trap go SNAP!
the farmer came on the run
in his hand a trusty old gun,
now the animals do have a new tale to tell
about the day an arrogant fox got blowed all to hell.

Smoky Hoss

Appearances

What do we notice
when we look without observing?
What do we think
when we decide without understanding?
Appearances deceive.
It appears nothing is as it first appears.

I wonder about that.
I wonder about what I think.
Or, is it about what I think I think about?
Juxtaposed with other pondering perceptions
- those of the far more educated -
are my thoughts trivial and trite?
confused and confusing?
disarrayed and discombobulated?
dark and distant?
How would I know?
for I do not have or hold
nor understand fully
anyone else's thoughts.
Nor they mine.
Some thoughts appear
invalid or void...
appearances deceive.

So observe, and
try to understand.
Don't be deceived,
pay humble attention to your fellow man.

Smoky Hoss

Appreciations

The birds clean out the feeder
on a cold winter day;
squirrels and jays, all my furry and feathered friends
get their fill, once again.
Do they appreciate the daily free meal?
Offered with grace, and no need to steal.
I do not know... nor care;
for tis I who appreciate them, and what they share,
all their beauty and song, that freely they bring to me,
on these gray days when the sun refuses to shine,
and the earth hides it's smile behind cold cloudy lines.

Who truly appreciates the wonderous works of God?
other than small children
animals and birds,
trees and grasses
and some old poets broken down words;
perhaps just a few reflective adults
who embrace natures peace and joy
found in simple sticks and stones;
those superlative souls who do their best to see,
not with eyes alone.

Against all odds
birds do sing, and
hearts do see,
beauty and grace
truly are forever,
and free.

Smoky Hoss

Arizona / Utah Land

I have seen the wonder of wilderness
The great beauty of the West,
I have trod the seductive sands
And crawled upon the redemptive red rocks,
I've serenely sat for hours in the Juniper shade
Ruminating the writings of Terry Tempest Williams,
I've felt my soul stir to a sail
And fly higher than an eagle can rise,
I've gazed up to the munificent moon watching
And listened down to the canyon river singing,
All the while feeling the warm wind pass by
Caressing my skin with passion
As the star-glittered pinyon pines dance
And the owl scans the pumas who softly listen.....
1,000 years, and many more uncounted
All alive in this moment, here with me
Alone in and of and above this canyon country.
- I am the only one here. -
Though countless ancient ages past
Can forever be sensed; kindred spirits understand,
For the desert, and mountains, are always sacred land.
Like Everett Ruess this Wild calls to me deep
With irresistible beauty beyond words... far beyond.
- Always I shall intensely, intensionally love this remote red region.
...God help me return...soon.

Smoky Hoss

At Last A Goodbye

six-souls
at the bottom of an Oklahoma lake;
forty-three plus years
and never a wake.
only guesses
and all were wrong,
no one sang any of them
their final sad-song-
let us send them now
on their way,
and let them have their eternal rest
finally, this very day-
a 50 chevy
a 69 camaro,
at last troubled families
are able to let go-
let the stories
be told,
settle the worries
of old-
no illusion
is real,
until the facts are found
that we all feel-
too young
they died,
even though
so many hoped and tried-
truth is truth
for even the young and old,
sooner or later
must let go of their souls-
no one knows
for certain why,
the only reality is
every one eventually does die-
for these six souls
are finally blest,
as their mysterious disappearance

is at long last laid to rest-
God may your mercy
now shine,
on those who have waited for an answer
such a long, long time-

Smoky Hoss

Au Naturel

If nudists were the world's queen and king,
And the entire land was warm and flowing sand,
We'd all live in a beach castle
Learning to dance and sing
Au naturel.

Smoky Hoss

Autumn's March

At sunset the sky rebels
into gray.
The clouds become stained
with orange, fighting the approaching dark.
The dark will win - temporarily -
and the days will march single file
off on the wings of autumn,
barefoot and happy, heading towards heaven.
And I,
I shall sit gently watching it all pass by.
Awaiting my time,
to quietly follow,
these marching end of days.

Smoky Hoss

Average

There's billions of us
out here.
The fair, the usual, the mundane masses, and
the worst descriptor of all:
the normal.
We're nothing special.
Nothing to look at, to talk about.
Nothing to raise a glass and toast over, no
we will never be kings, conquerors,
queens or lovely saints;
Soon after we are gone
we are forgotten
like misplaced linen, once comfortably useful,
easily replaced.
Like a fading dream, that upon waking
one wonders if there is a purpose to,
but soon forgets the details of.
We're not bad guys,
nor especially good, we're
just us - that's all.
It's not our fault really,
we we're thrown crying into
this mindless milieu
of routine ordinariness.
Unlucky? Perhaps.
Screwed over? Possibly.
Forgotten? Probably.
But, most likely just here
to simply pass the time,
to turn with the earth, and
alleviate someone's boredom a bit.
It's nothing but a thing,
No one's fault (certainly not our own)
no collusion, no covert operation here,
just the way things go. - But,
if by chance or by design
one gets lucky enough
to just once, truly cry and laugh
at the same time

- like the sun breaking through a rain cloud -
then, just for that brief moment,
for us the lowly,
a reprieve, a glory, a reason.
There, then,
God smiles and winks
and let's us consider;
Maybe there is something
to all of this after all... And
being average, as it turns out,
is not a curse.

Smoky Hoss

Back

I miss what once I thought I knew
sun of yellow, sky of blue,
sweet summer breeze
and swinging through tall trees.
Fresh pine on the wind, back
before I knew of sin.
Warm evenings that sigh
amongst a star studded sky,
uninterrupted sleep so good
hot dogs and campfire wood.
Friends simple and fond
swimming slow and easy in the old gravel pond,
that beautiful black dog I had
and most of all, dear old mom and dad.
- Perhaps I never truly knew then
what I think I know now, but
if I could, I would go back once more
just to briefly hold it all again, somehow.

Smoky Hoss

Bad & Good

An outlaw dies
At the end of a rope,
Such a short drop
To the place of no hope-
The wrong any of us do
Can kill, more than just a few,
There's always some price to pay
For going astray-
Gunfighters go out
In a blaze of glory,
For us common folk though
It's a bit less flamboyant story-
We tend to fade away alone
Dying in despair, for the love of home,
Failing often to come together
In our restless search of forever-
In days of old
Perhaps we knew better where we stood,
But the reality is for humanity
There is not much separating the bad from the good-
The good we want,
The bad we do;
The human story,
Sad but true-
Good or bad
The differences we have,
Won't count near as much
As the way we give love to those we touch-
From the gunslinger
All the way through every one we know,
We all understand where it is
That we deserve to go-
It's not the bad or the good
That separates us in the end,
It's not even what we were
Or where we have been;
Rather it is by the love (or lack of) that we've shown
Determines how we will be forgotten - or forever known;
The real difference lies within the

Way -with love- we continue to try...
And Who -in return- we are loved by.

Smoky Hoss

Balances

Fog clinging to the limbs of trees
refusing to let go,
the sun shall return, and burn, but
how could the wood ever know -

Hands were made
to hold, and
lest we forget
also to let go -

Who would dare love
what they must lose to death;
the greatest gamble will be
taking your final breath -

Smoky Hoss

Basic Love

A valley of flowers
waving and swaying
like a cheering crowd
caught up in victory
of the winning wind,
dances with delight
heads held high
praising the sun
for the life
they've won.

Existence engaged
at this
the simplest sensation,
glory and grace
in primordial presentation.

Smoky Hoss

Bats

Slow and quiet a tempest builds
like wind sneaking upon waves,
at the edge of darkness
shadows break from hidden caves -

Rising into the glow
of a full moon night,
the flying numbers so many
they swallow every drop of light -

With the tormented twist
of a black cyclone,
in one breath
they turn airborne -

Ascending and spreading
hurried they go,
racing upon the night
in a feeding frenzied flow -

Driven by the unrelenting power of instinct
only one thing can cause this deed of the dark to be done:
the returning light
of the newborn rising sun -

Smoky Hoss

Bird Songs

Which is the greater
Of nature's sheerest beauty?
The birds gaily singing
Or the moment just beyond?
The hearing or the recalling
Of a pure, unpretentious song?

To listen is pleasure
To remember honor and duty,
For such musical moments of grace
Linger like inexpressible refrains of love,
Heard descending endlessly
From high above.

The birds without thought or fear
Sing their melody of life intuitively;
A beautiful lesson
Perhaps I may one day learn;
To enjoy each moment and savor each memory
With no regret, and no vain concern.

Smoky Hoss

Black Jeans

Going somewhere special
Or just living an ordinary day,
Makes all the difference
Of what I wear along the way -
A wedding, or a funeral
It's all a serious scene,
No room for blue
Just got to wear my best black jeans -
Out on the farm
Or driving my old truck,
I'm sportin' my faded Wranglers
Or even bibs, like good ol' Huck -
But, when comes time
For show and shine,
I go deep in the closet
My pressed black pants to find -
They're the ones
That look best,
With my buckaroo boots
And Western vest -
Blue may be fine
For the daily, routine grind, but
Jeans of black are where it's at,
Whenever I'm headed out
Topped with my best, clean cowboy hat!

Smoky Hoss

Blackbirds

(- this is done in the tradition of 'Imagist' poetry, which was very popular in the 1910's and 20's... personally I still find it quite fascinating. - Smoky.)

- The blackest waters
Move, as flying...
The birds sail
Below, the sky crying -
It has been dark
All day...
Clouds and blackbirds
Get in the sun's way -
In the way they move
And flow,
In the way they stay
And go -
In a field
Of solid white...
The blackbirds
Are the dark of night.

Smoky Hoss

Black-N-White

The last black-n-white TV
died today.
Lucy, Andy, Gilligan
and Jack Benny fade away -
Take the antenna
and rabbit-ears down.
Say a few words
and bury them in the ground -
This crap
on television now,
I will never understand
anyhow -
I'm a dinosaur, an anachronism, an old-soul
born far too late.
Like black-n-white movies
I'm out of date -
...But, it'll all be ok
in the end.
See, I've got a DVD player, and reruns
I can watch again and again.
Long live Lucy, Andy,
Jack and Gilligan!

Smoky Hoss

Blood

there is blood on my hands;
and they won't come clean
alone and weary I'm just so tired
of nobody knowing what I mean

I kneel down
Look into the eyes of Death
As it so simply lays there still
Within a sanguine puddle upon the ground.
Something here is not right
indeed all is quite wrong
This dark day has lingered on
Far too long.

When death's deed
Was done
The moon out shone
The sinking sun,
While blood dripped from the bullets
Outside of the gun.
A human heart had withdrawn
From it's beats
As the guiding angels
Quietly just took their seats
For what more could be said?
Jesus did not show this time,
To raise the dead.
Mary and Martha
Won't stop their crying,
Long after the paramedics
Stop their trying.

My mind won't believe
My eyes refuse to see
The senseless finality
Of this lowly evil deed.

The divine image bearer
Still as stone

Is left to lay there
Dead, upon the cold hard ground.

I walk lonely
In the night's weeping rain,
Wondering if any words can hold me together
and quiet the endless pain
Or, will it all come apart
With the great weight of this
One more broken and falling feather.

With drops like blood dripping down my face
I stand out here alone in the dark and pray
With words
I don't even know how to say,
Realizing more than ever
What a mere mortal man I am,
A stranger here.
Passing through such unfamiliar land;

We all march
In the earth's threnody,
Changing so as we go
Becoming all things new, while travelling into eternity.

Though we die, still we fly,
Hope does live Love does win
New life awaits for all
Even now, even then.

Though now the sadness of life remains,
The realization, before it's all through
We will hurt again.
And so often still do.

Here, the killer and the killed
Share in this pain,
For both must wear the long heavy chain
Of who is to blame;

Bloody chains
Leaving such bloody stains,

On more than just me
On more than just he.

Life is madly marked by plangent pauses
And consuming concerns,
We can only hope the reason and the cause is
For a life far greater to find and to learn.

There is a power in ancient Blood spilt for the ages,
And it is what it takes
To find the freedom of forgiveness.
For that freedom is precisely what it creates.

This power of blood is all around,
Death to be taken, Life to be found;
So man with mercy may show compassion to man.
And God smiling, blesses and understands.

We all are invited to live free,
Remembering,
There is always a drop of holy, forgiving blood
In every tender tear
That each one of us does cry.

Smoky Hoss

Blow Away

May your troubles blow away,
so far away, with the whistling wind,
never to pass this way, ever again;
your feet on your own path
follow it faithfully, don't ever look back.
May your troubles blow away.
a smile on your face
knowing you go at your own pace.
May your troubles blow away.
even if friends who care are very few
you do what you've got to do.
May your troubles blow away.
stay forever true
to what it is your heart says to you.
May your troubles blow away.
don't lose hope
just keep going, and cut the binding ropes.
May your troubles blow away.
when everyone says you're different, and should change
you remember, you've got your own soul, your own name.
May your troubles blow away.
if you ever feel all alone
look way ahead, in the dark see there, the glowing lights of home.
May your troubles blow away.
keep singing the song God gave your soul
you know, somehow, you'll get where it is you've got to go.
May your troubles blow away,
so far away, with the whistling wind,
never to pass this way, ever again.

Smoky Hoss

Blue

I see the world
.....in Blue
- I write in
Blue
I love
..Blue
Blue is everything
.....everywhere
- my dog is
Blue
Blue is the ocean
.....the sky
Blue above
Blue below
- the air, the water
Blue essentials

Blue is Beautiful
.....is happy, joy
.....and peace
- wonder is
Blue
Blue is Melancholy
.....is lonely, sad
.....and down
- depression is
Blue

Blue is
.....the all in all.
Blue are the eyes
.....of God
- I write in
Blue

Smoky Hoss

Blue Lines On The Map

Those little blue lines out there
in the middle of nowhere,
on the maps of old
are all stories drawn and told;
started by wagon trails
or Pony Express mails,
and bison paths
long before that.
On the map, merely marks
but out here upon the earth
they are existential sparks;
lines of freedom, always giving
hope to the continuum of living,
connecting something to somewhere
someone here to someone there.
The bison knew
as did the indigenous ones who followed too,
all...then, now and yet to come
on life's map, the entire sum,
travelling on a hope and a prayer
going here, going there... going Somewhere.

Smoky Hoss

Bountiful Breeze

Wind in the willow
wind in the pine,
blowing wherever it shall please,
but never moreso peacefully, than through the wondering mind-

Song in the cloud
song in the sun,
singing a laconic tune
only the soul is able to hum-

Beautiful day
beautiful night,
sweet nature has a certain way
of making the heart feel oh so right-

Smoky Hoss

Break

I jump, up
into the air.
I do it again
only higher this time,
as high as I can; there!
there it is.
I know I heard it,
when all my weight, all
of my force
at the zenith of my own velocity, arose,
the earth
sighed.
Very softly.
Very gently.
Very gratefully.

Even the earth
needs a break,
once in awhile.

Smoky Hoss

Breeze

An early evening summer breeze
Gently glides over my bare skin,
And suddenly without warning
I am utterly aware that everything touches everything
again and again -
For just a brief moment
I stand outside of all boundaries,
A mist in my eyes
Realizing life -like warmth in the air- is all around me -
In reverence I can only watch
As the soft wind glows,
With the light of life it has gleaned
While passing through my soul -

The breeze moves along,
Leaving me, back to me;
Yet the feeling of connectedness lingers on,
With an understanding of things, I cannot see -

Smoky Hoss

Briefly Seeing

Walking along side a river flowing
soft and slow,
walking along strolling
with no particular place to go -
Sunshine singing
a whole new song,
all nature is beaming
humming along -
I lay down upon the ground
to watch the day pass by,
there's always magic to be found
in the deep blue sky -
Fluffy clouds swim
in the great clear blue,
just above green leaves waving in the wind
announcing new-born apples with a slight red hue -
Sunflowers dancing in glorious yellow
and standing magnificently tall,
seem to smile a happy hello
to one and all -
These summer days rare
and so very few,
give briefly, the mind of God to share
and a vision of life from a wonderful point of view -

Smoky Hoss

Broken

If wings were words
that came to fly,
one must wonder
would poems fill the deep blue sky?
And if songs
rode upon clouds,
would rain fall
as if singing out loud?

Great poems seldom
make it to the page;
they just become feelings
that grow deeper with age.
Innocent we are born
and broken we die;
when released, souls as words
freely shall fly.

Some of the best poems get cut
right in two,
left to die where they lie, far beyond
the world's small and narrow view.
Yet the poet must
give it a go,
following a small voice whispering:
this is the only way you shall ever truly know.

I write 100 poems, of which
perhaps one is nearly good;
the words seldom flow
as smoothly as they should.
Two things of life
I shall never fully comprehend,
how it all began
and how it all will end.

My thirst is far different
than one might think,
I go to the dry desert my soul for to give

a long and lasting drink.
Of those 99 poorly-poems
only one may turn to the good; oh, but
if I were capable
I would freely give to everyone, all the words I should.
However; for now my thinking comes in fragments
broken and sparse,
of the words, not whole nor complete,
I can only offer up bits and parts.

Smoky Hoss

Broken Dreams

I crossed the treacherous moat
In my small rowboat
Upon reaching the other side
I stopped and cried
For the great Castle I had sought
Had been brought
Down
To the ground
By all the evil behind
The death of mankind
The fear I had run
From
Simply awaited me
Across the sea
My dreams a scatter
Like trash upon dirty water
So I got back in my boat
But before I reached the other side I awoke...
it was still dark, and late
here where I'd found my fate
outside I heard the rain,
inside nothing - no joy, no pain
laying back I tried again to dream
but only found, I couldn't feel a thing -
Broken dreams
It seems
Are humanities worst
Endless curse.....

Smoky Hoss

Broken Old Ghost

He's an old man now
with fond memories of long gone fishing trips.
He sees France and Germany in his dreams
and recalls the sweet taste of a young frauleins lips.
He reminds himself daily, that once he lived
through the pains of the Great Depression as a kid.
He however tries to forget the big guns of Europe
that often nearly blew off his lid.
He thinks back
of the girl he used to know.
He wonders how she is
and why he ever let her go.
He was once young and strong
filled with fascination and great hopes.
He was taken away and used by the world
and now is merely a walking old ghost.
He walks with his old dog slow and gentle
they both like the feel of a cold northern wind.
He often sees dark and rumbling storm clouds in the distance
it reminds him of the SS, and makes him fear they are coming again.
He says a prayer in bed every night
hoping to pass in his sleep peacefully.
He fully expects one day to awake in Heaven
the only place where those anguished nightmares could never be.
He's an old man now
just an old ghost on his way home.
He's tired and weary
of treading this world all alone.

Smoky Hoss

Bumblebee In The Bush

Bumblebee in the bush
What be your fondest wish?
A sweet delicate flower,
Or maybe a gentle summer shower -
Perhaps a mild breeze
Flowing through the trees,
To blow you away far
Closer to some shining star -

No, ofcourse not; for now
You've much work to do.
So continue buzzing to and fro,
With such purpose in where you go -
Yet I must wonder, at night in your quiet sleep
Could possibly there be a dream for even an insect to reap?
Perchance all of life's deepest quest
Involves finding that wonderous place, of eternal rest -

Smoky Hoss

Burn

I fell in love in 2004,
I fell in love
Sitting at the bottom of a Utah canyon floor -
It wasn't a woman
Nor a man,
It wasn't with a purpose
Or even a plan -
I just sat there one hot afternoon,
All by myself
Lying on my back; all alone -
Gazing at the sun
Gazing back at me,
Not another human soul for miles around...
The most incredible feeling; so completely free -
I fell forever in love, right then and there
With the alluring, beauty of the great Southwest;
Now, I'll never get it out of my heart,
Be it cursed or divinely blessed -
Sometimes it tortures the depths of my soul
Not to be there;
... all the demands of life,
just aren't fair...
But, someday, someday,
To my lover I shall return,
Then, the passion between me and my beloved desert
Will endlessly, and wonderfully, burn and burn...
... and burn -

- true love is a fire,
hotter than the flames of hell,
an affliction that must be embraced,
if the pain is to ever be quelled -

Smoky Hoss

Burning Bridges

Looking back I see
In the distance bridges burning
Knowing now
There will be no returning

The departures
Of the past
Have left behind the shores of
Where our bread once was cast

We all must go
Into the future
Nothing stays put
It's just the law of nature

The power and prestige
Of all our yesterdays
Won't count for a thing
Going along this new way

The very best
We all can, and should do
Is help one another
Make it through

So let the damned
Bridges burn
And move ever forward
Where new life awaits, around every next turn

Smoky Hoss

But A Moment

There is but a moment
That a human heart fully lives,
When thinking not of itself
And unconditionally gives -

This rare sweet silence
Is but a moment, transforming,
As bright and beautiful
As a new sunrise shining on the fresh morning -

Smoky Hoss

Cat & I

There we sat
Just me and the cat,
Upon a bench overlooking the river Thames,
The cat turned to me
And said, I believe I see
Some approaching cranes.
To the cat with eyes
Always looking rather wise,
I smiled and replied thus,
Is the crane afloat
Aboard a wayward boat
Or arriving atop a bus?
The cat and I
Both did sigh,
For we had come to understand,
Never could we see things quite the same
Life as serious or life as game
For she is a cat and I a man.
So now on the bench she and I continue to sit
Without expressing thoughts one bit,
And thus it shall remain until one or the other does die,
When arrives that lonely day
So long pal will be the only words to say
A simple understanding between intimate friends... the cat and I.

Smoky Hoss

Catharsis

There's murder in the air,
the air going black with crows
drips deep red
into a bloody sunset-
The sky grows ever dimmer
with the presence of the dark birds,
like storm clouds gathering
into a destructive yet cleansing force-
The light of day slowly dying,
something all new to be borne
distant thunder rumbles
as the crows gather with wild caws-
The clouds go red, like blood being shed
with the weight of the immensity of life spent,
like crows trying to gather enough courage
to fly into the unknown night-
It just may kill them but they will go
in storm or calm; either way it shall be
a salvation, an atonement,
and something old must die-

Smoky Hoss

Caves-N-Arrows

Down in my 'man-cave', what our fathers
would have called a 'den'
(is not a den a cave
for the loner bear
to sleep away the winter-blues in?)
there hangs high,
in precise reverence,
an old Shoshone war arrow.
The original arrowhead, along with the ancient peoples,
is long gone.
I've replaced it with one made of
beautiful RED sandstone
that I found on a hike deep
into a mysterious canyon
in southern-Utah.
- The Shoshone come from
the wilds of Wyoming territory;
my arrowhead may be
of the Ute tribe,
or the Navajo,
perhaps even -though doubtful-
the mighty-mystery
of the Anasazi.
- I hope the Shoshone don't mind
my mingling of one of their designs
with that of another distant tribe.
- And I. What am I?
Neither Shoshone, nor Ute,
nor Navajo; I am no Hopi,
and not Anasazi. But, I am
the grizzly chief of my cave,
for now... and I do have the arrow,
and the arrowhead.
- At last,
the nations have come together,
in peace, united
in a common cause:
fighting off the cold blues
- with one arrow -

in a bear's cave...

Smoky Hoss

Chance?

One never really knows
Why the wild-wind of chance blows
The way it does -
Perhaps mere luck
Or a passing truck...
Or, the flapping wings of a divine dove -

Smoky Hoss

Chimes On The Wind

Far away
a lonely chime is ringing...
on the mournful wind,
softly singing -
It's followed me around
for years and years now
I can't quite make it out,
but it's always there, somehow -
It takes me back
in the memories it seems to bear
yet, far ahead to something,
just waiting out there -
It's everywhere, in everything
like a heartfelt groan
having the sound, and feel,
of going home -

There's nothing more lonesome
in all the world around
then that far off sad,
and melancholy sound -

Smoky Hoss

Chipmunks Confusion

Chipmunk
Tail held high
Sprints across the street
On the fly -
To get to the other side
His only goal
There to dive
In another hole -
But wait,
Half way across
His small attention span
Gets lost -
The aroma of an acorn
Lingers upon the center line
With just one sweet sniff
He knows what he must find -
Turning
With the street
Several cars
He does meet -
Dodging them all
In and out
Strictly by chance
Blindly following his commanding snout -
Desire rules
Over fear for death's sake
Find the acorn
Whatever it takes -
At length
Circling full around
Back to where he started
In his own abode, under the ground -
Silly
He thinks to self,
That seductive sweet scent
Was the nut, here, on my own home shelf -
... So, back out
Once more he goes
Resuming his daily routine

Of crossing the road -

Smoky Hoss

Choices

Choices

so many, and mostly
so small, and
what really
do they matter after all?

In each
we gain, and
we lose
a little, and
seldom
a lot.

So let us
worry not
to go left
or right,
up or down,
forward
or back,
whether 'tis
mere right or wrong
only and simply
choose, and
then go with it; for
there are yet
so many
little choices
to be made.

Smoky Hoss

Christmas

The stars sing stories
telling each other,
'It is true.' -
We would do well to listen
finding our hearts likewise
sing that same song too -

Smoky Hoss

Christmas Eve

It's the night before Christmas
and the moon is shinnin' bright.
Stars are lightin' up the heavens
on this cold Montana night.

The rugged mountains tower high
capped white with snow.
Frost is settlin' heavy
on the peaceful valley below.

Smoke from woodstoves blanket
the little cowboy town.
The glow from oil lamps placed in windows
can be seen for miles around.

The road to the ranch house is frozen hard
and slick like slate.
The rusty old hinges let out a moan
as the wind blows the corral gate.

The horses are fed
and tonight they're not puttin' up a fuss.
For even they seem to know 'bout this gift
the creator has given us.

The little farmhouse is filled
with the smell of fresh baked bread.
And the family is gathered 'round the fire
as the Christmas story is read.

Tonight all the troubles from the year
'jist seem to be put away.
For now our thoughts are towards the Christ child
and the manger where he lay.

The conversation among the family is joyful
not a cross word is said.
And no one seems to be in a hurry
to be rushin' off to bed.

When the last of the hot cocoa is finished
and the family finally turns in,
we ask ourselves if there was a knock at our door
would there be room at the inn?

(-written by cowboy poet Tic Palmer of Stevensville, Montana, U.S.A.)

Smoky Hoss

Christmas Night

the sun of day
slips away,
the moon and stars
venus and mars
come out to play -
this holy night
oh, what a sight,
filled with wonder and awe
and a soulful call
tinted with mystery, and just a hint of fright -
suddenly the sky is torn apart
as a brilliant light breaks the dark,
thousands of angels burst upon the scene
announcing the great birth of a great king
with one saying: do not fear, God is here, take heart! -
gone as quickly as they came
the night returns to the same,
but the world will never be what it was
for dwelling amongst us now is God's Love
once to come, forever to remain -

Smoky Hoss

Climb A Mountain

Going to climb a mountain, see what I can find
going to climb a mountain, spend some thinking time,
living in this low-land
life's become a grind -

Going to climb a mountain, see what I can find
going to climb a mountain, before I get too blind,
going to climb up a mountain, and ease
my troubled mind -

Going to climb a mountain, a mountain way up high
going to climb a mountain, right on through to the sky,
and there I hope to find the top
before I die -

Going to climb a mountain, looking for the sun
going to climb a mountain, until I'm good, and done,
when we get up there
then we'll have us some fun -

Going to climb a mountain, see what I can find
climb that old mountain, it's not so hard to find,
and if I find I like it, I believe
I'll just stay there all the time -

Smoky Hoss

Colorful Love

She was black
he was white,
some folks who talk too much
said it just wasn't right -
But no one could deny when together
they were such a beautiful color,
in their perfect shades of rainbow love
they flew so high and free, far above -
For, true love it is quite apparent
is utterly transparent,
ah yes... these amazing colors of the soul
God, with great creative love, alone does truly understand and know -

Smoky Hoss

Colors

There was a black man
There was a blue man
They hated each other
For the color of the skin
They both believed the other
To be the offspring of some great sin...
One dark day
They got into a helluva fight
Each believing to be in the right
They beat upon each other
Through and through
They beat each other black and blue,
Until finally
They both did come to see
How much alike
They'd come to be.
Now there is a black man
There is a blue man
Together they stand
Once divided by the color of the skin
Never more shall they
Be blinded that way again...
Black or white
Yellow or red
The color of the skin
Is truly all inside the head,
And the colors in the head
Come out in the words
That are said,
And the words
That are said
Can leave the heart so alive,
Or, utterly dead.
It's a choice to make:
Either for the image of the soul
Or, for the color of the skins sake;
The darkness of night
Or, the beauty from
The colors of the

Light.

Smoky Hoss

Come

Come,
a train
or come the main
ride the rails
hoist the sails
wind in your hair
lightning in the air
clickity-clack
on a glowing track
staying afloat
in a rolling boat
it's locomotive locomotion
across continent and ocean
flying like a ghost
for that far off coast
ride,
rusty rails of steel
beneath lonesome whinning wheels
sing the blues
while spreading the news:
no more stops
no more drops
neither town nor port
will pull us up short
no looking back
no losing track
so,
pack your grip
for the trip
bring a coat
for train or boat
it may get cold
you may grow old
it could be a long time
to the end of the line, so ya
best bring along your favorite old hat
and your warmest grin,
because one thing's really quite certain,
we'll never come this way, ever again.

Smoky Hoss

Come On

Come on Lord
Listen to the people praying,
Come on in
Hear the words they're saying-
Oh Lord
It's because of you,
Come on in
See the way they do what they do-
Enter here Lord
This is the holy place,
There's so many here waiting
Throughout the human race-
So many Lord
That call on your name,
Oh so many
Need rescue from living's fear and pain-
Won't you please come on in here
Do your Royal part,
In this your Kingdoms home
Here within every followers own
Pleading and praying heart;
Come on Home now..... let's all go Home.

Smoky Hoss

Comfort Southern Style

There once was a boy from Tupelo
who knew not where to go,
so at a young age
he hit the stage
singing sweet and low -
Liking what he saw
he recorded a song for his ma,
and there before he was done
he found his place in the Sun
as we all stood amazed, watching with awe -
He twisted and he shook
he had what it took,
his voice powerful like thunder
a delirious spell he put us under
with that style and that look -
He only hung around for awhile
singing his song and flashing his smile,
but to this very day
that smooth voice can still carry us joyfully away
in such peaceful comfort, southern style -

Smoky Hoss

Coming Of Dark

A smoking darkness at end of
day
has fallen down
upon the deep blue

sky. It lingers in ribbons hanging
gray
and continues along
its lonely way to

cry. No moon so bright tonight will hearts
stir
only faint stars singing
with a shallow and lonesome

sigh. Not a thing moves nor
purrs
even owls simply watch and listen
refusing to

fly. This extremely dark
night
shall wither the spirit
filling the mind with shadows of fitful

fright.

Smoky Hoss

Conclusions

Woke up today, with
nothin' much to say -
went down to the station, to
watch them trains head out 'cross the nation -
with a cup of joe black, sat
a spell on a cold railroad track -
had a long slow smoke
and watched it roll... thinkin'
them old rattlers
sure got alot of soul.

The lonesome sound of an empty boxcar
came floatin' in on an airwave,
singin' my blues down
into their own dark grave -
it put a smile
upon my face,
lifted me up
to a better place -
made up my mind
not to think it over twice,
life is just the way it is
and everything's gonna be alright -

Sittin' down here alone
at the railroad yard,
I come to the conclusion:
livin' really doesn't need to be
so damn hard.

Smoky Hoss

Contemplating

My mind is in the serried, towering clouds
On the long and distant horizon.
Big, beautiful, bouyant, and bright,
full of wild wonder;
Yet, so very far away.
From the horizon unheard,
is rumbling and furious thunder.
A waxing power from an ever deepening source;
beyond control,
beyond understanding.
Electric currents barely perceptible
flash at will,
arcing where they may.
These repudiations of smaller thoughts,
I know not their intention.
From the lowly distance
Where my eyes sit
It all looks so amazing,
Calm, soothing... undefined...
and still.
It is, ofcourse, so much more.

I wonder.
Will I ever truly understand,
Anything.
In my solitude
I sit quietly,
Watch and wait,
and wait...

Smoky Hoss

Contemplation

</>I see an elderly man in need.

I stop - I help.

He thanks me, again and again.

But, that's not the point.....

- that's not IT.

The real gratitude - the true feeling -

Is following the sweet urging of Life.....

- the Love of life, within the love for others.

... I contemplate this, as he waves and goes along his way.....

Contemplation is

Experiencing the presence of God.

Life is present;

How could I not contemplate it.

- These moments, they come,

So unsuspected.

They go, so quickly;

I don't want to let go

... still, they pass...

My world is changed

- for the better -

Forever.

Smoky Hoss

Contrived Writing

I have decided to write here
A rather worthless little poem,
Just something senseless to say
In words all my own -
The reason for all of this I must confess
Is rather contrived,
I simply desire to hear my own voice drawn near
Thus letting me know, I'm still very much alive.

Smoky Hoss

Cool

'Sometimes nothing can be a real cool hand.'
- Paul Newman from 'Cool Hand Luke'

The evidence being insufficient
for an indicative
capitulation into lassitude
one is left to render via repression
the act of pure patience
as a dignified design
toward a cultured coolness
of doing absolutely nothing
as if it were the grandest task
of an enlightened genius.
... and perhaps,
that's just what it is...

Smoky Hoss

Cosmic Scenes

I've written with poets
And conversed with kings,
Stood transfixed gazing at the mid-night sky
Listening to angels sing.

I've touched the light
Of a thousand distant stars,
And had my soul transformed
By the brilliance and ballance of the quasars.

And here have found, flowing through each life
Countless cosmic scenes,
Coming down all around
Like the first fresh snow of falling dreams.

Out so far
And in so deep,
Continuously moves the universal Music -
Singing to all the coming life we keep.

Smoky Hoss

Country Living

Cats and dogs
Chickens and hogs
Lumps in the 'taters
And bumps on a log -
Stars in the night
The moon shines bright
Crowds pass through the country
Like clouds in flight -
Coffee and curds
Foxes and birds
Slow conversation
With a sweet flow in the words -
Fresh water rippling at the spring
Gives nature such a beautiful ring
Days like these
Have ways of making a heart sing -
Nights are short, days are long
Worries are few, oaks are strong
Living in the country
Is like giving the soul a wonderful song -

Smoky Hoss

Cover

Walking through life,
from one end to the other;
living and dying...mercy and grace,
all sacred ground,
- each of us must cover.

Smoky Hoss

Crazy Thoughts

Maybe I've gone crazy
Looking for too many words,
Maybe I've taken leave of my senses
Trying to speak, and be heard -
So many things I want to say
All in hopes to find
What I don't understand
About all the life that lives and moves in my mind -
The words all come out wrong
While what I'm truly searching for,
Laughs and dances like a madman
Out of my own hearts back door -
It's the damndest thing
Like running down an empty desert highway,
Chasing the vanishing point
That's always going farther and farther away -

Does that rainbow's beautiful end really reside
In the mountain paradise of the perfect Word;
Will I ever arrive at that elusive point
Where each beautiful thought I could never quite express
Shall finally be exquisitely said, and wholly heard?

To arrive is my crazy goal.
With great love to be there;
To finally and fully hear, and be heard,
To discover my own thoughts do matter,
And God really does care.
Crazy, indeed.

Smoky Hoss

Cry To Die

They came
They went,
All along the cell's
The prisoners wept-
No one cared
No one came the truth to see,
Just a hype
To promote the self-serving news on TV-
They're all
Still gonna die,
Trying to halt the insanity
Is just a low-down, filthy lie-
Those who should
Don't give a damn,
It's all just a part
Of the money-makers empty plan.
If we could
Sentence ' them ' to die,
For all the people they use
Just that once, we'd see the real tears they could finally cry.

Smoky Hoss

Dad

- If there was a way - something I could maybe say -
If I could only see him here, once again;
Hear his grand laugh - see his comforting grin -
God, I know I should've been there more -
So much now I want to ask... things I truly need him for;
Oh, but then I was always too busy running -
I suppose I'm running, from myself, still.

Ofcourse it's all now in the setting sun -
He has gone on ahead... crossed over the hill, and finished his run;
Yet, I do believe, someday, by the grace of God,
I too shall ride that final trail
When death gives me the last nod -
Then at long last we again shall meet face to face
With a wonderful embrace.

But, until that destined time
I pray I find
A way to be, when it's all said and done,
A better father, than I ever was a son.

I love you Dad -
I think about you every day -
I miss you more
Than I can ever find words to say.

Smoky Hoss

Dare Not Fear

Leaves sway and play
In the wind,
Clouds seem to bow and pray
All across the sky ever again.
Birds fly so high
With nary a care,
Butterflys wrapped in buoyant beauty
Never to worry, for what they might wear.
- So why am I
(such a simple man, at the fringes of Gods plan)
Afraid to live, and to die?
Dare I, in fear, to presume
God would love the beauty of each flower
And not notice my own heart in bloom?
Nay.
For God does know and does see all,
Perhaps allowing now and again
A slight trip, but never into eternal deaths final hand
Will He let me fall.

Smoky Hoss

Dark Spots

How old was I
when I first discovered
this thing I was doing was living, and
it would have an end?
When did I come to know
that what I saw
far away and in everything
was the dark spot
in the world's light?

My grandfather's funeral was in 1969.
I was 7 years old.
Nothing ended prior to that.
Everything was pure light, eternal, alive
... until then.
But the sun, once so flawless,
had a hole in it,
a dark spot right there
in the very middle.
It became visible for me in 1969.
Funny thing is, now in every
blanched-yellow, dusky-red sunset
that tips the balance between
summer and fall, between beginnings and endings,
between living and dying,
I see it again.
The same soft light shaded
with a spot of dark death.
That dark spot.
That opposite of life.
Refuses to relent.
It only grow closer with every ochre-sunset I see.

The last lesson
my grandfather taught me was to see,
the unavoidable dark spots in life.

' It began in mystery, and it will end in mystery, but what a savage and beautiful country lies in between. ' - Diane Ackerman

Smoky Hoss

Day

Come what may,
each new day
is only a day - a day away;
... but then again
 come the dim
 you may realize, with some surprise,
each new day
will always stay
reclusive - ever elusive,
 a day
 away...

Come what may,
 this day is
 the Only day... therefore,
Never waste it away.

Smoky Hoss

Day (Part Two)

This moment
This time
These sweet grapes upon
This very vine,
This world just as
It now is
Shall never repeat itself.
The soul and the sun
The spirit in the wind
Shall never sing this
Exact same song together
Ever again.
No day
Will ever repeat
Nor replay,
This day alone -in itself-
Is fully good, fully complete.

Smoky Hoss

Day At The Funny-Farm

Ducks flyin'
backwards
over the pond,
Granny's been drinkin'
and playin'
with her magic wand -
Horses in the
pasture
kickin' up snow,
lookin' at
fireworks
from the 4th of July show -
Hound dawgs runnin'
at the end
of his leash,
watchin' rabbits
just a shakin' and bakin'
down on the beach -
Moons in the
sky
way up high,
shines down low
agin' in old oak barrels
nice and slow -
Goin' ta town
in the old
Model A,
runnin' flat out
30 miles per hour
all the way -
Hittin' the pub
for a drink
or two,
the old-bulls are milked
and the work
is all through -
Look out boys
cause where it stops
nobody knows,

down here
on the funny-farm
anything goes -

Smoky Hoss

Death, Life's Mystery

Surprisingly, I find myself
These days ever more content
To just simply sit,
Watch an old movie
With a good sweet story to tell,
Or lazily listen
To some finely felt jazz
That soothes my soul so well,
Or watch the sun break
The holy horizon
On a clear cool
Fall morn',
With half frozen dew
On the last grass before winter's first storm;
- It all shines and sparkles
With a grand majesty of deep mystery; of
Life, and being,
Of knowing and feeling what you are hearing and seeing.
So much beautiful warmth,
In such foreshadowed cold.
The perfect combination of modest and bold...
At the recognition of these
Tears enter my eye's.....
And I cannot say for certain
Why.
Other than the realization
Of so very much beauty -and life-
Even in the things bound so soon to
Die.

My heart holds on,
Refusing to say 'Good-bye';
And I want nothing alive
To ever, ever again
Come to an end,
- Or to die.

Smoky Hoss

Deft Desire

A woman's touch
is ah, what man most does desire;
worth the risk, to be slapped or kissed,
no in between's, for the female heart is,
fully ice, or fully fire.

Smoky Hoss

Delicate Demolition

Old men sit in old bars
drinking old drinks, smoking old cigars;
Writers go crazy sitting and staring at empty pages,
both burn away their youth, on and on through the ages-

I once tried to write about life.
For a decade, or three.
A thousand pages, maybe more,
when I realized I'd been writing
with invisible ink.
So, I gave it all up,
understanding there will always be
so much more
that I can never know, or see.
More than I can ever imagine knowing or seeing.
Therefore, I have taken up dreaming:
late in the depths of night's dark
I wander through the universe,
gathering dusty-diamonds, glittering
across the galaxies;
I hold the sensual-stars
in the palm of my hand,
drink from the beautiful-bosom
of the Milky Way,
roll and frolic in the weightless wonder
of lunar-love...
and then around sunrise
the quirky cosmos rebuke me back,
back to my world, where I awaken,
returning to my lost and wordless pages-

These are the delicate demolitions of living,
destroying dreams and
slowly tearing each man apart,
until he is completely gone;
even his words burnt away,
ashes upon the wind,
scattered unto the ends of the earth,
for better or for worse-

At night silent-stars look down,
smile, and twinkle
upon the old men, with their
aging dreams,
who sit there rolling their old poems up
into cigars,
and smoke them heartily.

Smoky Hoss

Descry

I stood in a grand wood alone
whispering to God upon his throne:
' Is it truly true
nothing is more powerful
than magnificent You? '
Then, I stood by the great ocean
and whispered to God:
'Can You hear me above the roar?
How will You find me,
my footprints have washed away all along the shore? '
Finally, I stood upon the highest mountain top
and whispered to God:
'Can you see me now,
the mere speck that I am,
even just a glimpse, somehow? '
No reply came.
Not in words
I could hear.
No powerful voice
loud and clear.
I waited
'til the end
of day.
Then quietly, alone,
I simply walked away.

On my way home
travelling into the dusk,
a desert I did pass through
with a quiet and lonely
darkened view.
Nothing moved,
not a sound.
Except, for the slightest breeze
whisper wonders my way,
through the tops of a few scraggly trees.
I stoped
I looked
I stood.

Amazed at this wind
passing by through the twisted and bent woods.
It was at that moment
in the darkness,
at the edge of desolation, among the lowly trees,
that I became fully aware,
God is everywhere, even right here next to me.

Smoky Hoss

Desert Rats

Desert rats
Take cover in the heat,
They know what to toss
And what to keep -
They skillfully hide under big sombreros
And down lots of water,
They've learned well when to sit, and when to quit,
When to stay, and when to scatter -
The desert calls them
Right to the edge of existence;
But, too wise are they, any foolish games to play,
For in the desert they have found the art of survival is patience -
Listen close my friends for the divine desert to call you...
By all means, come and see,
But, with eyes wide open tread slowly
Following the tracks of wise old desert rats...
Just like me.

(this is for my pal Juan O. A fellow 'desert rat'!)

Smoky Hoss

Desultoriness

The vagaries of experience and emotion
Carry such weight, like waves of might,
Whose strength is in the waters of the ocean -
There is one who knows the flows of life best
And moves through it all,
The rises, the falls, the work and the rest -
All that we are, and feel
Absurdity and necessity,
Living metaphors of truth so real -
The human affinity to find the Inexplicable
Courts the call of it all,
Through days and nights, seeming so typical -
The greatly troubled human incongruity
Is mystically found and bound,
Within each human heart beat, filled with the blood of Divinity -

Smoky Hoss

Dimensions No One Knows

</>The last rays of sunlight stark
Flutter in omniscience,
Both light and dark
What here, at end of day,
Is good..... has been bad?
Only Spirit can truly say
The pines will always bend to the breeze,
Some break, some dance;
God alone, may do just as he does please -
(the rest of us, just take a chance.)

Every day the sun rises it shall fall.
How can humanity be certain
It will ever return, at all?
A slight speck in endless space here we are,
Our life granting sun away,
Out there, somewhere so very far.

Now, the end of day,
And the dark engulfs all even sound
So, all I can do is silently pray
Hoping, the Sun may soon come back around.

Smoky Hoss

Direction

The painters
The writers
The music makers
All the artists
Of the world
In their own dialect
Speak the language
Of life
With a sense of
Awe and fear
Of living and dying.

Yet always trying
To reach the pinnacle,
Trying to show
The way,
Trying for fulfillment and sanctification.
They all in one way or another
Navigate
By the needle of trust
In the compass of hope
Pointing due Homeward.

Smoky Hoss

Distance - Between

There is a
Distance.

Between,
Mortality and eternity.

Distance.

Between,
God and humanity.

Distance.

Between.
So much,
So far;
The Universe and
The burning stars.

Distance.

Between,
Creator and creation;
Between,
All past and present relation.

Distance.

Between,
All living,
All dying;
Laughing and
Crying.

The distance - between,
The present scene, and
All that is unseen;
What's hiding, and
What's showing;

Where we are, and
Where we are going.

Smoky Hoss

Distant Friend

- Distant friend, calling me
From afar,
Your written voice I hear
In the endless echoes of beauty, within your shining star.
Through your gifted, and wonderfully wandering pen
You alight my deep, dark sky,
You release my tired and torn soul,
With those words of yours, that so freely fly.
Though never having meet
Face to face,
I seem to know you from forever...
And so easily feel your spirits embrace.
Through your flowing and flowering words
Laid along my souls journey,
I've been quietly invited
Into your hearts domain of beauty, and mystery.
You have helped me learn
And made me to grow,
You've expanded my mind
And greatly enlivened my soul.

I have a pen
All my own...
But, no longer do I need
To write all alone.
For even though in the present
We're at such distant ends,
You and I shall forever be
In spirit, the closest of friends.

Smoky Hoss

Diversity Personified

the cat laying there
on the floor,
black on a white rug,
meows,
and I wonder what she said;
and why the contrast,
her black against white
her language against mine
her ability to lay there
so comfortable, so at ease,
there on that white rug;
and I, so anxious
for the stains
my shoes may cause,
walking cautiously near them both.

Smoky Hoss

Dog-Days (Selected Minor Audacities)

A big old bulldog
out in the backyard,
is like life, letting you know getting in is easy,
going through's going to be damned hard.

Santa Claus forgot Christmas
this year,
the children cried, but oh
what happy reindeer.

Life's land-fills are full of ashes
from youths cremations,
this news, though it should,
causes no noticeable sensations.

All hands are lost
in the battles for the day,
but, all 'da-feets' by night
simply get up and walk away.

Turn on the television set
scan channels 2 thru infinity,
trying to find something good
I feel like a whore searching for lost virginity.

The Wind may come and
blow all your troubles away,
or leave you breathless
with no words to say.

I've heard it preached
live free or die, but
no one says how
and no one says why.

Smoky Hoss

Doubt

Words
and ways
in sighs
of nays;
Yes
or no
both to
and fro;
The mind
of man - like
a B-B
in a can
endlessly rolling and wondering:
where I will go...
and whose
I am.

Smoky Hoss

Doubts

These words I write
no longer seem my own,
I am fading away
in the shadow of where they've grown.
Once I was a raven standing bravely alone
upon a field of cold snow,
now I am afraid, covered, fallen and frozen...
and still alone, at twenty below.

In my dream
I walk and walk and walk.
Looking, for the treasure.
I walk a thousand miles
to find the place,
where I can look into a mirror
and finally recognize my own face.
I go through large cities
and small towns,
gazing through the empty windows of what must pass,
and still, nothing new is found.

If somehow I knew I'd never
die,
Would I still love the birds sailing through the
sky;
The majestic mountains stretching way up
high;
Would anything mysterious move me enough to
cry;
Could I ever again gaze upon divine beauty and simply
sigh?

My heart has caused me to pursue
wild tales of treasure from long ago.
Up strange mountains, through rivers flowing,
across deserts parched, and into canyons deep with drifting snow.
I have chased the Gold that may not even exist...
...and loved every magic moment of it.

I doubt I've ever entirely returned from even one adventure...
... and am only certain of this:
though doubts I bear,
I never shall fully return, nor quit.

Smoky Hoss

Down Here On Earth

Somehow I have forgotten, it seems,
what it is that it was
I'd come down here to see;
A perfectly perpendicular branch
with the finest leaf
on the oldest tree,
or a mystery-wind
blowing mournfully through
the languished land of the free?

Perhaps a place, a house,
safe for a wolf, or a mouse,
and an open hand
stretched across wilderness land,
of hills full, valleys lush
where night falls with the sweetest hush;
and there's water, pure and clean
near fields of grassy-green, covered in fine fresh air,
where each hearth and home glows with the fire
of narry a worry, nor a care.

Is this what my soul seeks,
why I here came?
to touch the difference,
between the wild and the tame?

Strange,
I don't know
the reason I've come
nor when I must go.
But the unknowing
isn't the hardest part.
What is, is through it all
to simply take and keep heart.

Overhead clouds and sun
are set aglow,
with blazing promises
found in a passing rainbow.

The vast shimmering sky,
always just beyond me,
goes forever flying, slowly by.
Down here in the wild, I sit
watching an eagle, a trout,
and a frolicking deer
move joyfully about;
they study me
studying them,
together we ponder (each in our own way)
where we are going, and where we have been.

Smoky Hoss

Down To Up

(- these are the reflections that came to mind while I was looking at the painting 'Riddarfjarden in Stockholm' by Eugene Jansson,1898.

I simply wrote them down -my thoughts- just as they came to me.)

That time shall come.
By dread or by due,
As it must
For the pain of living in a world untrue -

The night grows quiet.
While the city lights reflecting
Upon the effulgent bay
Slowly, soundlessly fade down,
down...down.
Into the eddies of the deep,
Where the last
Of the lights evening song
Whispers away...far away.

Where the souls separate
And the minds effortlessly bend,
Where the hearts say good-bye
And know...this IS the end -

Down we must go.
To where at last...long last
The great Truth wins out;
For the dark and the despair
The drear and the dread,
Are finally put away
In their unholy place,
Forever buried deep
In the muddy waters of the eternal dead -

But, the heart and the soul!
(oh, the heart and soul) ,
No dark waters under heaven
Can ever hold -

Up, through the mire rise.
Unto the other side;
Going down, to come up,
Into all-new waters
There, forever freely to reside -

Smoky Hoss

Dream Dance

When you're fast asleep
The mind sneaks out, and around,
Wearing the moonlight
Like some ancient royal gown.
Soulful seekers and spiritual searchers
All invited here by the King of dreams,
Dancing and communing together
In the majesty of this becoming scene,
Where dreams flow like liquid diamonds
Sparkling upon the river of the night;
The old, the new, the many, the few,
The long gone and the yet to be,
All mingle free, in this dreamy delight.
The stars, and the milky way
Are the floor upon which we dance,
All the cosmos and spirits with wonder watch
Joyfully caught in a tender trance.
The Mystery wraps around us
Like lace made of light,
While angels sing us into peaceful sleep...
Through this, our dream dances of the night.

Smoky Hoss

Dream Dreams

10,000 angels
rise and sing,
for every soul
that finds a dream -

Let the children of children dream dreams
from heaven on high,
and receive their sweet visions
that never shall die -

Dream dreams, you dreamers
of peace, and love,
beautiful prayers answered
from up above -

All God's children come together
and dare now rise,
Let all your great dreams
come fully alive!

Listen. You shall hear:
the chorus of unnumbered angels in song drawing near,
praising the Grace of dreams
drempt, without fear -

Smoky Hoss

Dream Number 1 (Mercy)

Think what we might
all is never quite right,
though closer and closer we may get
truly, we are nowhere near there yet -

The sun comes up after each dark night
this is true,
but, no matter how bright
each waning day holds a melancholy blue -

So here, for just awhile
we shall remain in exile,
together praying for the exodus
praying always, Hope walks among us -

Smoky Hoss

Dream Number 2 (Peace)

It's a funny joke... ha ha...
but it hurts
without laughter.
Half a head
Half a heart
Half a man;
too much to
not understand.

It is true
what a prophet has said,
the future is uncertain, and
the end is always near.
Still there must be something more
in the passing days
than merely fear.

We lose what we learn
from time and travail; and yet
still we cling to this radical hope,
though head and heart may fail.

Everybody does have their dues to pay,
but the way out is free, and is going
the other way.

Smoky Hoss

Dream Number 3 (Hope)

Row, row, row your mind
gently to the end of your dreams,
turn and look back
and try to comprehend what it all means

Wild waves slap the innocent shore
then effect a hasty retreat;
the sun and moon witness it all
but refuse to speak

A bird on a high wire
that no one understands,
watches shiny carousel horses running circles
in the shifting sands

So many delicate dreams
turn out blue;
perhaps the greatest one someday
shall come true

Smoky Hoss

Dream Number 4 (Love)

Lying together upon a grassy knoll
we watch the wind blow our stars past the moon,
we hold tight, as if not to would bring a death,
though I know it will end, and all too soon.

All that now matters is us, and the feeling
that we finally got it right,
even blind hearts can see, this may very well be
lifes only perfect night.

It is so hard to find love in a dark-n-stormy world
where the days are a sad and lonely way,
so take my hand, and I'll give my heart
stay here as long as you can...
together tonight, we'll keep the storm at bay.

Smoky Hoss

Dreaming

I dreamt I was dreaming
Life was deep instrumental music
Packed full of ineffable meaning,
I was frustrated so
For all the words I wanted to sing,
But just did not know.

In my dream I awoke from the dream
Only to find
More unexplainable mystery,
As I was still in unreality within my own mind.

In my dream
I climb,
A long, long hill
At the top
All is still,
There upon resides a great mansion
Half-finished, mostly empty, undone -
Inside there is a picture
Hung on a wall, near the end of a long dark hall,
It is a picture of the entire family...
All that is missing
Is me;
I look it over, wondering why 'tis so,
And where in the world did I go?

A Voice from somewhere
Comes to me
Soft and slow
Gently singing:
' I sent you,
To bring home all the others,
Didn't you know? '

I awake with a start!
Yet, a depth of peace beyond description
Is left, ever laying comfortably
Within my heart.

Smoky Hoss

Dreams (Inspired-Desire From Visions In The Night)

Is it just a dream - to dream?
Or can one intelligently
And with honest hope inquire:
' What does a dream, truly mean? '
Is the dream given or allowed
To each their own,
Or across the masses to the crowd?
From God, or the soul,
How to be certain, how to know?
From Heaven's throne, or from the depth's of the human mind?
For one alone, or all mankind?
Shall we be allowed arcanumly to know
Just some of what was missed
From afar, through a dim glimpse?
Could it all possibly be
From somewhere beyond us all,
An endless soft echo
In a very old call?
One that is only to be heard
When the mind has settled quiet,
Into the time when the soul alone gathers words?
Or,
Is the dream as gift given
Hope to arouse and awaken.....
Hope for what awaits
Just out of sight, right beyond Heaven's open gates,
Thus in meager human faith
Tis meant true expectancy to create.....

If it really is more
Than just a dream - to dream,
Then perchance it is nothing less than vision,
A guiding gift given
Part of a much larger plan
Beyond the sight of man,
Originating from the Being
Within everything.

From whence and why

Do this querulous questions arise?
I know not for certain
I can only here in simple words
Ponder upon them,
And the mysterious reason they return
Again and again.

It would surely seem
Dreamy sights travel mostly by nights'
With perhaps a scent of mystery, of the once was, and the yet to be.
Or maybe they just come with a comforting thought
And the sweet peace it may have here to us brought.

Sleepy dreams
Like stars throughout the night,
Constant dark companions
Never to be touched
Nor fully known,
Not even the reason -if there be one-
To be wholly shown;
Yet, faithfully there,
Even if their purpose we are unaware.

A story possibly to show
Given from the Story-Teller
Who wrote them on our hearts
So long ago;
For now we sit in exile,
This temporary land to last only a little while;
Some messages may very well be sent
With a reason to behold,
One that surely must come
From the great Ages of old,
Even if shrouded in a fallen translation,
Tis still our story, everyone's story,
Even my story,
Waiting, and so wanting to be told.

Smoky Hoss

Dreams Like Thunder

Chain lightning rolls like dreams
through the dead of night,
on and on it goes
far out of sight -
The sky so dread
only the thunder is heard,
everyone down here afraid
to speak a whispering word -
No one knows
should they cry, should they laugh...
the end, surely is coming
at long last -
But, is it truly the end, or
simply the start?
Listen. The thunder coincides with
the beats of your heart!

Smoky Hoss

Dreams Out Of The Blue

Blue acedia creates a deep longing
a longing to see, a longing to be,
In a completely different light
as distinct as day from night,
as blue from black,
a way to perceive life's dreams
that has no need to ever gaze back.
The purest view
only found in 'all things made new'.

DREAM.

I stand alone in the vast wide open
Underneath the most beautiful blue sky.....
At a crossroad of dirt lane and iron track
Keenly I watch as a slow moving train creeps by,
I on the warm earth trail
It on a cold steel rail,
I with vision to view all that is alive
It with a single blind iron eye,
I at liberty to move anywhere about,
It forever attached to a mundane, routine route.....
It moves abjectly, like a corpse thrown in a rill,
I follow the song of my soul, the pace of my own free will.

- There seems a deep necessity out here,
The need of empty places,
To lose the blues, and find grace abundant
In gifts, glimpses and traces -

DREAM.

I dream I am inside my mind.
I stand here alone,
Feeling the wind of deep thought
All around me forever blown;
It is an endless, treeless prairie-
A deep blue sky
Flows illusory about me.
From very far above
Radiant sunlight pours down a glorious glow,

Giving golden grass reason to dance
In giddy gladness below.
Immobile, and silent, I observe -with utter awareness-
Extraordinary ideas like tumbleweeds in a whirlwind whispering by;
They leave indiscriminate flashes of fire
To burn ontic holes in my encumbered sky.
I try to grasp them,
But to no avail.....
For so soon they've flown
Leaving no clue, and no trail.
In my mind I wait and wonder:
-what is their purpose
-where do they go
-what do they understand
... that I yet do not know?
In this dream,
so smooth and silent,
Could it be to me, they attempt to impart:
'Come follow us, to the way of the Infinite.'?

AWAKEN.

Diurnal life seems
To endlessly spin,
In hopeless, orderly circles that forever, routinely repeat
The same sad situations again and again and again.

Therefore I must ponder
Upon the cause and purpose of my dreams,
What they are
And what they seem,
Those that are foes
And those that are friends,
Those of the night
And those that never end.
These unifying mystical experiences
That awaken daily possibilities to seek
The Extraordinary, so present in the ordinary,
And the Magnificent mingling with the meek.
This depth of great Beauty
Becomes the necessity to view,
A clear-burning vision shining brightly into each new day
Through the routine, melancholy blue.

Dreams -

These mystical metaphors

That fall like sunlight poured upon human history,

Require close attention

To render the great and surreptitious Mystery.

If what true dreams concern and celestial visions do discern

Are indeed some heavenly sign,

What they must signify then

Is the grace of God drawing a line.....

Connecting us to Him.

A bright and beautiful path,

As a gift given;

So different, so new,

Comes bursting with surprise

Into our narrow little skies of torporific blue;

Stretching into earth from heaven.

First to be seen in dreams as true,

Where originate the colors

Of man's greatest possibility to view.

Those dreams, so distant, that seem to come

From out of the blue,

May be given from afar - to draw us near.....

To all that is ultimately true.

Smoky Hoss

Drifting Away

' For the beginning is assuredly
the end -since we know nothing, pure
and simple, beyond
our own complexities. ' - William Carlos Williams

You work hard to make it
from dawn to dusk each new day,
you'll switch off the light come every night
and then go drifting away -

You do what you must
but would rather go and play,
the Lord says you'll get your reward
when your soul goes drifting away -

You stop in your tracks
you kneel and you pray,
hoping these words are heard
as up they go, drifting away -

You go to the bar
to hear what the blues men say,
a couple of drinks, and you begin to think
it may be best to just drift away -

The waitress brings you one more
and you ask her to stay,
she smiles all the while
but, you know she'd just as soon you'd go drifting away -

You make up your mind everything is fine
and today it's all ok,
but when the day is done you'll wish you could run
and let it all drift away -

So you head out the door
to be upon your way,
wishing the old car would drive off far
to where everything wrong goes drifting far away -

You make one last stop by the bank
to draw your pay,
in walks a man, with a gun in his hand...
when he pulls the trigger, you'll go on forever,
drifting far and away -

Smoky Hoss

Drinking By The Books

Here I sit
in an old dusty bar
(where once there was smoke)
drinking old-fashioned's
discussing societal failings
and the limitations of
masculine modernity
with Hemingway, Faulkner and
Bukowski.
- An ancient voice
from a dark corner of this
whiskey'd - world
speaks out:
It is the mass of men
who undeservedly lead lives
of quiet desperation,
due to deprivation.
My pals and I
raise our dirty glasses in toast
and with a hearty:
Here-Here!
devour our dread
in drink.
Bill cries out
in great southern-style:
Damn the night.
Free the slaves.
The price has been paid.
Chinaski
with a weary smirk says softly:
I'll drink to that; hell
I'll drink to anything.
I'd even go so far as to say,
I would anything, anywhere, with anyone!
Ernie glowering over his glass of rye
gives a brief revue:
You boys just plain
talk too much.
We all roar

with manly laughter;
God it feels good
to really be alive
right now, right here...
if only briefly.
- the bartender
glances over at me
with eyes that threaten
charges of insanity.
But we don't care, no
not the four of us,
old classic pals
anachronistic conundrums
last of the free minds,
getting a wee bit carried away
in the wonderful joy
that comes from outside of
the ordinary world where
the sun still rises on all:
the just
who are unjust,
the wise
who are foolish,
the brave
who are fearful,
and also
the alive...
who were once
the dead.

In the closing distance
near the land of the finish
and faraway places,
a solitary gunshot
sings it's sad song of loss...
then Bill cries out:
No more for old Ernie -
he's had quite enough!
- and with that, for the moment,
so have I.
I gather my books,
and head for

the nearest
Exit.
Time has come
to go -

Smoky Hoss

Driving Through The Dark

Travelling for miles, and miles,
Through the dark;
In the distance a flood light appears, upon a hill,
Pulling the old house and barn back together;
Light makes closer.

A small-town street lamp
Goes out,
And the buildings on either side wander away,
In the darkness,
Only to be regathered when the sun arises;
Light makes closer.

Hundreds of billions of miles out
A brilliant star flashes upon the emptiness of night,
While on a dark and still farm
A dog awakes,
Sensing the light, looks up,
Seeking,
See's headlights approaching on a two-lane blacktop,
And watches until we pass,
My car and I -

All of us gathered together,
The immense and the small,
The mobile and the still,
Enjoined into the light;
Here, driving onward through the dark (of life)
Having come far enough
To see,
Only light truly
Makes closer.

(- Light is an understanding,
of things esoteric.)

Smoky Hoss

Drunken Dancing Fish

An old man fishing
Sat all day in his boat
Drinking beer
Watching the bobber float

Perhaps it was the alcohol
Or the rocking to and fro
But he swore he saw
A fish come up and dance a do si do!

So quickly
It was gone
But the staggering effect of it
Like a hangover, lingered on long

He sold the boat
And gave up beer
Now he drinks ginger ale
And only hunts deer

Smoky Hoss

Duke And Roy

Hang up your old hat
Put your boots in a box
Trade in your good horse for a poor house cat,
Set your saddle out for sale
Let your ponies go unshod
Grass has grown long over the trail...
Hang your spurs
In a corner of the cabin window
Sit by and listen
To the lonely Western wind blow,
Sing one more cowboy song
For the real men
Who've rode on;
The Duke and Roy are long gone.
The great West
Will never be the same
As America and the movies
Together hand-in-hand go quite insane,
No heros left to be found
No decent men still
Anywhere around.
How much longer
Can the flag wave on?
For the Duke and Ol' Dollor
Are now gone.
Roy and Trigger have rode on too
So what's an old
American cowboy left to do?
How to stand strong and tall
And find the good
Available inside us all?
Who will ever save the day
Showing us the true cowboy way?

From evil they never backed down
Always held hard to their sacred ground,
With gentle strength
And sure sincerity in what was right
Never starting

Nor running from a fight:

- ' - Defend the defenseless,
- Respect the women,
- Protect the children,
- Draw a line on the side of good and make your stand,
- And always take proper care of the land.

Don't be wronged, insulted, or laid a hand on,

Don't do these things to other folks

And require the same from them.'

These mighty truths they taught to us all along.

Who now will remind us,

For the Duke and Roy have gone.

What we are left with now

On the silver-screen

Is so phony, irresponsible, small,

Selfish, and mean.

It serves as a deep reminder

Of what we have lost,

May we never forget the upright lessons

To us they once taught;

Let us pause and here remember...

Take a moment

Of thanks giving to render.

Thankful for those such as them

These great ones who showed us, as if their own,

How to grow

From boys into men.

Even though Duke and Roy

From this world are gone,

In our hearts and lives

May they always live and ride on...

God bless the Cowboys.

Smoky Hoss

Edges

I'm going to the shore's edge
and gaze upon all I can see,
sit with a cold drink
there next to me -
Pondering life's
mysterious deal,
I'll give my heart and soul
some time to heal -
While thinking of so many things
of which I can never truly understand,
I will watch the waves come and go
washing away the sand -
I shall wonder about dreams
that cause the spirit to roam,
while knowing, man can not live
on bread alone -
Out there where it feels so good
not to have a care at times,
I will learn, a contented heart
eases a complicated mind -

And someday, when I get back up
from where I'm at,
I'll pull on my walking boots
and my favorite old hat;
then I'll go out once more,
for my insatiable soul thirsts yet again,
longing for something at the edges
that even it, can in no way name -

'For weeks I have felt on the point
of learning a mystery, but now
my agitation has dropped away... '
- Jane Kenyon (from: 'The Secret')

Smoky Hoss

Enervated

The child within, lit his own little candle
And set it at the center of the valley so large,
Brilliantly it beamed, and gloriously illuminated all about him;
That is until, all the others came rushing in
Lighting candles of their own,
Then his flickered in fear, slowly fading away...
blown asunder, by the crowds cold wind.

Smoky Hoss

Enigma

If the world were flat,
That would be that...
But, the world is round,
Therefore, the end of it all
Can never be found.

Thus meant to be,
With always more to see...
The view, over the horizon,
Contains much more
Than the lingering imagination.

Go around the earth following a line,
Even unto the end of time...
Go just to see, where you are,
And you will come to, from where you came
Drawn so near, by going so far.

Smoky Hoss

Enough

Maybe it'll never come
And maybe the want of it
Will never go.
Perhaps it will always just be
Out there...
There and there and there.
Could be forever in wild wonder
-Open mouthed-
Too awed to change
I'll just stare at it from afar
At a wide-vision distance
Seeing it all - the whole thing
Spread out in incredible, unspeakable beauty
Like the very first sunrise upon the new Earth
Maybe the best I can ever do
The most I can ever hope for
Is just to see it,
and to slightly, yet deeply feel it
The way a tender, warm breeze caresses.
Goose bumps on the skin, and in the heart
Prove tis real.
Perhaps -for now- that is indeed
Enough.

Smoky Hoss

Esoterica

Time,
Like a rhyme
May be found pleasing,
But, the wonder of what comes next,
What it means,
And when it will end
May go on and on,
Forever teasing.

Smoky Hoss

Essence

Rain from the sky,
Mixes with cloudy emotion,
Lingering behind my eyes-

A foggy recollection is given to ask,
Where before have I seen this day,
From my discordant past-

Perhaps a mountain top, or a canyon floor,
Somehow I feel this day I know,
From somewhere far before-

These mystic memories cryptically contain,
Timeless pictures of hope,
Displayed within eternities ever expanding frame-

Unsettled becomes my heart,
By this essence of thought,
Wondering if in it all am I merely watching, or actually taking part-

Is it now, or is it then,
Am I going,
Or have I already been-

There is an essence of great life so present,
Blended into each moment,
And even every living breath-

It crosses the boundaries of time,
Connecting so many hearts, souls,
And minds-

How can it be found,
Deciphered, decoded,
Understood and known-

A great and wonderful mystery,
Alluring, calling, and saving,
Through all humanity-

Capricious consternations on this, such a dark day,
Glow with the essence of the unexplainable,
Yet, shine a beautiful light to guide, along the way-

Holy is this Essence burning into the heart,
The Essence of eternity spread throughout all time,
Bringing all together at the finish, as it was at the start-

Essence bids: all come,
And find, where you are going,
Is to, where you are truly from.

Smoky Hoss

Eve (Original Beauty)

She stood naked in the garden
With more beauty
Than the first full bloom rose,
The kind and depth of
Beauty
God in Heaven only knows.
The kind of
Beauty that is deep and wild,
The kind of
Beauty lost like the days of a child,
The kind of
Beauty mankind
Has been trying desperately
(without realization)
Forever to find.
The kind of
Beauty
God has put upon
Every souls mind.
The kind of
Beauty
That forever causes God
To call us:
'Mine! '
The kind of original beauty
God understands,
The kind of beauty awaiting
The return of each woman, and man.

Smoky Hoss

Everything's Alright

An empty gun lays upon the dash
in the back there's a bag of stolen cash,
we're rolling along at a hundred plus one
right into the setting sun -
We took the bank clean
and quickly left the scene,
the cops are far behind
we just crossed the state line -
The radio's got good music flowing
my pardner knows where he's going,
the lights behind us are starting to fade
it looks like we've got it made -
Soon as it's dark we'll switch cars
make a clean break under the stars,
By the time they figure out what went wrong
we'll be a long time gone -
Life's a tough business
there's not much forgiveness,
and they don't give breaks
when you make mistakes -
If we can get through this night
though, everything will be alright,
by sunrise all will be fine...
...if I can just get this bleeding stopped, in time -

Smoky Hoss

Expressive Urge

Intrinsically human
is the expressive urge;
to make the temporal timeless
to find rainbows
hidden behind water hanging in the sky.
it is our most vibrant link
with immortality, the cosmic communication
conversing with all creation
along the way upon a dirt road
that has no end.
to discover small lakes
lost in the deep woods of our souls
and trying to explain the way it feels
to see it for the first time.
to understand the trees
have memories, and
the memories are mine.
to realize the liquid moon
glowing in the river is the rain
that fell through the light
on it's way to earth.
to comprehend the reflection in the mirror
is everyone, together the image
of something far greater than me.
to come to terms
with the truth
that always I will be walking
to the mountains, and
can only paint their picture
from afar.
to try to believe here and there is hope, and
a promise, fulfilled.

Smoky Hoss

Faded Ages

Where do days reside?
Those faded ones
Whose light has died;
The ones of praise...and of regret
Those old, old days,
Way beyond the sunset...

Does anyone recall,
Or still alive
Who first hand saw,
Those gone days
Scattered far past the end,
Of the sun's long rays...

Can anyone -at all- state what fate,
Became of all those
Who once walked life's forgotten rows;
The folks of old, now laying so cold
In unremembered ages,
The earthly fallen, torn and gone, from life's short pages?

Smoky Hoss

Fall

Fall has arrived
And with it
The enigmatic ebullience of being alive.
As colors caress catharsis and sweet smells soothe serene
The wayward wind whistles a melancholy tune,
Propheying: 'It will all end, and quite soon.'
Even thus the forshadowed finish
Seems ultimately right,
As leaves from their worldly place
Take quiet flight.
And by instinct the free flying birds
Decide to follow the great calling
Of which, it seems, only they have heard.
The entire world joins to sing:
An epiphany has surely fell,
Throughout all creation
With an efficacious word to tell...
For the old passes on
and all becomes new,
as nature here gives a glimpse
of the most astounding view.
- Oh, but how, how to describe the undefinable depth of life,
Life I find in the aura of fall?
How to express what I hear
In its mournful longing call? ... (sigh) ...
I feel as one pleasingly possessed
By an intimate divine beau geste.
I know not where it leads
Only that I earnestly desire to go,
To that holy realm that the fall
Does deeply intend to show.
- Autumn's allegorical allure
Pierces my somber soul,
Like a heated knife
With pain and warmth,
Producing an urgent desire
For a truer life.
More than any other, this time of year,
Brings the sensation that creation seems to sigh, and to say:

'God's long awaited completion draws ever near.'

-

This is only part of what I feel

In the cool autumn breeze,

A mere portion of what I see

In the blazing fallen leaves.

A sense, and a vision of renewal

For all that has fatally fell,

Enduring unto an exultant ending

That each story shall finally, beyond the fall, fully tell.

Smoky Hoss

Fall Feeling

There's a unique smell
upon the air,
late summer slowly mingled
with a dash of early fall in there.
The maples are turning
just a touch,
and something inside me feels it
just as much.
A breeze blows gently
through the sun's lingering rays,
truly these are
the most wonderous days.
The mind fails
at finding the right words,
while trying to speak of autumns voice
that my soul has heard.
I want so to hold
and embrace it all,
yet share it with everyone
this amazing feel of fall.

Smoky Hoss

Falling Leaves (Leaves Me Pondering)

Little orange leaves
Gathered and quaking,
Upon the tree
The wind is shaking -
Where will you go, oh little ones
When you fall?
- I was hoping you'd take me with you
To the realm beyond it all -

There is a dream in my soul,
Of such far away places to go;
Where all the fallen leaves
Return to the original trees;
Where the questions of autumn
Are finally understood,
And we come to see
In the end, all is good.

Smoky Hoss

Farther Than Dreams, Farther Than Time

Deer in the headlights - farther than a dream
Dashing through the land of Oz,
Spread sparks of emerald green, coursing
Into the expanse of human comprehension entwined.

Thoughts strolling like a breeze
Efflux the odors of distant days,
As soundless storms flash deep, in crystal canyons trees
Expanding light way beyond the fetters of time.

So very far from done
Dulcet vibrations echo with the breath of life,
As gently the rains, slowly come
Taking the heavy shadows of dark forever away.

They float out of sight...
While ardent melodies drift into place,
Signaling the end, of the tenebrous night...
And the alpha of an all new day.

Smoky Hoss

Feet To Feet

Memories are neat
Pictures are sweet
Talking on the phone is a treat,
But nothing at all can beat
Standing together in person, feet to feet.

Smoky Hoss

Fertile Ground

All that man to man can bequeath
Is nothing more than worthless heath;
God alone only can give
What man needs
To forever and favorably live.
Therefore, cling not to the teachings of any man
In attempt to understand
Life's true meaning,
Rather go to
And plant yourself into
The Ground of all being.

Smoky Hoss

Filling Holes

A very old man
Walks slowly out of Sam's,
Leaning on a squeaking cart
Filled with so many non-essentials.
Why has he come here today?
What was he really looking for?
What, in all these items
Was he truly hoping to buy?
Perhaps, twas filling...
Something to fill the endless hole,
Of being old, and alone... who can say.

I will look for him again.
Another day.
I will try to say hello... and fill a bit of the hole with a smile...
... next time.

Smoky Hoss

Final Glory

On the first blade of grass
Rests a frosty little lass,
A delicate cold beauty
Bound by one last winter duty;
Fallen to earth for glories sake
Her time comes so soon to go...
For this, the final fragile flake
Of the concluding winter snow.

Smoky Hoss

Fire

The purling sound
Of soft wind in the trees
The wonder of the Pneuma
That hints of heat in the breeze,
The source of the burning bush
And the floating dove
The true trust ever present
In the greatest of pain...
And even so in greater love.

All that blows so quietly by
Is a holy-fire, living and alive,
A consuming fire
With passion pushed ever higher;
It burns and it turns
All around and all new
Scants of mystery are found
In all that is transient and true;
It transforms and transcends
It burns and it bends...
And when it is finished,
Nothing old shall be left
Of what once was you.

' Poets are used to discovering, years after a poem is written, what it's really about. ' - Kathleen Norris.

Smoky Hoss

Fire Dream

A dazzling fire white flash
Illumines deep into my night sky.
I stare in amazed awe...
As timidly I wonder,
Am I - is anyone - ever ready to die?
A question without answer,
Perhaps the answer is without reason
And therefore cannot find expression.
Death - like this blinding light - stands before me, blazing.
Neither can be denied;
By way of such pondering
I find closer to the light I am drawn,
Or it to me -
At the lights center now I see
A spot fading just low enough for recognition,
It is the size and shape of an ordinary door.
Curiosity driven by desire to understand
Holds at bay my fear of daunting death,
So I move further into the great light,
Toward the doorway -

This closed door seems to beg me to open
- open it or myself I am uncertain -
Three feet from it's threshold I see
It is a door of burning cold-fire,
The knob solid gold...
Without lock.
From beyond the door I now hear music
- very good music -
My desire intensifies!
As does the rhythm of my heart beats,
Slowly I reach, and then grasp
The golden knob...
I awake!
Lying in bed, in the darkness of night,
Shaking, my mind roils,
Vexing, what had it all meant?
And where, and why, had it went?
A felicitous vagary; an arduous vision;

I do not know for certain.
Only this from my enigmatic dream
Do I comprehend:
Death does truly await me,
Perhaps though it is not to be quite so feared
As I once believed.
There may even be great joy and surprise
On the other side of that effulgent doorway.
I can only but trust God
To, someday, open it for me,
It is not mine to do. And
For that,
I am exceedingly grateful.

Smoky Hoss

Fish-Food

A boat full of fish
may be a mere lucky wish,
but one on the line
works everytime,
putting food upon my dish.

Smoky Hoss

Fishin For A Smile

I'm walkin down the street
like ol Fats Domino;
walkin down the street
wonderin where to go -
I've got a fishin pole
and a diamond ring;
I can't fish
and I can't sing -
I pass a lake
and I pass a pond;
this ole pole
ain't no magic wand -
I got a bite
maybe two or three;
them fish must all be girls
cause not a one likes me -
So I pack up my gear
and head on out;
still walkin and wonderin
what life's about -
Turned off the street
into an old pawn shop,
put the pole and ring
into hock -
Now here I am again, just walkin down the street
still walkin and lookin for somewhere to go;
only now I stroll with a smile
cause my wallets big, just like ol Fats Domino -

Smoky Hoss

Fishing With Dad

-Sitting around watching it snow -
Listening to the cold wind blow -
It's a dark gray day -
Meant for gazing out a frosty window,
At thoughts so far away.
Sit, and enjoy the sound,
Listening to Greg Brown
Sing about ' Fishing With Bill '.....
And for just a moment of sentiment
The rest of the world is serenely still;
As if this song was meant for me
And my childhood memory,
When it seems all I had
And all I wanted
Was fishing with Bill, my dad.
It was the best blessed time,
His, and mine.
Oh to go back again
And be once more, fishing with him.....
- I thank God
For those wonderful times we had,
Out there on Houghton Lake
Just a fishin',
Me and my Dad.

Smoky Hoss

Flags Of Flying Fragments

Three sheets to the wind...
mere dirty laundry in the bin,
hang 'em out to dry
under a burning sun to fry;
the night always ends in day
but, it doesn't change anyway,
out on the lines
out of their minds
the whipping-waves of endless despair
are pinned, and going nowhere;
though the sheets remain
the flags have flown to pieces, just to keep
from going insane -

Smoky Hoss

Flowers And Pages

Flower petals saved
Between holy pages
Dried and faded, both are
Deep words of life,
Love simply stated.
Memories and hopes
Together combine, ever to
Transcend places and time...
- Life is not a simple dream,
There is so very much
Beyond what is felt, heard and seen...
- Lifes paradox is of such:
So full of beauty
At the start,
So worn and weary
At the finish;
Boundless knowledge
Cannot free the heart,
Endless effort
Cannot still the days
That continue to diminish.
- Perhaps tis truly the other way around,
Only with relaxed acceptance
Through the real beauty of age
And understanding
Can love of life
Ever fully be found.
Humanity,
Wrong from the beginning
Of sin;
Redemption right
To the very end...
For what truly is the meaning
Of the mysterious messages
Life to us does send?
(Tacit translation
Terra-incognita
Revenant revelation unto
Beautiful buena-vista.)

Life, like the beauty of the flower,
So gradually fades
Like the slowly disappearing wonder
In a sunset,
Nearly imperceptible end of days.
- Will our lives be found
Only to end
Like the sun,
Burning down the Western horizon
Blazing so beautiful and bright,
until finally captured and killed
by the darkness of night...
Shall the flowering Garden bloom again?
Will that beautiful sun ever return?
(some seeds planted
only grow after all the weeds
have been thoroughly burned)
Yet for now
the weeds still thrive,
And the flowers are barely able
to remain alive.
So, how shall our lives be found saved,
preserved eternally
between some sacred pages?
(the Words there upon print
to the flowers beauty and reason
do give quiet hint)
Who the answer knows?
One and the same:
The books Author,
The lover and saviour
Of the true beauty, that is the Rose.

Smoky Hoss

Fly

There is a rustle
upon the wind,
a stirring breeze, but no
wings, no feathers, to take flight,
and oh so little hope; but great
desire, to fly,
to soar really,
to rise up blessed
to the sky, the edge,
the sun, the heavens beyond -
Without wings
what can one do, but
pray and watch
the angels passing by
invisible...
you can barely hear
the flapping of gentle
wings; the breeze tells
on them, as does
the heart -
So, what is one to do?
The wind has turned
to our faces, strong, head on,
uplifting...
walk to the edge of the cliff
Jump.
Who's to say?
there's more than hope
that is betting
you will make it.

Smoky Hoss

Flying

All life through
Just the two -
Two birds freely flying
Two birds tacitly trying -
Together they always flew
Because they always knew
To not fly
Was to die -
Therefore, together, they always, always flew...
Right up until,
The very day their lives were through...

When they were gone
Friends gathered to sing them this love song:
'Birds of a feather were they
Always flying together unto the last day -
For what they knew is true,
Birds of a feather
Die fearless, and freest, together -
They never stopped flying,
They never stopped trying,
Until dying
They went forever together,
To freely fly
And never more die,
Nor even part -
Eternally connected, soul to soul,
And heart to heart. '

Smoky Hoss

Fool

General G.A. Custer
In a Hemi Plymouth duster
Rips through the Badlands
Unwittingly into his last stand...
Some young warriors in an old Pontiac
Wiped him out - in one quick attack.
Laying out on the plains dying
His widow left crying
The stop light he ignored
Always kept his throttle floored
Got what he greedily craved
Cost him an early grave
His motor was worn out
By the time he heard the Indians shout.
Now 'fool' is his eternal fame
'Defeat and Destruction' forever his name
His soul in such pain
Stands sullen on the plains
Starring at his own bleached bones
As an old prairie junkyard is now
Their permanent home
Never more to run free again
The high cost of such foolish sin.

Smoky Hoss

Forever Restless

I survey the entire desert canyon
from my perch
up on the rim's edge,
and curiously
I do not feel
alone.

Once there was a mountain lion
here,
but he's been gone for ages,
his tracks blown away
by a restless wind;
being like that
one simply must move on
to better places,
better things.
But what he left behind,
and how I still know of him,
is a sort of inexplicable and unpredictable delight
that lasts for all time...
whatever, that may mean.

That mountain lion,
this place, this time,
come as close as possible
to whatever forever
may here be.

Smoky Hoss

Forgotten

So many friends disappear
the reason never clear
Was it my broken poetic voice
or simply their cold hard choice
Did I something wrong imply
or did their love of my words merely die
they just turned, and walked away
without even a goodbye to say

Friends are fickle
once raging rivers of praise and love
run down to not even a trickle
a wave, or a last hug

If one true friend you find, anywhere
Thank God, and pray
They won't forget you
Even if they someday, turn and walk away

Smoky Hoss

Forgotten Tombstone

Planted long ago, a single old birch
barely stands behind a little country church,
there, once to show the grave
of one who passed so brave,
a fallen soldier from 1863
died to save the union and make men free,
his remembrance long lost
as is the recollection of the cost,
the price he paid
the life he gave,
for there's no one left alive
him to remember, to long for and to cry,
only a broken marker now remains
just a date, without a name,
here under this old birch tree
planted once, in grateful and fond memory.

Smoky Hoss

Found

It's amazing.
The places we look for ourselves
Without finding;
And the places we find ourselves
Without looking.
So far away
From where I began;
And finally beginning
So far from where I am.

How could I have known
I'd be at the end of a poem;
Why would I have even thought to find
Myself, just outside of time.

Out there. At the far end
Of the pen,
In those old words
That never end.

It is amazing to think
A soul could so completely sink,
Into the depths of a word...
Yet to be spoken, yet to be heard.

But there it is.
There, where we all lie,
Gathered together in the conversation of Life's poetry...
Those ageless words
That never, ever shall die.

Smoky Hoss

Free Is

I'll catch an eagle
Flying low,
Ride the sunshine
On the go -
Take a comet
Across the sky,
And listen to the wind
Cry its long goodbye -

I'm a soul
Not a thing,
Born to live
And bound to sing -
Free is
The spirit moving along,
Living life's poetry
With words waiting to be sung -

Free are
The clouds above,
Floating in
The deep blue of love -
Only a spirit
Soars that way,
Only a heart free
Hears these words I say -

Smoky Hoss

Freedom Of Expression

What some so casually name
'bad writing'
Could yet lay claim
To the title:
Good poetry.

With unenslaved words
Birth is given to
Freedom of expression,
The criteria it may lack
Is replaced with deep meaning,
Brave enough to explore
The depths, dangers and delights
Of simply being.
No shallow cliches.
No axes to grind.
Just flowing with the ache of desire
For lifes Love to find.

Ontic words mystically spoken
Salve for the soul broken,
The cry of the spirit
To dance with wild words,
With no stiff logic to stifle
Visions of free flying birds,
Just a serenade of thought
Love so freely flowing
Without need to be sold, or bought.

Articulative autonomy of speech
Allows the depth
Of great dreams to be reached,
For it takes lyrical liberty
To bring metaphor alive
In such descriptive delight as:
Dancing barefoot across the oceans flow
While gazing at shimmering stars
Swimming in the glossy depths below.

Only in a liberation of language
Can one acutely describe
The aura of where
Tree tops and rainbows collide,
Scattering colors to the wind.....
Only there, by way of poetry
Can be heard the sublime messages
Creation, to us, does gently send.

Unconstrained communication
When allowed a visceral voice
Speaks of
Meanings without time;
Speaks to
The thirsty souls of mankind;
Speaks for
The Love that binds.

- Yes - it could truly be classified:
' bad writing '... by some,
But, still
Its beauty lies within
Freedom of expression;
And, therefore,
It is indeed good.....
And, it is poetry.

Smoky Hoss

Freight Train Fever

He put the handcuffs on me
behind my back,
threw me in the car
right beside the railroad tracks;
got in
and started sayin,
somethin bout ridin a train
without payin;
I didn't hear
anything else he said,
cause I was already 1,000 miles away
inside my head;
out there catchin
the next west-bound freight,
headin on
for another free state.
But now, here I am lyin with the drunks
on a cold jailhouse floor,
lookin through long steel bars
to the freedom waitin just beyond the door;
there's no one I could call
on the telephone,
so I'll just have to do my time
while tryin to find some words for a new poem;
gazing out through
a one by one window pane,
I hear the thunder
and see the dark rain;
wonderin why I do this
over and over again,
I can't come up with one good reason why it is
I must go chasin that same old wild-wind;
I guess it's just the way I am
somethin I've gotta do,
when my mind gets heavy
and my soul turns blue;
hitchin down the road
lookin for a ride to anywhere,
takin trails and boxcars

far away from mad worldly cares.
It's a fever
that I can't seem to explain...
why it is I love to ramble
and hop aboard lonely-moanin old trains.

Smoky Hoss

Friend

True friends always, always

Forgive friends.

God has decided

To be my

Friend.

Smoky Hoss

Friends

I saw an old man the other night
Who just didn't seem right,
So weary and beaten
Not mean nor bad,
Just looked like he'd had
All any man could stand.
Rough and rugged
Yet worn and gentle,
Like a person who'd truly care
And perhaps be even a bit sentimental.
When he looked up
From where he had fallen,
I saw a tear in his eye
And even a little fear upon his face,
A worried soul with a troubled mind-
Too many burdens, not enough time-
So many forgotten dreams, lost in ungrace.
I gazed upon this moment to see...
What looks alot like me.
The way we look, the way we view,
One to another, sister to brother,
Sometimes we stand, sometimes we fall,
Me-them-you
We're not so far apart after all.

Now when I look at others
I peer much closer, and try to see:
What is in them,
Is also within me.

A friend of God
Is indeed a friend of mine;
Brothers to others
Throughout all time.

For, above cloudy skies
The sun does shine, and
Somewhere out there, the amatuer poet writes grand words...
Whether they do or do not rhyme.

The human story
Is full of much glory
That the world cares not to notice,
For human kind
Is littered with self inflicted crime, and
Tis a twisted, sordid affair
As so much evil takes its share.
God alone knows
The way it all goes
When life knocks any of us down
So hard to the ground;
May we with compassion
Truly try to understand,
The lost, afraid, and lonely
Child, woman, and man.
And thereby begin to comprehend
The things people do
Are not at all perfect, nor nearly always right,
Just needs be to make it through
The darkness of another fearful night.

-Judgement is not anyones to assert,
For no mortal is able to fully understand
The degree of personal pain in the hurt.
God alone, sits on Heaven's justice throne.
Mercy and grace arrive in so many ways
Across a multitude of lives and days;
Who then is qualified to truly decide
The magnitude of evils treacherous lies,
Or the pain therein
Endured by any one human?
Upon such angels dare not even glance,
Lest they also fall into a worldly trance.
For God has already forgave
All mistakes made,
The heavy cost
Nailed long ago on a wooden cross.
Therefore, ignorant human endeavor
Is left not at all too clever;
Rather than kick-em-when-they're-down
Bend low, and lift a ' friend ' up, off the ground.
Because all it would take for Christ's sake,

To show love and compassion has already been done
By God's own son.
So dare to look ahead
Far beyond this the land of the dead,
And despise not others
Nor judge the 'different', our sisters and brothers.
We all have our burdens to bear
Pressing upon the wounds we wear;
How much better 'twould be
In love and with care
The heavy load to share,
While trying earnestly to understand why
For some 'to live is to die'.

A friend of God
Is indeed a friend of mine;
In God we are all friends,
Into and right on through
The very end of time.
When all together, forever
We shall live and dance,
And everyone is a true friend...
With a God given chance.

Smoky Hoss

Funeral

It feels like sunshine.

It feels like rain.

Peace, and pain.

Letting go - never forgetting.

The sun rising

- - - - - and the sun setting.

...so long Jean, forever in our memories and our hearts...

Smoky Hoss

Getting There

The sun shines-
or it doesn't.
The day goes good-
or it won't.
You rise and smile-
or you just can't.

No matter;
either way
the alarm groans and the old home
moans,
while in the mirror
water drips down your face
and, like yesterday,
the day will get dirty
the hours beset
and, you'll ask questions without answers.
Still, you will come back.
Come back to this, because
humanity turns...
and turns and turns and turns
on the axle of wonder,
going somewhere
no one knows
nor understands;
but still, always moving,
getting there.

Smoky Hoss

Ghost

Sometimes I see you
standing all alone out there.
I smile and wave, as you vanish
into thin air.

A distant wind comes calling
to whisper a sweet ageless echo in my quiet ear,
in it I feel a warm breeze
... a breath drawing near.

I sense a simple presence
all around,
and feel light footfalls
upon the golden ground.

In the noonday sun
or the blue-moon of midnight,
a tender touch I know I know
pours down holding me long and tight.

The ghost
like endless memories of a certain kind,
comes to abide the empty corridors
of my lonesome and fragile mind.

Smoky Hoss

Giant Sunflowers

Made of light
and rousing grace
brilliant and bright,
natures perfection
of pure delight -
Corollas with soft smiles
glowing upon stretching fields
that go onward for miles and miles,
standing firm and upright
in ranks and files -
Fresh as clean country air
faces to the sky
wind caressing their petaled yellow hair,
these the tall gaurdians of beauty
with stalks so strong and heads so fair -
They are summer's kings and queens
enchantingly dancing bold and royal
far and wide across a field of dreams,
here upon this hill for hours I shall sit
embracing this ethereal scene -

Smoky Hoss

Go West

The sun dances on the horizon
With the morning wind,
Up, to rise alive
And go west, once again.

Why each day
Does the sun go west?
Perhaps with age
It has found which way is best.

Or, then again
Maybe it's just luck to go that way,
Over and over
Day upon day.

No matter the reason
I must confess,
Of the way in which it goes
I am most sincerely jealous.

For I take to heart
And put to the test,
Those wise words of Horace Greeley:
' Go West young man, go West! '

West. Where the souls of mountain-men are born
And the beauty of nature yet thrives;
Where liberty, freedom, and eagles, soar
And the spirit of the wild still speaks to human lives.

Every time able am I
It is precisely where I desire to go,
For westward is the way
My own free-spirit beckoned does flow.

I come alive out there
And always shall,
Engulfed in the blazing west
Where of it all, I never get my fill.

So burn on westward sun
Burn on I loudly say!
Burn ever jubilant onward
Along your own wonder-filled western way.

In spirit undying
I am with you...
Toward that fine day when
Westward, there I go too.

Smoky Hoss

God Is

God is
A verb
A slight movement
Seen
A quiet voice
Heard,
He lights the
Way
He starts and ends every
Day,
He is
He does
He's a
Warrior
He's a
Dove,
God is masculine femininity
He is the great
Struggle
Always at work within
Me,
God is every living
Word
He is the foundation
Reality
Totality
And the totally
Absurd,
God is my own
Light and dark
Every silence
As well as every
Hark!
He is the distant eagle
Nearly out of
Sight
He is the everywhere
Air
That gives feathers flight,

God is a deep, deep
Mystery
Wholly unsolvable
By the collective mind of all
Humanity...
Yet
Holy-living
Grace-giving
Deep within... even
Me;
God is spent-blood
Spilt 2,000 years ago
That mysteriously
Through his
Children
Does still flow,
God is at
The height of all
Joy
The depth of all
Pain,
He accepts the
Loss...
He favors the
Gain,
God is
Light
No darkness can overcome
He stays, even
When day is done
He scatters darkness
To endless abyss
He takes it
Away
As far as east from West,
God is
The great
Pruner
Cutting virulent dead wood from the
Heart
He is
Holy ether

Breathing
Life into a new start,
God is
Music
Singing to all the
Sisters and brothers
He is
Wisdom
Teaching us
To sing
One with another,
God is
Freedom and
Life
The Way shown
Brilliant and bright
Now and
Eternally assured, for
He is the
Love of
His children
In and by
His high and holy Word,
God is the
Rock upon which
Moses stood
He is
All in all
The
Great and the good, in
Him is no darkness
Only
Light
Forever day...
The end of night;
God is
Sitting at Zion's
Most Holy Gate
As for
His children peacefully
He does wait...
God is

Sitting with us by the
Rivers of Babylon
While we mournfully await
The coming new
Dawn,
And as we the exiled weep
Pouring prayers at
His feet
He recalls
His own true heart of
Love,
His promised
Word,
Thereby every prayer here offered,
By God is
Indeed heard.
Forever before
God was,
Forever after
God is.

Smoky Hoss

Going

The road
With its load,
And so the path
Granting its wrath-
Is the trail
So bitterly frail,
Yet, always does the street
Give a hearty greet-
For along this way
Comes both work and play,
Always moving and knowing
You cannot cease the going-
Life will not stop or slow
Only and ever continuing on the go,
To where the lane
Stakes its final claim-
Through life the human-highway ever flowing,
Into eternity, we all are going.

Smoky Hoss

Gone

The black-eyed Susans
are gone,
the question of fall
has begun.
Winter will arrive
at last,
the scarlet summer
is past.
We've filled our sacks full
of spun gold,
and been enraptured by the tales
of fantastic stories told.
Now outside the window
of our heart,
we see
the cold snowfall start.
Friendly fires
fade,
as do the plans in youth
we once made.
Illusions of summers perfection
shatter,
with the weight of things
that no longer matter.
The black-eyed Susans
are gone,
they've sung their last
sweet song.
Even fall now
is nearly done,
a chill in the air prophesies
winter has thus begun.

Smoky Hoss

Goodbye

An old poet riding his horse at midnight
fell to the ground
when the horses leg broke badly
in a gophers hole.
With no words
the poet arose
pointed a pistol
at the horses head
and with mercy pulled the trigger.
Walking eastward
the poet, at sunrise, received
a bright revelation;
turning back and looking into
the fading darkness
with tears in his eyes he realized,
he had forgotten
to say goodbye.

Smoky Hoss

Goodbye-Hello

At the graveside
when all the goodbyes
have left, going on to
other worlds,
we who remain
hang around here and there
Looking into each other's
eyes saying,
'I'll see you later', hoping
to catch a glimpse
of the one
we all came to say
goodbye to.
-In these times
the hope of hello's
dance divinely with
the grace of
goodbye's.

Smoky Hoss

Good-Night

The ocean swallows the sun
In this moment of dark fun,
While the night, drinks up the last light
Leaving the day done-
The mountains fade into an evening dream
As the world asleep becomes a surreal scene,
It's time to go to bed, and rest our weary heads
Let sleep gather about us like a thickening cream-

In this poetic way
I describe the end of day,
Though my message could've easily been heard, with far less words
Had it simply been 'Good-Night' I did say-
So to every true friend
A nights blessing I hereby send,
Praying your dreamy visions, bring wisdom
And the morn brings the sun shinning once again-

Smoky Hoss

Great Lakes

In the big lake
wide waves flow,
into an unruly caprice
that ever onward grows and goes -
Vast waters
without end,
an eternal immensity
where, it seems, life and death converse and blend -
Always it rises
to fall back upon itself again and again,
only bound
by a greater force within the wind -

When you step into the waters
nothing is ever the same;
the feeling of flying
washes you away far, to a place with no name -
The water is something
that connects anything
to everything;
depth to height
width to length
weakness to strength -

In the large and looming waters of life
we all are sure to swim, and swim,
awaiting One big wave
to take us home to the shore,
restful once again -

Smoky Hoss

Great Poetry?

How could anyone ever truly
Define great poetry?
Factors are so many that contribute
To the way each person does hear-feel-and see.
The season, the day, the very time,
Along with each readers wisdom-knowledge-and mind.
A line read one day
May deeply stir the spirit
While the very next time read
The reader simply just can't 'get-it'.

Besides, who is to judge,
And who is to decide?
Who always speaks truth,
And who pray tell has never lied?
Let the one who has never struggled with emotion and word
Cast the first critical stone,
Let the pure, perfect poet
Read and write completely all alone;
Enshrined by himself
Upon his own empty throne.

After all, it is supposed to be
A bit (or more) of myth and mystery,
A little difficult to decipher, somewhat vague,
Meant to speak, but not brag.
For Goodness sake, it's poetry.
Not prose, not essay, and certainly not the news.
It's forms are many and free,
It's thoughts different and deep,
It's direction everywhere the heart can see,
It's origin, and destination, ineffable...

But to write, one must try, or die... such is the poems strength.
So, let the creator of words create.
With wild and wonderful words to decipher and debate;
And never let the beauty of it all
In trivial criticism suffocate.

What is great poetry though you still inquire?
I should have told you from the start;
(But, then you would not have listened)
Great poetry is always, and only,
Beautiful words written truly
From, and for, the heart.

Smoky Hoss

Have Mercy

This potent universe
we're flying through
at the speed of light
trembles into salvation
flickering like dying flames
on the evening wall of humanity,
just outside of the
ever expanding edges
of space
into the fearful
unknown,
moving
like a great song
into the deep, soothing
silence
of unrelinquished
love.

Smoky Hoss

Having Some Fun Writing

If blood were mud
And milk was silk
We'd all hurt for dirt
And scheme for cream.

If flies were wise
And hills were pills
We'd all hug the bugs
And pop the tops.

If everything was truly something
And anything was nothing
This little rhyme of mine
Would hence make sense.

But free verse can be a curse
In many a witless word heard
When the writer drinks hard-cider
And recalls naught of what he originally thought!

Smoky Hoss

He Is

He's in the wind
And breeze, dancing with the trees -
He's in the air
Moving everywhere -
He's in the joy along the way
And the sunshine of the day -
He's in the pain and loss no words can speak
And in the quiet tear, slowly moving down my cheek -
He's in the birth and death
Within everyone's first and last breath -
He's there at each creation, and
He will be there at the final resurrection -
He's the hope of every prayer given
King of earth and heaven -
He's the originator and the answer of each soul's call
He is the great All-in-all.

Smoky Hoss

Hitchin' The Blues

Pancho (and Lefty) pointed me toward the highway.

By the words that were said;
I listened for those big White Frieghtliners
Travelling endlessly thru my head-
I stood with my thumb hanging
In the whistling Western wind;
I could not recall where I was going
Nor, where I had been-

The highway is tomorrow...
And those big-rigs are today;
I'll catch a ride, to find where I am bound
Just moving along my way-

I'm out there on that freeway
Hitchin' my blues away... far away;
Out there somewhere, ridin' that old road
Pickin' up the pieces as I go-
Out there on the highway
Hitchin' my blues so far, far away;
Goin' down a road
Just tryin' to lighten life's heavy load-

Smoky Hoss

Holding

As I die
will I recall at all
the last thing I'd held unto,
a hammer, a paint brush,
a steering wheel,
a glass of cool smooth whiskey,
or a pen?
Who ever truly knows the thoughts of any one else?
Still, somehow I can not help wondering,
somehow it does matter.

Perhaps,
the very last thing held
is the only thing ever held
that ever made a difference at all;
The love in the human heart, held for those
we leave behind, and hold onto
in the endless hope of holding them
(and being held by them)
once again, forever.

Faith, hope, love.
Three things well worth
holding onto.

Smoky Hoss

Home Runs

Her look never varies
always straight on
with world-weary seriousness.
Here comes the wind up, and
the pitch,
like a blazing fastball
she pees in his cup -
The old man
sitting in his ancient easy chair
takes a sip of his coffee
and shouts,
It tastes like piss!
Still watching
the base-runner
breeze around third
at full speed,
as brave and beautiful as
the long gone grandeur of the sport,
they've both forgotten
the last hit
was a foul ball,
but nothing else matters
when for the first time in years
home plate is in sight.
As the runner crosses home,
cheers, high-fives and accolades
all around,
the old-man awakens
(still in his easy chair) ,
looking up through
Sad eyes
he sees her
smiling, standing there
holding out a cup of
steaming coffee;
he shakes off the pitch
and calls the game,
due to rain -

Homeless

Homeless;

- Down by the muddy Mississippi
Skinny as a rail,
Sleeping under the old Eads bridge
Feeling low, dirty, and frail -

Homeless;

- With less than two coins
In both pockets,
Empty eyes
Look through sunken sockets -

Homeless;

- So many people walk right on by
I wonder how many care,
They all keep moving
Even though they stare -

Homeless;

- Lost a job
Lost a home,
Lost a family
Lost all hope -

Homeless;

- Where will I go from here
What should I do,
I'm so thankful when the weather's fair
And the skies are blue -

Homeless;

- Don't know the day nor season
And, yea, it sure gets cold at night,
I've got an old sleeping bag
I'll be alright -

Homeless;

- There's so many of us out here
Without a home,
Even so
I feel so very alone -

Homeless;

- It's a tough situation
Not pretty, just true,
And at any time

It could happen to you -
Homeless;
- Hey buddy...
 Could you spare a dime,
 And say a prayer for us
 ... sometime -
- I'm just homeless, not less human...

Smoky Hoss

Honor

there's a certain
honor
in being called
ignorant -
somebody has
noticed.

Smoky Hoss

Hope

Love for the lost
sight for the blind,
looking for hope
amongst mankind -

There's a place
I've heard tell,
where the sick
are come to be well;
where angels
are heard to sing,
where all can reach out
and touch the king;
it's the stuff
dreams are made of,
the eternal source
of a pure, free and gentle love -

Wherever there is love for the lonely,
sight for the blind, and enough to go around,
this indeed is the Place
where we all hope to someday be found -

Smoky Hoss

Hot Or Cold

Hot or cold depends upon the season
the temperature outside easily affects our reason,
we never know
which way we'll go,
a sweatin' or a freezin'!

Smoky Hoss

How - Did It Come To This

Once we planted gardens,
and grew fruit
on trees;
Once we understood,
and took care of
our own needs -
Now our salads come to us
in plastic bags,
and the fruit, frozen, stuck in styrofoam
nearly gags -
We cover ourselves in fake-bake
with nary an idea of how
to earn a real workers-tan,
and no thought at all
of what it means to be
a real woman or man -
We seem to be
as artificial as the sustenance
we have come to bare;
and our phony lives
consume us
unaware -
Once, we planted,
once we grew,
once we worked,
once we knew;
and now?
Now- we stand paralyzed,
lost and wondering, how?

Smoky Hoss

Human Nature (Haiku)

We try to live right
-both in the day and the night-
Yet so oft, we fight.

Smoky Hoss

I Did Not Die (Butterfly Vision)

I dreamt I was a butterfly
In a hurricane;
The world was the storm,
I just wanted to fly...
The wind controlled
But could not contain me
For I would not quit -
Trees and mountains moved
All was tattered and torn
From the earth's core
To the surface of the moon...
Still I would not quit,
My desire to live, too deep
My heart too sure, too strong...
For years the savage storm raged
On and on...
My wings bent and nearly broken
The sun's light gave out, ceasing to shine
Black smoke hid the sky
In that tremulous passing time...
And yet, I refused to die.
Houses crashed
Hearts broke
Indeed, life itself did churn and choke,
All so very lost,
For those who count such cost...
But, not I; No,
I refused to die!
My spirit too strong
My dear dream dreamt for so long,
I would not stop
My hope I could not drop
I flew steadily on,
My goal the Western horizon
Where the sun sets bright
And the winds find calm
In the night... and now,
The storm has gone
The dusk so clear

The stars of vision draw ever near
Beckon hope's true dawn,
Sunrise is assured.
Dreams finally realized,
I kept my dream
I would not let it go,
I did not die.
Now, forever freely
May I fly...
I am the air
The wind
The sky!
On my wings shines the sun,
Says it to me: ' Welcome home
Little butterfly, well done.
You never sold your dream, so now
Freedom and lasting love
Are forever yours,
Never again
Will your wings be broken or torn,
By any storm. '

From thus dream
I did there awake,
With a feeling light as air
That nothing has been able to shake.
Now when things around get crazy
And my mind, like my heart
Feels so hurt, its purpose rather hazy,
I close my eyes... and let my soul go
To that far, inner place, where once again,
I am the butterfly
Whom shall never ever die.

Smoky Hoss

I Do Have A Prayer

God -

... I wish I could dream of you.
the look of love on your face
the warmth of your arms, and
the feeling of sweet embrace;
together we'd fly
no more tears to cry,
only love, joy and peace
forever soaring, never to cease;
If dreams
could really come true,
God-
... I wish I could dream of you.

Smoky Hoss

I Dream Of Always

I dream.
I am a peaceful, serene man.
I know so little,
But I care so much.
In my dream
I write some,
And realize I have wronged some,
I try to right my wrongs with my writing;
And thereby, I find deep joy
In a gentle moment in nature
Speaking with a beautiful solitary flower,
My deepest thoughts I feel no need to describe or defend,
As I talk calmly with this my true friend.
In my dream
God sits happily with me,
Quietly we converse.
Together we write, together we read,
I listen, He reads me.
Such deep joy we here know.
In these mystic moments
It is good,
It is as it should.
It is natural.
Time is unnatural.
Time is illusion.
Eternal peace, serene joy, deep divinity
Is reality,
God is here.....
So am I,
In my dream.
In my dream
We are always, always together.
Always, we shall be.
... time awakens...
I never will, I am in my dream.
It's the final end of night,
And the start of all new days,
I have entered - with God -
Into the always, of our dream.

Smoky Hoss

I Went Out Searching, For John Ford Dreams

I went out for a smoke
said I'd be back soon,
I went out a year ago last friday
got swept away by the stars and the moon.
A man goes out searching
searching for what's unseen,
he goes out in search of
unknown dreams-
I went out to find
where my darling Clementine travelled,
and Ethan Edwards
unravalled-
I went out seeking meaning
in wide-open spaces,
but found all the old ghosts had left
long ago riding, for much wilder places-
I went out under
a dark high-noon sun,
I went out alone
with no bullets for my gun-
I went out looking
for some flowering dreams,
but like a cut rose on a coffin
they had to be killed, just to be seen-
I went out searching
for the Western-soul of old John Ford,
I went to Monument Valley, sat on his point
and listened... as the wind roared-
I went out to shoot Liberty Valance
under cover of night,
but I couldn't pull the trigger when I realized
Pappy's genius: Good and bad look exactly alike,
in black-n-white-
I went out searching for that something
man can never quite find:
a contented heart, and
a satisfied mind-
I went out looking
for my lost faith in the ideal;

I went out to find
if I could still feel.

- seek not to follow in the footsteps of the men of old;
rather, seek what they sought. - Gautama Buddha

Smoky Hoss

Idealism

We should put all the world's wars
Securely behind locked doors,
Throw away the key
And learn to live together, forever, peacefully.

Is this ideal
Too far beyond the real?
No, not at all dear sisters and brothers,
The toughest part comes at the start,
Where we first must learn
To be kindly considerate of all others.

Smoky Hoss

In Dreams I Am

Everyone's got some dreams,
where to go, who to be;
I wonder when I dream
late into the night,
where I go, what I see.

I alone
am the
Dream.
The hazy appearance
upon the far, far
Horizon.
The words awaiting
a blank page,
a pure prayer
yet unspoken.
I alone dream,
of dragonfly wings
bound by and for
Everywhere;
in life-given gifts of
the wild, prickly cactus,
the sweet maple and mighty redwood,
the bristlecone pine, ancient and alive,
the raging rapids,
and mysterious canyons deep,
in the narrows and the wide open sky,
in the sources of the springs down under,
and the mountain tops way up high,
through the speed of light
and the slowness of dark,
I, in all of this and
much more than tongues can tell,
alone
am the
Dream, dreamer and dremt of.

Where is the world
in my dream?

Where is my dream
in the world?

Smoky Hoss

In Hot Water

A tub full of water
would be better if hotter,
but the pipes are broke
and I'm just a simple bloke,
who never learned how to solder.

Smoky Hoss

In The End

Jesus stands
With the very scourge in hand
That ripped his own flesh
So very long ago.
It's the end of all time
When every woman and man trembling stands
Awaiting - certain to receive each their own due.
As all walk, or crawl, to his side
Meekly expecting to get the endless lash...
What a surprise, when he hands it to them
Turns and offers his own deeply scarred back.
-One by one we all lay the flagra down
And dropp to our knees upon this holy ground
Overcome with joy
Of the final sanctification
As God himself lifts up everyone
Issuing each their own true name
In this the last and greatest eternal Revelation.

The last to arrive
On this the Great Day
Are a few Roman soldiers
From so very far away
These the same
Who in ignorance flogged Jesus at will
With nothing more, nor less
Upon their devious minds...than to kill.
But now the tides of time have turned,
For in great glory Christ has returned.
As here he stands over all creation,
King and Lord of all nations.
These Centurians who beat him long ago
Kneel at his feet, bent so low;
Many centuries before
These few came to understand
In the aftermath of all they'd seen and done
Truly the One they had killed
Was far more than mere man
Indeed he was, and is, God's own beloved Son.

So, they bow at his pierced feet
Fully aware that the one they murdered then
Now holds the souls of all men.
Does he wield the whip
In divine justice done?
No.
With a tender spirit and compassionate heart
He tenderly lifts them
One by one
Up from the cold hard ground.
He wipes away the tears and says
'You are forever forgiven,
Welcome Home, to this
Your eternal heaven.'

-If God refuses salvation, through Christ,
To even one who truly asks
Then how could any of us
Ever stand a chance?
Thank God he does forgive,
Thereby we all, by grace, can
Finally and forever, truly live.

Smoky Hoss

In The Garden, With My Father

It is spring.
As in my garden, I stand.
In the garden -
My father is there;
... though long since gone...
He IS there.
I tend to the weeds,
The veggies and flowers...
He is there.

I never understood him
(as I should have, could have) ...
Until now,
Here, in the garden.
Where I, like he, work the soil.
I've come just recently
(these last few years)
To enjoy and love my garden so.
- I am not as surprised afterall, as I would have thought,
To find him here.
Here, in the garden.
He loved his garden very much.....
I - at that early age of restless youth - had no use
For such slow moving things.

But now, I see, and myself move, at a much slower pace.
Therefore, it is him I am here and now able to see,
In the garden.
Watching it all grow, so peacefully.

It is somewhat sad, that now,
When I can no longer tell him,
I understand.
For I have come to find... I love the garden too,
Just as much as he;
And we both always will.
My father - standing in the garden -
I now know.
After all these long years.

And I've missed him so;
But, how wonderful to find,
He IS here...
In the garden, our garden,
Always, with me.

Smoky Hoss

In The Night...One Hopes

Return to rest
The rooster has not yet called,
It's only a test
The night is short...and flawed-
Lie still, between sheets
Like cold steel rails,
The train in the heart runs the beats
Keeping the time, that never fails-
Outside the dark, is broken
By the tenderness of the moon,
And though deepest hopes go unspoken
The dawn promises, to return soon-
Hours in the night, pass so very slow
And one hopes, tomorrow will be kind;
Where the dreams of the night go
One is left, hoping to find-

Smoky Hoss

In The Wind

a feather goes by
blowing in the wind,
and then back the other way
in a dying tailspin-
it comes
it goes,
wherever
the wild wind blows-
and so, the vain plans of man
like a house built of straw,
it all rises...
only to fall-
as a vapor
riding in the wind,
we're here just a moment
then, gone once again-

Smoky Hoss

Indefinite Impression

Woke up this morning
looked out my window pane,
gray clouds coming
bringing on that old falling rain -
highly indictive
are drops made of dust,
the punctuality
of all things working out the way they must -
a rabbit under the bush
lays sleeping,
as birds gather to trees
weeping -
some
glad,
some
sad -
not a one can still
what must come,
the seasons shall roll on
until time itself is done -
and I a mere mortal
alone,
can only decipher so much
of the great unknown -
while these vaporous
indefinite impressions,
go right on recklessly teaching
life's most resolute lessons -

Smoky Hoss

It Just Won'T Stop Snowing-Therefore I'M Going!

It snowed today,
And it forgot to stop -
It snowed yesterday,
And it forgot to stop -
It has snowed for a month prior to all that,
And - you guessed it - It forgot to stop -
Can you figure out what the forecast predicts?
Yup. Snow tomorrow - non-stop.

I just got in my old '78 truck,
Gassed it up;
Took off driving south -
And ya know what?
Yup!
I forgot to stop -
That is until I hit
The Texas border!
I believe I'll just stay here quite a spell,
The weather looks so darn swell!
Not a flake in sight,
Imagine - an above freezing night!
The sun is such a wonder,
I ain't seen it since last November!
I threw my shovel away -
When I passed through Kentucky!
Threw out the ski's -
Somewhere along Tennessee!
Dropped the parka in a ditch -
When I crossed the mighty-Mississip!
The snow boots took a hike -
When I hit the Arkansas turnpike!
Crossed the Tejas line -
Feeling so warm, and so fine!
I reckon now I'll send for the wife -
She also likes the sunny life!

From here on in -
I'll be wearin' a big ol', snow-free, Texas grin!

It's A Lonesome Desert At Night

I stood in a phone booth
In the middle of the desert
And listened to it ring,
It sounded like some sad old song
I think I used to know how to sing -
I heard Spanish horns
Wailing in the distant air,
A longing upon the Western wind
Rolling in from somewhere, far beyond here, or there -
Rain started down
As hypnotically I picked up the phone,
I heard lightning crackle through the line
And thunder seductively groan -
A voice in the wind
Blew hot and low
Throwing desperate dust into the fading sky,
While shadows in the flashes and trembles through the ground
Gave clouds cause to cry and cry -

I wanted so to call Someone...
But, I didn't know how; and
It really wouldn't have mattered anyway,
For I had no quarters...
Nor any good words left to say -
Upon the desert floor the next morn
I awoke, cold and alone
Covered in both dust and dew,
The phone booth and storm were gone...
But the sky remains forever, the deepest shade of pure blue.

Smoky Hoss

It's A Party

... down in the city
out on the farm,
everyone's looking pretty
meaning no harm -
they're all dancing and strutin'
showing their stuff,
it won't cost nuthin'
and there's never too much -
foot loose and fancy free
the way it was intended to be,
all God's children having fun
playing and laughing under the sun -
so come on down, come on out
dance and sing, laugh and shout,
the parties just getting started
jump right in, don't be half-hearted!

Smoky Hoss

It's Just One Of Those Days

The cat's stuck in a tree
and she's blaming me,
the fire department didn't show
and it's beginning to snow,
the man on the news
is singing the blues,
bad times are the norm...
looks like it just might storm,
there's trouble brewing all across the land...
how much can an average man stand,
I believe I'm nearly done in
so I head up to the highway, to do some thumbnin',
but, all day long only one guy stops...
he says he'd give me a ride, if I was a girl
... oh, what have I ever done wrong in this old world,
I flag down a cab, but don't have the fare
so, he drives off leaving me alone out there;
I stick my hand in my coat pocket, walk into the 7-11
say, give me all the money or you're going to heaven,
the man reaches slowly into the till, pulls out a gun
and says, why don't you just turn and walk away son,
I thank him kindly, and back out the door...
guess I'm not welcome there anymore,
I decide to go back home, call it a day...
I steal the neighbors shovel along the way;
the cat's on the porch crying...
she just couldn't take the snow once it started flying,
I shovel off the walk, then we both go inside...
share a beer, and come to the same conclusion:
we didn't get very far today...but, we both damned sure tried!

Smoky Hoss

It's Just The Glow

A billion - billion
The earth have trod,
Each unknowingly glowing
Wearing the image of God.

This old world runs on atrocities
Yet cries for ruined lives;
Avaricious society kills the earth
Then demands those with less, clean up the mess...
Witlessly wondering why
The trampled turn to suicide.

The few who try
To peacefully live and die
Can find no rest
And thereby so much of the planet goes unblessed.

Some things a man thinks he does
When in reality, he does not know;
So much cannot be said
Of wisdom from far beyond ones meager head;
With my words I try so much to show
Yet, even these all are not the Light,
Merely just the glow.

In all the pains and wrongs
The earth has endured,
In all the priceless and witty
Attempt at holy-words;
Through and within and far beyond
All of these there is but one cure,
One devine voice calling and caring
To be sought, found, and heard.
One Light glowing
In the darkness of night.

Throughout humanities ' long and terrible night '
What we all need and desire so
Is the way, the truth, the light;

Everything else by human hand, as grand
As it may seem
Just rises to fall, comes to go
Points towards, but is not the Light,
Tis merely just the glow.

Some day when this is all done
We shall come to understand
It was, and always is, the light of the Son
That glows - and grows -
Into the heart of each child, woman and man.

' From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all. ' -Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Smoky Hoss

It's Never Shown

Long ago I submitted a poem
That has never here shown;
And I don't understand why...
It makes me cry.

Perhaps, had it shown
Then I would have known,
The spirit of pleasure
That words of another, alone can measure.
Perhaps the ache
It's missing did create,
Was simply the burning desire
To give and to feel soulful words, on fire.

Do these honest words make me insecure and small?
I believe, not at all.
For has been by Wisdom said:
Truth shall set a person free...
This speaks of both the heart, and the head;
For all who have words to share, even a mere dreamer such as me.

Smoky Hoss

Jazz

Far flung flights of fancy
on wings and things
in songs with gongs
of lavender lollypop licks
and purple popsicle sticks -
the merrits of men
with minds like mice
crude cadences
secluded smoke
and organs of ice -
the feminine fallaciousness
with curves and nerves
stares and glares
mountains of madness
and sensuous blurbs -
caution signs
yellowed with the times
riven with redolent reds
and garrulous greens
and all those fractured frictions of the mind -
the vanquished have vanished
leaving leperous lizards
with chicken gizzards
at the waning wake
of a once sensuous snake -
a fusion of lost loves
and dreams of the dead
simple psychedelic sensations
meant to humble the heart
and hypnotize the dead -
in the last long song
the room goes gray in gravity
you see me
I see thee, and
through it all, like jazz, we still combine perfectly -

Smoky Hoss

Just Enough

The old man
all alone
walks into the hospital elevator
presses the button
with a number one on it
the door closes; he thinks:
(it's dim in this casket, and
the slow music doesn't help much;
...what'd that stone-faced doc say?
was it 5 months, or 5 weeks?
...maybe it was 5 minutes...)
the elevator stops with a lurch
at floor 3
the maternity ward level
the doors open like a closed mouth
forced into a smile
in walks a young couple, holding
their brand new baby, and
speaking in smiles the soft joyous language
of much love yet to be -
the doors close, the elevator continues its slide
down to the bottom.
Back in the corner, as far as he can be
the old man looks up, just enough,
to peer into the eyes of the baby
who is looking straight at him,
smiling.
- The elevator stops
at floor 1
the baby goes out
with the new, happy parents-
the old man stands motionless
by himself
in the darkness of the elevator,
tears flowing down his
wrinkled cheeks, and
into his broken heart
washing away the anger, and
all of the fear.

Smoky Hoss

Just Passing Through

Snakes sometimes bite
without hissing, and
too many girls
don't like kissing -
So, let's go on down to old Mexico
wile the time away,
living and loving
waiting on the judgment day -
Everybody come on with us
sing and dance along,
for we're all just passing through here
before we're gone -
When that wind comes a blowing
down by the river,
the old trees will
shake and shiver -
Paradise is a place
not easy to find,
real peace comes from a memory
deep inside the mind -
Yonder comes Mr. Lincoln
riding a slow train,
his casket on a flat-car
is covered with rain -
The people wail and moan
watching him going on his way home,
they hang their heads and cry
as life goes passing by -
It feels like the soul of God
and God, I wish it was,
the time, the place, the mystery
it's all a melancholy kind of love -
We're all out here sailing
with the wild-wind blues,
but living goes a bit easier when we understand
together, we are all just passing through -

Smoky Hoss

Keep The Fire Going

Attracted by the glow
Strangers come and go,
Holding momentarily the warmth, never really knowing,
They, have kept the fire going.
Where I go
We all are going;
Along the way
I'll do my share to keep the light glowing.
Come onward to my hills, woods and open air
Sit by my fire with your stories to share,
Tales to tell, of life onward flowing;
Together we shall keep the fire going.

Smoky Hoss

Kiss Of Love

To see with wisdom's sight
And know the truth of beauties might,
Is to understand
The heart of man
Has but one real wish,
And that, to receive loves own true kiss;
For love alone can fulfill
Mankinds greatest desire, and eternal will.

Smoky Hoss

Lack Of Vision

A nature walk
late in the year
left me thinking I should've known better
than to believe I had nothing to fear
from the fickle northern weather -
My glasses
covered with rain drops
protect my eyes
while looking up for tops
amongst the distant skies -
All the same
the grand view I long to see
fails to show...
the rain doesn't bother me,
I just can't see past all the falling snow!

Smoky Hoss

Land Out Of Time

Oh, where to find
Great moments
Of nonrecordable time -
A place
Where souls may fly,
A grand-land
That begots life to live - and death to die -
Only one region
Can there be,
The mysterious American southwest desert
Wild land of eternity.

Tarry long in this nature
Read her as a book,
Linger over every line
Stopping often to take an extra look -
The mind may arise with revolt
Trying all to see with reason,
But, let the heart saunter, while quietly receiving
The timeless beauty of each and every season.

Hike here with purpose
Not with casual passing to a destination,
For this journey is
Pure sensation -
Come here to find
Great mystery into which we belong,
To hear and to sing
The spirit's living song.

Words fail to touch
What souls deeply feel,
Time and space dare not bear
The moments that worlds and men can never conceal -
For here the ages cease
While life ever moving, continues through,
This land touched by God...
And understood by so very few.

Landscapes Of Living

A farmer late one night
standing alone in his field,
seeing a satellite cross through the dark...
finally realizes his fate is sealed -
A miner 30 years
in the dungeon of his work,
goes to the doctor one day
only to discover how bad that old mine really does hurt -
Time steals a baby
and shortly returns an old man,
gone just long enough to build a casket...
with and for his own two hands -
An ancient riverboat captian speaking to an old brake man
as they rode upon a Greyhound bus,
was overheard sadly saying:
what in the awful world has become of us? -
A fly from Mexico
was found recently in the Yukon;
nothing certain is known of the goose
that it rode in on -
That tired old bird
took a rest upon a southbound train,
the annual migration of life's routine...
started to feel like too much pain -
Hippies hitchin' rides
on the passing trains,
sit in boxcars smoking, making up songs
about who there is to blame -
Take in gulps
of fresh clean air,
take in everything you can...
while your mind is still fully aware -
Far too many hearts bruised
are tossed out like the trash,
while millions hungering for love
await unarriving transplants -
From the top of a hill
several miles away,
can be heard the sweet sensations of a perfect song...

in the words a train whistle is desperately trying to say -
Throughout the night
pillows are sprinkled with dreams,
that in the morning float tenderly out the window...
running on ahead glistening upon the sun's bright beams -
The weeping willow wears her leaves
like the scarve of a mysterious woman prone to wander,
only her sensuous eyes
are we the simple-minded allowed to ponder -
Today a ruby red rose
tomorrow pedals fallen,
at the first spark of life
death comes-a-callin' -
Sitting at the edge of the horizon on the tip of the moon
the final word awaits to be spoken,
but, it all changes far too soon, for in the darkness we find
our tongues are left wordless and broken -
From birth to death
searching we roam,
dying on our final birthday as we open our last present
a big, beautiful sign saying: Welcome Back Home -

Smoky Hoss

Latent Leaving

Life touches both shores
That lap at the isthmus of living;
Water before
Water after
Water evermore -
We walk
The peninsula of life
From one end to the other
Afraid of getting wet,
Never realizing how much we'd love to swim -
Yet at the very end
We shall all wade in
Discovering the deeper we go...
We become the water,
We are the flow -
Turning with one last gaze before we part
We reach out to the sandy shore
Writing 'Goodbye' upon the beach of time,
Forever there, next to the name
We leave behind -

Smoky Hoss

Learning How To Fly

I thought I saw you cry
when I thought
I dreamed how to fly.
But I awoke
all alone, and found
the tears on my pillow
were only my own.

No birds at the feeder today
singing their little song.
Tis a cold winter
when everyone else has moved along.

Way up high, like a tear drop falling in the sky
is one last lonely bird of blue,
learning to fly, while learning to cry,
just like me, and just like you.

Perhaps I am after all the non-poet's poet
who's learning how to fly,
or simply a little bird falling earthbound
trying not to die...

Smoky Hoss

Leaves Of Green And Brown

Walking under a maple tree
with leaves of green and brown,
I notice some hang on
while others lay upon the ground.
Summer's been nice:
the sun shone and the rain fell,
so why is it
the trees don't look so swell?
Could it be
a devastating insect,
come, these trees
to infect?
Or a strike of lightning
that thundered down with the last rain?
oh no-no, certainly not
for each tree here about looks quite the same.
Perhaps then, acid rain?
soaking in at the roots,
then upward drawn
to burn each limbs precious shoots.
Nay, says I at long last
realizing nature's unavoidable fate,
when coming to consider
my location and the date.
For here I am, strolling up north
at the very start of fall,
and it's just that the trees in wild-wonder
have answered autumn's early call.
These amazing leaves, green and brown
are turning precisely as they should,
nature is right on track
and all, is well and good.

Smoky Hoss

Life Goes On

It's the rat race
You want to blame,
Or then again
Maybe it's just your given name;
Either way
It's all the same,
Life's a gamble
And life's a game,
Some days it's the sun
Some days it's the rain,
Some days
It's just the same old same.
So, pack up the bags
Lying low beneath your eyes,
Filled with the weight
Of the tears you've cried;
Embrace the new borne air
Rising along a different trail,
Softly breath some of it in,
And put the rest in your sail.
When things are tough
The days are short, the nights are long,
That's just the way it is...
As life goes on, and on and on.
The chances are low
There's anywhere better to go,
But give it a shot anyhow,
Because life does go on and on... somehow.
It's nearly insane
The way everything appears the same,
And whether it's right or wrong
Life surely goes on,
From Tucumcari
To Hong Kong,
So give it your best, and
Stay in the race,
For someday you just may find
Life goes on to a most perfect place.

Life Is A Short-Poem

Think as you will
of life and death, joy and pain,
with it all receive your fill
for both come, and both go, as surely as sun and rain -

Here to there
beginning to end, and all stops in between,
in a sullen-storm or a frolicking-fair
tis all part of living's momentary little scene -

Smoky Hoss

Life's Flow

I, a drop of water
flowing
in the canal of life,
amongst the many waters
pouring
into the eternal ocean -
the ripples that drive
bestowing
from the soul's spring,
turn the mighty waves
roaring
in living waters endless motion -
and though drowning we
die
and daily do,
yet we live, by
a love
of our own... or in lieu -

Smoky Hoss

Life's Poetry

the fight for the soul
like rock-n-roll
goes on and on
day after day,
sometimes it's a breeze,
it comes with ease,
other times...
there's just no freaking way -

the funny thing is
that most of the time
is spent between
the two;
it's not really
up
it's not really
down
not good
not bad
it simply was,
and just is.

it's kind of like
waking and sleeping
at the same time...
a dream within a nightmare
a blessing within a curse...
and, well maybe
it doesn't really matter much; but,
I suspect that it just might,
for it feels like both
a great labor
and a great rest, all
at the same time.

Smoky Hoss

Light

The stars afar
Glitter and gleam,
A light in the night
Upon the earth good and green.

The sun not outdone
Every morn grows and glows,
With a light so bright
As to give beauty and bloom to the wild red rose.

The cosmos light both day and night
Ever does show and shine,
Giving cause to pause
And praise God, all the time.

Smoky Hoss

Lights Out

The sun smokes her last cigarette
for the night
having burned all she could,
to the poor souls lingering she turns, diming the light -
the flowers in agony
beg for just a bit more
while the only sound to be heard,
is a locking of the last cold door -
it's lights out
when the sun sets
such paroxysms
nearly bring about thoughts of mortal regret -
eat gravel, grass
or dirt
eat it all,
there's nothing left to hurt -
the worms feast
inside the spinning earth
as the cosmos look on,
asking what is it all worth -
the royal curtain, soaked in blood
is torn apart...
the sun sets deep, perhaps deep enough even
to enter into each human heart -

Smoky Hoss

Lines In The Sky

Laying on my back in a wild wooded area
Late November, amid an early dusk,
A few clouds chase the sun
Into the West.

Looking upward and around
Strange and mingled forms do I see,
Blending with and deviding apart
Each and every dark coursed tree.
All is so still and serene
With not even a splinter of sound;
Though senses tell
Something very real is residing
Upon this ephemeral scene...
A much deeper meaning
Simply awaiting to be found.
Beauty and mystery a mix
An inspired, almost eerie sight
One seldom seen, less often noticed,
And only by those who so search
On the very edge of a cold winter night.
Like black boney arms and fingers
Reaching down from the sky
Those destitute illusions
That both live and die!
Coming down with enigmatic riddles to speak
The kind seldom dared by souls to seek.
In them the flames of heaven and hell
Burn so close to each other
Almost as if to show
Once upon a time all were natural brothers.
Light and shadow in this world coinside
And coexist,
Both contemplation and action
Are means of grace that none should resist.

Life, like lines aglow in an ever darkening sky,
Like the free wind beginning to fly,
Stands continuously at the very edge,
A tenebrous silhouette drawn by light

Aching to break the tight grip of night.....
For even in the dark death of winter
The fragile branch still holds the living bud of eternal spring,
Only awaiting the all new life
That the returning sun -someday- shall bring.

'When you are close to nature you can listen to the voice of God. ' - Hermann
Hesse

Smoky Hoss

Listen (A Prayerful-Poem)

No more words.

Only listen.

It's the holiest thing we can ever do.

Hear the breathing,

Of yourself... nature... the world.

Listen.

That sound, is Life.

Life is Holy.

Pay attention.

Listen.

It speaks

So quietly, yet so deeply.

... listen;

It has much to tell.

Smoky Hoss

Listening

listening alone
to nature groan,
heavy the rain does fall
drip by drip inside my wall,
this old house leaks
this old house speaks

thoughts pour from the sky
as if learning how to fly,
showers come down in crazy sheets
I lie and listen
to the strange things they bespeak

lightning, thunder
brings wild wonder

the flood of mystery
drowns history;
things up, things down
things nearly lost...things nearly found

snakes slither
owls fly
people work, people die,
together we ever move along
like a river wide, deep and long

some see the light
some fear the dark,
through it all
we with God play our part

across the land
the four-winds will blow,
the great waters
will continue to flow...

...(far off, somewhere, the rain will end,
for in the final analysis, Love shall win.)

but here and now
the roof still leaks,
the floor still creaks;
at times the house does cry
and so do I;
tonight I and the house are one
and thus shall remain
until the return of the sun

like a stray dog
looking for a bone
like a drifter
looking for a home,
hope for what yet is to be found
is what keeps our feet on hallowed, dry ground.

Smoky Hoss

Little Illuminations

Sometimes the soul
like the night sky
is illuminated briefly by,
a falling star
a passing car
or a hope from afar -
On those occasions so rare
we can only pause and wonder
of the sign we're under,
a galactic spark
a dance in the park
or a bit of light piercing through the dark -
There'll be no way
of knowing
just where it's going,
from whence it came
nor it's true name, only that
It is the most precious little flame -

Smoky Hoss

Living

-The miracle of living
Is being able to hang around long enough
To not fear,
Not fear dying.
Not fearing is
Miraculous. - The miracle of life.

-The beauty of living
Is being able to find,
Find you are not a quitter,
Finding no matter what
You are going to finish this thing called
Life,
And finish it as well as possible.
Not quitting is
Beautiful. - The beauty of life.

-The thrill of living
Is being able to dream,
Dream great dreams of God-given desire,
And fulfilling those dreams
No matter how long it takes.
Fulfilling dreams is a
Thrill. - The thrill of life.

-The meaning of living
Is to be thrilled to the core
By the Miracle of Beauty that Life is.

Smoky Hoss

Living's Just A Tough Way To Go

Living's just a tough way to go
Like riding a wild bronc
In an old West rodeo.
Somedays I'm the clown,
Somedays I'm the whole damn show.

Come what may,
Like old cowboys, we're all just drifting
Our few days away.
Fast or slow
Living's just a tough way to go.

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
The way life rains down
You'd think we'd all turn to rust.
Fast or slow
Living's just a tough way to go.

My heads full of pockets
From the pounding hail,
While thirsty I stand in the desert
With one big hole in my only pail.
Fast or slow
Living's just a tough way to go.

Whether throwing saddles on cattle
Or shoveling snow in old Frisco,
Life's just one helluva tough way to go.

To survive we all do
What we have to do.
Just an old story,
It's really nothing new... but,
All God's children will somehow make it through,
For this life is always going to be
A tough way to go, for me,
And for you.

Lonesome Railroad

She took my money
and she took my heart,
left me alone next to a railroad track
torn all apart -
The banker
and the doctor agree,
there's not much left of
what used to be me -
Those shinny railroad tracks
are melancholy-cold steel,
I won't have to explain, they know
just how I feel -
In the sun by day
or full moon by night,
those old trains
are such a beautiful sight -
I sit to watch the boxcars
pulling out;
they understand
what lonely is all about -
That mournful whistle blows
it's unending sad song;
looking down the tracks I know
she'll be a long time gone -
She took everything
except my forsaken old-soul,
so I'll take it down to the station
just to see those grey old trains roll -
Those ancient rattlers forever run
day upon day,
load 'em up, and let 'em haul
my woes far away -

If you've ever rode a boxcar at midnight
or caught one on the fly,
then you'll easily comprehend how
they hold my soul and make me to cry -
Sit in the open door listening to the track clickety-clack
with a gentle rain caressing my face,

nothing beats a boxcar
for finding simple and pure grace -

I'm going down to the lonesome-railroad
see what I can find,
jump a freight train
leave my old blues way behind.

Smoky Hoss

Longing

In the sable sky
sits a silver moon,
looking for the golden sun
returning soon.

Isn't this the day
the Lord has made,
filled with light and wonder?
Why then am I suddenly
empty, lonely, detached,
and rent asunder?

Where does one go with such brokenness
following the Wind through the valley,
over the hill of divinity,
past the mountain,
beyond the stars, and
into the impossible infinity?

With the end of longing
it shall come at last;
over the hill, and far beyond
the broken and wending past.

'It is not easy to find happiness in ourselves, and it is not possible to find it elsewhere.' - Agnes Repplier

Smoky Hoss

Look

We are apt so easily to lose sight
Of one another
Along our busy ways; until
Seperately we vanish,
Wondering where it all went...

One must - by necessity - look
Behind many words -
For, deep meanings are deeply hid
Beyond things sounding rather absurd.
What could a poet
But be;
If not a translator of
The yet to see.
Great beauty of thoughts
Abound,
In artistic visions
Unwound.

Stop - look - find:
Working, walking, writing and playing together,
Brings about a better human-kind.

Smoky Hoss

Looking

Looking out over the shimmering desert
Through the sun burnt mirage
I wonder if I shall see you appear,
Walking to me -
Looking into the dark depths
Of the rolling sea
At the furthest distance, hoping to catch sight of you,
Swimming towards me -
Looking up and out
Into the night sky of endless space
A distant star twinkling and moving,
Is that you, coming this way? -

Why do I believe?
Why would I even consider
With all that you are,
That you would be returning -somehow- to me (of all people) ?

Why do I
Endlessly, everywhere, in everything,
Continue looking...
Looking, for You God.

Smoky Hoss

Looking Up

-There is this thing up
In the deep, of the sky
Persistently it passes by -
Optimists claim
Forever it shall return...
But I, I wonder; How long can it continue to burn?

When I was so very young
Not a true worry, did I know
For of nowhere did I have need to go -
Then came along Maturity
Leaving me discontent anywhere to stay...
And always wanting, for a far better way.

The burning in my soul
Took my youth, yet keeps coming back
Trying to enlighten the trust I so lack -
Dispair attempts to snuff it all out
While I hope to be strong...
And Truth come to discover...before I am entirely gone.

There- way up there- is a bird in the sky
Freely flying, so very high
Does he look up at the sun, Does he wonder if it will ever be done -
Or does he simply reach out in faith to touch the heat
Understanding one must risk the burn...
If one wants to feel life's eternal heart beat?

Smoky Hoss

Love, Now, Is Blue

Love, it would by all appearances be,
Is for now ever blue,
Never quite fully captured by
Me, nor by you.

- To look far into the deep blue sky
Is to long to consider so why,
Why is the purest of beauty and love
Just beyond the reach
Of mere mortal man,
And why do we thus desire so
Yet fully fail to understand?
From whence comes this high passion
And unto where does it all go,
Why does it mingle with lowly man
And what devine mystery does it intend to show?
... oh, how I greatly long to know.

'Tis it a possibility that ever could be,
Or over my ignorance
Shall it ever and ever evade what is me?

- Answers to questions such as these
Can by no means be found
In institutions and instruments
Nor even completely in books leather bound.
No, one must seek such where God resides:
The fresh flower, a new born smile, the breeze and the tide,
Green grass on a hill, a river flowing, a bird on the glide,
In the twinkling eyes of someone who truly cares,
In the grace of giving,
And of hugging the ones with whom we share;

- Love, here and now, is indeed blue;
Because someway, somehow, beyond comprehension
Deep within, we all realize, on this earth, in this time
We are merely strangers,
Voyagers, simply passing through.

Smoky Hoss

Love-Live

Living in the usual human fashion
Comes the old, old self-passion,
Mankinds most heart-torn story
Singing within it's own glory;
'To thine own self be true'
Will only leave the self lonely, and blue;
Better still, is to others selflessly give
Learning to love, and loving to live.

Smoky Hoss

Luck

Luck

That crazy little four letter word,

Is it real

Or simply absurd?

Is it good

Or bad?

Is it happy

Or sad?

Could it involve

Love or hate,

Free will

Or fate?

It can't be found

By those who look,

Nor learned

From a book.

It can't be sold

or traded,

Borrowed

Or confiscated.

It answers no request

Nor demand,

It refuses to obey

Any purpose or plan.

If we try

To make it our own,

It will simply leave us

All alone.

Perhaps in reality it is

Just a mere little word,

One of many

We've spoke and heard;

Nothing more

Nothing less,

So forget about damn luck... just give each day

Your very best.

Smoky Hoss

Lucky?

The lottery hit well over 500 million bucks,
And everyone was making plans
As if they'd already got the dough -
Some made lists of unneeded vices,
Others, plans to invest it all
(' 500 million just isn't enough these days ya know! ') -
So many - who mind you hadn't even won yet -
Were quickly showing signs of paranoia,
Plans to move far away, change phone numbers, get lawyers,
security systems, gaurds, and guns!
(' gotta be prepared ya know,
this kinda cash can cause friends to turn on ya! ') -
The day before they lived without a worry.
Then so suddenly, overcome with the emotion of it all
Their fear ran amuck:
' What if strangers call,
asking for a buck? ! ' -
' How dare the vagrants so bold be,
to ask for even a pittance
from one of such wealth as me? ! ' -

- Thinking of all that everyone had said,
It sort of went to my head.
So naturally I started to plan,
What if I was that winning man? ... what would I do?
- I'd buy a jet!
...no, I get air sick.
- I'd buy a yacht!
...no, I get sea sick.
- I'd buy a mansion overlooking L.A.!
...no, the smog makes me sick.

Then it hit me, hard and low.
I'm just not cut out to be rich.
... for no matter what, I am simply an average 'Joe'.
Even merely pondering over that kind of gross cash
Gave me a heartfelt fit.
Just the thought of being a wealthy snob
... really does make me sick!

So here, please
Take these lottery tickets back.
I've decided to be content,
Just a sittin' peacefully
Over here on the 'poor' side of the tracks.

Smoky Hoss

March

for the sake of God
the sun finally shone through today,
into a sky vibrant in blue
smiling from shore to shore, all the way -

an old bird, with an old leaf held tight in an old claw
flew past the last winter moon,
the final moments of the final frigid day
spring awaits the sunrise, not a moment too soon -

winter marches out
spring marches in,
let the joy and festivities
warm and light, begin!

Smoky Hoss

Melancholy

I walk in the wind
The breeze wraps about me -
The sunset has begun
And it's all I seem to see.

The melancholy I know so well
Returns as a faithful old friend -
Distant crystal clouds going away
Flow through my soul like an intangible end.

They smiling aglow beg me follow
To a place I'm unsure I know -
The very same place found
Just beyond the rising rainbow.

There is a color in the wind
Not to be seen, only heard -
A voice in the sun's last light
Speaking to the soul in unpronounceable words.

Wind, clouds, sunlight
Everything lives, leaves, and moves through -
Sooner or later each human
Has to take notice... and go along too...

Smoky Hoss

Melancholy Song

-believing that humans are made in the image of God
has its implications;
living life here, while looking There
brings about the most precarious, melancholy situations-

There's a sad song singing
In the soul of the wind,
And yet a joyful wind blowing
Through every soul's song.
It never stays
And it never goes,
Calling our hearts onward
To wherever it flows.
It's a song of sadness
And of good cheer,
A song of great warmth
And no small fear.
The song of the masses
And the song of one,
The sound of breaking darkness in the night
And the music of the rising sun.
It's the melancholy in me
And great joy,
It's the deep desire to stay
And yet homeward go.
I know this song
And the tears it brings,
I hear this song
Within my heart, where it sings.
It leaves me lonely
But, never alone,
For it's ever with me
Singing of a place, called Home.

Smoky Hoss

Metaphors Of A Free Poet

</>Leaves shine their best
In the fall,
When they are dying.
Days grown cold
Are left behind,
While the sky comes around to crying.

Shadows can only show
True beauty,
Scattered in rays of the sun's light.
While nature's darkest picture
Is the moon hidden behind clouds,
On a chilled and rainy night.

What sets the soul
Of the poet free?
- the lack of law to conformity -
To bend and blend at will
Time with eternity;
Outter inspiration with inner ability.

Some times (with surprise) arrive
With no name,
Leaving only questions to ponder
Why they came.

Words in cryptic ways
May design delicate days,
Adorned with wonders so brief
Bringing just the slightest spiritual relief.

If even one soul
May find,
In some word I've pressed
A small peace of mind,
Or see just a glimpse
Of beauty so divine,
Then what I have sought
Of all that I feel,

(written metaphorically)
Shall finally become real.

This beyond all else
Is what sets the soul free,
Within the likes
Of a simple poet... like me.

Smoky Hoss

Metaphysic Circumlocution

One tree
in the foreground of all trees ever formed,
standing in the wind blowing
above and beyond the norm

topples over
falls slowly down,
and there lays ostensibly
upon the frozen ground

all alone
deep in the world's snowy cracks,
wrung and ready
for the axe

and I with barbarous blade in hand
stop, turn and look back,
noticing the tree made no sound...
and I, have left no tracks

Smoky Hoss

Mind-Full Folly

- I'm quite uncertain
if I've ever had an original thought.
Perhaps I have, but then missed it,
or worse yet, forgot it.
What cruel pranks the human mind plays
upon the body that houses it.
Does it have no gratitude
for the oxygen, the blood flow, the nourishment
it is supplied with by this humble body?
Does it not even once desire to give sincere thanks,
to the eyes
for illuminating its possibilities of knowing
the amazing world all about?
to the ears,
for the sublime sounds
manifested upon it?
to the nose,
that has given it the incredibly delicious sensation
of scent?
or to the taste buds,
that have provided brief ecstatic moments
of culinary delight?
Why does the mind go it's own rambling way?
Flittering to and fro
from one thought to the next,
only briefly passing through the deepest
most wonderful ones, and then
tossing them into the unknown
to be forgotten.
- What folly our uncontrollable parts
put forth for us to contend endlessly with.

Smoky Hoss

Moments

Moments that give life a lift
Come with such simple surprise, as if a gift,
Offering life more meaning and allure
With some fine spice and sweet ardor.

Like sharing a drink with an old friend
Or lazily sleeping in,
Holding your child for the first time
Thanking God for the ties that bind,
Watching that favorite old movie in black-n-white
A cool breeze on a hot summer night,
Out West on a relaxing and beautiful hike
Lingering long in the vista of such magnificent sights...
These moments of life
That, at least for a while, make everything seem alright;
Life's simple pursuits
Are indeed the freshest fruits.

However; midnight or noon,
The end of each comes far too soon.
Whether lasting a day or a week,
They are so short, quick, albeit sweet.

These moments pass like mornings glory,
Only a page or two from life's larger story;
So take them fully as they come
For far too soon they are gone, and done.

Smoky Hoss

Montana Paradise

In old Montana
Cowboys wear big hats and bright bandanas,
horses smoothly canter
as cattle quietly banter,
the cook makes sweet homemade pies
and everyone sleeps soundly under big clear skies,
they all love this land
where each cowboy is a top hand,
the cowgirls are always glad to see their fellers
and they never holler or beller,
they just help 'em off the horse
and rub their sore backs of course,
in the mornings, coffee's always hot in the cup
while the broncs out in the corral never-ever kick or buck,
the saddles are found to be warm and dry
and the hooley-ann's hit the mark on the first try,
someone's always humming a Western song
with anyone welcome to sing along,
and all the old trucks run and look great
there in the Big-Sky state,
everybody greets each other with a grin and a howdy!
there just ain't no need to fight or get rowdy,
there'll be a free dance each friday night
and plenty of cowgirls that are a wonderful sight,
ask anyone of them to dance
they'll gladly give a cowboy a chance,
then after the halibaloo
don't worry, the sheriff won't bother you,
if you can't ride 'cause you're too soused
he'll be happy to give you a ride, back to the bunkhouse;
- That's just the way it is up in old Montan'
where we all proudly ride for the brand,
and we're all grateful for the day of our birth...
here, in this little bit o' paradise on earth.

Smoky Hoss

More

Music at times melancholy, faint,
like dusk, soft, sad and slow.

And then sometimes
the morning
so bright,
only dancing will do.
Sometimes, on wings wild
to fly,
sometimes, just waiting around
to die.

Like a cat
on dew drenched grass
stepping lightly, gingerly,
as if the straws of sunshine
beneath our tender toes
will break
and take
the joy in vapors of dust
to the wispy winds,
blown yonder and gone;
What we've failed to find
in our fancy flirts
with nature's creator is,
She loves to dance!
slow, and fast.

No matter what else
you take from this little life,
learn to love
more than one thing.

Smoky Hoss

Morning Aspirations

So many people
want to know,
Where has God gone?
Can you prove He/She is real?

Feel the warmth of the sun
The cool of clear moving water
Hear the song of bird
And wind
Know the strength and presence
Of mountain and tree
Understand a moment of love
Unwarranted, unconditional, unsuspected.

When night comes -as it will-
Sun goes down
Waters are far away from our sleep
Birds and wind silent
Mountains and trees go unseen
And love rests;
They are not gone.

Seen or unseen
Known or unknown
Aware or unaware
They are still there, awaiting
The sun to rise again.

Night is mourning.
Sunrise is morning.
Proof that God exists?
I can offer none.
But, aren't these subtle hints
Worthy of consideration?

Smoky Hoss

Moving Along Sacramentally

- If my house is burning
In a rain storm
And I do not call the fire station,
Am I a fool?
What if I trudged
Throughout Death Valley
In a pair of waders,
Then, am I to be considered a fool?
-at what depth is it called faith? -

Water drips onto the paper
Flowing over my poem,
The red ink runs
Across the entire page;
Blood.
Words, water...
A holy flow... moving.

- If I let go
Of meaningless stuff
I once worked so hard to attain,
Would I then become wise?
If I went where I felt I belong
Following the Voice
Of one who calls in the desert,
Then, would the Wisdom of my soul come alive?
-at what depth is it called hope? -

Life is written
With the Word of experience,
In the body and blood
Of saints and sages;
Word.
Wind, wayness...
The breath of God... moving.

Smoky Hoss

Murder In The Old Forest

As I drove along
One day, singing a merry song
A sight I saw
As a grand old tree did fall,
Causing my joy to cease
At this view of disgrace
The sight by this road
Was a wearisome load,
For timber men did slay
In the usual way;
The beginnings again
Of another arrogant subdivision,
All oh so perfectly planned
Without even one dropp of spiritual consideration;
Murder here was committed in the wise old woods
By the avarice of man
At the blade of an axe - all just to acquire the lucrative goods;
What once was pure and alive
Filled with wonder, life to provide,
Has now been killed by a fall
At the nashing teeth
Of a soulless chainsaw;
Dozers sweep all evidence away
Of the tragedy on this day,
As a grand old forest is once again lost
Obliged to pay the unholy cost
Of human greed,
Disguised as need.

But, I ask you
What can I
One mere man do?
- Perhaps, by way of a simple poem
This tragedy shall become known,
Bringing more to task
As each may eventually ask:
'For the murdered trees does anyone care?
And when they are gone who shall inquire,
Why or where? '

Smoky Hoss

Music Colored Blue

The sound of the blues
Is the sound of the soul
At full operating depth
Where the disappointingly
Unsuccessful pieces of lost life
Are picked up
And finally, truly observed;
Sometimes tossed with disgust
Sometimes polished pearls
Cleaned brightly with
The heavy tears of regret
The gone water of
'What could've, should've been'
This old music colored blue
Will shake you
Break you, and
Oft times far, far away
Take you
Away from the now,
The do,
The want for love, into
The love for
Music... of the color
Blue
Where once again one can
Dance, and
Laugh, and
Love true...
It will take you
This masterful music
Colored so deeply blue.

Smoky Hoss

Musing

Conversing with myself over thoughts of 'home',
I ponder me, lonesome and alone,
Wondering... If I saw Heaven
And Heaven saw me
What then, would each of us truly see?
And moreover, which of the two
Would find the better view?
If I spoke what I thought to God
Could, possibly, He think it wise,
Or just all rather odd?
For whom would say anything to Him
That He had never heard before,
Time, and times again?
-Even so,
With all that God does vastly know,
I still must consider - for at least just a little while -
There certainly must be some words
That give Him cause to pause,
And even most likely, smile.

Smoky Hoss

My Creator

There's this great big beautiful
Creator
out there,
and she loves,
to shoot pool
on green velvet tables
and go skinny dipping at midnight
in the gravel pit ponds;
and she loves,
to dance barefoot
in fresh falling snow
and leave tracks like flower petals
scattered to the wind;
and she loves,
to come 'round a campfire basking in a glow
gathering in the warmth of fire and friends
and sip brandy until her spirit shows
warm and forever there;
and she loves,
to love me,
and be loved
by me;
because she is
the great big beautiful
Creator
of the love in my body
and soul.

Smoky Hoss

My Daughter

My daughter
Is graduating high-school.
I don't know what
To say - or do -
I'm so proud...
I'm so sad;
Tears of joy, and loss, I've cried both...
She's my daughter, I'm her dad.
Soon she must make her own way
This I do know -
Still, because of great love
It's difficult letting go.
With God's help
I trust she'll be alright,
For he has a fathers love too;
He'll be with her always, both day and night.
So,
every day
for her
I will pray...
For her future yet to come,
And all the wonderful times and memories
We've together had;
Forever grateful
That she is my daughter...
And that I am her dad.

(for Sarah 'Button', I'll always love you. Dad.)

Smoky Hoss

My Old Hat

I've got this old cowboy hat
It's my favorite one to wear,
It's about the only thing I own
That I'm not willing to share;
Now to see it
May not turn your eye,
But, we've been through a heap together
This ol' hat and I;
We've fanned our share of hot summer days
Mighty dry and tough,
And held tight on many a cold winters night
More than just a bit frosty and rough;
We've rode through Panhandle sandstorms
And Rocky mountain blizzards,
Together we've swallowed 'nuff sand and sleet
To plug even Paul Bunyan's gizzard!
We've hazed the edge off buckin' broncs in Montana snow
And wild mustangs in the desert heat,
Still no matter if it's 100 above or 20 below
We'll stick it out and have 'em all beat.

We're a team
Me and this good old cowboy hat,
Throughout times soft or hard
Thin or fat,
We'll hang tough
And forever together stay,
Right on through
Our final earthly day.

Now, when the time comes
Heavenward to go,
I sure hope the good Lord will understand me asking
To keep my ol' hat on..... beneath that shiny new halo.

Smoky Hoss

My Soul

The window of my soul opened,
And out flew my poem -
It was a wild thing
I'd foolishly tried to cage -
Thought I could tame it
And make it just like me,
But after awhile
I came to find
(like myself)
It just could not be held
Within the narrow confines of a mere mind -
It had to fly
And feel the freedom
Of living beyond stifled breaths
And muted thoughts -
Filled with expression
Of prescient dreams and timeless hopes,
Onward it ever goes
Flowing and free
Singing it's song of joy,
Across the endless skies of living...

I do not write it... It rights me.

Smoky Hoss

My Voice

I cannot find my voice.
I only hear it echo, here and there;
In Groucho Marx's laughter at conventional-stuffiness
and Frederick Buechner's words of true understanding,
in Paul Gruchow's beautiful relationship with nature
and Martin Luther's love of grace,
in desert canyon croonings
and mountain top vistas,
in trees and rivers swaying and flowing
and across endless points of the stretching plains,
in reckless love
and unconditional compassion,
in all the money I've simply gave away
and in possessions I'm no longer possessed by,
in the wild wind and roaring rain
amongst the amazing clarity of pure, fresh air,
in the severe emptiness of dark
and the sheer overflowing beauty of sweet sunlight,
in the few irrefutable men, who are my real brothers
and especially from deep within their open hearts they share.
In all of this
this soul, this spirit-of-being,
I hear, my voice.
And yet...
when I turn to look at it directly, earnestly,
though its scent lingers deliciously,
it's gone,
flown away,
like the warmth of the sun on a deep winters day.
And still, my voice, however intangible,
continues to flow as echoes of sentiment
coursing through the relentless runnels of my mind.

Smoky Hoss

Mystic

In my mind afloat
Drifts a mysterious small boat,
Lulled along
In contemplative song,
Upon a magnificent sea -
The far reaching ends of it all
That give quiet call,
Are far beyond me.

It all moves like waves wended,
And dreams rended,
Flowing into a vague speculation
Toward the acquisition of the ineffable;
Yet, ever accompanied by a fear
Of being unable to find the unsubvertible.

- I row - I go - for I must
Somehow know, and find
The place, the time,
That distant - near land, with
No more groping, nor grasping,
For lasting love, or the guiding hand of man.

Life has a mystic pulse
That touches all the earth,
Mystery has a meaning
Filled with unfathomable worth.

A mystic castaway resides
On an island in my mind,
Awaiting - and bringing - an appointed purpose,
Beyond the bonds of brains and time.
Speaking words of truth
- perhaps foreign to me -
A lavish love language
Of the truly free.
The translation to be found
When the captives are unbound;
The compass, the map,

The forward motion
That keeps me from turning back.

These living esoteric laments
Reveal great Beauty to my heart
- often blended within sadness -
Found in the metaphoric ways of nature and art.
It all gets to me
In the mystery I feel, of
A flowing vision,
In a world nearly surreal.

The mystic
Devoid of worthless words, in
Dialogue divine,
Puts one eye on eternity
And one eye upon time.

I've oft here been lost,
yet for only a season;
Stranded for merely a spell
For there is truly hope at the end of reason -
Granting pure life through it all

The Mystic within
Ever remains,
Vast and strong
Guiding beyond
Life's dark waters
Never leaving me to drift,
Completely alone.

'... mystery is as real as the air we breathe... ' - Kathleen Norris.

Smoky Hoss

Nada Mas (Only The Poem)

Reader, your voice is the poem
you are the words; and
nothing more.

Reader, there is no poetry
unless you speak it.

Reader, there is no sound
you must find what it has to say.

Reader, seek the thought
rising from your soul.

Reader, look all about you, up and down
no one else has come this way.

Reader, there is no other poem
only you among the words of the word; and
nothing more.

Smoky Hoss

Natural Beauty

Sunrise to sunset
The fullness of beauty in life
Scarcely have we seen as of yet -
Salient the sky
With the inherent intensity of merely being,
And the penetrating pleasure of simply asking why,
Why, oh why
Do we live... into
The day we die.

Life's wonder lies in the passion
Of its open heart,
With loves natural beauty
Its greatest art-
So many poems
And songs to sing,
Portions of God
Grace to us does bring-
Obvious or hidden
Shown or unshown,
From such incredible depths
Beauty begs to be known.

The sun sets
The stars arise,
A billion, billion times
God's own natural beauty comes alive.

Smoky Hoss

Nature's Fear

The moon hides in the night,
The sun on the run
Has taken flight.
It's dark all around,
Even deer with fear
Lie still, close to the ground.

A flash in the sky,
The sound of doom in a boom
As nature fears this moment to die.
Trembling and blowing out of the norm,
Even the trees lose their leaves...
While in comes, a late summer thunderstorm.

Nature's fear
Draws near,
Lightning the pyre
Threatening to set all the world on fire.

Smoky Hoss

Nemesis Of Blue

Just this side of the devils scheme
And hotter than sulfer flames,
I went to burn and bury
What was left of my relic remains -
Fearless I flew straight in, singing a holy-song,
and crying for love to be true...
While looking, for a way away
From me, and my burden of blues.

The man I am (yet have never known)
Shot holes through my hopes,
Leaving me lonely...
Hanging at the end of a very short rope -
A path walked and crawled
Far too many years,
Always left me looking, for a way away
From myself, and all those damned old blues.

I recall, that once I was a gentle soul;
So soft and easy... yet, ever blue,
My heart so safe and secure...
But never to itself very true -
Then somewhere in the world's wilderness
I crossed that mystical line... (never knowing why)
Only coming to realize, that if I didn't
I must leave myself alone to die.

Something was going wrong with my soul's song,
So much at stake to lose,
In the eternal battle
With my old enemy, the blues -
Why, needs to be asked, anyone this way
Would choose to fall?
The answer ofcourse must be:
Only for love, could anyone give it all.

In the end my friend
Falling to the ground I found,
Love is thee way away

From all we lose... and
The only way, above and beyond lifes same old blues.

Smoky Hoss

Never Ending Blue

I've been up
And I've been down,
I've been here and there
And all around-
I've played harmonica in the band
In the key of R&B,
And through it all
This ol' world looks a bit different to me-
Now, it could just be tainted
In my cloudy colored view,
For it seems I'm forever filled
With a never ending blue...
The world never slows
Everyone on the go,
So fast
To be so low-
But, time she's no friend of mine
She'll rule you and fool you,
Warp your mind, and leave you behind-
For time, it's true, like me (and maybe you)
Is also filled with a never ending blue-
The gray clouds they will come
And try to kill the sun,
but, that old sun she's clever
Ain't no way to keep her dark forever-
The mad moonlight at night
Shines like gold,
Try to pick it up
And it all turns to mold-
Those lies told as if true,
Leaving me filled
With a never ending blue-
During this darkness
Air burns and breathes like fire,
Smokes and smells
Of that ancient stench, sulfur-
Only in the light
Can the air come clean,
And turn away from

All that's low down, dirty and mean-
But, even the daylight
Has it's own hue,
Perhaps at times also bearing just a bit,
Of that same, never ending blue-
For even the sun
Must set,
Giving us to know
There are more dark times coming yet-
Those times will arrive
Right on cue.....
Coming to fill me
With that old never ending blue-

Smoky Hoss

Night Blues

Blue whinning guitars
Greet shimmering stars-
It's mercy the night brings
To forget the day, in the evening blues I sing-
Arise distant and dark moon
Open despairs tomb-
Melancholy, like water passes through me
I am the rough and windy sea-
The night's a gutter
Gathering and consuming each days clutter-
It's there alone in the dark
Things so easily come apart-
Drenched in the blues
While trying to muse-
Two lives I live
The night takes, what the life of day gives-
It's humanities eternal war...
Ravaged to the core-
Evil vs. good... and if you ever face it,
You'll be so misunderstood-
Everything is fine
If you're good... and blind-
But, if you want to know what's real and true
It's gonna cost you-
Maybe I can fake it in the light of day
Put on a mask... pretend it's all o.k.-
But the dark of night
Brings out the true blight-
Melancholy comes calling
When the lights start falling-
It's just the way it's going to be
These old night time blues and me-
So, I'll just let it go
Take a little mercy where I can,
Whatever grace it takes
To pass on through, this darkened land.

Smoky Hoss

Night Sky

Stars aglow in the night sky
Pass so quietly by,
Is it us or them
Who return again?
We to see
And they to stay,
Or possibly tis
The other way.
And who
Really sees who,
In the night so dark
Filled with the deepest blue?
If the moon
Never again shines,
Could it be a sign
Of the end-times?
Or just a loss of sight
On my part?
The result of losing (with cynicism)
The natural vision of wonder, in the human heart.
For to see magic
In the moon and stars,
Is to truly look
Deep and far...
Not simply in a night sky,
Rather into the soul,
Where all good things
Freely come and go.

Even if the stars no longer shown
In my little night sky for to see,
Ever, I'd keep returning
Looking; I for they... and they for me.

Smoky Hoss

No Time

Canyons and mesas
have no use for time-pieces;
moments are measured in blowing dust,
hours by how far of a walk it is
to the nearest water hole,
days by sun's rise flowing into sun's set,
season's by birds migration back and forth.
No calendars to pressure,
no must do list,
only survive
and fully live.
In the world
where alarm clocks rule human beings
no one ever truly wakes up;
kept in a daze of capture regrets, and
bound there by unnecessary needs,
that their hearts quietly contend
are worthless.
Man's obsession with time
is an almost unforgivable vice,
that like alcohol addiction
has done more harm than we shall ever understand.
But, out there where the ghost of a warrior
still swims the ruddy river free,
nothing has changed.
This is the land
without time.

Smoky Hoss

North Woods

The teeming black waters
Of a wooded creek
Run amuck
To the waterfalls calling -
There is a pragmatic hubris
To the North woods
Set so far from social expectancy,
An un-self-concerned amalgam
Of accepting and being accepted by
Simply living, being, and even dying -
The scent is intoxicating
The sound symphonic
The sight luminous;
Here, these North woods
Home to so much
And community to so few -
Jays sit entwined
Within a bevy of birch branches
Voicing the folly
Of an eastern wind,
In a furry fit of contentment
A squirrel dances with a maple leaf,
And a dropp of dew
Gives itself to a colony of working ants -
Supple, and turbulent
Are the irresistable ways
Of the seasons up here!
Nights and days
Swamps and hills
Frogs and flies
Deer and bear,
All a part
Of the heart and blood of
The great North woods -

Smoky Hoss

Not This, Not That

Living. Dying.
everyone has lived before,
here and there;
everyone dies, now and then.
- look at all the maps of mankind
run amuk with dots of red, blue and black -
roads, towns, cities and hamlets,
People everywhere; villages without voices;
mountains miles apart
or side by side,
rivers, creeks and streams
flowing in all directions,
lakes and oceans
fields and woods
full of People, living,
or dead.
- why are there no
population signs at the gates to a cemetery?
do they fill too fast?
- life is not this;
and not that;
ditto the dying.
so I look at maps,
with all those impressive symbols
of mankind's great progression.
Not forward.
Not backward.
simply moving,
as the living do...
and the dying wish for
more of.

Smoky Hoss

Nothing More To Say

A sign I found
at the edge of a desolate desert road, which read:
'Don't Bother Reading This.
Nothing More Can Be Said.'

So, with billions of words falling from my mind
I turned, and walked far away,
finding it all to be true; I really do have
nothing left to say.

Smoky Hoss

Nothing To Do In Kalamazoo

A native Kickapoo
went to Kalamazoo,
just for a visit and a look
he saw the museum and he saw the brook,
unimpressed and without further ado
he took the next flight to Katmandu.

Smoky Hoss

Of Planes, Cars And Bars

I don't care to fly
in a plane way up high.
Flying
rhymes too much with dying,
and though rather old and fat
I'm much too young yet for all of that.
I'd rather travel by car
or sit in a nice quiet bar
having a think
with a cool, refreshing drink.
Pondering those things up in the sky
constantly passing by,
and trying to narrow down
the odds of one falling to the ground.
Or, the chances though slim
of a part flying off at a whim;
and, what if this particular plane or part
had the perfect speed and perfect arc,
to land
exactly where I am?
What then would my grieving friends say,
'Well, it just musta been his day.'?
- If only I'd been up there,
safe above it all in the air.
Rather than down here on the ground
where all falling things are bound.
Perhaps I've acted in haste
with this lack of aeronautical faith.
Now that I've thought it through fair,
it does seem indeed much safer in the air.
After all, when I leave this old bar
and I'm driving home in my car,
I could end up with a hefty fine
for simply weaving a bit over the line.
But, in that shiny new jetliner
as long as I'm not a minor,
I'm free to have a few
and leave the driving to the pilot and crew.

Smoky Hoss

Off The Rez

You're Navajo
I'm part Sioux;
there's miles and miles between us, but
it'll do -
On a wild-whim
we rode off the reservation;
you forgot your glasses
I forgot my medication -
You're a full bodied-n-blooded red girl
the trucks an old, blue Ford,
I'm a busted half-breed, and
we're both bored -
Maybe we ran out of time, or
just out of luck,
maybe we're going crazy
or just out of touch -
But hey, you're a sweet Indian woman
and I'm you're savage lovin' man,
we're runnin' this way now, just because
we know that we can -
So down the warpath
we'll let ourselves go;
might end at Custer's Last Stand
or a Wild-West extravaganza show -
Either way is a.o.k.
even if it gives cause to die,
because, for the first time in years
we both finally feel, fully alive -

Smoky Hoss

Old Bewilderments

Old though you are now
and here ever shall be,
forget not your youthful days
when once your spirit flew free-
Like the bounding rabbit romping
in the fresh green glade,
your youth knew no limit
of life's wonder and joy in which it played-
Now though, those days of innocent awe
are finished and 'oer,
life has left you low and lonesome
wondering what the living was for-
Perhaps that rabbit did die
and the child grew, leaving
the man it became forever longing
for the boy he wishes he could return to-
As sure as the sun has risen
once you were young,
and as certain as the sun must set
in no time, your day shall be done-
But until
that very moment does arrive,
never, ever forget
you are yet, very much alive!

Smoky Hoss

Old House

The wind entered in
through a crack in the door,
the route it went out
was likewise down along the floor -
the rain it came
through the roof with a leak,
reeling from the ceiling
right on down the kitchen sink -
then the snow began to blow
through a loose window pane,
swirling about and then back out
by way of the same -
a mouse beside the house
at a hole came prancing in,
quickly finding a treat to eat
it went right back out again -
the glory of this sad story
is quite easy to see,
let it be known when you have an old home
all that is out wants to come in, but only momentarily.

Smoky Hoss

Old Poets

The old poets
sit drinking and conversing.
Speaking with long words; parts
of forgotten phrases, and occasional cursing.
There was among them another day, when
they thought they knew
precisely what to say, what to do.
But time, with the help of wine
has taken up the words.
Stealing their once steady voice
no longer the stronger, nor even again to be heard.
Now, the old poets gather round early
in narrow dusty bars, looking
far off, and puffing fat cigars.
Satisfied to simply sit and sip, upon
the failing wine, and fleeting time.
Watching, as both run dangerously low, like
the finish of a long and
melancholy picture show.
Time and wine, words and birds, all
fly so quickly by.
Going south with a closed mouth
the verbs and nouns of the past fall broken, and
are no longer sacramentally spoken.
What once moved so fine, within these aged poetic minds
flows now, no less, throughout each new day.
It turns old bodies weak, yet goes on bearing
the delicate souls like gold, further and further away.

Smoky Hoss

Old Relevant Stuff

Flip up an old garage door:
Senses awaken
With the smell of unspent gas
And the sight of oil stains
Upon the floor.
Memories return;
Yea, the paint is a bit thin, (like me) worn and weary,
But, under that old hood
Is still plenty of strength and fury.
Grab an ancient thumb-latch handle on the door
Turn a key in the dash
Bring to life this sleeping dinosaur;
Time for a fast blast into the past,
Up through the gears
And back through the years
Life's thrill comes by way of this beast,
On gas, tires and oil it will heartily feast.
-To the driver side
It's like a perfect old friend
Come to visit
Now and then,
Fond old times to recall
When both stood so young
Unfettered and tall.
-To the mechanic side
It was always perfect joy
Spending many a night wrenching
On this overgrown toy.
And for both the only thought it all brought
Was the pure pleasure behind the wheel
To be sought:
The perfect-simple plan
Of machine and man.
A mechanical mellifluous milieu,
Before everything went to hell after 1972.
It was back when Pontiac was alive
And made their own engine,
And the letters G.T.O.
Were truly a legend.....

But time and age
All have their wicked ways,
So even the fabled muscle-car
Could not out run its fate
At the hands of pejorative politicians
And ruthless insurance rates;
Those nights of way back when
Shall never return again,
Sadly missed,
But fondly reminisced
Each time, that wild old engine whines.
It's loud, it's quick, and well yes, ... obnoxious,
But always it is proudly made and drove on the backroads
Of the good ol' U.S.
-Thank God, there is no fuel injection
Nor computer to aggravate,
Just a simple carb on a simple V-8.
It's real American steel
With plenty of heft and power you can feel,
Tires to turn
And rubber to burn,
Keeping it all straight on the road
Is the real challenge
Moving along at 10-miles a gallon!
Yet, it's pure passionate pleasure of power
Running down the road at 100 miles per hour!
- And now everytime it rumbles and roars
It all returns
To live once more;
So here again
I'll take it for a spin
And recall the ride
That so simply makes it feel good
Just to be alive.
Yea, it's only a mere thing,
A bit old - a bit rough,
But to a few (such as me)
Who through different eyes do see,
It truly is still some very relevant, beautiful stuff.

Smoky Hoss

Old Thoughts (Imagine: I'M Aging)

- The winter wind blows through the cracks
Around an old window pane,
It mournfully howls a brooding tune
Flashing images of age into my brain.

Time walks on
Always at a steady pace,
Continuously spitting dirt
In humanities face.
The elderly forced to wear age
Worn and weary,
Towards the end
No longer in such a hurry.
For all who long enough live
Age shall wear old upon old,
Yet amazingly for so many
The soul refuses to grow cold.

- (more thoughts come in, with the wind)
I'm alone
And barely breathing
Ecclesiastes is the book
I prefer these days to be reading.
Quietly pondering and listening
I know time is winding down,
For increasingly, in the wind I hear drawing near
A far off inescapable sound.

Far too soon spring buds turn
Into fall's dried and dead leaves.
So short are the sweet summer birdsongs
Hence, south they have flown
Leaving behind empty, old and brittle trees.

So many May days
Have come and gone,
It all starts to sound
Like the same old melancholy song.
The falls not much changed

From the spring,
'Cept the lack of desire
To jump and sing.
Winter's chill draws closer than ever
And summer is far gone,
Cheap thrills no longer seem so clever
As days grow short, and nights long.

Yes 'old' is the way to say
We are running beyond
Our youthful days,
But, old shall take us step-by-step
To the end, of ourselves, and
To the end of all that is here wrong,
Slowly returning us from exile, back
To where we started, and
Have always belonged.

- Through this broken pane tonite
The wild wind yet blows,
Mysteriously whispering epic secrets
About age, life, and meaning.....
The outcome of which, we must trust
God alone fully knows.

Smoky Hoss

Old Timer

He was the best influence
a boy could ever have,
right up there
alongside my dad.
His farm was just across the pasture
from the house I grew up in,
it was over there
that I spent many a day working for and with him.
He taught me so very much
like how to tell right from wrong,
when to be soft and gentle
and when to be brave and strong.
He was part rancher, part farmer
and always a full-time, hard-working, top-hand,
I learned from him to work without complaint
and to ride for the brand.
He showed me how to drive a tractor
long before I could handle a car,
and how to spot a lost calf
hiding at the edge of a field way off far.
We'd talk for hours
while out mending miles of fence,
with a wonderful old-school knowledge
he'd share with me his superlative common sense.
Even though I was young
he treated me fair, just like a grown man,
he told me, always do what's right
and against what's wrong take a firm stand.
Better than most he understood the value
of friendship and loyalty,
so many were the gracious gifts of wisdom
he freely bestowed upon me.
Like how to sit a horse
rope a calf, and milk an ornery old cow,
there's so much more I'd like to tell
but, time and space won't allow.
So here in this little way, I'd just like to say
my hat's off and my heart forever goes out,
to that grand old-timer of my early days

who taught me young, what life is really about.

Smoky Hoss

Old Words

Diggin' around the ole treasure chest
Tryin' to find a gem,
Wonderin' if any of these old words
Could shine once again -
I've used them all
In the past,
So I naturally figured
They just couldn't last-
But still
Here they are,
Right where I left them
Inside my mental Mason jar-
I recall screwing the lid
Down extra tight,
In attempt
To keep them out of sight-
For due to fear
I'd put them far away,
Afraid of being called 'Ignorant'
I vowed smarter words to say-
I thought to be impressive
I needed words a bit longer,
To be a powerful poet
Phrases a bit stronger-
So, to feed
My own vain frailty,
I tried to use words
Beyond my meager mentality-

But, I am older now
And have come 'round to realize how,
Just like true, good friends
It's those old words that suit me(and love me) the most, in the end-
I find it's best to use
Old words I know,
And slowly learn more
As patiently I read and grow.

On Being Perfect

I would've
if I could've
and should've,
but I didn't
I don't
and I won't,
therefore, I haven't
I can't
and I shan't.

Smoky Hoss

On The Way.

(- what follows is a true story. more a story than a poem. yet, one I have so wanted for so long to tell... -)

On the way
Southbound far into Texas.
It's a long stretch of asphalt,
When the night is late, and so dark
Out on highway 277, moving
From Sonora to Del Rio... and points further south.
Not another soul about,
Just me, my old truck, and the stars.
It's quiet
- and lonely -
Headed down old Mexico way...
Pass a car sitting on the side
- broke down I'm sure -
A coyote with fear and hunger in its eyes
Runs across the road, right in front of me.
Then, a mile or so up, I see him, walking,
Gas can in hand.
I stop, open the door and holler:
' need a lift? '
He simply says: ' gracias ' and climbs aboard.
I pull back out onto the empty road,
Start a conversation,
He smiles, and with very broken English
Does his best to respond.
It takes a spell but I soon understand
He is on his way to Mexico too,
- it is the old homeland for him -
His car ran out of gas,
And most important of all
His wife who is pregnant awaits his return...
in the car!
I offer to go back to get her.
He softly says no... he must get the gas.
The way he speaks, the way he moves,
Lends me to know, this is a gentle, hard-working man
- with a heart as big, and old, as all of Mexico -

More difficult conversation follows,
But, it is so well worth the effort;
I can't say quite why
But I have quickly grown to like and respect this good, simple man
- as if an amigo I've known from old -
He came north to find work,
Provide for his family.
I went south for rest,
And to find meaning.
But, things never work out exactly as planned.
They decided it important to have their nino
- so soon due -
In Mexico, among family, grandparents and such
- this is ofcourse as it should be -
They have little money,
And no friends up here;
If only they can make it back
To Old-Mexico.

Together, me and my new found friend,
Drive deep into the night,
Not once seeing another car.
It's a long, desolate way to a town
With an open gas station.
I am glad for the company of such an honest soul.
He is glad for the ride.
Twice along the journey we see a falling star
- 'good medicine' my red brothers would say -
One for him, and one for me.
Finally a station with lights aglow comes into view.
As we stop, he offers me a dollar
From the small stash of bills he has waded up in his pocket.
I ofcourse refuse,
And offer him much more in return
- ' a gift for the new baby ' I happily say -
or, gas money to get you home.
He smiles, sincerely thanks me,
And gently, proudly refuses.
- I wish he'd take it, I so want to give it -
I tell him I'll wait
And give him a ride back;
I think he feels he has burdened me too much already;

Ofcourse he has not at all,
This ride has been as much for me,
As for him
- God knows -
But, he insists someone here will give him a return ride.
I cannot change his resolute mind.
So, I wish him all the best,
Feeling I should say, and do,
Something more...
But I don't know what;
We shake hands
- and for just a brief moment of grace
we are hermanos, brothers of light in a dark world -
He closes the door.
Turns, with can in hand,
And slowly walks away...
On his own way, back to Old-Mexico.
I pull out onto the road.
The trip is now lonlier than ever.
In my own way, I too
Am on the way,
Back home
- to an old country, where I belong -

It's been nearly 30 years now,
I think of him often.
I wonder if he ever recalls me at all.
I wish I'd have gotten his name
...so I knew who to pray for...
I wish he'd have taken the money
...so his wife would have had enough to eat...
I wish I'd have given him the ride back
...so I knew they were safe...

I wonder how they are.
Did he find work?
Did he get caught up in revolution?
Is he still alive?
Was their child a boy or a girl?
- now a man or a woman -
I'm certain I shall never see him again,
in this world,

Yet, what if someday, by some great chance,
His child and my child should cross paths... along the way,
Fully unaware of the history of it all?
What if somewhere
On a lonely, dark desert night
His child gives my child a ride;
A ride that perhaps
- in ways unknown to any of us -
Saves them... saves us all...

What a deep mystery life is.
Could it possibly be
That every little deed we do,
On our way through,
To wherever it is we go,
Matters in ways
We may never, here, know?
- may we all find the Way,
on our way -

Smoky Hoss

On You

If I needed to
Could I count on you-
If it all looked like the end
Would you be my friend-
If they were coming to take me away
Would you stand up for me with strong words to say-

It's a long road home
When you feel like you're travelling alone-
There's a darkness across the heart
When the fire departs-
Days turn to night
As the sun goes out of sight-
And that ole fickle moon
Sets far too soon-
All that's left is a mangled concern
Wondering if any will ever return-

One last old soul
To truly know, before I go-
One who really shares
And unconditionally cares-
Just one true love
Flying free like the beauty of a dove-

If I needed to...
Could I honestly count, on only you?

Smoky Hoss

Once A Road

I am a road
Long ago well tread,
Those who upon me have ever travelled
Are now amongst the dead -

None anymore trod my path
Nor this way pass,
I alone every day
Continue wandering upon my way -

Once I was a road
Moving big and heavy loads,
Now merely a trail
No one recalls my tale -

But I know somewhere way out there
Miles away where few can see,
Over the hill, beyond the bend
Is a fellow drifter... looking for me -

Smoky Hoss

Onward

Don't we all wonder, remotely
- in ways we cannot even fully understand -
'What's this all about? '
Age has invaded our mind
and hearts.
Onward we march.
Life has invaded our spirits
and souls.
As onward we march.
The future flows right on past
behind us.
And yet onward we march.
Living is a passing glance
a long goodbye.
Onward we march.
Where we are bound
no eye has seen
no tongue can tell
no mind does fathom.
Still onward we march.
On the trail of time lost
we take the exit to eternity.
Ever onward we march.
Do we wonder
what a wonder it is
that we're marching into?
We should.
We shall.
We are.
Through it all, onward we march.
Onward...

Smoky Hoss

Ostentation

Pods of amazing light
come blazing upon the night;
UFO's on the warpath? , pouring out a lethal wrath?
No, tis not so
merely a meteor shower, providing an awe inspiring sight.

Smoky Hoss

Out There.

Out there; at the edge of atmosphere
Flies a thought, nearly burning blue,
How long shall this sky keep falling
Until the wind blows true -

What lands of wonder
In realms unseen,
Shall explode into view
When reality becomes the final dream -

Glimmering stars are truly bubbles of new forming life
About to burst,
When at long last stripped
From the bonds of living in a curse -

The dream no longer bound
By worldly compulsion and care,
Shall go on forever living-free,
When turned loose to live... somewhere way out there.

Smoky Hoss

Over The Hill

Not riding rodeo any more
done had my fill,
no more wild-Cowboying
I'm over the hill-
No more bucking broncs
nor crazy stories to tell,
the wild-west is finished
and gone all to hell-
The horses and cattle
have moved along,
old Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull
are dead and gone-
The leather's
worn off the tree,
and the same could be said
about an old Cowpoke like me-
Buffalo bones are
bleaching in the prairie sun,
there's no more bullets
for my old gun-
I lost more than a spur and my old hat
in the last go round,
looking back, there's a lot of dust
still falling to the ground-
On the stellar-scale
of gumption and drive,
it's no small wonder
I'm even still here, alive-
Time to pack my old pickup truck
and pull my hat down low,
find something softer to do
and somewhere gentler to go-
For an old Cowboy
who's overpaid his bill,
there's no need looking back
just keep riding, over the hill-

Smoky Hoss

Paper Door

I step through the open door
upon a blank sheet of paper.
It's a room to dream into
but, it is often cold, and so damn empty.

It's cleansed and illuminated
by the presence of a holy melancholy.
Hasten the words come, and
take the loneliness away.

The pen is a train
passing through this small paper-room.
The thoughts are tracks
it lays down.

Picking up passengers of the night
it moves ever along.
The riders so briefly talk and sing
with such sweet stories to tell.

Soon all the traveller's will have left the station
and the room again, becomes Void.
I take my leave...
and softly close the door behind me.

- so many see the facts of life all about them,
yet are blind to the beautiful metaphors within everything -

Smoky Hoss

Passing By

The seasons leave
like grown children moving
out of the house -
It's fall now
the sky gray
the weather warmer than usual,
humidity hangs about
like a drape of melancholy
that though dreary
makes you glad it isn't
much colder -
I think of all the seasons past.
I wonder if autumn
has recollections of it's own,
thus the reason it cries
between moments broken
with rays of inexplicably wonderful sunshine -
The birds who fly away,
as they must, pass by
with such purposeful intent,
while the ones who choose to remain
eat and sing as if tomorrow
were only a fable from long ago -
Some days I believe winter is not coming;
others I fear the cold beyond words.

Smoky Hoss

Pat And Billy The Kid

Billy the Kid they say
was far away that fateful day,
when at Fort Sumner
Pat Garrett did his little show stopping number.
A bullet fired in the dark
pierced the wrong heart,
no matter to old Pat
he was just polishing up his act.
It was only fame he was after
so kill it must be, not capture,
Pat went on tour, wrote a book
and an ignorant culture took the hook.
He made his name
got his fame,
sought his financial end
at the cost of a former friend.
Glory though, like youth, goes by fast
it all caught up with Pat at the last,
he stepped out of a carriage one night
and like his victims was gunned down without a fight.
Poetic justice some would say
but to ol' Billy laughing, it didn't matter much anyway.
For he'd gone over to Gallop
to live with his senorita, the trollop,
changed his name and his stride
moved his pistol to the right side,
grew a beard and took to clerking
said thank you and please to all, while working.
He went straight home every afternoon
strolled right on past the town's saloon,
up the walk and through the door
right into his sweet and pretty little whore.
Some say it's a damn shame,
but Billy couldn't a been happier
living there all peaceful and content with his brand new name.

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid were meant to be,
their names connected for all eternity.
One was looking for fame, the other for fun,

both sought it down the barrel of a loaded gun.
Together they became a part of history,
a perfect combination of limelight and mystery.
Pat meet his fate while, in the dark, taking a piss,
Billy threw away his dirty gun and said
to hell with all of this.
Pat went six-feet below,
Billy and his gal went quietly down to old Mexico.
Pat's dream ended in a shatter,
Billy went on anonymously living happily ever after.
Pat and Billy, names forever bound tight,
Pat and Billy, different as day and night.

Smoky Hoss

Peace

A robin hopped through the grass
a worm in hopes to find.
I sat under a shade tree
with napping on my mind.
A few clouds wandered lazily overhead
in shapes ineffable.
The sky somehow seemed at ease,
so content and full.
I dozed.
The world turned.
The breeze played.
The sun burned.
Last night's gentle rain
had removed all of the pain.

In dreams sublime,
warmed by sunshine
I pondered
man's place
God's face
and the unmerited fortunes of good grace.

Each time, it is a surprise
that I can rest, just as the earth does,
and dream such grand dreams
with peace, joy and love.

Smoky Hoss

Perfection

Sitting back
-the only way to sit
when the soul is being stirred-
totally relaxed, I listen
to the greatest album ever created:
'Live At Fillmore East'
The Allman Brothers.
It's 1971 again.
It's then.
It's now.
It's forever.
I close my eyes, open my mind
and go riding
the soul's train
along the tracks of eternity,
to realms no human logic
can yet comprehend.
Smoke, cinders, sparks
and Fire
flying in all directions
from Duane and Dickey's guitars.
Those existential engineers
of magic music
at the helm
hands throwing the throttle
wide open
as to the ends of space itself.
Always accelerating outward
at the speed of light...

and, when I open my eyes
I will be
in a different universe,
that Good universe,
where Music shows the way
to the possibilities of perfection -

Smoky Hoss

Perpetuality

I'm standing next to the sun
a million stars in my hand,
there's a man on a mountain
trying to make others understand-
he's got lightning in his eyes
and thunder in his voice,
he's asking all the people
to make a choice-
they laugh, dance
and sing;
but the sun has burnt my ears,
I can't hear a thing-
the days go slow...
one by one,
the sky burning
is never done-
I cast the million stars
out, upon the naked sea,
while in a blue flame I wait
for their return home to me-
but home they never understood
and did never know,
like the dying days of humanity
they have no where else to go-
they'll ride stormy waves
on an endless ocean of blue,
of whose great, watery depths
they haven't even a clue-
the stars will fall
the sun will fade,
but forever shall I remain
for love can never be held in such a grave-

Smoky Hoss

Poem

Words hung on paper
Like thoughts in the wind
Some flutter to and fro
But the good ones always seem to blow
Away and away,
Again and again.
Go down to the river of exile
Where the sad ones cry,
Go out to the catacombs
Where the old ones die...
Like a leaf in the fall
It's all such a temporary thing,
So put a little music with it
And hope it'll make someone's soul sing.
Slumbering forth with sadness
A mingled mixture of madness
This sobriquet symphony
Of mellow deep;
Heart felt longings,
Vagabond thoughts,
And lack of sleep -
Every bit of being blends
As awe and imagination together
Never end.
Mighty words in waves
Churn man's deep,
With wild wonders to reap.
Where mystery and majesty are born,
The poetic possibilities of translation
Range from sage to scorn.
In a million ways arriving
Within each new day
The great gift given,
If only wise enough words can be found
To say.
These are the forms and foundations of poem,
Read or written, loved or smitten,
Gathered together, or alone,
If one will only listen to hear

The faint whispers of Eternity speak,
Ever drawing nearer, and nearer...

Smoky Hoss

Poet, Write Well

- Young poet write

Of the harshness of life, the angst, the melancholy and disappointments

But use care with hate,

For if too much is spilled on paper,

Soon it becomes your own human trait:

There's many a page

Filled with a poets rage,

While words fresh and fair

Are so utterly rare -

Thus the true poetic mind

Must stretch to find

Grace, Beauty and Serenity

In phrases bound for infinity -

Our souls are poems

That forever live on and on,

So write them well

With the fire of love always burning brighter

than the dread bitterness of hell.

Smoky Hoss

Poetic

- The poets dance 'round
the flower of words they've found
while the jesters joke
with the common folk,
and wonder, where it's all bound -
- Who would possibly know
when it all could go
like fog on a pond
and magic in a wand,
the dark of night fades with the roosters crow -
- Words are just a little gift
meant to lift
merely hitching brief rides
closer to where Mystery resides,
as poetically life goes on... bit-by-bit.

Smoky Hoss

Politics

Glassy eyed stars
Buzzards in bars,
Wild and wooly creatures
Driving hopped up cars-

The world's gone to a crazy cotillion
In a bizarre dance of billions,
The humble and the wise buried alive
As the price of it all climbs past gazillions-

The modern political scheme
Is to never let the public know what the 'party' truly means,
Keep the voters confused and wondering:
Are politicians humans, or heartless machines?

The less we common folk know
The better for them it all goes,
As long as they can buy enough votes
To ensure their bank accounts continue to grow-

It's the politics of the age
The self-aggrandizing craze,
That tries to take away the sense of ordinary folks
And lock them all away, in a hopeless mental cage-

Therefore understand, the ultimate political freedom
Is to belong to no group or clan,
To finally find you are truly free to be
Your own woman or man.

Smoky Hoss

Pollution

Befuddled and be gone
In a creation went wrong.
One lonely star in the deepest night
Bedecked in it's twilight,
The masked words of an ancient song-
The shinning sun at noon
Goes dark without a tune.
While the moon still comes around
Hoping to be found,
As the wild wind blows all into dunes-
Birds won't fly
In an empty sky.
For there is no air
Above a land completely bare,
Where all have left to die-
It's the world we've got
Filled with rot.
The way of mortal man
Changes the original plan,
And all that was, is not-
It may, we pray, come clean in the end
With help from a higher friend.
Still the blue sky goes gray
Awaiting that day,
And the poets beg for help, in the messages they send-

Smoky Hoss

Possibilities

perhaps it'll pour down rain
at midnight.
or then again, could be
a smiling moon just may shine upon me bright.
wild wonder
runs deep.
best I just keep praying
to find a little more needed sleep.

Smoky Hoss

Pray

I have wondered at times
what it is people pray for;
to lose weight, a new job,
a better car, stocks that soar?
Do they pray for the down and out,
the homeless or the needy?
Or are their prayers more personal,
a bit more greedy?
- But who am I
to say, to judge?
As if my own record
had no smear, no smudge.
When was the last time I
prayed for all those without?
When did I offer
to selflessly help out?
- Perhaps my own ponderings
that I entertain
should have more to do with others needs
and less with my own gain.
Though I do still wonder what it is
that most people who pray pray for,
now mostly I wonder why it is that I myself
don't pray, a whole lot more.

Smoky Hoss

Prevail

So many flowers are lost
Once they have been found-
But what was
Comes back around-
The earth takes
To give-
Love temporal dies
To return stronger, and ever live-
So hold your head
And your heart upon high-
See, the light and love from the sun
Is spread to the ends of the sky-
The dread darkness
Soon shall be gone-
Wait and listen
For the coming of a new song-
True love returns
This way-
And this time,
Forever to stay-

Smoky Hoss

Prints In The Sand

In the sand at the lakeshore
I leave a footprint.
So quickly -and easily- a wave comes
stealing the print from the sand,
running back with it into the water -
I chase after them,
but cannot catch up
for the water has rose to my ankles... and soon,
my feet are gone; Gone.
Gone like my fragile prints
that I'd so temporarily left upon the planet;
and now, I clearly see the water rising upon me,
until finally and fully covered
I too am completely gone,
and forgotten;
as surely as my footprints,
that were never meant to last...

Smoky Hoss

Problems Solved

Times got tough
food ran low,
that crazy, fat rooster
far too soon began to crow.
He sat on the fence
as if he'd lost his sense
crowing well before sun up -
so, I pulled my gun
and shot him in the gut.
Things are a bit better now
and the mornings are nice,
no noises in the dark
and there's fresh chicken on ice.

Smoky Hoss

Propriety Of Fame In A Fossil

There is no wind here
Just a turning of the air -
The fossil has been formed
By something no longer there.
Lungs inhale, and exhale
Without thought -
Two things: Living and dying
No one needs to be taught.
Billy the Kid and Jesse James
Each killed by a friend -
Fire and dust console one another
In the end.
Legends: Once set in motion
Must leave the body to remain -
Tis merely the ' imprint ' of reality in the fossil
That collects all the world's fame.

Smoky Hoss

Question Meaning

The meaning of the question
Is to always question meaning,
The meaning of life,
And the life of meaning.

The life unquestioned
Means very little,
Just as a life left meaningless,
Without question, has very little life.

Therefore, we all should daily question
The meaning of life,
By doing so, life's Meaning
Will unquestionably, each day, find us.

Remember: we are free to question meaning;
May we become free enough to
Let it freely question us.

Smoky Hoss

Rain

The sweet smell of rain
Descends like a falling dove,
Leaning into it I feel
A soulful plea...
The aura of the visual sense
And the aroma of the scent,
Together embrace the dreamer
Lingering deep within me...
The rainfall is poured
From a basin of wonder and mystery,
Deeply down it flows
Into all that I am...
Leaning ever further, as if in a dream
I allow the cleansing water into more and more of me,
Letting it wash away all the dirt,
Exposing a new and better man.

Baptism comes in the most unsuspected ways...
Salvation visits us,
Day upon day.

Smoky Hoss

Rain Down

The clouds breaking open
in symphonic unison
pour out their souls
into a transforming clutch
of all they touch -

Flowers bloom
worms awaken and arise
birds feed their young,
while in a bow the sunlight sings
and my heart holds close all that it brings -

What rains down
serves life so well
giving nourishment, joy
hope and love,
all poured like blessings from above -

Smoky Hoss

Real

A man does the best he can
along the way. Never perfect,
but later he tries
to make up for
the mistakes he's made.
He keeps the faith. In the light,
in the dark, always.
He keeps his own counsel,
if he's real.
He has determination
to see things through, all the way.
He has no need to speak
meaningless drivel
or throw words around
just to see where they will splatter.
He decides how to live,
and how to die;
how to go from one to the other,
and how to do both well.
The wide-open landscape of his life
extends infinitely beyond boundaries.
He will not be corraled, cajoled,
or controlled.
He won't allow others
to belittle him,
and he never belittles others, until they
give cause for such.
To many
he is old-fashioned,
an anachronism, a dinosaur,
a relic of an age
most could not care less about -
No matter to him,
for he is honest, true and real,
never petty, never mean.
- He is the rare-breed,
few is his number, very few,
but all along the way
throughout, ever is he who is real,

a real-man.

Smoky Hoss

Reaping And Sowing

We're forever rolling through the dark,
always on the search
for some magical Park.
We look, we cry...
and find, only tears in our eyes.
Where are the streets paved in gold,
where's a hand of love held out
to hold?
No angels are heard singing us home,
as out here we stand, the
lonely, and alone.
It's true we don't need to see the whole show
thrown up in lights,
but God, how about a few less
dark and cold nights.
Those in high places who make the rules
aren't going to help me or you;
only words given from the heart
ever ring true.
So many deals going down
none of us will never understand,
perhaps we just aren't meant to be
included in the big-plan;
Things happening all around
that don't have much to do with us,
the best we can do is simply
hope and trust.
Who can we call that would care,
who could give so much
and with us freely share?
The future will always be uncertain,
no one can say where it's going.
We are all just wanderers out here,
reaping and sowing...

Smoky Hoss

Regarding Poetry At The Edge Of The Universe

Poems are such unruly creatures
that weep in the dark
without understanding thier own grief.
they tear through the barbed wire fences
picketed around wounded hearts
while baying at the moon
like lonely wolves crying out
to what's just beyond
the furthest mountains...
waiting, ever waiting,
for answers, that never come.

only the clouds respond,
with silence.
taking the moon
the wolves, and the crying words
away.
all that remains
are the creatures themselves,
weeping through the dark; looking
for the edge of the universe.

Smoky Hoss

Remembrance

Mystic-memories
Of the mind,
So often take forms
Incredibly hard to find
- even harder to hold -
For those days of old
Move about, like favored scents on the breeze,
And are as inexplicable
As fall colors developing on the trees-
They freely come and go
As vague as fog upon the sea,
So often they haunt as well as thrill
The deepest parts of me-
At times they'll blow wild
As winter wind on the prairie,
Other times as smooth and gentle
As the sweetest angelic fairy-
Good or bad
Hard or soft,
I pray God
To never let my loving memories
Be misplaced, or forever lost.

Smoky Hoss

Remote Beauty

What glory the unseen flower knows
A lost and lovely lilly, or a wild red rose -
Whom the site shall see
Down unfrequented trail, under the tall pine tree.

Transcendence planted by God's own hand
Deep within a withdrawn wilderness land -
None 'cept angels such beauty shall observe
In removed regions where only the wind is heard.

Beauty is shone in vain
When none seek it fain -
It takes the words of a lingering poet
To truly notice, and to show it.

Around the moon floats a glimmering ring
Listen to the heart, and you will hear it sing -
The stars cheerfully join in
As night enters the desert, once again.

Remote vision beauty will show
A day in nature, such depth to know -
Sunrise to sunset
So much to see, coming yet.

It looks for all the unnoticed world
Like simply a night and a day - but, what it regards
Is Life on earth, with
Heaven upon its way.

Smoky Hoss

Respite

Slowly rain trickles
down the window pane...
the cat purring
jumps into my lap,
my soul stirs
even as my body begs a nap;
gentle the sound
of drops tapping the glass
sparkling with a distant speck of radiance
like diamonds floating on polished brass;
a lady bug crawls
up the shade string,
as if looking out the window
to ponder what the rainfall may bring;
through the tears
the clouds shed,
rivers and land
are cleansed and fed;
spring showers feel
like a soothing balm,
giving my weary mind rest
and my stressful spirit a respite of calm;
soft, quiet episodes
such as this,
are nothing less
than peaceful, divine gifts.

Smoky Hoss

Rest

Goodnight
It's late.
The clock
Ticks away human fate.
Late to bed
Early to rise.
Not enough rest
No surprise.
Tired we come
Tired we go.
Before we realize
It's the end of the show.
Rest
Is more than a Friend.
It's what
Awaits us all at the end.
So goodnight
To you.
Try to find Rest
Before you're through.

Smoky Hoss

Rest In Peace

Moonlit night
and all is right -
The day in which I did abide
is spent and died -
Happy dreams by the number
bring peace to my slumber -
Along comes the morning sun
and a good nights rest is over and done -

Smoky Hoss

Retirement

I'm not going there, no
not any more,
my brain is shot
and my back is sore.
I've done all they had said
and all I can,
and found, there's only so much
any mere man can stand.
So, let the fools rant
rave and whine,
their fears, worries and woes
are no longer any concern of mine.
Without me
they'll do just fine,
and without them I'll be happy
and may even, regain a little of my mind.

Smoky Hoss

Returning

Then - that tender, gentle age,
When I loved Jesus...
More than I knew the world.
And then - those difficult days,
When the world was heard, calling,
Swearing great allegiance to me...
I succumbed, believed... finally fell.
Again and again;
Along I went, into the current.
The world became my obscurant.

How easily - and sadly - had I gone;
All that time, trying something to find,
Singing an obsequious song.
Though in the far distance - always - I heard
A much different sound,
True music played on, and on.
Not in my mind,
Not in my head,
Truth in my heart,
Refused to give me up
For dead.

God yet speaks.
The ears of a child within, listen.
The voice of all the sacred wisdom,
Of all the earth,
Calling; as regeneration comes forth.

I have found,
At the far end of myself,
The real beginning,
Of God's reign,
The fecund change -
That ever moves...
Yet, always remains.
Allowing myself to slip
Into pure freedom,
Finding I've lost nothing.

A peace to settle
The sauntering soul;
The necessity of simply being.

Now - I know the world -
And, I love God
More than the world can measure;
And here, I hope
To know him in tender true love,
Greater than ever.

-What horrors are wrought
Upon the innocents when taught
To honor the presses of time, those
That bear down the heart,
And those that turn around the mind;
What evils fraught, within young souls
Begun so pure,
Become the exiles,
That God alone can cure?

When oh Lord, will death be done,
When shall life's winter be 'oer?
- When, shines again, the light and warmth of the sun.
When I - and all - die no more.
- When I for he,
And he for me, in
That true tender, gentle love,
That only more than one alone can see,
Shall reside innocent, and eternally.

And beyond? - I am still returning.
Thus, lifelong shall I be;
Yet now - fully believing, by grace,
I am forever Gods - forever free.

'The end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.'
- T.S. Eliot

Revolution

Such a quiet word
when pronounced properly,
such a violent word
when done impetuously -
A negative necessity
of brief moments
that offer oblivion
as a course of charitable concern
in the insatiable desire
to cure life's little corruptions -
(and yet, the cancer spreads...)
So beautiful it is
when considered and caressed
in a dream,
the hope of hapless humanity,
the way out, the way in,
the place to start, the place to end _
An answer, at times, it would seem,
to mankind's mysterious madness; or
perhaps merely another way
to pass, with purpose,
the long and lonely days _

Smoky Hoss

River Talk

Do the waters
of the mighty Mississippi
ever stop flowing?
Do they pause
to wonder
where they are going?
If they could
would they tell
their own story?
Currents of madness
sadness, wild wonder
and glory?
Could it be
the only place they
are free to stop and speak,
would be
a swamp, a pond
or a rather small creek?
And if these tales
they could tell
to the likes of man,
would it, could it
be something
wonderful and grand?
To really know
we would surely need
a translator to explain.
Only one human could ever truly fathom
the rivers despair and delight,
that old river boat captain, Mark Twain.
And now
with Samuel Clemens
long since gone,
we may never again
fully comprehend
the beauty and wonder of the mighty Mississippi's amazing song.

Smoky Hoss

Road

The road is there
I am here.
It keeps calling
Drawing me ever near.

Is it home
Where the road does go?
And who in the world could I ask
That would truly know?

No one understands
The vanishing point a way out there; and
None return
With stories to share.

Smoky Hoss

Ruminations

An amazing thought
A seemingly made up dream,
The daily occurrence of life and death -
Just one more passing, perhaps a bit depressing,
Routine, worldly scene;
A human is born
As another one does die,
One side of earth shines in light
The other covered by a total dark sky.
- The child may one day
Ask, 'why am I alive,
while so many countless others
are now dead? ' -
What, if any, wisdom
Could ever come from mere words
To him said?
For what does anyone know
(truly know)
More than a helpless Babe
In holy mothers arms;
The one and only place
Here and now, in time and space
Completely safe from lifes cruel harms.

We stand at the edge of a great dock,
In a fog so deep, and so thick,
We can see nowhere;
Yet, for reason unsuspected, intently into it
We still stare.
Seeking for guidance...
From something unseen...
Standing there
Right beside us.

What in all of these fumbled, whimsy words
Am I trying to say, even to find?
Is there at least one moment of true meaning
With which it all does bind?
- If any reason can, or does exist,

It must be of something such as this:
More than anything, anywhere, or anyone
What the ache is forever bound to desire
Is Love.

The kind that reaches far beyond
Every mountain top,
Goes deeper than
The furthest ocean floor,
And stretches endlessly beyond
Where stars and galaxies soar;
Love that is totally unconditional,
Uncompromised, and unfragile _
It cannot be broken
It does not keep score,
Pure, not earned
Undemanding, and never disappointed.
Brighter, warmer than the sun
The true kind that can never
Be undone.

Can such a Love as this be found?
Does such truly exist?
Is it all even possible
In a world so desperate, such a mess?
Only through rhymes
And continuing times
Shall the answer come for us.

We all poets would be
If only our souls eyes were opened
For life's great Beauty to see.

Humanity may be taken out of Paradise,
But no one can ever take
The desire for Paradise out of humanity.

It is in All of this, and all of us,
And so much more,
More than any can comprehend,
More and more without end.
This is the start and finish of all pure desire,
The heat and light of God's holy fire.

Rumors

Flowers on a bed
Lilies on a grave;
Every lived soul
Becomes a slave
To the love we want,
And the dying we get -
Life is rudimentary rumors
And salient storms;
It's an unfinished life
In many forms
Of all the stories we have heard from afar,
Rumors, of a Land where lives no regret -

Smoky Hoss

Run

-Geronimo ran, and ran, and ran...
And still got stuck
On worthless land;
He and his people were looking for the right side,
- though it was such a long run to go,
He tried and tried,
Along with so many others whom we shall never know...
Yet it seems, when all is said and done
They made it no closer
Than where they'd first begun.

-Jim Thorpe ran, and ran, and ran...
He ran out of desperation,
He had to run
Just to get off from the damned reservation;
He ran and ran
Faster and better than anyone ever had
And for some rancid reason
It made some people mad...
He had run all he could
But it just wasn't enough...
Even as strong as Jim was
Life was just too tough.

- Ira Hayes ran, and ran, and ran...
But could never quite outrun
Societies demand;
Some arrogant folks claim
It showed him to be a worthless man...
But they were wrong.
For what it really proved is:
He tried much harder than they will EVER understand.

These native men found
What we all eventually will,
That life is no game, whether in obscurity or fame,
And we're all tripping barefoot... running uphill;

At birth we are thrown together into the room of life

Where they discovered what most attempt to ignore,
In our own way we try to make the best of it
Until God alone shows the exit door.

So we've all need side by side this race to run
Though exactly how it will finish, we yet know not,
For in the human race the only way to lose
Is to stop.

Smoky Hoss

Sacred Ground

The slow night air
Eases across my body
Laying so simple upon the lonesome prairie
Under the western stars-
It brings the smell
And feel
Of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years;
The ancient dirt, made
Of long gone Bison manure,
The dryness of wind blown dust, made
Sacred by the bones of long forgotten Native Americans-
The depth of the dark
Can only be measured here
By the dim light of those
Distant fire balls, and by
The just out of reach Lightning Bugs
(like a spirit in the sky both are untouchable) .
I lay prone, and very still
Barely breathing
Not a sound dare I make,
For truly I tell you:
This is indeed
Sacred Ground.
Blessed from
Eternity to Eternity.

Smoky Hoss

Sanctified

I have this book of great poems
by Jim Harrison, it is
so good, it is
sanctification.

I desire to write in it,
to make notes and to underline
you know, to be part of it - but,
I dare not,
divinity is to be observed;
like the Sabbath, like great music,
it is a holy rest.

- Still, there are offerings to be given;

I am reminded of the one time

I was able to play

real music on my harmonica

- never before, not since -

I was camping with my cousin

and my pal Pete; they played

beautiful guitar, I was attempting sensible sounds
from my harmonica.

In that one night, in that special setting,
amongst kindred souls,
the music flowed magnificently, magically,
mysteriously - like great poetry,
a Gift.

We were on holy ground... one dares not
question, only pay attention

-and tread carefully-

in the presence of the Divine.

Smoky Hoss

Sandy

Sandy's the beach
And Sandy was her name,
The place we laid, and played,
Little lovers games.

Together we sat, Sandy and I
Upon the flowing edge of the great sea,
Finding our souls, while
Discovering how to fly free.

The summer's over now
Those days are done,
We've grown, and flown,
And left our youthful fun...
Upon a lonely shore of the setting sun.

Smoky Hoss

Searcher

Once, long ago at about age six
I took off following some old tracks
deep into the sand dunes along Lake Michigan
for the better part of a day;
When my frantic mother
finally found me
she implored of me, why would I
do such a horrible thing;
I saw no horror in it at all, and
did not understand how I could ever have done otherwise
than to follow my adventurous heart
into the wild;
I have been doing it
ever since,
the child in me
shall never stop searching.

Smoky Hoss

Searchers

Life is full
of subtle ambiguity,
'tis seldom found
in literal certainty -
narrow paths
canyons and water falls;
living is not always easy to follow
into where it calls -
Searchers we're born
Searchers we'll die,
carried on Home by the tears of pain and joy
that Life has given us to cry and cry -

Smoky Hoss

Sea-Saw (More Writing Fun)

If I saw a wood boat afloat
Upon the sea,
Would what I see possibly be
The wood I cut from a tree?

For when I saw a tree
I would like to think I see,
What the wood I saw
Could be.

If all I saw in wood from a tree
Was all I saw that there was to see,
Would what I did saw
Be the wood that I now see?

And if the wood I once did saw
Was indeed made into that ship on the sea,
Would it even be possible to know that here what I see
Is the wood once sawed by me?

All I here would dare to share is:
I see what I saw, and I saw what I see,
And therefore the wood I do saw could one day be
The boat I may see, afloat upon the sea.

See?

Smoky Hoss

Seen (-To Perceive-With The Eyes-)

the chicken
by the fence
lays one white egg

the fox
at woods edge
watches with keen observations

the moon
full upon midnight
shows where everything is

the egg
inside the fox
moves, out of sight

Smoky Hoss

Senseless

Clouds of blue
And skies of white;
The moon by day
The sun by night;
Contradictions in thought and word
So much mental confusion, as
Voices speak, unheard.
'There's a purpose and a plan'
- so some say -
Though hard to perceive in the modern age;
Earth can be a madhouse
We're all quite insane,
Each running amuck
Shouting his or her own name,
So many want to be #1
In the world's eyes,
Foolishly blundering in and out of
Endless empty lies.
Where shall it all end
Where will it stop,
At the drug store
Or the corner doughnut shop?
Anyway we cover the pain
It still will not die,
No matter how hard
Or what any of us try.
It'll all continue to unravel
Right up to the moment
In sudden silence we find,
Alone,
We've run out of arrogance
We've run out of time.
All the lies told
All the souls so cheaply sold,
Won't be worth a damn
Compared to an honest, humble woman or man.

Lying in the grave
What will we do

With all the money we've made.....
Buy a fancy casket
To hide in the ground,
Hoping somehow
To never be found?
It's all so senseless
This self-centeredness,
There has got to be a bigger plan
A true purpose, a real reason for man.

What has happened
To the memory of
The meek shall inherit the earth,
What has become
Of the gift of humility
Given to each at birth?

I'm a little confused
A little bit down'
Not sure of what I see
All about, and all around:
If God is to be trusted,
Why do we so often beg for money;
If everything is so damn serious
Why does it all seem so funny?

-Sometimes, I'd like to just go to sleep.
Not wake for twenty years.
Come out the other side
Far, far away from all my doubts, all my fears.
There to enjoy life
Have some true, pure fun,
Walk away from the clouds of gloom,
Go dance and play with so many others
In the happy, refreshing sun.

I'd sure like to tell all this to someone
(who cares, and understands)
Without hearing, ' stop dreaming - be realistic '
And God knows
I certainly don't want to die,
Being merely another meaningless, empty statistic.

For, I don't believe
I'm the only one who feels
We were not created just to endlessly work,
Blindly driving others
And ourselves
Deeper and deeper into the hurt.

Why do people stop laughing,
Even stop smiling?
- Perhaps they've stopped searching,
And stopped trying.

We're called to dance in that sun
We're called to share, laugh and play,
For this there has to be a time
There has to be a way.

Rushing ever ahead of life is senseless.
It is not life's meaning, nor life's reason.
Only the pace of Love is eternity.
And increasing joy its season.

Life is not at all senseless.....
- If only we'd look beyond our own clutching hand,
We may just find God,
And thereby, come to understand:
There is so much more than drudgery and fear to life,
More than what we can simply see...
With no need so often to act like slaves,
For after all, we know, by grace, we truly are free.

Smoky Hoss

Short-Changed Poems

Happiness in bloom.
God speed.
What's just on the other side of the moon
Is always what we need.

Everyone wants.
What everyone else has.
But this old haunt
Too shall pass.

Time is a sinner.
And time is a saint.
Eternity a picture of a winner
Who in time shall learn how to paint.

So, leave the lights burning
'Til everyone who's yearning,
Hurting and down
Comes looking around.

Smoky Hoss

Sign Of The Blackbird

There they stood
one and the same,
the open field
and the falling rain-
A blackbird at the center
calling the dance,
blending it all together
in a ghostly trance-
A solitary sentry
this dark bird stands,
giving an omen:
rain and field belong to no man-
What you think you have
what you foolishly believe you hold,
is only fading silver
and rusting gold-
The land, the water
the bird and the sky,
(the elementals)
they know the value of 'dust-to-dust'
and 'born-to-die'-
Behind the lone bird in the empty field
under the pouring rain is a single tombstone,
with only two dates
there being shown-
One for life
one for death,
everything awaiting
and, nothing left-
The field is years of toil
the rain tears in the soil,
the bird a sign:
' man lives here, on borrowed time '-

'...Each man's life is but a breath.'-Psalm 39: 5

Smoky Hoss

Silent Passing Star

I laid out late
In the weeds one night,
Laid there light and long
Carelessly humming a few old songs...
When a passing star
Caught my eye;
So bright to be so far
It must have fell from heaven
Into my little night sky.
So I looked
Hard and deep,
And asked of it
To share some delicate, divine secret.....
But never did I hear
Even so much as a peep.

It simply went along it's way
Burning bright,
Silently blessing
Such a peaceful night.

Smoky Hoss

Silent Sound

What is the sound of silence?

-the Colorado Plateau-

-desert alive-

Quietly hear

The color red

Land

The Anasazi southern sun

Native blood

Peace

That surpasses all understanding

Beauty in

Rocks (slick and hushed)

Birds (serene and high)

Plants (sustaining and swaying, quietly)

Sky and clouds (inaudible and covering all)

- Life then, now, always

Soft sweet reassurance

Wind whispers of

Endless, eternal echoes,

Ancient singing.

Silent sound is

Sight

Smell

Sensations- all

Simple and sublime...

The sound of sweet silence is

The removal of distractions,

Is the peacable

SouthWest desert.

Smoky Hoss

Simplicity

Think long, calm thoughts
and from deep within you shall find,
a peaceful heart, connected to
an uncomplicated mind.

Smoky Hoss

Skeleton Key

The skeleton key
Alive in me,
Always looking for more
Unlocks the souls door,
Into where thoughts are hid
Just inside my lid,
And where dreams start
At the center of my heart -
Things within, without
That I cannot talk about,
These things within, I want to give
And without, I cannot live,
This thin skeletal key
Goes about, mysteriously unlocking... all of me -

' Common to both (art and science) is the devotion to something beyond the personal, removed from the arbitrary. ' - Albert Einstein.

Smoky Hoss

Sleepless Song

The night approaches
And with it the sleep
That only fitfully comes -
Rest rides reckless
'Til stilled
By the rising sun -
When morning calls
Rise to see
Another all new day -
The insomniac replies
'Tis my only desire,
To sleep it all away -

Smoky Hoss

Sleeps Freedom

Silent departures in the deep of night
is as autumn's aura
a melancholy clear,
and a cool umber bright -
None but pondering dreams of sleep
could know freedom as such beyond earthly touch,
only in slumber or death
does the soul such a sweet secret keep -

Smoky Hoss

Sleepy Weather

My dog lay asleep by the window
lost in dreams of drizzle,
I pat her head
and watch the rain descend.

Cold November blows
October forever away,
and here am I, a melancholy warm
sitting with my faithful old friend.

The wind wails
a mournful tune,
a song sung sad
when the sky comes weeping.

The fireplace aglow
holds the heart at home,
as simply contented
I and my old dog, together, lay sleeping.

Smoky Hoss

Small Wonder

She broke her collar-bone
in a soccer game, meant for fun.
She's so tough and fearless, at times.
So small and fragile, at others.
Always she's a wonder, to me.
I'm afraid she just may
punch-out the high school bully...
or break, like a twig in a whirlwind.
She's soft; she's strong.
I'm proud of her; I worry about her.
She's my daughter; my small wonder.
My little girl, growing up.
And I love her,
endlessly.

Smoky Hoss

Smoking With My Dead Father

Standing under the street lamp
on the corner of Past and Future street
my father stood smiling, and smoking.
He always smiled.
I'd never seen him smoke
though knew occasionally he would.
It was late evening, and
he had died
so many long years before, but
I heard him calling
so I went to see.
He was dressed impeccably
1940's style.
So young, handsome
and alive.
I knew he was dead; and
I knew he was right here
beside me.
We stood in the light
just us two.
I can't recall what words passed,
but we smoked and joked,
laughed and lived,
there in the moment
in that little bit of light
shinning through the night.

When I awoke
the sun was just coming up
peaking into my small glass window
saying, 'Rise and shine'.
I heard it calling
so I went to see.

Smoky Hoss

So This Is Paradise After All

There are some things
that stick with a man
right to the finish.
Like the smell of fresh cut hay,
as intimate as the first time
you felt a woman's breast;
both a sense
that somehow, through it all,
the world is after all
a very good place.
Like sitting in the quiet of
late night's purity
under the darkness above the world
broken and scattered by the light
of stars so far away
even dreams cannot reach them, but they
so gracefully and faithfully
come to us.
Like leaning against
the garage door sill
facing West at dusk
saying goodnight to the sun
as it waves in shadows
through the Maple branches;
and the breeze brings
memories unnameable
as a gift to your soul;
and you have no gift of your own to return
except the tear
on your cheek
that the breeze seems so content
to accept,
and carry with it forever.
Like the feeling,
of which you have no idea
from where it originates,
that all of life's journey
is a longing, a searching, a finding
of the place

we all are most homesick for
yet cannot recall ever being from,
a place where the child
of our heart never left,
and still stands watching,
awaiting our inevitable return.

Smoky Hoss

Some Gold, Before I'm Dead Please

If I were a digger
of silver and gold
and a spinner of tales
brave and bold,
would a treasure
I find
in the caverned depths
of earth or mind?
Could I dig
with tools of the trade
into a priceless vein
with unfathomable riches waylaid?
Or am I
a mere dreamer,
an empty and pointless
schemer,
lacking the skills
of hope,
an arrogant and ignorant
hapless bloke?
Who knows,
who can say,
there yet may
come a day,
when the worth of silver
and gold in my heart
shall pale in comparison to stories
new and old,
in which I am a part.
Still, wonder
as I must,
what may yet happen
before I return to dust.
A prospector of words, or metals,
which shall be my fate?
I only hope to discover soon...
for the time and date,
do grow quite late.

Smoky Hoss

Some Kind Of Sign

We feel apart
'twas so long, long ago,
ran out of paradise
with no particular place to go.
Ages upon ages
generations have come and gone,
searching for the right
in a world of wrong.
And now here am I
like those before me,
looking through humanities fog
finding it hard to see.
I'm left here trying
just doing my thing,
digging into the wreckage
finding what life shall bring.
We're all in this together
doing our time,
coming and going
searching for some kind of sign.

Smoky Hoss

Something's Coming

There's something wild comin'
I can feel it in my bones,
something really good comin'
comin' home!

Dancing, drinking, laughing
everyone, everywhere,
something crazy comin',
comin' to end: every worry, every care!

Up and down the streets
out across all the land,
something amazing comin',
for every woman, every man!

So - put on your party dress
throw away those old working clothes,
there's something divine comin',
that deep down, everyone knows!

Smoky Hoss

Sometime

There are some days
when the sunset light blazes in curls,
burning orange upon the clouds
bending at the end of the world -
And sometimes you can actually feel
that silent presence, death, in whispers unhearable,
burning away in the beauty of the sunset
at this, the end of day, nearly unbearable -
When you're feeling extremely fragile
and can find no way returning Home,
the difference between sundown and sunset
is the difference between lonely and alone -
Sometimes the fading light passes over
into a shadow dark upon the wall,
listen carefully in the evenings waning light
there you shall hear softly, the angels call -
Very seldom (but Sometimes) in the sunsets lavish beauty
right at the sharp edge of ending,
you just may notice the broken nature of living
not so bellicose as it is spiritually comprehending -

- this came to mind as I followed an incredible sunset one evening
into it's beautiful finale -

Smoky Hoss

Sometimes Flying

A child
climbs a wall,
but it's the man
who takes the fall -
Everything comes and
goes, to die...
I, only wish
I could jump off, and fly -
Sometimes, late at night, in my dreams
I do.
Laughing and dancing
in the moons silky beams of slippery blue.

Sometimes I'm able
to sleep at night,
I soar past the moon
shinning bright -
Up beyond the stars
and the Milky-Way,
in my dreams, sometimes, I fly
until the break of day -

Sometimes I sleep
at night.
Sometimes
everything is right.
And I fly in my dreams
with eyes open wide,
seeing all new and wonderful things
passing along either side -

I fly in my dreams... yes,
I fly in my dreams;
Amazing, is it not, what the night
sometimes brings -

Smoky Hoss

Song In The Wind

There's a wind in the air
Filled with song
A gentle voice
Low and long -
It sings life
And it sings time
It blows so easily through
Hearts and minds -
It's the word of wisdom
And the entirety of the ages
Embracing all being
From the audacious to the sages -
It sings out
Lifelong
Continuously calling
In a soulful song -
It's always there for everyone
Blowing free
Even unto our very last day
As it carries us, one by one, into eternity -
It is the Song in the wind
The Voice of the soul
It's the living sound
Every heart mysteriously, somehow does hear and know -

Smoky Hoss

Song Of Ages

Strange is it not
the answers life gives, and gives not,
the things we strive to know
that here ardently refuse to show;
is there a purpose or a plan...
a reason for the rise of man?
the only answer we can now hope to truly find
lies in the living -and dying- of an entire lifetime.

Smoky Hoss

Song Of The Desert

The desert's melodic call
echoes forever
off umber canyon walls.
The fiery sun in hymn
at a high-fever pitch
joins right in.
The cougar, coyote, scorpion, rattler and javelina too
all stand dazzled by the music
floating upon the vast empyreal blue.
Out there even the air
dances and prances
without a worldly care.
It all begs: Come see, listen and hear,
let this ineluctable song
bring you in, and draw you near.
Once the melody your heart has found
nothing else will ever satisfy,
no, not another sound.
So come out and sing along,
let your soul be caressed
by the beautiful and mysterious desert song.

Smoky Hoss

Soul Holes

Holes in the head.
Holes in the heart.
Holes in the sun,
'till the whole thing blows apart -

Holes in the pockets.
Holes in the boat.
Spend lives bailing water,
and barely stay afloat -

Holes in our dreams.
Holes in our plans.
Holes in the cold ground waiting,
for every woman and man -

That old sun's
a big hole in the sky,
and like all below
it too shall come to die -

The whole universe
is a hole-filled place,
holes just waiting to be filled
with a holy grace -

Smoky Hoss

Soul Leisure

Napped half the day
away;
it was a funny affair:
felt just like, the most sincere and delicate
prayer.
God blessed
rest;
for possibly a point to prove:
that work, drive and strife
are surely not the sole purpose of
life.

Smoky Hoss

Souls In The Wind

At funeral sides
With widows and friends
The passing wind cries -
Yet, never stops, never ends...

Every casket is laid low
Like the ever flowing wind none shall stay
For all must go -
There always shall be, a final day...

Life from somewhere comes
And to everywhere it goes
Yet, tis never truly done -
With what all, God only knows...

So when you feel the souls in the wind
Beginning to blow
All around once again -
Remember, with all the rest, one day you too must go...

Smoky Hoss

Southern Utah (Paradise)

The red-rock of southern Utah
stained by the blood of the earth,
out of whose heart it arose
eons of wonder ago-
Is this the same blood
that courses my veins,
pierces my heart,
reddens my sun and dirt stained skin?
By Grace may it so be.
What magnanimous beauty it holds,
it gives, it is;
a loveliness of quiet exultation Abbey says,
that dissolves as a mystery
settling forever in my soul.

Southern-Utah.

The only place I've ever been
Where I do not feel homesick.

Smoky Hoss

Spending Time

While looking
to save a dime
I went and spent
some very valuable time;
Was what
I so seriously sought
really the true value
of all I had bought?
I could
have found it much faster
had I not let
the worry of finances be a master;
The time
I wasted and lost
was it not of far greater worth
than the few coins it may have cost?
The choice
seems rather clear,
time or money
which shall I squander, which shall I hold dear?

Smoky Hoss

Spinning 'Round The Sun

Latitudes of grandiose expectations
exceed boundaries bourne
by Bohemian minds,
reason must be released
as the soul possibility
of life's answers to find -
without need
to know, go
look at a simple thing,
listen
to the song
it so easily does sing -
find gratitude
in mere
fresh air,
for it has come so far
blowing in
from who-knows-where -
travelling endless journeys
spinning around the earth,
spinning around the sun,
may we all find the way
to where we belong
before we're done -

Smoky Hoss

Star Gazing

The many who endlessly roam
seeking life's perfect-poem,
have only to look so far
as if gazing upon the nearest star;
and like the wonder of the star at a distance measured in light
seen only in the cloak of night,
shall one day come to find:
beauty of perfection is found in the heart,
but never obtainable within the mind.

Smoky Hoss

Starlight

Tiny balls of light
Dance through the night -
Ancient creations on display
Hundreds of light-years away.

Their shining glow
Reaches across the cosmos -
So far... and so close; onward
To the ends of the universe it goes, and goes.

How can this be?
That the age of Eons ago, ... I now see -
This distant life that once was...
and yet, now is.

It once may have died -
But, I see it here, fully alive.

Starlight.
Illumine my dark night -
With such hope on high,
That I shall forever live... though someday I may die.

Smoky Hoss

Stars

The stars tonight
shine so bright,
they burn holes
in our souls,
with the wonder they ignite -

Billions upon billions they are
out there, away so very far,
yet here, touching us all
with their silent singing call,
for the sacred surely does show through, in the brilliance of a star -

Perhaps once again we could learn to see with purity
as the children we long to be,
if only we'd give time to lay out at night
gazing upon this cosmic sight,
just a small glimpse into an empyrean eternity -

Smoky Hoss

Stature Of Senility

Sitting on all his years
like a hard wooden chair,
looking, motionless into the dense
woods of forgotten memories,
staring with abandonment
feeling them draw near and
rise up,
through the crooked legs, into
tired arms and bent fingers, past
the chest with it's slowly beating
heart, up the neck, through
the nose with ancient unknown smells,
into the eyes,
seeing something way out there
move, not recognizing the shape,
but
no further.
The brain lays in wait, terrified
it will never
remember...

Smoky Hoss

Step On Out

You hear me knocking
open up that front door,
step on out
find what living's really for -
It's a great big old world out-of-doors.
come on out with me
and play,
it's gonna be
a grand ole day -
let me introduce you
to the western-wind,
and all the crazy-critters
my wild-n-wooly kin -
out here we are family
we are friends,
living and loving
right to the end -
the sunshine and fresh air out there
will brighten your sallow face,
with beautiful marvels
splashing all about the place -
even in the
cold and rain,
there's so much glory to share
it's sure to ease your tiresome pain -
just killing time
is a sin,
so head on out and
come alive outside, with a grin, once again -
stand with me under that smiling sun
and we'll sing, sing, sing,
then come the night under the glowing moon
we'll do it all again and again -
we'll dance
with a new sparkle in our eyes,
come on out
I wouldn't tell you any lies -
the breeze laughing
is prancing by,

and stars are twinkling above
in a crystal-cathedral sky -
get on out here now
don't hesitate,
ya never know for sure
when it's gonna be too late -
don't wait until they chunk you in the clay
to come outside,
step out now
while your still very much alive -
It's a big old world out here,
so step on out with me,
find how wonderful living
can really be.

Smoky Hoss

Still Here Blues

I was thrown down
Kicked around,
Run completely
Out of town...
But, never fear,
I'm still here.

I was shot through the heart
Torn apart,
Dealt a losing hand
Right from the start...
Yet, looking in the mirror,
I see, I'm still here.

I thought I'd moved far along
Lost my song,
Now these many years later
I'm learning I was wrong...
For, beyond all the tears,
I've found, truly I am still here.

Smoky Hoss

Story

I love story.
Truly I do.
And always will.
Of the best of them
I shall not ever
Get my fill.
They are never read, told, shared or sung
In vain,
They create, live and give
An allegorical ardor to life and being
That in no other form
Can anyone find or explain.
Yet,
 the fact remains,
 for each persons story
 'tis the same:
Wherever great fictional stories
Are shown or told,
New or old,
There is a moment of climax, fantasy,
Where the main character overcomes confrontation.
And from that moment on everything is good, o.k.,
Pure and perfect transformation.....

Real life is story too,
One big Story
Filled with every human's sub-story,
All just as real, and true.
With the full ability to be every bit as great,
Word for word,
As any fiction
Ever told and heard.
With one powerful and true exception:
In the story of our human reality
The conflict may lesson,
But never, here and now, does it ever cease.
In this life, no matter what else,
There just will not be
Perfect, never-ending beauty and peace.

It's a fantastic fable
That from a moment forward
Life can be happily ever after;
No such thing has God here promised.
Only upon Christ's return
Shall tears and pain completely give way
To joy, dancing, and laughter.
Death to evil's horrid beast,
Finally and fully finished
At the great and glorious wedding feast!

But, tis not yet so;
Tis futile to think
For anyone life is unfragile,
We are all so soon wind-swept,
Our time, place and position on earth
Is never ours to be savored and kept...
So the story goes on and on
To it's final chapter,
Where the great author alone
Writes in the wonderous finish:
'The Eternal Happily Ever After'.

Smoky Hoss

Strange Is Life

I run across souvenirs of the mind
here and there, from time to time,
I think how we enter the world not knowing our name
how we're born lonesome souls, and will probably die the same;
to understand these little gems
is to understand your own shadow will always be
your closest friend;
dreams start close to the heart and end so very far
it's not good or bad, just the way things are,
for the better or the worse, we keep it going
from the cradle to the hearse, perhaps never finding, never knowing
the reason for it all,
or why mankind truly had to fall;
it's simply the way it is,
in this strange life, we all must live.

Smoky Hoss

Strange Storm

Clouds powdered gray
Violated with lightning blue,
Enmesh the amorphous miasmic
As a strange sough comes rolling through.

Solemn the mood
Stretched across the umber sky,
Metaphysics fail to explain
Why the earth feels about to die.

The winds of eternal change
Blow beyond the norm,
Across all the living
Pours a new and strange storm.

Smoky Hoss

Strange The Price

Strange the price
Some so close
Expect us to give -
Strange the loss
Of memory: that it's completely free
To truly live -
What amount to fully satisfy
Could any of us ever pay?
The supposed debt is only able
To grow greater, day-by-day.

Strange the price
Insecurity demands;
Conversely,
Require no payments,
Is what love commands.

Smoky Hoss

Struggle To See

Long ago
and far away,
at the dawn
of days,
humanity became lost, blinded
with all the tears yet to cry,
from an ancient dust the serpent spit
into the apple of God's own eye -

Now straining against the cosmos
we find it so dark out here,
that we are able faintly to see a light...
at the edge of life, drawing near,
though fathoms in distance appearing
it seems in a strange way a message to give,
saying: 'here, feel the weight-of-knowing
it's really only God whom we all struggle with.' -

Indeed it is dark out here
looking and longing across the vast deep of life,
and though alone, yet together, we find hope and sight
from that far and redemptive, returning Light.

Smoky Hoss

Sun And Rain

Eventide,
The slowly setting sun
Says one more goodbye,
The day is done.
Soon morning comes
But, where is the sun?
Dark clouds cover the sky.
Today no birds sing
Nor shall they fly,
The weather wet
With a chill,
The rains have arrived
With a mission to fulfill;
Together with sun
Life to give,
Without both,
Nothing could ever live.

Smoky Hoss

Sunset Thoughts

The sun sets slow to the West
The routine evening rest.

I quietly sit and watch
Feeling somewhat tranquil, yet melancholy -
I think of the great pleasure
That this moment is.....
And wonder why,
So few are -
Opaque clouds scattered, streak the salient sky
Like living lines
On an intent artist's brush,
The blue and the gray overhead
Are now at peace
Above the country, so free.....
Orange, yellow, purple, and red
Blaze, and burn through the horizon
Into the black-burnt transcendent treeline
Just below the setting sun, saying
'Goodnight, my sweet children' -

A pure gift,
so beautiful...
The wonder of it all
Is nothing less than
A marvelous miracle.....
It reverberates with eternities
Endless echoes,
(the mystical Music of majesty,
flowing through the cosmos)
Cloudy fingers hold the light
As God enfolds
The earth, the sun, the universe, and even
my own very fragile soul.
All here - together - in this delicately divine
End of day.....

The sun sets low, into the West.....
Is it merely routine

This evening rest?
.....I think not.....

Smoky Hoss

Superior Fall

The last warm rays of sun
Go deep into my skin,
As up north
It's fall once again.
It is later than it seems
With the end of summer dreams;
- Lake Superior rolls cold
As all along
The waves sing
A lingering, melancholy song.
She's a cold beautiful blue beast,
Stay with her through the winter and
It will be ice upon which you feast!
This libertine lady
Has no time nor care
For the weak and the timid,
Her wild waves continuously caress the air,
And the warmth of her touch
Is fleeting and limited;
But, she shall have your heart
In the end,
As you'll be drawn mysteriously
To her seductive shores...
Ever again and again.
- The cold she blows upon your heart
In the years autumn
Mingles with the warmth and the glow of the
Sun;
There's something deep going on here,
That goes far beyond
What can be seen or comprehended:
 the relation of Spirit and soul
 being restored, renewed,
 and mended.
Here -all about-
Nature tells of a wild and mysterious story
As along the shoreline
Brilliant orange trees go out in a blaze of glory;
... soon fridged cold will come

with the changing wind...
Yes,
It is fall in the north country,
Once again.

Smoky Hoss

Sweetest Days Ever Known

Sitting in McDonald's
Watching my youngest / last
Frolic in the 'playland'.
I consume coffee, she drinks in simple joy.
Knowing full well
How so soon and suddenly
These days will sadly be all through;
I've seen the days
Quickly come and go,
I see adulthood, like a lion, charging us...

A repeat of when my first / oldest
Stopped playing in those children's
Care-free days and ways.
- Though I must confess
Whenever she still calls me 'daddy'
My heart says a thank you to God.
(Perhaps now, in some sense,
I begin to see, to understand
How He feels toward us.)

I watch her play,
Laugh and dance;
I love her sweetness,
Innocence and unconditional spirit...
With praise I give God thanks for them both.
And for the wonderful times we've had,
The times of youth, and the times beyond,
The past, present, and future.

Still, I cannot help but wish
These sweet, wonder-filled, loving days
Of beautiful youth would linger on,
And last a while longer,
Than they have.

I am so grateful for what has been,
And what yet shall be;
Lord, be with my children,

Your children, eternally. Amen.

Smoky Hoss

Takes His Rest

The moon rose red
the sun took a fall,
the stars colored blue
stood there, with backs to the wall.
On the hard ground
the old cowboys eyes gaze to the west,
the night quiet and cool
as he takes his rest.
Half way there
to 'Old-Mexico',
half way to where
he aims to go.
The past is past
and a long time gone,
he lays there tired and broken
recalling how it all went wrong.
Living was hard
the days were rough,
all he took
was only barely enough.
It's a weary trail
the one he rides,
but he'll keep it going
just to arrive on the other side.
He feels lightning
between his ears,
but no thunder
will he hear.
Laying out tonight
holding it all deep in his breast,
sleep comes in a soft silence
as at long last, he takes his eternal rest.

Smoky Hoss

Tears For A Tree

They chopped the old tree down today.
The one they said
that got in the way.
The way of what?
Inquired I,
also feeling the cut.
The way of progress.
Came a cold reply
meant to ignore my distress.
So, turning I walked away.
There was simply nothing more
I could do or say.
The ancient tree was already down.
Laying there so still
as if listening to the earth, awaiting one last sound.

I first saw it as a child, by my bedroom window each night.
Like a protecting king always there to guard me
from worry and fright.
I cannot recall a time it was not there.
Strong, straight and noble
rising so majestic into the air.
Safe was I, so long as it stood.
For me, from earliest days
it represented all that was pure and good.

Now the tree at last had to go.
The tiny house with my little bedroom window
was demolished years ago.
The old folks are likewise long gone.
That dear tree was the final tune
of my past, sad and melancholy song.
And now even that they've taken to burn.
Leaving no place of wonder at all
for my recollections to return.

So I shall forever leave here and say a last goodbye.
With nothing left at all except memories
flowing with the tears for a tree that I cry.

'I cannot lean so hard on any arm as on a sunbeam.'
- Henry David Thoreau

Smoky Hoss

Test

A poem to test this site
See if it comes out right,
Because so often what I here write
Goes right out of sight.

Smoky Hoss

That Old River

We might all die of old age
before we get good at living;
too much life has been taken
not enough given -

Floating down that old river
never knowing where we are bound;
listen! to the mighty waters flow...
living has such a sweet-strange sound -

Touch the smooth river banks passing by
sometimes warm, sometimes cold;
and still, it all keeps right on moving
as we floating, can only watch and grow old -

Along the way we find
broken docks, and sunken boats;
all declaring, far too many hopes eagerly built
no longer float -

That old River of time
never stops;
washing away the hands (and minds)
of man-made clocks -

Smoky Hoss

That's Just Ducky

Passed by a duck
Driving a bright yellow car
I couldn't help but wonder
If she'd make it very far;
She went by perfectly
Never veering left or right
Straight and steady
As if in graceful flight;
Impressed was I
To say the very least, for
I've never known any birds to drive
Not even the great and amazing Canadian geese;
Now, ofcourse I have seen many a fowl
Fly right on by
But never a one
Not up in the clear blue sky;
Manys the time I've witnessed our fine feathered friends
Swiftly moving near and far
But oh no, never
At the wheel of a car;
Some things
A person does see, well
Now they just
Cannot be;
But there it was
Plain as rain
A duck driving a car
In the passing lane!
I grabbed
My cell phone
To get its picture
And call home;
It was then I got a closer look
At the feathered bloke
And came to decide
It all must be some sort of demented joke;
A lunatic's game
My mind was playing
An insane egg

My brain was laying;
For I noticed, as the crazy car passed
'PSYCHO-DUCK' read the license plate on the back...
Right then and there I lost all interest
As I realized, this duck was nothing more than a mere 'quack'.

Smoky Hoss

The Ancient Of Ages

Time a giver and a taker
a builder and a breaker,
Time a wounder and a healer
an opener and a sealer -

The blossom and the petal
so fragile in all it's beauty and mettle,
shall bear the pitiless sting
of the weight time's burden must bring -

All rise in glory and salute
those trampled under the ancient marching boot,
Time, moving ever on as it must,
leaving us behind one by one, returning to the dust -

Smoky Hoss

The Color Of Life (A Written Picture)

Blue spruce

- in a green garden

Black bird

- above a yellow field

Brown hawk

- against a red canyon

White cloud

- within a blue sky

Purple silhouette

- leaning upon an orange dusk

All the colors

of the earth

And all the colors

of those that live therein

Are all the colors

of all of Life.

Smoky Hoss

The Dark

By day
The sun comes around
Looking for love
To be found-
While at night
The dark digs away
At the poetic words
I say-
Sullen in the dark
My soul reels
With the weight of emptiness
It, all alone, so deeply feels-
The closed curtains part
With each new sunrise
Revealing the darks
Wretched lies-
Dancing in the light
My heart anew sings
With all the joy
That the sun brings-
It's the light
To praise
Thankful to God
For these new days-
It's the dark
To curse
And damn the old devil
All the worse-
Oh, I know
The dark waits around for me to slowly die
But, it is the light
That shall take me away to forever fly-
So to hell
With the dark...
It's the Light and I
Who will never part!

Smoky Hoss

The Density Of Thunder

the thunder's rolling in close
and it's beginning to rain,
Jesse James has heisted his last bank
and robbed his last train -
you, sit by the tracks
and look for his return
out of the past and into the future
finding yourself, is that for which you shall always yearn -
why did he remove his guns
and lay them aside that lonely way,
why did he turn his back on the
dirty-little coward, that fateful day -
perhaps he, like you, got tired of the fight,
the running, the hiding, the pretension... the weight.
lacking not an ounce of courage, nor in despair,
he simply, it seems, decided to embrace his unavoidable fate -

the storm's are always around us, and
the years like thunder forever roll by;
Jesse James is gone
but, he'll never die.
Vaya Con Dios mi hermano -

- 'the perfect place to be
in the rain
is in the rain' - Charles Bukowski.

Smoky Hoss

The Dogged Truth

Surely a dog is a man's best friend.
He doesn't mind going with you to places
where he's never been.
He smiles at every joke
and will not complain when you have a smoke.
He doesn't ask for money or expensive clothes,
or groan when you rub him with cold and dirty toes.
He is always willing to watch your favorite old film,
over and over, again and again.
He really likes your old beat up car,
and truly loves you, just as you are.
He won't get mad if you sleep in late,
nor ever mention how much you've drank or ate.
He's totally a pal, tried and true,
as long as you feed him he'll never turn on you.
Unlike a cat, a dog will not ignore,
and even likes to clean up the floor.
He's genuinely glad when you come back home,
no matter where you were, or how long you've been gone.
He will stand by you through thick and thin,
and never give you a frown, only a happy grin.
So surely, I swear, a dog is indeed a man's best friend,
from the very beginning right to the very end!

Smoky Hoss

The Drinking Poem

Wine and whiskey
brandy and beer,
among them all
one thing seems quite clear:
The more we drink
the friendlier we are,
happy guys and gals, all pals
down here at the bar;
Come and join us
for a drink or two,
you'll be glad you did kid
before the evening is through;
We'll sing and dance
drink and joke, and
you'll end the day, I say
a much happier bloke.

Smoky Hoss

The Family Doctors

Family and friends of family
sit in the post-op waiting room,
trying to talk over each other
with words of boundless wisdom,
discussing the logical surgical
outcome, as if they themselves
were members of the medical field.
When the surgeon arrives in scrubs
to present them with the good news
of wonderful success
he keeps it fittingly brief
in accommodation to his next hurried mission
(so many patients, so little time) ,
he explains the procedure with resulting outcome
in the simplest of terms.
They, needing much more (as we all do) ,
respond with mispronounced, long, scientific lingo
they have heard so eloquently spoken
on daytime soap operas.
The physician responds likewise,
with one difference to bear,
he knows what he is saying.
When he gives them the required quick-smile
he sails out of the room like a ghost
leaving them with the most important
of all human emotions:
assurance,
life is in control.
Empowered properly as such
they quickly grab the 'greatest'
of mankind's technology,
the Smart-phone.
They call other less informed than they
family and friends of family,
those less fortunate for not being present in this
blessed moment, to grace them with
the relief they alone can give:
'All is well.'
For these truly are

The Family Doctors.

Smoky Hoss

The Farmer

The picture, 1934.

A dirty bib-overalled farmer stands
hat in hand, weeping,
gazing out over the dried up field.
The crops are burnt into oblivion,
along with his hopes, his future, his life.
Salt-lined tears fall,
from his soul to his soil,
this the only moisture
the earth has known in months,
is vaporized into the wind
as quickly, as surely, and as completely
as his defeated dreams.

I stare intensely at this picture
hanging in a dim corner
of an old museum.
I'm overcome with a deep sense of melancholy.
It's been 80 years now,
yet in this picture it is still happening,
always shall happen,
always has happened.
What became of him?
Of the unpainted old house blurred in the background?
Of the shoeless, thin-clothed family
barely holding on within it?
... perhaps like the house, they also
were simply in the long process
of fading away...

I feel certain
that if I could somehow
find that precise field,
and walk to the exact spot
where that farmer in this picture
forever stands, I could there bend low,
kiss his shadow lingering upon the ground,
and still taste the salt
of all the endless, ageless tears

he has spilt over, and into, the land.

Smoky Hoss

The Fighting Prophet

'They're afraid of me, because I speak words that can set men free.'
- Muhammad Ali

Ask me if you must why I
love Muhammad Ali, and I
will ask you as I must,
why wouldn't you?

He was a king in the ring.
A prophet to paupers.
A flash of light hurled
by God
into a dark and down world.
Beautiful, sleek and strong,
one of the very few
who bravely distinguished right from wrong.
Not afraid to speak out
or make a public stand,
a rare and magnificent breed:
that being, a real man.
He, like no other, transcended
sport and race,
time and place,
color and religion,
and through it all gave to so many
a voice and a vision.
Helping the world
to see,
the way things are, and
the way things should be.

We all were captivated
when the vaunted fell
to his rope-a-dope, and
we all were blessed
when we fell under the spell
of his irrepressible message of hope.

He was a pauper and a prince.

A pugilist and a prophet.
And though many in fear tried, none
his message of equality, could stop it.
For by God he was sent
to the right place and time precisely,
with a special vision of justice
given to all humanity.

Muhammad Ali thank you
for all you gave us,
you are
The Greatest.

Smoky Hoss

The Final Feast

There is nothing
left to share, for anyone. Ah,
the noble disgrace
of gluttony.
Three times third-world peoples die,
hungry and naked and afraid.
While the civilized
throw steaks to the dogs, and eat
the tables and chairs
the gold candleabras, and all
the servants wages.
What folly finds us moderns fat
and fearless?
Arise from the velvet couches of comfort.
The coming winter shall be
a bitterly cold one...
all hands on deck!
if any expect to survive.

The golden-goose is cooked, stuffed and
waiting,
if there be even one candle left, light it,
so everyone can fully see;
carve the beast
and share with all, in this
the world's final feast.

Smoky Hoss

The Friendly Light Of A Campfire

A glimmer of light burning in the wilderness
Occasionally comes 'round to give rest
Lingering about camps like an old Indian story,
Those tales of ancient warriors
Who in nature always found
Great wonder and captivating glory.

No dark can break it
No storm blow it away
Like a friendly old dog from neighboring tribes,
It visits with smiles of joy
Glowing in the attention
In which it abides.

It eases the wild fears
Of presumed dark, prowling grizzly bears;
And softly lulls to sleep
Those whose company it does keep.

It speaks so gentle and delicate
With a voice that
No one, for certain, knows,
It softens the soul
Of all who will listen...
And then, just before sun up, quietly it goes.

What it is, I cannot say
How often I've encountered it
I dare not speak,
For it is a primeval color within the wind
Only unveiling it's mystery to those deep and modest souls...
Who humbly desire to take a peak.

It is ever out there
Riding upon the moonlight,
Looking for a lone, and lonely hiker
Who gazes thoughtfully into the campfire...
Of any solitary wilderness night.

Smoky Hoss

The Grand Dance

It was the summer of ought-four
that warm summer night
we sat on the north rim's edge
watching God dance
along the other side.
From across the dark chasm of stillness
that ran between us
we saw lightning play
and heard thunder roll,
setting the pace
in majestic tones of tremolo and bass.
So closely we sat,
father and daughter,
mesmerized and held
by an ineffable beauty
and an immeasurable bond
of eternal love
between family, nature and divinity.
It was as if we were bearing witness
to the creation of life itself.
We could do no other than
watch and listen.
The thunder
like the sky's original heartbeat.
The lightning
like the world's first steps.
Together taking us into this blessing.
It was hallowed ground
which we were upon,
daughter and father
girl and man,
mortals mixing with the Immortal.
There was no time then and there, only
a moment, a glimpse,
into the eternal.

So many years ago now;
but I will never forget
that incredible beautiful night

at the edge of the Grand Canyon,
the two of us
peering breathlessly
into the Grandeur of life,
dancing divinely
amongst us.

Smoky Hoss

The Inscrutable

Can anyone
Ever know another?
Truly see at depth
The magnificent mystery of the other?
We look
We stare; but,
Do we comprehend
The wonder in there?
The image,
The soul;
How little we understand
Of what, physically, we are unable to show.
It's the spirit
We fail to see,
That great human link
The real connection, of you to me.

Smoky Hoss

The King Upon His Throne

Sitting on the toilet
singing a song,
sitting on the toilet
reading a book that's long,
perhaps I've been in here
for oh, quite awhile,
when I finally open the door
there's a line waiting
stretched out for a mile!

I look down upon the angry faces and smile
reminding them: I am the owner of this home,
and as the king
I've every right to sit on my own throne!

Smoky Hoss

The King's Gone Into Hiding

The King has gone into hiding, so
He went to selling vinyl siding.
Got too fat
For his pants,
Out of desperation
Decided to take a chance:
- change his name,
-change his face
-even change his beloved place.
No more rock-n-roll
No more killing his soul...
Did odd jobs here and there
Stopped coloring his hair,
Kept moving along
Just trying to find
Somewhere he'd belong...
He took up a new direction
To follow the Resurrection;
Now, no one knows his name
Nor recalls his fame,
He's singing a whole new song
All is new, the old is gone.

Yes, the King's gone into hiding
There'll be no more sightings,
Anonymity is his saviour...
This new Life
Has such sweet flavor.
Oh, he's still around,
He just can't be found.
He's made up his mind
Incognito is the way
He will have to stay
If he's ever to be
Himself and completely free;
The perfect place
Far outside of the rat-race.

So many years now

We've not seen the King,
Though we still look every now and then
Hoping once more just to hear him sing...
Listen carefully in the caressing wind
And you may softly hear,
His heavenly voice
Tenderly blowing near...
For tis true what so often has been said:
The King is gone,
but in our hearts, he will never be dead.

Smoky Hoss

The Last Big Show

Were you there
when Jesus came to town,
Will you be there
when he comes strolling back around,
Will you be dancing with the devil
dressed up like a clown,
Or splashing in your tears
about to drown,
Will you be flying high
or in a nose dive about to die,
Will your ignorance be fun
or in sadness all about to come undone,
Who will save you
from the pleasure of your empty dreams,
With so much lost treasure
and worthless schemes,
Will your vain pride make you run
or does the pain inside say 'no-mas'- 'tis all done;

There's a Big-show 'bout to come around
gonna blow everything on down,
A flash in the sky
a tear in every eye,
It's the last Big-show...
time to go.

Able or Cain
sun or rain,
Forgiveness or shame
forever unknown, or your final true name...
Which will you freely choose
to win or to lose,
The Big-show's coming back
one last time,
When It does
will there be any faith left to find.
Yours to decide
walk away or come along for a great ride,
Will you go

singing with the Show,
Or stay behind by choice
alone always with your own crackling, dusty, empty voice?

Lord, we pray mercy upon all:
It is the last Big-show,
The time has come...to stay or to go.

Smoky Hoss

The Last Courage

When old and gray
on a sleepful day
dozing at fire's side
near the finish of life's long ride,
will your soul once more awake
with a bitter remembrance of heart's break
to find the last thing tenderly true
is that little spark of love yet smoldering deep within you;
Stoop and stir the fire
those final embers of sweet desire
which are still aglow
burning on through the years of long ago,
with this concluding passion of a former time
you shall come to find
love is after all truly the bravest of the brave
the only one with enough courage to forever follow, even into
the grave.

Smoky Hoss

The Laurels Of Laughter

Joe Lightheart
was his name,
being jolly
his claim to fame-
He'd laugh at this
he'd laugh at that,
he'd laugh from his boots
up to his hat-
From the day of his birth
he'd always laugh and smile,
to hear or tell a joke
he'd gladly walk a mile-
No news was too bad
no opinion too sour,
his joy was unbreakable
hour upon hour-
That is until the fateful day when he laughed
at his wife in her new dress,
now poor Joe cannot even offer up a smile...
his broken teeth are such a mess-

Smoky Hoss

The Lights Are Still On

No one's been in the house for ages,
yet the lights have been left on.
Moderate sane hearts wane
from age or from goodbyes.
It's the little lamps in our lives
that we were unable to find
to say goodbye to
that remain alit, waiting
with their dim translucence trickling about the room
like tears slowly falling down hollowed cheeks.

If we ever return home
how surprised we should be
to find those old lights still burning.
How welcome to discover
even some small bit of light
piercing through the darkness.
Quiet illumination
sings sacred volumes to the old soul.

So we open the door
back home
and look inside;
yes, indeed... the lights are still on.

Smoky Hoss

The Likes Of Me

I am a simple soul,
trying to simply be human.

-Sometimes flying,
sometimes crying;
but always trying.

Both:

right

-and wrong

weak

-and strong,

brave

-and afraid

created

-and made,

with

-and without

faith

-and doubt,

courage

-and fear

far

-and near,

love

-and hate

my own way

-and fate,

lost

-and found

up

-and down,

dark

-and light

blind

-and sight,

What I am

-is what you see

whether you like or not,

this is what is
-the likes of me.

Smoky Hoss

The Line

Sometimes a line comes along,
From nowhere, or
Anywhere, or
Everywhere;
It's just there
Going into your head,
Like the blueprint of your soul
Has been read.
And it is good -so good- to you.
You feel you must share it
With the entire world, through and through.
So you work and you try
To find a way
With wise words
This line to say;
Wrestle with your intellect
As you might,
Work on it
Day and night.
Still, the written words just are not there;
And, you begin to wonder does it matter?
Would anyone, anyhow truly care?
So, you put it away
In the darkness of the mind,
Out of touch
And out of time.
The moments and seasons
Drift ever along,
To here and to there
On and on.
As life has a way of pounding
And dragging with a mix of wonder and drear,
Day unto day
Year after year;
Season upon season...
Until, for some unseen reason
You one day come to realize
It's still there...
In your soul, somewhere.

That beautiful old verse
From way back when,
So you seek it out
Once again.
Ponder and ponder through the mind
Search and search, look and look
Until you find
The nearly forgotten words
Of this fantastic old line.
When once more thought
It still lays open the soul so bare,
And gives cause again to wonder
Now, would-could anyone care?

Yet, with age comes shifting perspective
Thereby giving cause to think:
Does it truly matter anymore?
For is that- was that ever-
What the line
Was given for?

Soon your spirit soars
Whistling, to yourself, the old familiar score,
A time... or two...
As here again it has its mystic effect upon you,
Its movement, its passion
Its wonderful sense of sweet satisfaction;
The places it takes you
In your heart and mind,
Way back and way forward
Throughout all time.
As if a precious gift
Given for none other,
Your spirit alone to uplift
Like the tender note of a fantastic old lover.
Therefore you become quite aware
Even if no one else ever cares,
The line was never meant for the world.
Rather, all along
It's meaning to be known,
Was always and only...
For you alone.

It was only with you
Who could truly for it care,
That God did so, the line
Desire to share.

Smoky Hoss

The Mystery Of Water

The clear smooth rain
Falls gently upon the ground;
Nothing else moves
Not a sound.
Grass and leaves
With fascinating joy glisten;
The natural world renewed in hope
Quietly waits, and carefully listens.

The gray clouds break
As the sun in brilliance comes dancing through;
The watered world below reflects
Great beauty of above, from a sky so blue.
The earth once again cleansed
And refreshed;
Through the mystery of water
We all are sustained, and blessed.

Smoky Hoss

The Name

My name you don't know,
you don't know.
And where I go,
you won't go, oh no.
I'm on my way,
on my way.
I'm going there this very day,
this very day, all the way.
And I'll get there all alone,
all alone.
When I arrive I'll be home,
I'll be home, and not alone.
When I go through that door,
that front door, one thing's for sure;
She'll be awaiting there,
waiting there, oh so fine and fair.
Well I told you all I'd go,
oh now, I told you so;
don't go hanging your head so low.
My time and energy were all spent,
so like I said, I up and went.
No goodbye,
just time to fly.
I went on home, all alone,
home, where I belong.
Went all the way that day,
singing this song;
Back to my honey's arms,
back to the good ol' farm,
far away from all life's cruel harm.
My name is mine,
and now I'm fine;
for here I am,
she's my gal and I'm her man.
Here with her I'll stay,
till my dying day;
cause she shares my name,
and yea, it's the same.
It'll be hers and mine,

untill the end of time...

Smoky Hoss

The New Nature

</>A very sophisticated cat and dog
Together sit, quietly upon a log
They observe a lark
Hopping through Central Park
Both by instinct
Desire to leap
But, both by sheer will
Remain perfectly still -
The wild bird, fully unaware
Passes inches in front of the pair
Merrily singing it's song
As it bounces along -
After the prey has flown
One thing remains to be known:
Why had neither the dog nor cat
Been on the attack?
' Quite easily explained '
Comes their mutual refrain,
' As well-informed, green-thinking, modern agrarians
We have, ofcourse, become organic vegetarians.'

Smoky Hoss

The Northern Mystery

Silver snowflakes fall
into the northern mystery,
so stark against the background
of the resilient evergreen tree -
The blue wind
finds it's course,
a flow of snow
and deadly force -
Rivers black
and frozen ice,
the unprepared
pay a terrible price -
The clear cold, sharp as
hot prairie lightning,
tears the frigid air
fierce and frightening -
More than
half the year,
a freezing death
lingers near -
The great northern mystery is
the courage of those who stay,
the strong and sturdy
who refuse to be driven away -

Smoky Hoss

The Old Road, The Old Way

Somewhere, somehow
There must be a road, a path
That goes, that leads beyond
Way beyond woman and man...
A Way, that really can be travelled
By all who desire;
An old-old road, a dirt trail
From the deep past
To far ahead
-neither traversed by plane, boat nor rail-
Simply a road, a path
To be walked, crawled, or carried upon by mortal man...
Blazed from and for eternity
-not always difficult nor easy-
A quiet, a gentle Way
Ever calling, ever leading
A peaceful, a beautiful trail...
It is somewhere, out there, and in here
Then and now, forever
From before light, to beyond the last sunset
Going so far
That it now only 'seems' to be
Yet so near
It always is.
Only God truly knows
Where all it's been
And to where fully it finally goes.
But for all
All who do seek
It is a very welcome old road, a good old path;
Down it look, see
A connecting... of now to all eternity...
A million-million
Perhaps a billion-billion
Shadows upon it go, and shall go
One and all forever unending.
Along the way is such beauty
Peace is the air to breath
Rest and joy the pace offered

Something grand dim and far ahead
Where music and laughter faint is heard
A place of great dancing, and fiesta surely awaits.
This old road, the true-old path
So hard to see
Yet so easy to find
It runs between the eternities
Connecting God to man
The never beginning
With the never ending
It shall forever stand.
Tread upon it, walk it's wonderous way
Released from burden
Heart and soul begin to mend.
No more pacing the cage
End of the ravinous age
Stroll freely on
Meander joyfully along
This good old path
This good old Way
That runs forever into
That pure, promised never ending Day.

Smoky Hoss

The Old Soldiers Grave

I sit near an old soldier's grave
Reading the words upon his tombstone,
Brushing away the dirt and moss
To see: 'Died 1944 - In Battle at Bastogne'.

I wonder when, and how, his folks received the sad news-
I wonder, how often afterward they cried;
And did they continue so missing him...
Until their own time came to die.

Is there anyone left, who remembers this man-
Am I alone, the only one who cares anymore;
How long Lord before none ponder the price paid
To win the second world war?

So many of those who did return home
Sadly, have now with age passed on;
May we never forget what bit they all gave
In the greatest combined human effort, the world's freedom to save.

' Some gave all,
All gave some. '
So true; thank God they did not quit
Until the work was completely done.

With tears of thankfulness laying upon my cheeks
My heart sings words, I am unable to speak,
Words of far love, and deep admiration I do have
For all those who fought then... like my dad.

Now, as the old soldiers slowly fade away
With words of respect and reverent regard I try to say,
How much, like my missed father, they all mean to me-
For without their courage we'd never know the truth of liberty.

I believe I'll sit here awhile longer...
Allowing my heart and soul to grow a bit stronger,
Just sitting and praying by this old soldier's grave...
Hoping to become more like him: good, bold, and brave.

Together we shall sing along
This, our favorite song:
God Bless America, again -
God, please do bless all those, past and future, just like him.

Smoky Hoss

The Place

There is a place
In my heart that still dances
A place in my soul that sings
- And sings, and dances and dances -
A place so deep, so set
A place that even the mundane drudgery
The routine day-to-day
Can not kill
A place so close, so distant
A place that was, and is yet to come
A place where belief originates and lives
The birth place of
The most human humanity
The most divine divinity
A place where
Majesty, mystery and magic still speak
A place of all origins.

Some will not hear it any longer.
But, I still listen...
Waiting... hoping... trusting...believing...
The Place... is real.
It's way out there - it's everywhere...
It is ever within.
This Place... is my place.
It has called to me by name
Since the day of birth,
It's name is simple and profound;
I call him
Jesus.
He calls me
'My child.'
It's to him we go.
It's for us he came.
He is where I belong.
I am always on the Way
To the Place
Where he is.
The Place... home.

Smoky Hoss

The Poets Flower Garden

There grew a garden of roses
in a valley under the sun;
while a perfect poet sat on the face of the moon
writing of wonder, birds, flowers, and fun-

The cosmos in rage arose
washing the poet and his words away,
and the roses were left dying for thirst
as the birds no longer had a say-

What color the moon
now without its bountiful bard, once so true?
darkest nights linger slow
in shades deep and lowly blue-

Shall we so easily
give up our place of light;
for where would we plant all that is new,
these precious flowers, so gay and bright-

The dew on the grass
knows of the poets return,
but speaks nary a whisper
as our beauty continues to fade and burn-

Does the sun each morn rise
in mere mortal vain?
or, will it soon share its glory
and give again living words like fresh rain-

What fate awaits flowers and poet alike,
both blooming to die...
as all the while heads do bow,
and hearts look upward, toward the sky-

Smoky Hoss

The Return

When I finally turn into a human
I shall fall into space,
dance, play and sing
while eating Queen Anne's Lace -
I will smell so fine
emanating from inside out,
a sweet fragrance will flow
down, around and all about -
When I become human at
long last,
wonderful things I shall know
with a heart fully grown beyond the past -
I'll walk on water
and fly through the air;
life and love in endless abundance
with all I shall share -
When finally and fully I am human
and only the purest good,
then I shall love and understand
as I am loved and understood -
With the return of humanity
I shall see, as I am seen,
and Love will become real,
no longer just a dream -

Smoky Hoss

The Rising Sun Resting

And so it goes
on and on and on,
this deception of earthly means
commonly called living.
A looking
the other way,
a silence of what one's heart
is bleeding to speak,
a laying in the wrong place
with only the loneliness of good intentions,
and an infinite hunger of the soul
with unimaginable depth that goes without.
There are no acts of aggression
no turning of tides, only
the quiet passing
of passion like a dust
upon the winds of time.
In the end
storms pass, the warm winds die,
and the dirt
settles into the ground,
returning from whence it came.
Things shall be as they will;
and still,
on and on and on
it must go,
the rising, the resting,
the capitulation of dust unto dust.

Smoky Hoss

The Rodeo

Just once more
before I have to go
take me out, to the old-time Rodeo.

I want to see them Cowboys
ridin' high,
buckin' broncs
kickin' up to the sky;
bulls and clowns
dancin' each other around;
barrel racers
and calf chasers;
horses fast and free
now that's what I need to see;
so please, take me down to the Rodeo
once more before I must go.
I wanna smell
the leather, dirt and cattle,
hear the announcer yell 'Yeee-haaa! '
when horses and Cowboys do battle;
see the old-boys bowlegged
in boots, vests and Stetson hats,
watch them pretty fillies wiggle by
in tight Wranglers and leather chaps;
oh dear Lord, won't ya
hear my soulful cry:
let me stand one more time upon them Rodeo grounds
underneath that big beautiful blue sky...

Take me down to the Rodeo
just once more before I go -
take me there
before I must fly,
out to the old Rodeo
one last time, before I die.

Smoky Hoss

The Scales Of Justice

A freight train
passes in the night
just out of reach
of a broken down picket fence
wrapped around an old faded house
with a large woman inside
standing motionless upon a scale
staring lifelessly at the
incredible number
that she won't believe
is her proper weight
while the cold moon beams
shine in through the open window
glimmering upon the hand-crocheted
curtains moving with the
incoming breeze that slowly
carries the lost sound of the
lonesome whistle groaning up
from the guts of the train
passing into the dark of night.
The locomotive's rumble
causes the fence to fall
with a crash so awful
it scares the large woman
who startled jumps
landing on the scale...
smashing it to bits; she smiles
as the train rolls along
out of sight
lost in the glow
of the distant, endless
mysterious moon light
never to be seen again...
only heard now and then
at a distance
like the rumor
that the woman
soon thereafter died
happy...

quite the opposite of
how she had always
lived.

- this poem is a sort of experiment, written as a stream of uninterrupted thought
-

Smoky Hoss

The Second Half

- ' The True man has nowhere to lay his head '

Over fifty,
Finally understanding and embracing
(at least partially, thus far)
That I have yet to see my home -
This is not all there is;
Quiet contemplation
Speaks otherwise -
The times are changing... slowly...
... a lifetime... change, so slow, barely noticed...
Until, looked back at -
So many seasons of:
confusion - Learning
hurting - Healing
judgement - Forgiveness
hating - Loving
Turning
exclusion into Inclusion.
Just as everything dropped, shall fall,
So must the soul go low,
To patiently... rise full, and whole.
Entering
Into the sacred dance
- with Mystery -
Of life's second half.

Smoky Hoss

The Stars Are Out Tonight

the stars are out
wandering the sky tonight,
oh what
a beautiful sight-
out there so far
at the limits of space,
perfectly content
in their own little place-
could it
possibly be,
they in return
also see me? -
and if perchance
they ever do,
could they possibly think:
I wonder who? -
here we both are
so vastly far apart,
yet forever joined
in the pondering's of the heart-

Smoky Hoss

The Tear

So many thoughts have I
that words shall never express, I solemnly fear,
what mysteriously can be contained
in a single tear.

Like the one rolling softly
down my quivering cheek,
the one that knows all the hope and longing of which
I am unable to speak.

The tear, granted by God
for me to shed,
a quiet, gentle voice speaking of all
that must be left, unsaid.

Smoky Hoss

The Times Converging

This is the time that was, where
a young boy with an old stick,
in his last summer
before the public-system will bend his mind
to forget
- forget the old stick, 20 times his own age -
stands on an iron rail, looking away far,
to where the two tracks converge.

This the time that went, with
birds hanging on straight limbs,
and barbed wire tied to bent poles
running alongside the shiny tracks
as far as the boy can see;
closing one small eye while searching with the other
down the length of the upheld old stick,
he sees that everything comes together in the end.

Years later, in this the time that is, now
grown the boy returns,
coming back from somewhere far away
he finds the favorite spot of his youth, there
desperately seeking for his lost old friend the stick,
he kneels beside a tree near the tracks
picks up a handful of dirt and lets it blow to the wind,
realizing in time all things become one.

Smoky Hoss

The Times Outside Of Time

We used to grab
the old cane-poles,
ancient even then
45 years ago,
dig up some juicy night crawlers
and right there, right then
bathed in sublime sunshine
we'd run down the dock
wearing nothing but
cut-off jeans, too big at the waist,
sit and fish.
Minnows nibbling our little toes
dangling in clear water
like fresh Lilly pads,
so young, so pure.
We never once
considered
that catching fish
was not why we were there;
we'd lie back on that
creaking wood dock
with poles motionless at our sides,
sleepy bobbers afloat,
and stare silent up
at the sweet baby blue sky;
carefree as clouds drifting above it all.
We had no desire to understand
the passing of time.

All these years later
no matter the place
no matter the time,
we'd trade it all in
to go back
to that ageless age
that had no clock
no calendar, no concerns pressing,
only the tug of small fish on cane poles
and great joy on hearts.

Smoky Hoss

The Turning Of The Earth

Tis peace of mind
for which mankind
does most truly seek -
Peace deep in the soul
for which no
words can speak -
Peace which all
were created for -
Peace seminal, primal
the human heart
meant to bore -

The turning of the earth
the passing of the wind,
out amongst a strange land...
until the Peace
returns once again -

What causes a man
to search,
and to roam...
a wandering spirit
and a heart for Home -

A vision in the desert
or upon the lone prairie...
our burdens,
in our own way
we all must carry -

For why are we here turning with the earth
if we've no Place to go...
like the dust from which we came
we must follow
where the Wild-Wind shall blow -

Smoky Hoss

The Wait

Hearts hang in the parlor
hung with care,
the lady is hypnotized by a mirror
fondling her glowing hair -
In the waiting room he sits
twiddling his thumbs,
so long has he sat
the blood has deserted his buns -
She takes her time
with her brave disguise,
all a plan meant
to feverishly tantalize -
Nervously he
clears his throat,
checks his watch again
and looks toward his hanging coat -
Finally in all her glory
she appears,
but looking around
she finds him nowhere -
He has left
and headed down the street,
into an old pub
finding someone easier to meet -
Now, the morale of the story is:
Gals, if you're gonna make a man wait,
ya best go out quick
and lock the front gate -

Smoky Hoss

The War Room

It was evening when
I walked into the old yellow
room, with a sense of the
war to end all wars.
In the faint light of
faded wall paper dreams
were mounted the soldiers,
black-n-white gold framed photographs
of all those who went off
to fight the world in the name
of dreams, and who never
returned. So many years gone by
now; who are they, my
brothers and sisters these
from every generation reaching
back upon back, down the
bloodline connection spiraling into
the dark eternity of places and people, family - all
of us. And now we gather here, in this
room filled, and flooding, with
the dim yellow light of related
souls mingling, and shinning, in
and beyond the dark that is
always just outside of us.
The war still rages, it has not yet
ended. We fight on, for we must.
We gather together and pray
in the old yellow rooms
deep within our flaming hearts
of undefeated love.
Here, in the room where love
is created, we make war
upon war.

Smoky Hoss

The Waves

The deep gray waves
of late November crash, spray and recoil upon the eastern shore
of Lake Michigan.

The sky overhead in slate and sly shades
scatters melancholy like ashes
in a roiling, relentless wind.

And there,
far, far to the southwest,
a lone, thin horizontal line
of blazing orange-yellow
like that of a match first struck,
rips open the darkness in the clouds;
and briefly, and brilliantly the light floods
through, over and upon
not only what I see, the great blue-waters,
but also upon my own cloudy heart.

For just a moment
the dark and violent waves glow with a joy
unexpressable, as do
the tears mysteriously appearing
in my eyes -

Smoky Hoss

The Way

...how many heavens, and
how many hells
need we cross on the way
to Paradise?
... and who
keeps the lamps burning
along the path, so we,
who would become lost,
find the way?
... long before
and long afterward,
Love lives on...
the familiarity of Eternity
echoes far beyond the bonds
of time -

Smoky Hoss

The Wild Wind

There is a place the spirit goes
Where the wild wind blows,
Where none are bound
And only freedom to love is found -

A spot of the soul
Where dreams alone can go,
To wildly spin
Upon this moving wind -

A far off land
Way ahead of man,
Where the breeze of eternity blows
And the life from God forever flows -

Into the heart
That's been torn apart,
Comes this wild Wind,
To take, and to heal, to love, and to feel, again and again.

Smoky Hoss

The Wild-Wind Blows

Over the hills
through the trees,
amongst the grass
doing whatever it does please -
the wild-wind blows.
Around the clouds
filling ships sails,
down upon the water
singing to dolphins and whales -
Out in the field by day
and the city by night,
sweeping the streets
with a fitful fright -
Through mountain tops
and canyons deep,
awaken the world
for there's no time to sleep -
Across the continents
covering every land,
something powerful on the move
is very near at hand -
The Wild-Wind blows.

Smoky Hoss

The Woe Of Joe And Moe

Joe calls Moe
on the phone at home.
Moe tells Joe
leave me alone.

Joe asks Moe
why do I, thinking of you cry?
Moe replies to Joe
Good riddance and goodbye.

So Joe knowing Moe
decides a letter is much better.
Moe mails it back to Joe
stamped with the words 'return to sender'.

Thus Joe and Moe
have come to an end of being friends.
When Moe sighs and Joe cries
things will never be the same again.

Smoky Hoss

Theocentricity (Being Touched By Touching A Rock)

What is this magnificent desert rock I have found?
Perhaps a piece of some sacred ground?
Or a grand work of ancient art
from the depths of a great creator's open heart.
-Mystery rides redolent in the air
Beauty abounds and distinct divination is to be found,
Everywhere.
The wind sings its sacrosanct song
With it the trees softly sway and dance along.
All of nature sings,
And the Wonder of redemption
Awaits in the wings...
The sunset covers the Western horizon with blood,
Washing the troubles of this day
Forever far away,
As God watches and blesses from above.
A full moon giving grace
Flows through the desert night
Allowing a view of
The most wonderous sight:
A hungry old owl
On wing takes flight,
While the stars overhead
Delightfully twinkle so bright.
-In the morning the sun arises in the eastern sky
Just as an eagle rises to fly...
Why these moments cannot last?
Why all of time rolls on and on so very fast?

In this world
So much is simply unable to be explained;
Like the way it feels standing in the desert
During a slow cool rain,
Or sitting on a mountain top alone
With the fragrant breeze
Whispering grace among the trees,
Surreptitiously telling you
That somehow here and now
You are closer than ever to your own true Home.

Blessed are the things visceral
That trenchantly touch and calmly caress
Heart, mind and soul;
These sweet -if seldom realized- ontic movements of life
So deeply alive, I cannot truly reify,
Yet somehow I do deeply know,
And can't help but ponder
Why it is so.
For of the deepest things it seems
Humanity is allowed only a glimpse,
Merely a touch,
Perhaps any more here and now may be far too much.
So they continue to come and go,
Ebb and flow,
And here refuse to stay
As if only sent temporarily
With some divine message to say:
' At the center of everything -even a small desert stone- is God,
Life's Ultimate Concern.'
And through all these things
Of great eternal love and wonder
We are all certainly able to learn.

Smoky Hoss

Theopathy

Evening memory,
whisper from your sweet flower sight,
as birds float delight.
World beauty,
sow some sweet simple spring season,
sky and sun without end.

Things combine
And seem to make little sense
When the great Beauty is bold
Singing its own song intense...
Sensations and seasons are best
When sowed in the simplicity
Of the pureness of poetry.

The dancing desert does delight
In the epiphanic voice,
Crying in the wilderness
Calling in the heart
Pleading in the mind, and
Claiming in the soul.

Beauty is the mysterious memory
Of what once was... and, by grace,
Shall someday return.
Known, unknown,
Wild, free, deep and true...
Nature speaks of
Gives hints toward, and
Causes contemplation for
What we know we barely know
And yet craving after
Do not understand...
Natures cryptic call
Seizes the soul and hungers the heart
Of all who willingly hear, and quietly listen
To the Voice
Crying, crying, and crying tears of longing
Throughout our own wilderness trek...

Sunrises to find,
softly speak visions in light,
as butterflies show freedom of flight.
Universe magnanimous,
moons and stars brilliant to send,
deep divine eternal hope from the final true,
Friend.

Smoky Hoss

There Are Some Things I Never Tire Of

Sunsets and migrating birds
red-rock canyons and buffalo herds,
John Wayne movies and old pickup trucks
high flying eagles and low flying ducks,
the smell of summer at sunrise
and the feel of fall when a chill fills the skies,
the way my daughter's sweetly say Dad
a good long hug when I'm feeling sad,
beautiful rhymes and simple songs
short checkout lines and trains that are long,
clocks with one hand missing
a little hugging and a little kissing,
home cooked meals just like Mom used to make
apple pie and fresh carrot cake,
taking my time and travelling slow
drifting along with no particular place to go,
tender hearts and gentle minds
lazy days and lots of free time,
watching a distant lightning storm
and getting it all just right in the words of a poem,
giant snow flakes falling straight down
the color of new grass peeking out of the ground,
love simple and true
spring skies clear and blue;
I could add a whole lot more,
but one other thing I never tire of
is knowing when to stop, and shut the door!

Smoky Hoss

There Is Yet Hope

don't be like others
laughing at love, dancing with danger; for
fear is no friend
and serenity no stranger.
you shall be sought
just as you seek,
freedom from guilt and shame
will also be inherited by the gentle and the meek.
there is yet hope.
there is still time,
to mend the heart
to change the mind.
obligations and demands
leave hearts cold and rejected,
but Epiphanies come
when least expected.
so throw off
the weights that bind
for there is yet hope, but...
only a limited amount of time.

Smoky Hoss

These Dreams

They went, they came
The clouds, the rain,
Visions in sleep
Of places deep,
The rooster crows
And off it goes,
With light of day
It all washes away.

More and more the mystic
Is a mind willing to seek,
For Mystery resides
So much on the inside,
Close, yet so far
The song of sun, moon and star,
In quiet moments of the night
A light comes shinning bright,
Like rays of the sun
Peeking through when storm is done.

Of what fabric are these scenes woven
And how amongst the many for me are they chosen? ,
Some so bright
Others, dark as the middle of night,
On and on they come... and they go
For what all reason, I may never know.

Smoky Hoss

Thin Air

The air is thin
at 34,000 feet
where the old man left the plane behind.
He flew on ahead,
far, far ahead,
to the one destination
that all are helplessly bound to find.
Without a heartbeat
his face finished smiling,
as if once again a young boy;
perhaps death shall be - and is -
the last and greatest
enduring joy.

Every bird that has ever flown
by it's own weight
comes back down;
every vapor that rises,
by lack of weight,
is never again earth-bound.

Life is strange
at 34,000 feet,
where the air is so thin;
out where souls soar
beyond broken bodies
that have forgotten how to grin.

Smoky Hoss

Thin Lines

Stay up late, get up early,
pour coffee in a dirty cup,
sure life is good, but really
there's just never enough-

The corn on the hill
is getting quite tall,
the thin line between summer and winter
is a short fall-

These sit ups and push ups are supposed to help
or so I am told,
no matter what though
I'm still getting weary and old-

The knees they say are the first to go
and then, the heart isn't far behind,
it's one long battle
between age and mankind-

The harder we try
the harder we fall,
in the end, we just
lay down and crawl-

Life is a very thin line
drawn between losing and winning,
likewise love, a thin division
between salvation and sinning-

Smoky Hoss

Things Of Dreams

visions of flames
showing people without names
faces in the night
quietly asking for light
small fires afar, aglow
across wide valleys, way below
sitting on mountain tops alone
looking to the sky, searching for home
whispering waters trying to speak
dark curtains refusing to give a peak
the funeral march of Chopin
singing: we will never pass this way again
breathing in entire clouds
learning to love, as never before allowed
joyous for no particular occasion
embracing a pure, peaceful sensation
laughing without restraint
in finding, all are part sinner, part saint...
some dark, some light,
these strange visitors of the deep night.

Smoky Hoss

This Day

This day,
like all the days
that have ever preceded it,
starts with a rigid annotation,
forceably saying,
the sublime night
has wiped the slate clean,
here and now in this moment of beginning
all things are new,
no more yesterdays,
and not yet any tomorrows,
this is all there is,
it is a new day,
make something of it,
and of yourself.

Smoky Hoss

Those Dilated Souls

Let's hear it
for all those men and women,
who live by
an endless vision -
who never give in
never say die,
they believe the better way
is to give it another try -
they've learned to live with
and love, one another,
they who truly believe we are
all sisters and brothers -
so hooray
for the folks of wisdom,
who share their heart
soul and vision -
those who wholly hold
that the world can be a better place,
for one and all
the entire human race -
they the ones
who take to task,
all the questions
that need to be asked -
let's give them
three long and hearty cheers,
and pray
they never disappear -

Smoky Hoss

Thoughts From A Former Cowboy-Kid

When I was a kid
I was a Cowboy.
like Roy, pure and true -
I became
a lonesome wanderer
as I grew -
Now and then
a dreamer,
my heart and mind painted blue -
Somewhere, or perhaps always
I lost myself to the wiles of words,
many and few -
As age and wear
took their usual toll
the dreams and words somehow up and flew -
It seems seldom now do I wander, more oft bound to wonder:
'Now that I've rode the rough off all them wild broncs,
what's an old, former Cowboy-kid left to do? '

Smoky Hoss

Through Heaven's Backdoor

The flowers at the front gate
are black-n-dead,
no longer do they live
beautiful-n-red -

On the shortcut into heaven
silence is the failure suffered most,
those front gates are fashioned of fine pearl,
the backdoor however, is gaurded by an old Navajo ghost -

If God falls asleep
I'll sneak up the back stairs...
save the golden-elevator
for the refined and fair -

I was 8 when the 13 year old bully
jumped me at the wood's edge,
stealing my lunch money.
I told him I still had a quarter in hand,
when he turned back toward me
I made the sign of the cross, blessed him...
and then, hit him hard...
with a two by four - after that,
I learned the back way home, and
have been taking it ever since -

Perhaps the gate to the Kingdom of Heaven is gaurded
by bullies, demanding lunch money,
but through the backdoor it's all grace
milk and honey -

One day Hemingway awoke
and decided on lead for breakfast,
having forgotten the usual
crumpets and tea,
and instead slipped through the backdoor
into Eternity -

Poets and dreamers

bullies and expatriots
wanderers and warriors, all alone,
must travel the backway, or
risk never finding their way home -

The door is cracked open,
we are all invited in.
The bullies return my lunch money.
I buy breakfast for Hemingway,
he smiles, there, wrapped in an old Navajo blanket.
We all, together, laugh and sing.
For here we are,
we made it home, all of us,
unnoticed.
Yet welcome. -

I believe there is a place where flowers yet bloom
in the dead of winter's hoar,
it's alongside the path
leading to Heaven's backdoor -

Smoky Hoss

Through The Park

Beneath the hill filled with naked trees
a flock of plastic flamingos seem to thrive,
where ducks swim over a flooded street
right below the sign: 'Blind Drive' -
the clouded sky reflects fathoms deep
into a pond below the hilltop rim,
looking upon this little arcane scene
I feel as though I could jump down, and fall upward in -
strange the feeling...
passing through this small and deeply wooded county park,
as if traversing the backroads
of my own mysterious heart -
here, the old trail at will
does wind and roll,
following the raw form
of nature's own wandering soul -

Down the road
and through the park,
ever onward it goes, flowing like life
into the unknown dark -

Smoky Hoss

Time

Does anyone know the reason?
Has anyone deciphered the great-rhyme?
Who will stand beside me
When it comes my time for dying?

A fire, deeply burns
In those who dare try to see;
Am I in it?
Is it in me?

Quietly, something walks at my side,
What it is I cannot tell;
I'd prayed for the heights of heaven,
And feared the depths of hell.

So much we cannot know.
So much we cannot see.
Until the light burns away the bonds of darkness,
Setting our tattered souls free.

So what is the reason
Why our hearts cry
for, Who will stand up with us... the living...
When it is our turn to die?

Who can fully know?
Who can rightly explain?
ALL that is yet to be,
Before the Time comes, for our souls to understand reality.

Best now to just leave this dream alone.
Go and find another. Knowing,
Jesus is the Time. And
Jesus is my brother.

Smoky Hoss

Time Goes On Laughing

Someone special sends songs
Dancing through the hallways of eternity,
Bringing beauty into brief moments
With words of pure poetry,
Like redolent rain drops
And soft snow flakes,
That so easily fall
Into endless green and flowing lakes;
There time swims
Like a womans deep beauty,
Passing by but once... laughing as she goes
At us, the worn and the weary -

The poets speak of her
Like drunken fools,
Sipping forgetful champagne
At the edge of wading pools;
No one truly knows
What no one sees,
As time moves carelessly on...
Leaving us in our own dust, of old and doubtful memories;
She won't be returning here
Another day,
Burning all her bridges
As laughing she goes upon her way -

Smoky Hoss

Timeless

Somewhere along
the road of time
an old picture
a new paradigm,
where you've been
to where you go
it's everything you do
and don't know,
Something waiting
in the future, in the past
wherever we are
only one thing truly lasts,
the love of music
the music of love
past, present, future
the fiber of what dreams are made of,
if the poetry of music
our end be
at least we'll know
we went out pure and free,
so don't let the times
get to ya
and don't let the damned demons
fool ya,
when all of history
is said and done
we'll still be standing together, smiling,
in that ageless, beautiful Sun.

Smoky Hoss

Time-Watch

Wrist-watch on your arm
Time on your hands
Watching the clock tick
Trying to understand -
Day after day
The hands just go round and round
Spinning in circles, where
Nothing's lost... nothing's found -
Going here
Going there
It's all the same
Everywhere -
Until winding down
We come to find
Our swirling lives
Have run out of time -
Then, the madness
Will stop;
Time to get off
This crazy, spinning clock -
(and fly away, from this crazy, spinning rock...)

Smoky Hoss

Tiny Universe

In my hand
hard and delicate
one tiny stone
older than truth, it's origin
more distant than
the past from the future -
It between my fingers
rolling over and over and over I
feel the answer
to our origin
and the question
of destiny -
In my eye
the tiny stone reflects
the hope
of billions of years
billions of people...
that it all
has a purpose

Smoky Hoss

To Simply Be

If things don't go
the way I know
they should
would you could
be so good
to love me,
see and let be
the man I am
flaws and all,
give no need to crawl
nor change my name
simply stay the same,
hold my place
keep my face
and not erase
my soul,
nor let go
of all these dreams
and what it means
to simply be
truly me...
alive, human and free.

Smoky Hoss

To Simply Notice

I get up
make coffee for
my 91 year old mother
and myself.
I remind her
to take her daily
medication.
She smiles
looks out the window,
it's late October
the sun is shining.
She says
isn't it amazing,
at this age
I've finally found the time
to look out the window
and see so much beauty
in the fall colors
of the turning Maple leaves.
I look,
seeing them also, smile
and am grateful
for the beauty of
my 91 year old
mother
sitting with me here
in the fall of her life.
We sip our coffee.
I am glad
we both
have noticed.

Smoky Hoss

To The Rodeo

Jump out of bed
run a comb over my head,
pull down my Stetson
just like a real West-Texan,
slide into a pair of Wrangler jeans
eat some cold pork-n-beans,
throw on my boots and spurs
water the stock and feed the curs,
kiss my gal for a little luck
hop in the old pickup truck,
right out of town
put the hammer down,
a Terry Allen tape in the deck
and my mind's all set,
past the end of the blacktop
out to where the hardroad stops,
there at the rodeo grounds
is where I'm bound,
gonna draw a good ride
on some ornery old cowhide,
I'll be burning up ropes and saddles
cutting and roping those wild-n-wolly cattle,
dust has surely replaced the blood in my veins
'cause when cut I only leave dirt stains;

yea,
I'm a bronc ridin' - mustang bustin'
calf brandin' - cow ropin'
son-of-the-West!
a pure old-fashioned cowboy
at his best -
and that's why
I'll always love to go
down to the rodeo!

Smoky Hoss

Toil And Joy

I remember the old story:
two workers in the field, one is taken, one is left;
Why would God leave one to work
alone in the field,
and take the other to his reward
in paradise?
Do not we all need love
and rest;
have some not found favor?
And if not, why? -
Strange what becomes our joy
as we toil through our days.
The wind blows anywhere it desires,
never inquiring of an opinion;
and we are left grateful for the sweat
it takes from our weary heads. -
At night I lay upon my soft bed
and dream of the coming time
when the trumpet shall blast; in a vision I see
all are taken, all go home in peace.
I fall asleep, looking forward
to the next days toil -
strange, what becomes our joy.

Smoky Hoss

Too Many Aversions

Conclusions should be drawn, but,
I have forgotten the words
to the most relevant song;
and frankly,
I just can't care that much any more
for all that I've come to abhor.

Perhaps it is all part of
the experience of being me,
that is, to act as myself; for
who else could I possibly be?

If anyone were to join in
I'd welcome them to do their part,
with open arms
and a willing heart.

But, let it be known:
I tend to prefer possibilities
- ideas and dreams -
over stifled assurances.
Stories over facts.
Seldom travelled trails
over straight iron tracks.

So... at the shore once again I stand.
Gazing upon the waters, pulling away.
Pondering, if life truly has a plan,
and what, if anything, matters day to day.

The spirit is so silent
that the heart feels completely alone,
yet wondering whose voice it is in the wind
passing with a divine groan...

I cannot yet draw my conclusions, though,
perhaps someday I may recall the words of the Song;
finding, I care more for where I am going
than for where it was that all went wrong.

Smoky Hoss

Toy Train

Where has my little toy train
gone?

The one I got for Christmas long, long
ago.

Running away with my heart on those shiny tracks
laying below.

I recall the smoke that rolled
soft and slow.

Like the color of peaceful snow
falling.

In my mind I still hear it's whistle balefully
calling.

The locomotive sleek
and strong.

The boxcars long
and flowing.

My childhood went riding the rails forever
still going.

Smoky Hoss

Traces

Walking down the road
looking for a purpose;
wondering why so much of life
can come and hurt us -
Crossed the dam
over the flowing river,
saw all those cracks
it made me shiver -
Sometimes it gets hard to see
the traces,
here and there, now and then
found in passing faces -
There's nothing greater
through all the difficult miles,
than to look into the eyes of a sweet child
and see hope, undefiled -
We all get old
and worn out,
but there really is a Way
to find what this is all about -
So let that forlorn tear
run down your wrinkled old cheek,
and never forget earth and heaven belong
to the small, the lonely and the meek -

Smoky Hoss

Train Man's Blues

There's a train
Runnin' through my backyard,
The low and lonesome whistle calls,
As the wheels turn long and hard.

One of these lost days
I'm gonna hop that ol' rattler,
See where it goes -
On down to Texas, Utah or old Mexico...

'Cause that's just
The kind of man I am...
I've known it from the start,
I've got a roaming soul
And a travellin' heart...

Don't care where she goes
Gonna ride 'er til the end, for
This ol' train and I understand...
As long as we're together
We're surely amongst friends.

Heaven, and hell
Are stops along the line;
- It's just the price to pay
Ridin' life's train, to the end of time...

'Cause that's just
The kind of man I am...
I've known it from the start, oh yea,
I've got a roaming soul
And I got a travellin' heart...

Smoky Hoss

Tranquil Travails

I probably should
give up reading
poetry
(but, ofcourse I won't):
for everytime I do,

1) : I do not understand the rambling
incohisive gibberish, and cannot
fathom how in the hell the poet became so famous.

or,

2) : I love it so damn much that I
become dispirited, realizing how unworthy and discombobulated
are my own words.

No in-betweens.
Oh well,
time to read some more
poems.

Shall it be
the neurotic gnomes of knowledge
with their venerated volumes of verse,
or
the poor pure poets
with their touching tales so terse?

- I will take door number two,
please. Let us read on...

Smoky Hoss

True Good

Manys a time I have talked
manys a time I have heard, but
when's the last time
any one's spoken a truly good word?

We get up early to work, then
go to bed so late
in between it's talk, talk, talk
there's simply no escape.

I sit around all day
playing my own song
pondering why with so much modern communication
the human family just can't get along...

On such a sunny day as this
it surely wouldn't hurt
to get on out there
and go to work.

Apples ripe and red are still a hanging
on that old tree, there's
no need to explain
what's so damn easy to see.

Sitting on the back porch we will watch
the setting sun when we're through -
too much talk though
will ruin the view.

It may seem lazy
but let it be understood
God loves the crazy
who've found peace and quiet are truly
at the heart of what is good.

Smoky Hoss

Two-Way Street

Every one, it seems, is trying to sell me something
stuff I really cannot use,
why is it every body thinks
I'm available for them to trample and abuse -
Junk mail, internet
and calls on the phone,
whether early, mid or late
no one wants to leave me alone -
Always they try to get me
to buy, buy, buy,
anything at all
from the earth up to the sky -
All a bunch of junk
I will never need;
I keep telling them: 'No thanks! '
but they pay me no heed -
Perhaps if I in turn
required something from them?
I'll consider your wares, after
we've become true friends -
So, stop by for a visit,
bring me something good to eat,
rub my back
and wash my feet -
Weed the garden
mow my yard,
wash the windows
and wax my car -
Do these, and even
a little bit more,
then maybe, just maybe,
I'll open up my door -
Come out
of my shell,
and see
what you've got to sell -
You see, every one wants, wants, wants
so much from working folks like me,
and gladly I'll give...

right after, from them, I receive -
It's a two-way street
my friend;
you reap what you sow
in the end -

Smoky Hoss

Ubiquitous

Through the ages
by way of old faded pages
an eternal word
has been spoken...
Hope enters a weary world
that's long been soiled and broken;

A cry heard, a need met,
an answer given, in a message sent
from where all is understood,
in a Word that surpasses time,
and goes straight to the heart
of all mankind;

777 endless echoes come prophesying
wailing from an incomprehensible depth far beyond
where angels stand singing the ancient song;

The completion of the vision
from whence was first given,
the divine workings of the holiest-heart
fully grasping every bit and part,
the great and mighty plan
even unto the salvation of mortal man;

The all encompassing
all embracing
deep mystery of awe and wonder,
the cleansing of rain
the charge of lightning
and the power of thunder;

The purity and love
of the first born cry,
the muscle and strength
of the workers as they try,
the hope, faith and trust
of the elderly so near to die;

The stars scattered throughout the cosmos
from one dark end to the other,
the depth of joy
pouring from the heart of a lover,
the life blood given and shared
connecting all as sisters and brothers;

The chunk of orbiting ice
at the far end of the galaxy,
the tired traveller
asleep in the backseat of a taxi,
the walking wounded
desolately covered in fear and anxiety;

The setting sun,
the quiet tongue
the wayward dog, always on the run;

The souls mysterious deep,
the wisdom certain words are able to speak,
the reason we live, and the life we all seek;

What is all this, and so much more?
Who is the One standing out there
gently knocking at our door?
Who in every speck of this is forever entwined
and has been through it all,
since the beginning of time?

The only true ubiquitous One,
when all is said and done.
The holy Christ - God's own son.

Smoky Hoss

Understanding

When I think of the ones
Whom many have said
Are the enemy,
I ponder that great coming day
When the lion and the lamb together
Shall ever friends be,
Where at the foot of God
We all shall side by side sit
One to another
The complete amalgamation
Of sisters and brothers,
There, finally, shall I clearly see:
How so very much I look like them...
And they like me.

Smoky Hoss

Undrown Memory

I still think sometimes of the boy who drown.
That summer I was 8 or 9, or was it 6 or 7?
I often wonder if his soul is still at the lakes bottom,
or gone off to heaven.
I don't recall ever even seeing him alive,
perhaps like me he had a fishing pole and a 3-speed bike,
I do believe had we a chance to meet
he'd have been someone I would come to like.
A friendship that never was,
yet perhaps meant to be,
therefore it is possible, somehow, he still lives
somewhere deep down, inside of me.
Oh, that beautiful and terrible sunny day
he went for a final swim,
killed was a friendship
never allowed to begin.
Here it is 45 years later; my how
everything has changed since way back when,
and yet, I still think of him...
every now and then.

Smoky Hoss

Unenclosed

Fine lines
Passing through time,
Invisible features
Outside of the mind.

The door has a frame,
The house a roof;
Man craves description as purest proof -
At the core of it all: desire wondering...
 does God have a name?

So go out, to the ends of the earth,
Pull the nails, and pick the locks -
With words travelled well, find...
God was never in the box.

Smoky Hoss

Unfinished Dream

Unfinished dreams
Lay immured in melancholy
-the saddest mystery, of all human folly-
The feeling like fall
I can't seem to lose,
It smells of ancient memories
And undone blues.
So much longed for
Is recalled no more,
It has all came and went
Like a maudlin dream, unspent.
What can they mean,
These fading, unfinished dreams?
Brought upon clouds of blue
Drifting by, always just out of view;

Unfinished dreams
Are memories lined with a purity of love as yet unseen;
Like friends I know, yet don't, and
Friends I wish to know, fearing I won't,
Like an evening sky speaking in silent tones
With a melancholic voice I feel -somehow- I have known.
The voice encouraging:
' Finish the dream,
All is not just as it seems.'

Life thus far
Is an unfinished dream
Originating from an unseen distant Star
When that last super-nova ignites
In the greatest ever flash of light
Our mysterious, melancholy dreaming shall end
And there we awake where we began...
Seeing, for the first time, exactly where we are.

Smoky Hoss

Universe

At what point
in the ever expanding Universe
does everything
cease?
Where lie the limits of the living?
In the liquid dark stillness
of a clear desert night
where I lay upon the hard earth
I see the stars
billions of miles apart and away,
so near
so still, always
there in the same spot
throughout all of my
years -
Do they age
and die,
or is all the movement in
the universe
only I?

On earth, the desert alone
is closest to the Mystery
of the universe,
the very same
that resides ever expanding, in
human souls -

Smoky Hoss

Unreasonable Words (An Abstraction Of Reason)

I tire of my old language.
So many words
no longer fly.
I'm left to ponder:
Who am I?
It seems so strange
that in my mind,
I can open doors
so wide, up to the sky, going far into rooms
containing many new wonders to find.
Yet on this wrinkled paper
it's all ancient,
old and dusty.
A few scattered syllables,
dank and musty.
How many times,
by how many people
in how many ways
can words be flown?
... perhaps as many,
and as much
as the air can be breathed
that's millions of years old...
As long as people have
been breathing,
they have been speaking.
The air will continue on,
refreshing.
I hope the words
shall also.

Smoky Hoss

Unstoppable Travels

In the room read
All alone;
Books and poems
Becoming Home -
Beyond the door
Resides things tearing away pieces of me,
Only unattainable dreams
Of where I might be.

If a way out there
I myself am unable to find,
I shall freely travel with great joy
Along beautiful backroads and timeless trails
Of my own unchangeable mind.

Smoky Hoss

Untrammeled

Human dreams,
like the stars
in a dark sky,
hang there burning...
beyond reach.
Perhaps, already long gone.
We are want to ask of life,
Why?
But life does not answer.
Perhaps, it has no ears;
or no voice.
Perhaps, we are the
voice.
Perhaps, we
are not listening.
Tis the one true condition;
to be human is to understand,
not everything is obtainable...
Alone.

This may just be the only thing
that surprises God.
To be human,
is to fail... often.
Which ofcourse means,
that we keep trying.

One wonders...
Why?

Smoky Hoss

Utah

Still, it's Utah.
Spirit of awe,
and mystical magic.
The soul of this land,
very much alive and thriving.
Like walking naked
into a fresh and flowing mountain river,
one cannot but feel surrounded
and wonderfully overcome by the aura
of waves and ripples of spiritual caress.
It is totally unavoidable.
Surely this is a holy place.
This place, Utah,
that looks like the beginning and the end
of the earth,
gathered together in one moment,
one location, bears a striking resemblance
to the far off dreamy visions
I've oft had in late night thoughts
of what a Paradise may, someday,
appear to be.
Raw, rare, and real.
Bright, beautiful and brilliant.
Deep and high.
Forever long and eternally wide.
Every color of earth and sky,
so perfectly blended and
flowing in unision that there can be no doubt,
as to a bold design in the works.
There is a certain harshness to all this wonder,
but not one bit of bad.
It is all good, grand even,
demanding to be noticed, and respected,
with appropriate awe.
A Beauty too much for
mere humanity to completely take in,
or fully acknowledge.
It is entirely ineffable.
It is Utah.

Smoky Hoss

Utah Canyon '04

In a beautiful,
Devinely desolate,
Limpidly lonely,
Canyon - where the Spirit meets the man -
The wind mournfully blows
As it plays with the rocks and trees
It alone so intimately knows.
Utah uniqueness,
Hypaethral happiness...
A place far different from all the rest,
A place ardored with the aroma
Of a deeply spiritual quest.
Sun by day,
Moon by night
In here reflect
Beauty so bright;
From beyond the ledge on high
A hawk soars down - interlucent epiphany -
God stands here...
For this is holy ground.
-Only a few,
This wilderness wonder,
Are allowed to see;
Thank God
One of them
Has been me, standing here at
Heaven's door,
In Utah, aught-four.

' Always I shall be one who loves the wilderness:
Swaggers and softly creeps between the mountain peaks;
... I shall sing my song above the shriek of desert winds. ' - Everett Ruess.

Smoky Hoss

Utah Journey

I find my bearings
Through the compass of my soul.
I look for the sign of the ages
In the ancient Bristlecone pines.
I straighten my path
In the maze of the deep Canyons.
And find my cup of spiritual thirst fulfilled
At the far end of the mystical Rainbow Bridge.
The color of my sun-stained skin
Is the unending flow of Red-Rock in my veins.
I dance and sing
With the Big Mountains-Little Brother;
All along the great Escalante way.

The coming light
Gives glow to the darkest night...
As surely as eternity
Gives glow to this desert journey.

people may ask what it is that I like about the southwest desert so;
I would need reply with all honesty:
'Nowhere else in all the world I have been
makes my heart come so alive.'
- Smoky Hoss.

Smoky Hoss

Vanity

cut the grass
mow, mow -
stop natures advance
mow, mow -
mark your claim
mow, mow -
your personal domain
mow, mow -
vanities foolish fare
mow, mow -
worthless worldly care
mow, mow -
when you're gone
mow, mow -
the grass grows long.
no mow, no more -

Smoky Hoss

Velocity

It's velocity
that tears, destroys and ends
lives.
Speeding through ourselves
we burn up heartbeats
like bullets
through non-resistant flesh.
So bored are we
that we race ourselves
from one small god to the next
and the next and the next...

How long do those shadows,
trailing behind distant stars,
just beyond reach,
always going away from us,
run?
Like the universe we pursue the limits of,
they forever expand
at nearly the speed of Light.

Velocity.
Ever increasing as we are,
we speed onward,
expanding the distance
from ourselves; the same self
we so desperately seek.
- Looking for light,
we enter the darkness, of deep space,
going away from
our own Sun.

Smoky Hoss

Very Few Words

Thinkin bout puttin down
a few words,
meant for no one certain to be heard.
Thoughts on paper
made from dead trees,
little pieces of pulp, holding deep bits of me.
Wonder what's the use
what's the need,
a few voices expressed and temporarily freed.
A soul let go
a heart crying,
the blood of a spirit still trying.
Perhaps that's all we are
poets screaming,
in a search for a deeper meaning.
These words
very few,
just a brief shot at a human view.

Smoky Hoss

Victims Of The Cold

leaves fall
like tears of sorrow
the last one
goes tomorrow

the wind and trees
had their little dance
made their love
took their chance

when autumn colors come
burning
there'll be no
returning

rake
the leaves
dead
beneath the trees

summer's over
and done
...goodbye my old friend
the sun

frost
and cold
a story
of old

winters victims all
are we
say the signs given
in the trees

Smoky Hoss

Vision At Little Bighorn

I went to Little Bighorn
On a hot summer day,1987,
I wondered if the Seventh Cavalry
Was in hell or heaven -
Out there all alone
I came upon the old General's ghost wandering around,
He kept glancing far away
While staying close to the ground -
I'll never know for certain
If he saw me or not,
He just kept wringing his hands
As if he couldn't stop -
Upon the path where he paced
Blood dripped from his boots,
It soaked in deep and wide
Down to the prairie grass roots -
From way down in this hallowed ground
I heard the dead soldiers cries,
The agony of the lost
Who so long ago on this spot died -
No one else was there under the burning sun
This mysterious scene to see,
I observed it all
Alone, on the desolate, dry prairie -
I felt as if a visitor
Watching from another time,
Perhaps the heat had got to me
Or I'd simply lost my mind -
I tried
But I could not walk away,
I wanted to ask him 'Why? '...
Yet no words could I say -
I just stayed there
Hour upon hour,
Watching, listening... feeling it all...
As if in the grip of a strange power -
I swear I saw Sitting Bull
Riding swiftly toward me on a spotted horse,
I was knocked flat to the ground

By the passing force -
I looked up high
Into the blazing sun,
There I saw Warriors in victory dancing
Realizing full well their fight was done -

Still, I couldn't help to wonder
What of Custer? What was his fate?
Was he too far gone?
Was it, for him, way too late?

Suddenly I was brought back,
when out of nowhere an old medicine man appeared.
Looking into me, as if reading my thoughts, he said,
' Do not worry about Custer, he'll never speak another word.
Because out here all alone the General shall remain, forever dead. ' -
'As for the rest of us
We all must come to understand,
The time to live and work together
Is now at hand. '
Then he reached down and helped me up;
Together we walked the long path back;
Side by side, into the sunset,
We followed the same track. -

Smoky Hoss

Visions

There's a man in the moon
pouring down dreams
upon still waters,
and a snake lurking
in the swamps
hunting up toads;
Through it all a lonesome man
walks many a mile,
wearing out souls, looking and longing
for the fabled crossroads -
Over yonder, wild grapes
taste sweetest while still
on the vine;
and back here, we drink
the cup of wrath
tasting a bit of atonement
in the blood, of the wine -
Lay your weary head down
at night, upon a pillow
made of distant dreams;
pray those ancient visions
are really as true
as they seem -

Smoky Hoss

Vivaldi

Down the dark wooded trail
Into the deep forest, bit by bit I go;
Stepping into each season
A symphony of vibrant music grows.
Each branch and blade
Glimmers and waves;
While the sun, rain and snow
With irrepressible delight raves.
Every path of life
Is sung to here,
As the music soars...
For the great Conductor of it all is so very near.
Animal and human together enter
Bliss beyond compare,
Dance in the wind, and in life,
So fully aware.
All the seasons
And all being become one,
In this lush garden
Where perfect Music and life play
Forever in the sun.

(this came to me while listening to Vivaldi 'The Four Seasons', thus the title.)

Smoky Hoss

Vocation

Find peace and contentment within
By letting go without-
Let not exterior worldly demands destroy
Interior divine design.

Smoky Hoss

W.W.

In complete delight
Walt came to know,
The spot upon which he stood
United with his soul.

A poet beyond time
A master of thoughtful word,
With courage enough to decipher lifes riddle
In all he saw and heard.

Reading his poetic words
I can't help to wonder how old must I become,
To reach that fateful state
When I and the Eternities are fully one.

He was helped by faith and friend alike
Immense were these preparations,
Yet greater still were the depth and beauty
Of his own worldly seperations.

He taught us that nothing here is the complete whole
For all now that we find,
Are merely small and temporary pieces
Of a faltering and fading time.

He said walk on the earth's soft grass
Listen to the song of your own being,
Attempt to aquire the wisdom of understanding
In all you are hearing and seeing.

And thus I try to do
Hoping when on the grasses other side I lay,
There, due to seeking here, shall I find
An even brighter day.

From this all and him
May I ever learn,
Wherein truly lies
My own ultimate concern.

So thank you Mr. Whitman
For the wonder in words you have said,
May they plant hope in my heart
And produce wisdom in my head.

Giving me cause to go about
My daily life, play and chore,
Ever yearning to find and to share
More upon more.

Smoky Hoss

Waiting

All the pretty flowers of summer
have bowed their heads
said a prayer
and gone to bed-
The cold has come
with a kiss goodnight
and a blanket of frost
to tuck them in tight-
By the dark of winter they are held
bound in a deep sleep
only in dreams the memory of their beauty
do we keep-
So for now we shall wait
the return of spring
and the glorious new life
it promises to bring-

Smoky Hoss

Waiting At The Shore

Daily I go down to the shore
put hand to brow
look left, right
back and forth,
as far out as possible
hoping to see - just a glimpse even -
of some great ship, that I've never before seen
only heard rumors of;
they say, once it was here,
and someday it shall come back around
tying itself to our dock,
perhaps even take us away
to some unknown, unimaginable island paradise.
I cannot even recall how I know this, but
somehow I do -
Still, at times, when life gets so routine
mundane and low,
as it is so oft to do and be,
it seems as if the story of the great ship was merely a legend,
never again to sail into this port.
However, the deep wonder that looking for it gives me
will not rest...
so here standing yet again, another day
at the shoreline
I put my hand into the cool water, while
I gaze out, as always, far, far away...
my eyes see nothing, but
in the sea my hand feels the waters tremble,
with excitement and anticipation -

Smoky Hoss

Warriors Sunset

The old bomber's on the ramp;
flew in just for show.
Gawkers, dreamers, and memories hang around
like ghosts, lost after World War Two -
(like my dad
it was there with the Army Air Corp,
going across Europe
in 1944)
Four burley motors,
stars on silver wings,
gunners pointing in all directions,
oh what monstrous things -
So peaceful, large, and quiet gleaming
as in the setting sun now it sits;
hard to comprehend how much humanity
this beast had once blown to bits -
The ever increasing mechanisms of war
a mad fever since time began,
may just reach their climax
at the extinction of man -
So, perhaps we should not linger
in the gory glory of war for too long, because
what fascinates most of us the most
may one day become the reason all of humanity is gone -

Smoky Hoss

Watching Snow Fall, Softly

Gentle flakes of snow larger than silver dollars
come descending slowly from heaven above unto earth below.
Nature stands motionless in deft admiration, for
here in the forest stillness is sublime.
The animals, birds and trees absorbed within exalted silence
watch with awe the purity of a fresh-white-calm caressing creation.
There is a tranquil grace in the complete covering
of this crystal canopy.
Everything, everywhere is tacitly touched,
as if saying: ' All is known, all is understood.'

Later the raging forces of storm may arise
with full fury against this temporary picture of peace on earth,
causing chaos and confusion; but, here and now
in this brief visit into the Spirit
of the Garden of Eden, all are divinely granted a glimpse
of the purity and perfection
of the tender dream of God,
given for the hope of all creation.

Smoky Hoss

Waters Of Change

Here we stand now
On the edge of the dark-blue sea,
I'm saying goodbye to you
You're saying goodbye to me.
Gray clouds linger
Overhead,
Waving goodbye to a lost love
That's dead.

Cast our hearts
Out upon the churning waters,
They won't return this time
There's just not enough left that truly matters.
You alone in your boat
And me in mine,
Drifting away
On these deep waters of changing times.

Smoky Hoss

Waves

From where come the waves
That beg and foam,
Call and plead
Rolling on never alone -
The sound and soul
Of the eternal sea,
In the spray upon the air
Come to fill a depth deep within me -
I hear and smell,
And become known;
Yet, knowing not the mystical
Flowing always, onward home -
Is this all in the great waters,
Or simply in how I see;
Are the waves the ocean
Or are the waves me?

Smoky Hoss

West Texas - '86

Three in the mornin'
ridin' back to camp from the Bar in Post, been drinkin',
cussin', fightin' and shootin' pool with amigos, Mexicans,
just havin' fun, like good ol' Texicans -
Gusto, Schnieder, Byron and me, pals,
and like Jerry Jeff, we was pissin' our youth to the wind,
not once thinkin' or knowin'
we'd never pass this way again -
We spotted longhorn cattle out amongst the tumbleweeds,
like Villa, wild-n-free under the bold Tejas moon light,
filled with plenty of liquor, and no fear
we rode 'em all through the endless night -
Hollerin', laughin' and covered with mud
from bein' throwed in the drinkin' trough,
we hadn't a worry in the world
we'd just have another drink and brush it all off -
Howlin'at the Texas moon
shootin' our guns in the air,
afraid of nothin'
and narry a care -
So, we hit the Wells Fargo along the way
just for fun... didn't get much,
but like ol' Pancho we lit out for Mexico
fast horses, on the run -
We never made the border,
we were just too damn drunk, and it was too far,
had to stop in the desert and sleep it off
underneath those quiet Western stars -
Outlaws and cowboys
we was born to be,
but, of course we came along a little too late
in the land of the once wild-n-free -
We rode that trail often, for as long as we could,
rode it hard-n-fast,
but the times and circumstances they change
and I reckon we always knew it couldn't last -
Memories are what we have left
now that we've all gone our seperate ways,
but I doubt a one of us will ever forget

those crazy, fun-lovin', wild-n-wooly days -

Though most doubt
the wild West tales I do tell,
I don't give a damn,
and they can all go straight to unbelievers hell -
For I have slept 'neath the stars
and howled with the coyotes at the full Western moon,
if I could I'd do it all again...
and right soon -

When I get too old to sit a horse
I'll go back to west Texas, recallin' the times we had,
it may have not been all good, but
it sure as shootin' weren't all bad -
And someday, I'll ride into Heaven like a real Cowboy should
on a prancin' horse so pretty and fine,
my ol' pards will open the gate with a grin
sayin': ' Come on in, we've been waitin' for ya, all this time! ' -

'If our bones bleach out on the desert,
we'll consider we are blessed.' - Tom Russell

Smoky Hoss

What Are We Missing?

Drops of rain
Wear upon an old bit of forgotten copse
Laying alone in a fallow field
All the different shapes and shades
Of stains and grains
Write the color and flavor
Of the soul in the wood.
-Who this beauty shall ever see?
To whom is it given, as intended,
A beautiful gesture
Of grace and love
Redolent mystery, only
In the quiet parts of nature...
Oh, how much more
Pure and simple beauty
In our daily hurry and worry
Do we miss
And even care not to see?
-By the making of humanities own hands,
And blindly narcissistic plans
We numbly linger in our loss
Trapped deep in a self-idolatrous foss.
The wonder of nature we can no longer see
Transfixed in our own vain absurdity.
No longer aching to get out-of-doors
(that pure passion villainously absorbed
by man's own created
electronic whores)
What a wretched price to pay
By those who willingly decide
Always inside to 'safely' stay.

We all poets would be
If only our spiritual eyes were opened
For all of life's beauty to see.
Those who refuse to try
Sadly inside may die,
For of them none shall ever invision
What we, who dare to look, find

Nor never feel
What we, who dare to touch, intertwine
Can never know
What we, who dare to think, 'get'
And absolutely never understand
What we, who dare to pause..... can in no way ever forget.
Often, the sky weeps with rain
The earth tumbles with pain
Nature moans and groans as part of the cost
For paradise lost,
Longing for divine affection
And human attention;
Tis true:
Love is what everything and everyone is after,
From the simple slave all the way to the Master.
For God's own sweetest kiss
Is what we surely most miss,
In this
Our own blind, self abyss.

'..... there is nothing, not even crime, more opposed to poetry, to philosophy, ay,
to life itself, than this incessant business.'

- Henry David Thoreau.

Smoky Hoss

What Do I Want?

What I'd like
beyond a new bike
or even a penny or two,

Is a cabin in the woods
stocked with goods
and the most amazing view -

A sun rise
a moon rise
a little mountain dew,

A woman's love
help from above
and the admiration of a few -

Some joy and peace
an occasional feast
and a good nights rest,

Family and friends
right to the end...
just a simple life, well-blessed -

Smoky Hoss

What Is Time

What is time?

Snow falling so softly
it barely moves, perhaps even
pauses for just a moment
holds its breath

- and that of ours -
time stops, and then
the snow tenderly moves on.

Time counts the beats
of our hearts
and measures the moments
of our minds.

Each thought
gives and takes time,
and it all matters.

Thoughts flow into
the blood
like light into a window
giving meaning, and hope,
and vision.

The snow shall fall,
the sun shall rise,
time will continue;
all things move onward
into a future yet unknown,
but time, will show all.

What is time?

Smoky Hoss

What Kind Of God?

What would we want with a god of no mystery
A god so simply contained
Within the limits of human history?

Why would we want
A god we could handle
What good would that be?
If we were able
We'd simply manipulate this god
To serve the greater needs of 'me'.
But, where then
- filled with an empty faith in ourselves -
Would we stand?
With only our egos
Above the clouds
And our heads in the sand.
What god
- of all we suppose -
Could possibly be,
Enough god
To fulfill the deep desire
Of insatiable humanity?
Only one the need fits
Beyond our ability
To own and fully know,
Tis the same that
We shall never master
Nor control.

This kind of god
Mysteriously in others we can see,
The kind of God
With a captial 'G'.

'Those who have not been told shall see, those who have not heard shall ponder it.'

- Isaiah.

When

When the sounds of war
are heard no more
and the pangs of hunger
are rent asunder,
when the homeless throngs
find they belong
and the weak and the lost
are no longer trashed and tossed,
when the entire human view
is made all new
and what we want to see
extends beyond selfish me,
then will the human race
find and finally recognize true grace
not only in every place
but also in each human face.

Smoky Hoss

When I

When I look at the crystal moon
just beyond my little window pane,
the night becomes aglow
with such wonder to gain -

When I think how small
the perceptions of man,
I hold carefully every thought
in the palm of my hand -

When I feel the night
ablaze like the beauty of day,
I consider how unworthy
the meager words I shall find to say -

When I and my heart are taken
by the evening sky and it's gentle wind,
I know
I will never be the same, ever again -

Smoky Hoss

When I Breathe

When I breathe
I breathe the winds
that have encircled
thousands of hills
for thousands of years.

When I breathe
I breathe the mist of the rain
that has fell throughout the ages,
always to rise again.

When I breathe
I breathe the warmth of the sun
that has caressed and cared for
and even consumed
the earth for ions.

When I breathe in
the world's air
that every soul
has ever shared,
that will forever share,
I and they, we,
breathe the same
breath.

When I breathe
I breathe life.

Smoky Hoss

When The Work's All Done

We've closed the gate
The mules are done hauling frieght,
The hands have penned all the cattle...
While the train's been running just a bit late.
We watch for the setting sun
Knowing the work's all done,
It's peacful tonite...
No one's on the run.
When that grand ole train shows up
We'll burn the old stump,
Have a great big shing-ding...
Really prime the pump!
Food will never run low
Drinks freely shall ever flow,
The business ends finished...
Time to see the real show.
Put those old dirty saddles far away
'Cause we've been working so hard, for so many days,
Time's come to rest and enjoy...
All the beautiful words the poets have to say.
So, gather around the ol' campfire
Listen to those grand stories that inspire,
Receive all the fruits of our labor...
We've finally come to acquire.

Smoky Hoss

Where

The stars and the moon
Dance to their own
Silent tune - while somewhere
Light years away
In the deepest dark
Is a far brighter day;
Such great mystery I cannot hear
Nor can I see,
Contemplating, I wonder,
Is it life out there...
Or is it just me?
A friend says I am thinker.
But, I know
He is just being kind,
For I've never been inside an institution
That forms deep thoughts inside the mind.
- The wind and time
Relentlessly move along,
They go forever onward...
So soon, I will be forgotten and gone.
- The lights in the night sky
Refuse to fade and die,
And I here ponder
To where do they endlessly fly?
- Perhaps if I only had
More of that knowledge and education,
Then would raise
My lowly intellectual situation, and
Improve my meager station.
- But, then again
With or without me
The river of life
Shall continue to flow;
Therefore; 'tis best to just remain
Simple and free,
Let it all go,
'Where' all eventually must go.....

Smoky Hoss

Where Is? (The Long And The Short Of It)

Always I do what is expected of me...
and no one knows, nor cares
that I am not
really there...

And where? you dare
ask -
I'm in southern-Utah getting lost ofcourse,
into the Labyrinth...
with Abbey and Ruess!

Smoky Hoss

Who Do You Think I Am?

The look of light forming through his eyes
As he asked the immortal question;
The voice of a thousand-winds
Gathering into the Milky-Way;

A pure silver sliver of sentiment
Passes between us... thin as a breath, and deep as light,
And for just the briefest moment
There is no distinction
Between the living, and the dead,
For all here have arisen singing
With the new sun;

With tears in eyes
And the heartbeat of all the ages
Thumping deep,
Every angel holds it's breath...
Awaiting, the human response...

Smoky Hoss

Who Would Win?

The world at war
Twice before;
If it comes again
Who shall win?
Modern weapons of destruction
Could mean human extinction;
Therefore, with the possibility of everyone dead...
Only the earth worms would come out ahead.

Smoky Hoss

Why Can'T It Just Wait?

Damn the wrinkles
And damn my hide,
I know this old mirror is
Filled with lies-
Why can't it just wait?
The hair gone gray
And rather thin,
The light in my eyes
Grows steadily dim-
Why can't it just wait?
There's things been erased
I can't recall,
Like loves first kiss
And the wild-wonder of it all-
Why can't it just wait?
Like a blizzard it's coming on
With age and wear,
Life's bitter cold wind blowing
Out there-
Why can't it just wait?
That old Reaper
Dark and grim,
I know someday
I will have to greet him-
Why can't it just wait?
One last breath
Sails to Heaven's gate,
Time to go -
It just can't wait.

Smoky Hoss

Why I Like Spring

Cold air
Trees are bare
Ice on the wall
Snow continues to fall
Cloudy night
Winters blight
Birds gone south
Just up and moved out
Ten below
Shoveling snow
Heavy wet clothes
Common cold cure, nobody knows
Triple high heating bills
Overpriced cough pills
Slick ice all around
One slip and it's to the ground
Stuck in a ditch
Too many clothes to scratch an itch
Cars never warm up
Coffee freezes in the cup
Feet are always cold
Daily scraping ice is getting old...

I don't really mean to complain
So please let me explain:
These are just a few of the things
That give me cause to love the spring.

Smoky Hoss

Wild Domestication

Crazy cats and obedient dogs
wolves, tigers,
and fat old hogs -
What separates the wild from the tame?
Only how they eat,
and their man made name -

Smoky Hoss

Wind Of Change

Life changes quick as a breeze-
Blowing backward through painted porcelain trees
The fake foilage unaware
Of such mighty and mysterious air
Topples and breaks
Into glass mirrored lakes,
Broken pieces reflect
What so few seldom suspect:
All is not secure and safe
Here, in this phony land of sugar plumbs and sweet cakes.

It's all bound to come apart
With the new wind that's blowing,
The fake forest we've been sold gives way
To the true trees of home, forever growing.
The time is at hand,
For the children to retake their promised land.

Smoky Hoss

Winter

The high-wires on telephone poles
are covered in sleepy snow;
the passing electricity
moves through them quietly and slow -

A bird upon a limb alone
sits motionless without a song;
awaiting just one more snowflake to fall
the last leaf reverently refuses to be gone -

Clouds above it all linger in a mist
as if the chilled breath of loves last kiss;
darkness, gazes down upon the earth
wrapped in a blanket of bitter coldness -

Natures annual treason
found in this the final season;
to glorify Spring
must be it's true purpose, and reason -

Smoky Hoss

Winter Coming

a smokestack behind
rows of trees
turning
with the crisp autumn breeze;
rising far above
the steam furled air
are colors of fall
showing they are going, somewhere -

a bird
on the wing
southbound...
in its backwards spring -

past clouds
building snow,
summer can't wait
it just has to go -

Venus dances in the west
Big-Dipper scoops the Milky-Way,
soon gray clouds will block them all
as night takes over day -

so very still is the silent
out-beyond
that freezes the soul
of the old fishing pond -

there's not a sound
nor even one birdsong
now that the warm wind of summer
is long gone;
with what is coming
and what has went
natures glorious bounty
is once again fully spent -

Wise Words

Those old still waters
Run deep
When wisdom is the word
We keep -
Way up
Way down
And everything
All around -
The dark
The light
Into day, and
Out of night -
The wink of an eye
Watching clouds fly by
Sheds tears upon the sun
For the day that's all done -
Sing along
Words of a living song
With the strangers you've yet to meet
Down an untravelled street -
Blaze a path into the heart
Where real journeys start
Burn true thoughts into the head
Out of something so good, deeply read -
Watch those words you say
Moving along your way
The pain you give
May become the pain you live -
As surely as the compassion
You share
May return a blessing
Through someone's thankful prayer -
Find a stranger
To be a friend
For we all become just alike
In the end -
We enter the world
With nothing but a name
We shall leave it

Just the same -
Wisdom is a woman
Love a man
Bring them together
And forever they shall stand -
- Yes, calm waters
Do run deep,
When in our hearts
It is with the wisdom of Love that we speak -

Smoky Hoss

Wistful

Something of life given
to fill emptiness,
Something of light shared
to push away darkness;
what we seek
we pray we find,
what we need
we pray we get -
but, ofcourse,
there's no time... no time...
Summer is over.
Fall, with it's increasing cold,
and broken leaves of gold,
relentless as the coming snow,
offers a wistful moment
to ponder, before the storms arrive -
and upon a dark night of drear,
we find ourselves overcome by fear,
when first we see the reflection
given by lightning
in the muddy puddle
where we stand astray,
forgetting, all we need do
is stick our finger in and stir
our troubles away -

Smoky Hoss

Wonder In A Walk

Took a stroll in the woods the other day,
Ran into Jesus along the way.
He said,
Your eyes are red
And your hearts heavy,
Why don't you stop and talk with me.
So I told him
What kind of man I really am,
He replied, it's o.k.
I understand,
I've covered your sin...
All there is, or has ever been-
As he looked upon me there
The Light flowing from his eyes
Cast deathly shadows
Onto the world's terrific lies-
Into my heart his Kingdom had come
And I realized:
He alone truly is the One;
Oh how the world is covered
With heavy chains,
But none at all
Stronger than his holy name.
I dropped to my knees and cried
Thanking him
For not leaving me the same,
He answered with the gentlest tone
You'll never be alone,
I'm always near
Call upon me, listen and you shall hear,
My love so real and true
Speaking in so many ways to you;
You're now merely mortal
So try to understand
And fathom if you can
The depth of these words I say:
' I am not here to condemn;
I came to save. '...

The dust and wind arose
And blew all around,
When I looked up
He was gone,
As if all in a dream
I had barely seen...
But, I swear, in the cool breeze
I could hear a faint, flowing song;
It sounded for all the world,
Like ' Amazing Grace '...
Resounding through
Every time, and every place...

Smoky Hoss

Wonderful World

What a wonderful world we inhabit.
Mysterious and inexplicable at so many points.
Natures glory keeps us moving and guessing,
looking and finding, like a grand treasure hunt.
The questions we ask lead us into amazing discoveries
of this enterprise of life we find ourselves in.
Slowly in measured cadence or
in a flash of glorious brilliance
we come to understand a piece
of livings intricate puzzle.
And thereby receive even more questions.

Is it not a wild and magnificent wonder
to realize we will never fully comprehend,
explain, nor catagorize all of life -
the face of God
is still, mystery.

Smoky Hoss

Words

Yeats so simply stated
' Words alone are certain good. '
And to the great poet
So highly rated
I try to listen, as I should; Yet
Being an untrained novice
Such as me
With verdant hopes of much improvement
- oh that I would -
I beg to slightly differ with W. B.
And offer here my humble opinion
- if I could -
Good certainly is not words alone,
For without humanity
To read and to write
How would they ever become known?
- For without the good of people
Who of these words would care
Ever to be heard, or even shared?
No, the good does not alone from words arise,
Rather from human beings
Whose entire story
Such words do attempt to comprise.....
- Words written in this time
May even the way
To a distant future find,
But not on their own
And never alone.
For it takes people's
- hand's to write
- eye's to read
- heart and soul to understand
The purpose, and the need.
Let it here be shown
Words alone
Are not the only good,
They need human beings
To give goodness and life
To their reason and meaning

For they are merely the vehicle
By which man's true good
Is found and understood.

Smoky Hoss

Writers And Poets

Here I sit
At a desk dimly lit.
Holding an unsharpened pencil
Over a piece of old, faded paper,
In my mind lingers a vague intention
Within the unformed idea
Of somehow writing something.
With no clear idea, theme or plan.
Only the restless desire to write.

It's raining. Again.
It seems to rain often.
Not the weather.
Life.
Interior drops fall,
Like flower pedals sacrificed.
Beauty's death, the ransom price.
My desire lives in poetic rhythms,
Not in serious writers cadences.
I am not a writer.
- I hope to be a poet-
There is a difference? one may ask;
Oh yes, I believe so.
I'll attempt to express why.
In poetry words flow,
Like living waters.
In writing ideas are built within words.
The writer builds something,
Like a dam, to hold and control the way of the water,
To cause it to go somewhere precisely.
Writers form canals to move readers
To certain places.
Poets open up the dark clouds over life
Pouring out necessary wonders onto human souls;
Thirst quenching beauties that all
-in one way or another-
Are in great need of.
Writers, thankfully, take people
To places where they are able

To realize their own thirst.
Poets give them the drink.
The taste towards fulfilling life's true longings.

Writers and poets together
Make the dark a bit brighter,
The waters a bit more navigatable,
The way a bit clearer,
And the thirst of life
A bit more quenchable.

Smoky Hoss

Writing Frustrations I've Known

-It would seem, I've run out of words.
Nothing left to say.
I have lost my inner voice.
It's gone, completely astray.
Perhaps I should lay down pen and pad.
Never more write a rhyme.
On this poetry that I love
I shall spend no further time.
... not that I was ever truly a poet anyway
... it's just that, well, I did love it so;
... still, it feels the well is dry
... time to just let it go.

- So now, what of me shall be
Feeling empty in heart and head?
What purpose-without a word-shall be heard
With no way to express both hope and dread?
Where have the words gone
Must they ever stay away?
Who has taken my spirit's song
Why has the music of my soul nothing more to say?
... I try... seems of no use...
My mind torn asunder, literary abuse.

(this next part wrote a couple months later)

Listen, what do I hear?
Something is knocking at my gate!
A few months later now
But, not altogether too late.

A lonesome thought comes strolling in
From whence I cannot declare,
Just that it has arrived
With this simple message to share:

' What's a dime
To a lover of verse and rhyme,
And what's to fear

Of criticism drawing near?

For to write only for income
Would soon turn quite burdensome,
As surely as to not write for fear of ridicule
Would be to deny the voice within you.

The words may never turn a single head
But, don't dare believe they'll ever be dead!
God gives meaning to what he wants
Whether anyone else listens or not.

The way it is all spoke
By darling bards, or simple country folk,
Is well worth hearing
And so oft more than a bit endearing.

Don't worry about the rhyme
The perfect place or time,
Just give your soul in words as best you can
And those who should, will understand.

Those who don't
Just won't,
And that's o.k.
God speaks to them in other ways.

Trust his Spirit in all you do
Yes, this includes writing too,
Remember he promised he'd never leave you alone
Even in the simple words of your poems. '

-Pondering it over
I suppose this I've known all along,
Though thoughts may wander
True words are never gone.

Well, ya know what:
I believe I just might pick up paper and pen,
Good or bad, right or wrong...
Give it a go, once again!

Smoky Hoss

Wrote Me A Song

Been thinkin' real hard
been thinkin' real strong
been thinkin' 'bout
writtin' me a song -
ya, writtin' me a song -

Got me a shovel
and a pile of dirt
got my name sewed on
the front of my shirt -
ya, on the front of my shirt -

I'm just a simple man
everyday, doin' what I can
just a simple man
ain't got no big plan -
ya, ain't got no big plan -

Been workin' all day
been workin' all night
been workin' so hard
I'm a terrible sight -
ya, I'm a terrible sight -

One of these days
I'm a gonna retire
and when I do
ain't never gonna expire -
ya, ain't never gonna expire -

Well now, looks like
I done wrote me a song
it ain't too short, and
it ain't too long -
no, no, it ain't too long -

All I need now
is to learn how to play guitar
otherwise I'm afraid my music career

won't get too far -
ya, ya, won't get too far -

Smoky Hoss

Ya. That's My Dad

He arrived like a spring shower
in the roaring '20's,
formed the impressions of his mind and soul
in the desperation of the
Great Depression,
crossed the thorny threshold of transition
from teenager to manhood
at the backdoor of
World War II's darkness,
he spent nearly 30 days
on wild, stormy waves
crossing the ocean wide
trying to return alive,
to where at long last
he found the sweet sunshine of home
in the heart of a simple American girl.

After he passed
she told stories,
rather matter-of-factly,
of how for months after the War
he'd awake nights in a cold sweat
unable to sleep
unable to speak of his nightmares,
nobody knew, except her, nobody understood,
except for those, who like him, had been there.
Without realizing it
he spent the next 40-some years
absolving his heart
in the cleansing toil of hard work
providing for those he loved more than himself,
and, in the baptismal waters of child-rearing,
that steadily washes selfish sins away
as nothing else can.

Is it silly to believe
that we are all essentially redeemed
from the dark in our lives
by the glorious sunshine

of our few best moments?

For why else does
hope exist?

So now

when someone looks at the picture of him

I keep proudly in my den,

the one where he is older

sitting on the International tractor he restored,

smiling,

and they say,

'Is that your dad?

He looks like a real good guy.'

I say, with a thankful heart,

'Ya. That's my dad.'

Smoky Hoss