Poetry Series

Carol Fleming Klein

- 105 poems -

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Carol Fleming Klein

Carol Fleming Klein
I hope your day is beautiful and blessed!
I am an elementary school teacher residing in California. I grew up on the East Coast until I went to college. Over the years I have had a relatively small number of writing experiences, although I have been "writing" since age 4. As an 8 or 9 year old, a classmate and I made a mini book of popular rhymes. In my preteens there was a single "newspaper" issue written by my cousins and I. Our sole subscriber was Grandma. On another occasion we began writing a play, but baseball and sour apple fights in the tree house crowded that out. My brother and I also began writing mysteries populated with family and friends going on for pages, but not reaching conclusion usually. In my teens I began writing poetry, and my senior year of high school, I wrote news stories for the school paper. In college, I began in Journalism, but finally opted for Liberal Arts. I have taught the range from Kindergarten to fourth grade. My writing has consisted mostly of term papers and Christmas letters and numerous journal entries. In the last four years I have sensed a recall to focus on writing. I have written a few sermons and teachings, and short inspirational stories. My greatest desire and aim is to reflect Psalm 45: 1: 'My heart is inditing a good matter; I speak of things which I have made touching the King: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer.' If you have the opportunity to visit some of my poems, I welcome comments, reflection and enjoy knowing if something I said struck a chord or blessed you in some way. Also feel free to repost and share my poems with others in your life who might be blessed by a particular poem.
Thanks, Carol

A Common Singer

I am a common singer
Singing a simple song
Inviting all who hear
To join and sing along

As we climb up Faith's Mountain
Our voices lift in song
Inviting the whole earth
To hear and come along

This song is heaven's story
Is the key to heaven's gate
The song of Christ's returning
And His grace for all who wait

I am a common singer
Singing a simple song
Inviting you who hear
To join and come along

Monday, February 17,2014

Carol Fleming Klein

A New Dance

Forgive me Mother
forgive me Father
But the dance you wrote
and the choreography
You've supplied
is mostly all wrong.

The melody is filled
with too much discord
and the minor key doesn't suit
my dancing feet.

Forgive me now
if I turn my back
on the rhythm of years.

But we
the Lord and I
have improvisations
to write
A score to hear
with jubilation enough to suit
my dancing feet.

Carol Fleming Klein

Above The Clouds

Above the clouds
the sun is shining
Through the rain
the light scatters to form
a rainbow

Through the gray
hope pierces
faith shines
And wraps me warmly
against the chill

Upward presses my soul, upward
and almost I feel
the sun's warmth on my face
Soon I know
Soon

Tho' tears fall now
On the other side
of pain
waits peace and joy
When the waiting
is over
I will embrace
the joy and know
it with all my heart
Even as my heart traces it now
in hope.

May-June 1990

Carol Fleming Klein

Aftermath

After the storm
is a quiet
when the clouds scud together
and the moon peeks from
behind
to view the damage

the battlefield
is scouted
for the groans of survivors.
A melancholy calm
envelopes
all

to which a blazing dawn
might be called
a desecration
thro' which the
voice of a
songbird
may shatter
like machine gun fire

A heavy hanging calm
which can be felt and touched
and tasted
in the salt of sweat, blood and tears.

June 27,1990

Carol Fleming Klein

At Sea

A vast sea
But a small world
Shut in four ways
By heavy fog
Dripping, deep, dark fog
Lonely
Alone
The only vessel on the sea
The splash of waves
On a solitary ship
Salt spray
Lonely raucous gull cries

Sun shining
Smooth sea
All plain
Many other vessels
Who radio messages across
Smile
And wave
Gentle, golden, sparkling, shining
After morning mist
And tranquil now
In the inner evening sea

1978?

Carol Fleming Klein

Autumn

Leaves wind dancing
drift
downward
cover
frost kissed brown grasses
round my feet.

Leaves rustle, crunch...
silent
as I momentar'ly stop
haunted by Autumn's
fallen glory
this strewn battlefield
this lost richness about me.

And I feel
like a windblown leaf,
thrated, destiny commanded
by the lordly wind
who tightly wraps
his chill fingers about me
to toss me forth.

Must my fate balance
in his cool careless fingers?

Must my gold-scarlet splendor
be doomed to indifference
and decay?

November 1981 or 1982

Carol Fleming Klein

Birth Day Prayer

Father, keep her in Your care
Hold her in Your arms
Wrap her in Your embrace
As You have longed to do
Since before her birth

Father, whisper in her ear
The Secrets
Those things destined before time
You chose for her
Those Paths
With adventure waiting
Just round the bend
If only she will venture
To follow You
There

Father, silence the lies
"It is too late…"'
"You have waited too long…"
"Nothing is left…"
Silence the enemy
And the world around her

Father, let her see Your face
Let her see only You
Let her hear only You
Let the truth resonate through her
Let it be like a bell
Chiming the hour
Your chiming
Your hour
It's Time!

February 28,2012

Carol Fleming Klein

Brown Eyes Have a Hard Time Saying Goodbye

Brown eyes
have a hard time saying goodbye

A light in them continues to shine
Even when all the words
have been said

Brown eyes
Have a hard time saying goodbye.

February 2,1987

Carol Fleming Klein

'California Girl'

Oh, I'm a real 'California Girl'
For sure, and I mean really.
Born outside of Boston
And schooled outside of Philly.

I'm a 'California Girl', yeah really.
And with my California suntan
And my Bette Davis eyes
I can make a man feel warmer
Than these sunny southern skies.

Spring 1989

Carol Fleming Klein

Called to Wildness

Something in me thrills
to far away people and places
it ripples into me
on tides of poetry
a wildness sweet
and distant
a wistful call
silvery echoes
from
rich tapestries
and foreign faces
the titillating
sounds of
water splashing through
a hidden glen

How can I be
free
and yet be with
called as I am to wildness

Spring 1987

Carol Fleming Klein

Caterpillar Dreams

Although your cocoon
is dark
and the sun is far away,

Although the wait
is long
and the time drags on

Although the delay
seems endless
and the quiet dark
of the changing seaason
forever

Yet in the misty dark
aloneness
beats a promise
the golden glow of wings

In your haste
for warm air
fragrant musical breezes
and delicate beauty

Don't venture
a broken wing
in your struggle
to be born

Instead give yourself
the fulness
of time
for your graceful wings
to unfold
and dry in the
Sun's rays

Wait for the promise
of wings
to come to you

December 19,1995

Carol Fleming Klein

Classroom Prayer

My prayer, oh Lord
Is for You
To touch these children
In every way possible
In the midst of noise and clamor
In the silence
And in the mist of tears
And vulnerability

Let me somehow be
The guardian of their fragile selves
Defender
Of their future destiny
Show me the way.

Thursday, May 27,2010

Carol Fleming Klein

Communion and Cleansing

I bring my trailing-mud soul feet
to Your table
laden with a banquet of many-guest anticipation.

And before them all
Smiling at me
with tenderness
You bring out a great tub
of soapy steaming water
sparkling red.

You kneel
to my cleansing.

Saturday, December 1982

Carol Fleming Klein

Cup of Crystal

Lord
Let me be the cup
Of clear shining crystal
Full and running over
With Your goodness
And Your love

Plunge me deeply
Into the ceaseless fountain
Of “living water”
‘till I’m brimming
And drops flow
Down the side
And absorb into thirsty ground.

Quench the thirst
Of the woman coming to the well
With my contents
Upturn and empty me
Then fill me up again
For the others who will seek
The scores of other wanderers
Who will discover the well
And ask You for a drink.

Saturday, July 12,1980

Carol Fleming Klein

Dark Cocoon 1

Surrender

Dark cocoon
You engulf me
All I know is the
black emptiness

Far from the
warm sunshine

I am alone

In Silence

And thus

I await wings.

Sunday, June 12,1988

Carol Fleming Klein

Dark Cocoon 2

Dark Cocoon
You encircle me
I am alone
Yet not abandoned

It is dark
and still
and the sunshine
is far away

But even in the silence
Hangs a promise
Beats the golden glow
of wings.

Monday, December 26,1988

Carol Fleming Klein

Dark Cocoon 3

Dark Cocoon
You release me
Exploding
Into the dazzling day

Warm sunlight
caresses my
new won wings

No longer
alone
or silent
with mystic magic
the fragrant breeze
beckons me
to glistening horizons

and into my promise

I unfurl
in a golden glow
of wings.

October 1,1989

Carol Fleming Klein

Desire

Desire is
the intensity of driven rain
on a tin roof

the relentless ticking
of a grandfather clock
toward the chiming of the hour

the pounding
of my heart
as you touch me
and your lips meet mine

the feeling
which fills me
when you have been
too long away.

October 22,1995

Carol Fleming Klein

Dream, Joseph, Dream

Joseph, your princely coat of colors
is getting small now.
The father in a distant land
weeps over it's tatters
weeps over
the death of your dreams.

Joseph, weave a new coat, now.
Weave it large with hope
color it richly with
dreams that will be.
Dream, Joseph, dream
And the Father will weave.

Joseph,
Dream strong seams in your prince's coat;
rich colors, strong threads,
bind it with eternal dreams.

Joseph,
Your princely coat of colors
is shaping in the hands
of the Master Dream Weaver now.
Dream, Joseph, dream.
and the Father will weave.

Saturday, July 4,1987

Carol Fleming Klein

Drinking Gourd

Big Dipper
Arrow to the pole star
Floating vessel in the heavens

Slaves escaping north followed you
to freedom
Did they work harder, fear more
cry more silent tears?
Did they taste numbness,
did they reach past despair
to hope
as I must?
Did they catch a vision in the night
of free air?

Oh Drinking Gourd
these haunting visions,
will the night never end?
Sailors trusted you to lead them home.
Where's my pole star?
Where are you Dipper, now?

I'm tired of drifting
I'm tired of endless sea
tired of
new ports
and distant crowds
of stranger's eyes

I want
to see a soul
to dream a dream
to carve a place
some roots for me

Dipper
where are you?
what are you?

Can't you bring me safely home.

Wednesday, April 12,1989

Carol Fleming Klein

Early Morning Feeling

The clock ticks softly
The only sound
The early morning darkness
like a heavy blanket
calm and peaceful now
No one stirring
A glad dream close
Not awake
but not asleep.

1976-77

Carol Fleming Klein

Emerging Butterfly

When I'm with you
It's as if you take
my heart
and cup it in your hands
like a newly emerged butterfly

You hold it
safe and warm
protected
with a touch
that's secure
yet gentle

With knowing
and wonder
my fragile self
opens

to the beckoning breeze
to widening horizons
and exploration.

November 18,1993

Carol Fleming Klein

Eyes of Brown-A Limerick of Sorts

There was a young lady
With eyes of blue
-but they were brown
Who charmed the populace
of the town
With locks of gold
-no they were brown

Could this be true?
Oh what to do?
No eyes of blue
but heart of gold.
His heart went down
for eyes of brown.

1997-or so....

Carol Fleming Klein

Faith Walk

Your mountain high
O'er towers me
No peak I see.

And yet I know
As up I climb
That where I go
Your steps I'll find.

Summer-fall 1982

Carol Fleming Klein

Fill Me

I am happy now
Help me Lord to keep that happy strong
Twinkle me
With the joy winds of Your Spirit
Bathe brown eyes
In the rushing tide of Your Love warmth
Voice me
With the lilting
Refrains of heaven’s song

Happy me
Abroad on the winds
Of crowd and phone
And clatter
And in the midst of many
With still serenity.

Summer 1985

Carol Fleming Klein

Fireside Companions

Sometimes
in the night
firelight beckons
from the chill
of deepening twilight

and calls weary souls
to sit awhile
break bread
along the trail
and cast shadows
in its light

Then
with the dawn
fresh energy bestowed
the urge to carry on
break new trails

calls each one
a different way

Changed by the night
of breaking bread
and touching hands
and hearts.

Summer/Fall 1990

Carol Fleming Klein

Free Bird

Your fleeting touch
awakens once more
the freedom cry
in my songbird throat

Only a voice
once caged
sings as sweetly
of free air

Torn
between
security
and the open door
I
linger

But your transient touch
urges
my sleeping wings
to
soar
again.

Tuesday, January 25,1995

Carol Fleming Klein

Gateway of Orion

Orion, starry wonder
Celestial Gateway
-or so I hear
the scientists say.

Heavenly band, Mighty warrior
with sheathed sword.
Behind your radiance
Paces my Lord.

Behind your twinkly studded door
He waits with longing more and more,
to walk your starlight pathway,
Rivaling your splendor;
with trump of gold-exultant thunder!

Summer 1980

Carol Fleming Klein

Ghosts There Are...

walking through our night.
Chill I feel their breath
against my cheek.

When you draw near
I hear rustles in the
mist of moonlight
-shadows drifting
between
as almost I touch you.

Where they pass
through
a cold wall
stops
my reaching finger tips.

You on one side
I on the other
with this living moving space
between us.

Frozen I stand
rooted in the moonlight
a haunted moonlight
echoing with voices
of the past
dipping and drifting
in the wind.

Please help me
make their peace
-then free
I can reach out to you
and meet answering freedom
in your eyes.

Carol Fleming Klein

Giving Hearts

Roses are red
Hearts are too
When you give them away
Love comes back to you

February 13,2014

Carol Fleming Klein

Going My Way?

Your eyes smile at me
across the space between us.
But what is behind your eyes?
Who are you there?

My hand tingles when you
reach out and caress it.
But who is the man that
lives and breathes
in the zone where that impulse
travelled from?

My heart skips a beat
when you say 'I miss you'
on the phone.
But what rules your heart?
Where does it lead you?
Where are you going?

Is it truly
my way?

January 14,1990

Carol Fleming Klein

Gypsy Hearts

Leaves dancing in the street
outside your window
tapping out a rhythm to my thought

Music of castanets
how I wish I could join them
dancing on the ground
and play for you
wild music
haunting melodies
of the breeze

But I am confined
to smiling
as you pass, eyes straight ahead
unseeing

July 5,1980

Carol Fleming Klein

Gypsy Songs

Gypsy songs
run in my blood
the rhythm and the passion
a cadence
pulling me
to feel and touch new things

Gypsy songs
burning through my bones
calling me
to experience life
at it's full

Join me in
the songs
Join me in the rhythms
Join me in the fullness
and the passion

Join me
with heart
and soul

Or join me
not at all

May 24,1994

Carol Fleming Klein

Hall of Mirrors

I gaze at you.
You gaze at my mirrored image.
Or is it you I see,
or another
Yet another mirrored illusion?

Fearful is this hall of mirrors.
Dare I cast the stone I carry?
Would it be tinkling glass
I heard?
Or a soul shattering?

1985-6

Carol Fleming Klein

Hearts Can Fly

Hearts can fly
and prayers on wing
are faster than
most anything.

Prayers can fly
on angels' wings
those thoughts for you
with tones that sing.

Hearts can ride
'cross desert wastes
and steep terrain
'cross badlands trace
through storm and rain
straight to your side.
Oh hearts can ride.

Hearts can ride
with joy anew
straight to your side
our love to bring.

Hearts can fly
with them as guide
this is not goodbye
'cause you can't hide.
Our hearts can fly
straight to your side.

Saturday, September 24,2005

Carol Fleming Klein

Heavenly Valentine

The sky
painted in windswept gold
and billowing magenta

Clouds reflect
it's dawning light.

The heaven's declare Your glory.

Vivid pink
and glowing golden

Letters speak
Your invitation
to a brand new day

Which You have made
for us to be glad and rejoice in

The sun comes forth
as a bridegroom from his chamber

To speak Your words of warmth
and everlasting love
to Your rising Bride

Oh Bridegroom in the heavens
oh King of love
receive our heartfelt adoration
as we bask in Your glorious radiance

And lift our eyes
above the enduring hills
to Your heavenly valentine

Friday, February 14,2014

Carol Fleming Klein

Homesick

Inside brickwalled buildings
drapes drawn tight
over small windows
looking out
on wrinkled cracked blacktop
and neatly regimented thin trees
blown by hot desert breezes
I dream of green mountains
reaching heavenward
clear rushing streams
cascading down the sides of them
to form rivers in the rich valleys below
carpeted with hay and corn
and red clover
and visions of
misty days
among the birches
and the fern
and the sweet violets.

Saturday, July 5,1980

Carol Fleming Klein

I

I
stand inside myself
Looking out upon the world
Wanting to join in
But afraid of the untried
I stay there; unsatisfied.

1977

Carol Fleming Klein

I Can Wear This Mask

I can wear the mask you ask
It would be an easy task
But to know the things I feel
I must leave the acting and be real

But to see the heart within
I must drop this charade I'm in
But to hear heart's symphony
I must play it's truest key

I can don this mask you ask
It could be an easy task
But you would never truly know
The woman living deep below

March 1,1990

Carol Fleming Klein

I Forgot

I forgot you knew me
as a school girl in blue jeans
with ribbons in her hair
young, serious and silly
a sister, a casual friend

I forgot I am a woman now
in dresses, pumps and poise
young, warm and wistful
a soulmate, a renewed friend

I forgot I knew you as a
school boy in t-shirts and sweats
young, open and intellectual
a brother, a casual friend

I forgot you are a man now
in sweaters and suits
young, comfortable and caring
a soulmate, a renewed friend

I forgot...
did you?

May 1988

Carol Fleming Klein

If I Were Magic

If I were magic
would be glee
to creep down streets so silently;
to slip thro' key holes with such ease
and for such wondrous changes please.
Taking gently with no signs
some bank executive's worry lines
easing laugh lines into place
stealing frowns without a trace.
Would be such abundant joy
to snatch tear streaks from girl or boy
to leave sunbeams that wouldn't fade
and call it just an even trade.
Would be super-would be fine
to change the world to 'ours' from 'mine'.
Then back inside, unseen and slick.
With a little magic, it'd be no trick!

Saturday, June 23,1984

Carol Fleming Klein

In Your Presence

When the sun’s a golden chariot
Riding far and climbing high
And tomorrow’s shining, splendid,
Gleaming promise fills my eye
I forget the blackest midnight
And the cold chill hand of fear
That twined tightly to my heartstrings
When lonely blackness drew me near

But shall I forget Your Presence glorious
When the darkness has fled away?
As in Your calming, caring nearness
I saw night vanish—before yet day.

Spring-Summer 1985

Carol Fleming Klein

Indian Summer

Come dance with me
in the red and gold
Dress in a sweater and jeans
and run through the woods
crunching through the fallen leaves
and
dance in the sunshine
with me.

And be free
for a moment
without 'have to'
and 'should'
and twirl me
until my skirts billow full
and
I am breathless

Then we will laugh
and catch each other
spinning
in the crispness
of the fall.

October 22,1995

Carol Fleming Klein

Interlude

Dear Mother in such sweet repose
We lay you by the rest of those
(The parents gone these many years)
Though now you sleep
We will not tarry here in tears
Nor pause along the way to weep
Your Lord you loved and whole life gave
Hoping those you loved
Might know His power to save

The dimming torch to us you've passed
Through darkness deep it's beam we'll cast
We won't forget the path you've lead;
We will not sleep.
We'll follow in your footsteps just ahead.
Dear Mother in such sweet repose
Your faith and confidence we've chose.

Edited October 2009

Carol Fleming Klein

January Thaw

Sunlight, sparkling at my windowpane
Gliding across the floor,
Outstretched hand inviting me to dance.
And I long to hear you knockin'
at my door.

Sunlight, caressing on my face
Warming blues and greens
Tugging at my heart with dancing rays
Pine limbs beckon-on to sun-glad scenes.

Sunlight-calling, imperious with no restraint
Flashing in my eyes, commanding to my soul.
Oh why must you arrive so late!
Come whirl and dance in union
-before my curfews toll.

Saturday January 31,1981

Carol Fleming Klein

Just One Day At A Time

Just one day at a time
One day to walk with Thee
My hopes and dreams all Thine
The future all to Thee.

Just one day at a time
Help me to fill with praise
The even tenor of the rhyme
Of all these precious days.

Just one day at a time
My commitment I renew
To keep my will in line
With all You'd have me do.

Just one day at a time
Pray make me more like Thee
That my life be filled with Thine
That Thy face others see.

Spring (March?) 1984

Carol Fleming Klein

Life Line

A long line
of people
march
from here
to the horizon

A line of those
who have passed through
who have known
who have loved
and have left me

A line
a life line
of my life
of those who have
walked away

My heart aches
to stand alone
and watch

to watch
as you join their
number

to watch
as you wave
and walk away

to watch
as you become
a speck
on the horizon

in the line that
marches
from here
to forever.

July 26,1993

Carol Fleming Klein

Lord, I Don't Know

Lord, I don't know Your reasons
And I'd like to question why
Yet I know You hold the seasons
And You hear my lonely cry.

Lord, I don't feel so joyous
With my life plans all awry
But I know your view is glorious
As You're guiding from on high.

Lord, I don't see the answers
In the mighty oceans roar
But beyond it's awesome surges
I know Your love sweeps even more.

Lord, I don't see the answers
They aren't written 'cross the sky
But I know You keep me
As the apple of Your eye.

Friday, August 12,1983

Carol Fleming Klein

Love of a Young Heart

I gave you the love of a young heart
Love that was new to me
And untested
Love that was fragile
and shining
like the first glimmers of dawn
on a dew wet rose
like shimmering beads
of an untouched spider web
and the golden glowing
of an untried day
Radiant
fresh and shining

I gave you a heart unused to being given
A heart gentle but fearful in the gift
A heart hurt, timid and testing
A heart longing
longing to give
longing to receive
longing to find a home

I gave you the love of a young heart

Monday, August 22,1988

Carol Fleming Klein

Masquerade

Are the curving fringe of dark lashes
And the ruby lips
With the quick flashing smile
Just another mask
of the many
artfully applied

How can a smile walk
When tears wait
on the wings
and the stage curtain hangs shut

How can the audience applaud
When the only actors
are the mimes
and the clowns

And the gaze from behind dark lashes
is still, shuttered and black
And lips close slowly over
a steady smile
And the curtain has gone down for the night

How can a smile walk
When tears wait
on the wings?

Friday, December 23,1988

Carol Fleming Klein

Memories

When loneliness
closes in heavily upon me
I open the door
like a treasure chest on
past memories

of holding hands thro'
sunbleached summer's surf...

of city lit splendid
evening drives...

of festive leaves and
feasting thankfulness...

of your warm, crackling
hearth fire smiles
across pungent pine
branches
lit with rainbow twinkled lights...

thoughts of your eyes
lighted with
easter lily loveliness
and new things.

My future
treasures the moment
I see you again

and we
make new
memories....

Sunday, September 1,1985

Carol Fleming Klein

Misty Memory

The memory of you is fading
like the mist
off a rainy winter morning
when the sun appears.

The pressure of your touch
receding
from my hand
even as the blue-green
of your distant eyes.

Friday, September 14,1991

Carol Fleming Klein

Momentary Witness

How can I magnify Your name?
How can I proclaim It's power?
Life is but a fleeting moment.
I am given one short hour.

But let me add to Your great plan
My little bit of time.
Let me tell my fellow man
And leave the working in Your hand.

Fall 1979

Carol Fleming Klein

My Heart A Balance Is

My heart
a balance is,
weighing in pain
the end results
of love.

weighing in loss
the definition
of absence...

weighing in weight
the burden
of caring...

weighing in wisdom
the intellect
behind principle...

weighing in foolishness
the measure
of folly...

My heart
a balance is,
weighing in pain
the end results
of love.

October 1981

Carol Fleming Klein

My Mask

Oh God look down
I ‘m such a foolish clown
I know you smile.
But hold me for a little while.
I laugh to make the hurt recede.
I joke around to hide my need.
But it's such a wearisome task
To constantly adjust my mask.
And I'm afraid someday “I'll” slide
And show the tears I hold inside.

Spring 1980

Carol Fleming Klein

My Overlord

You are my Overlord.
In Your great hall
I kneel, my vow to wield Your sword.
Myself, my home, my all
- Not mine, but Yours....

You are my Overlord.

1981-2

Carol Fleming Klein

My View of Things

One day long past
in earnestness
thought I could
swoop down on shining wings

Swoop down
and lift the wounded
or call the strong
up to my
shimmering
view of things

Thought blindly that
the sparrow would
have strength to fly
that the eagle would deign
to lower his eye
to soar on wings
to my view of things

I wanted to share
my sky
my glorious view
and wind currents defy
in my screaming
ascent

But only I
can tread my sky
And very few
will ever even
catch a glimpse
of my own
shining view
of things.

1989

Carol Fleming Klein

Nicodemus

Robed in black
Stepping slowly through silent stony streets
Covering his face from curious starlight
overhead

He guides his doubtful steps upward
and on the mountain finds
the Master waiting

Masking his doubts and saying slyly
'Teacher, we know you come from God'
Flattering to avoid Jesus' soul searching
inquiry, and pressing questions

But Christ
without regard to propriety and forms
and divining his intent
Straightway fitted arrow to the bow
and sent it piercing home

'Unless a man is born again
from Spirit life renewed
Coming, as a cautious lover wooed
to feel the gentle blowing
wind song of the Spirit
he walks in night,
forever alone.'

Saturday, March 17,1980

Carol Fleming Klein

No Man Is An Island

No man is an island.
That truth holds surely still.
May careless act
will
reverberate
in waves
that others feel.

Summer 1985

Carol Fleming Klein

Not Alone

I felt I walked alone in the night
Quiet darkness pressed in around me
I could hear the crickets and katydids
In the stillness
Small lights flickered distantly
Leaving me feeling as if set assail in blackness….
A world of my own
Lonely, aloness, only me….me…
Me and the vast emptiness
And the unknown, the fears, the insecurity
That clasped itself around my heart
Like a cold hand
Bringing the tears I feign would not admit
In my fear and my aloness
In my ignorance
I cried "Oh God."
And suddenly
-although I neither saw
Nor heard a thing
I wasn't alone anymore.
Your Presence touched my soul
And now warmed
And with more confidence
I walk into the unknown
In Your Company.

Sunday, August 5,1979

Carol Fleming Klein

Outdoor Cathedral

I should always be
where a songbird sings
beneath a tree
and the flutter of wings.

I should always be
where the sun shines
where the wind blows free
with the breath of pines.

I should always be
where the grass grows green
and the mountain peaks
can clearly be seen.

I should always be
where stream water rings
over rocks to the sea

As I bend my knee
at the wonder of things.

June 1989

Carol Fleming Klein

Outlook

I see the world
Painted in the colors
Given me by my parents
My heredity, my environment
And my own experiences
In walking thro' it.

1978-79 BMA

Carol Fleming Klein

Phantom Limb

Phantom limb
I feel you back again
A heart catch
A cheshire grin
Fading in mid air
A turn of head
A tilt of chin
Across a crowd
A blink of eye
Then gone again

Phantom limb
You're an itch
I can't scratch
A quirked brow
A throat catch
A passing scent
that rings a bell
like Pierre Cardin
Then gone again

Phantom limb
You're an old joke
A voice
with a familiar ring
Passing on the street
not missing a beat

Yet even without you
I know
Somehow
I'll be whole then...
even though
You're gone again.

Monday June 27,1988

Carol Fleming Klein

Praise

That Your complete will
Shall become all mine
My joyous heart thrill
At Your call to dine
With You

Complete may I stand
Ever in Your presence
Subject of Your hand
Praise flow- like incense
To You

January 25,1983

Carol Fleming Klein

Prodigal Daughter 1

Hey Prodigal Daughter,
bright lonely girl
with heart in the far country.

Charming smile
and brown eyes
whose thoughts behind
dance off to the far country.

Slim profile, prim demeanor
gracious manner
contradict rebellious soul
reaching out for the far country.

Warm lips, strong embrace
soft words
And passion
carries you off, to the far country.

Hey Prodigal Daughter
Your Father waiting by the gate
calls you home...
calls you home from the far country.

Thursday, June 24,1988

Carol Fleming Klein

Prodigal Daughter 2: Home From The Far Country

I see You, Father
waiting by the gate
for me,
thro' blurred eyes.

Home never looked so good;
Your eyes
so warm;

And the place I belong
so close
as Your reaching arms.

Monday, December 7,1992

Carol Fleming Klein

Psalm 84

Like a sparrow hawk alighting
And the swallow home returning
When the home nest it is sighting
And the heart within it burning

Flame my homeward bound desire
Into tongues of leaping fire
For the peace and quiet rest
That, oh Lord, is in Your nest.

Tuesday, September 6,1983

Carol Fleming Klein

PSR Mornings

Sun touching green peaks
Alight with God’s morning smile
Casting shadows in our valley
For just a little while.

June-July 1981 PSR

Carol Fleming Klein

Regrets to Carl Sagin

Father, God,
I am glad You
Are the One
Keeping it together
Pulling the strings
Willing even to
Beam down
Your Only Son
From a harmonious
Warm universe
To a discordant galaxy
To a solar system
Gone sour
Filled with cacophony
I am glad it is You
That You are there pulling the strings.

Spring 1985

Carol Fleming Klein

Restored

In Your hand is peace
And tension finds release
Tears trickle down my face
And find sereneness in Your place
Fears flee, they melt away
For Your might is my shield today.

Saturday, August 23,1986

Carol Fleming Klein

Save Me

Lord,
When I’m sliding down the hill of sin
On the seat of my pants
Please retro rocket me
Back to sanity
And Thee

Summer 1985

Carol Fleming Klein

Second Chance

Oh it's agony to have you go
steadily, surely on your way once more
Without having a chance
to touch your hand
breath the air that inspires your soul
To look at the world thro' your eyes

Cheated I feel
to have but twice looked in your eyes
and caught your sidewise glances
and to have passed the weather
and time of day
not knowing your name
but burning to know you
and to clasp hands
together
with you in spirit

If I beckon
if I call
will you turn back
will you retrace your steps
and let our togetherness
have a second chance
to be?

Carol Fleming Klein

Second Coming

You come!
Exultant thought.
And yet
You wait....

Angels rustle
out by the pearly gate.
The hour is now!
But still,
not yet.

Oh Lord, let me wait
while now
And yet
NOT yet.

Free me from
dulled eyesight
somehow
Lest I forget.

Carol Fleming Klein

Send The Rain

Send the rain, Lord
That I may understand my brother
Who sees it only.

Make me lonely, Lord
That I can sense the inner pain
Of yet another.

Water my efforts with tears Lord
That I can better comprehend
My sister’s years
Lived in sorrow.

But above all give me love, hope, Christ,
To give each one a sunnier tomorrow.

Saturday, February 28,1981

Carol Fleming Klein

Ships Passing

Ships passing in the dawn
Waving greetings on a golden sea
Reaching out to touch-then gone
Is that the way it's meant to be?

Ships passing in the day
Sensing rhythms quietly
Giving only words away
Is that how it ought to be?

Ships passing in the night
Isn't that all we're meant to be
One sailing left, the other right
And soon between the widening sea.

Wednesday, July 6,1988

Carol Fleming Klein

Snowflakes

The snow falls softly
Blanketing the ground in white
With tiny snowflakes
Each an individual self
Taking it's place with the rest.

December 25,1996

Carol Fleming Klein

Something Missing Without You

There seems to be something
missing
in my day
when I have missed your hug
have not seen your smile
or laughed with you

There's a little emptiness
in my heart
when it has been too long
that I must picture you
in my mind
and not with my eyes

There seems to be something
missing
in my day
without you

Spring 1996

Carol Fleming Klein

Soul Walls

Thro' the crowd
our eyes catch
an instant attraction sparks
drawing us together
I feel drowned
in the firm sureness
of your grip
and the intense blue
of your gaze.

Then in fear
I create soul walls
which leave me standing
in the cold
as I watch you walk away

If I had that time again
I would ask
for your help
breaking down the barricades
and melting the blocks of ice.

Sunday, November 8,1992

Carol Fleming Klein

Summer Bride

If I dress in white
Can I be a bride
Slowly walking down
A jacaranda line aisle?
If I dress in white
Can I be a bride?

Thursday, June 5,1986

Carol Fleming Klein

Sunset: A Haiku

A ball of red fire
Hanging on the horizon
In a hazy pink.

Carol Fleming Klein

Taming

You tamed me.
I did not ask for it
-nor seek it.
I did not know it would happen.
Early I shied away from
your professions of love.
I feared it.
But time and space and your
patience turned me around.
In the years since-you tamed me.
Bit by bit I-the flighty filly
was won over.
First I tested.
Then I began to trust,
to be gentled.
You tamed me.
I began to learn of give and take,
of communication.
And finally of love.
And while I was still seeking
to understand me, us, and
real love,
You left me
Tamed.

Sunday, September 11,1988

Carol Fleming Klein

The Blues

I know of blue,
the color, the shade
of eyes that were brown
when the blues were made.

I know of blue
the color, the shade
of skies that are gray
when the blues were made.

I know of blue
the color, the shade
of a heart that beat true
when the blues were made.

Carol Fleming Klein

The Father's Song

Your song
He sings over you
your song from birth

As the sun rises golden and glowing
the song drifts over the hills
warming and awakening

He sings
a song
a love song
a song of design and destiny

At times
it pipes out sweet and strong
inviting
like a spring morning

At others
it pours out
like a steady stream
of water flowing over rocks

In the watches of the night
the Father's song
comes at times so sweetly
so tenderly
it resonates
in darkness
wrapping around you
like a comforter of down
the song He sings

Your song
Your own

from Zephaniah 3: 17
Tuesday, February 4,2014

Carol Fleming Klein

The Open Road

This stop and go
is driving me crazy

I want some
clear road
to cut loose
to let it roll
to let the wind blow
through my hair

I'm tired of stop signs
and redlights

I'm hitting the road
care to join me?

Carol Fleming Klein

The Passing of the Fire

There is a moment
when the flame burn low.
The candle flickers,
the light about to go.
The spark may be rekindled
and the flicker returned to glow
at this point in time
with a careful hand you know.

But when
that moment passes...
when the darkness snuffs the light,
comes the time of no return.
And then blacker grows the night.
The candle might not be relighted,
nor the coal be coaxed to spark,
when late becomes the hour
in the deepness of the dark.

So pause you on the threshhold
of quenching my desire.
For cool and distant grows
my heart,
with the passing of the fire.

Friday, June 17,1988

Carol Fleming Klein

The Quarrel

Angry words
Bitter words
Going on and on
From the next room.
Accusations
Filling the black night
Until the rain
Falls faster
And the wind
With a roaring sound
Going by my window
Carries them far away.

Spring-Summer 1977

Carol Fleming Klein

The Road Is Long

The road is long
and watered by tears
to the place where I go

The road is long
and watered by tears
to the place where I see myself
and know who I am

The road is long
and watered by tears
to the place where I can see you
and walk along side

Wednesday, September 23,1992

Carol Fleming Klein

The Song of the Gypsy

The song of the gypsy
is an open road
the path inviting
blue sky beckoning
limitless
all of nature calling
and life to be danced

The song of the gypsy
is the opportunity of the moment
the zest of the present
moving and breathing
existing fully in the now

The song of the gypsy
is color, creativity
and exploration
energy, action
and the eternal voice
of intuition directing

The song of the gypsy
is passion and power
unbridled
and free
expressed fully

And

The song of the gypsy
evokes, invites
commands

Dare you sing
the gypsy song?

December 19,1995

Carol Fleming Klein

This Gray Ocean Rolling Between

Unfair expectations
faulty misconceptions
filling the air between us
the widening gap
until there is a vast sea
on which we float

Face to face
but not eye to eye
Your eyes are veiled to me
except for now and then
an open glance
when fog rolls back
and in your expression
is wistfulness
and inner turmoil
reflecting for an instant

But expressionless
with iron jaw
and burning pain inside
I gaze back
with defiance I don't feel...

Oh bitter fate and cruel irony
Oh let me be....
This lack of honesty
that tore us apart
is splitting me in two.

This gray ocean
    rolling between.

Saturday, October 18,1980

Carol Fleming Klein

This Little Dance I Do

This little dance that I do
I'm trying so hard just to please you
Give me the measures, give me the beat
In no time I'll teach my dancing feet

This little dance that I do
Something creative? Something new?
Come on, give me a clue
I'm trying so hard just to please you

In this little dance I do.

June 28,1989

Carol Fleming Klein

This Mask

This mask
-it traps me in
I can't climb past
it's charming grin

It's twinkling eyes
and gaze so wide
afforded me
a place to hide

But see me now
all feathered and tarred
a soul caught fast
and prison barred

Oh, release me now
from this prison of 'nice'
My soul is turning into
blocks of ice

and trickling away.

June 1988

Carol Fleming Klein

This Rainy Day

This rainy day
you walked into my heart
across the phone lines
you spanned the space
and pressing gently
touched a place
that festered in my heart

Your words
both cutting
and caressing
as I wept

And even amidst my tears
and the soft fall of the rain
I felt
your love

November 1989

Carol Fleming Klein

To An Olive Tree

Silvery
you sing
rustling soft rustling

I listen
wisdom
your gift

Centuries silver song

School year 1985-6

Carol Fleming Klein

To Slumber

Sleep gathers forces
Quiet, pressing
but momentary stop
to wield his sandbags;
Set distant looks
in weary brains
and lull with sing song
lullaby
and night hawks cry
the storm tossed
wanderer
into his
tempting chamber
soft, star filled
fantasy.

March 15,1980

Carol Fleming Klein

Try Again

Laughing, crying
Losing, trying
Selling, buying
Living, but to try again

Singing, weeping
Working, sleeping
Giving, keeping
Failing, but to try again

That but inbred in me
With that trait you're bound to win me
For that purpose say you sin me?
Failing now and then
Living but to try again.

Sunday, June 18,1978

Carol Fleming Klein

Twilight

Twilight sweeps the last
gossamer threads
of light from the dew
and sweeps clean the slow
moving images
on the pond
-with last wink of sun

Tuesday, February 23,1981

Carol Fleming Klein

Two Roads, Two Choices: Which One?

Two roads diverge again
Two choices are before all men

One way is right,
-the other wrong
You know the right
But the call is strong
To go the other one
It just looks so much fun

You know the right one now
But it is hard
-and how
To go the better way

The choice you make today
Might decide eternity
So stop and think right now
Where you want to be?

1976-77

Carol Fleming Klein

Unconditional

Love without Key

Love with no lock
No binding ring
No puppet
No mannequin
Or bird on a string
My heart is
Set free
To love, to see
To be,
To give,
To live
In Thee

May 6? 1988 Friday

Carol Fleming Klein

Unconditional Love

In a moment filled with pain.
I reach out in desperation.
And You touch me once again.
Reminding of the flowers
    that follow from the rain.

At a time of great despair.
Blindly fleeing to the mountain.
And at midnight find You there,
Touching me with tend’rest care.

Your presence giving one step more,
When my last - the one before.
When the night is dark and stormy,
Then You light up heaven's door.

When my friends have all forsaken,
When my family left alone,
When my joys have turned to sorrow,
and my heart's a heavy stone,

Then You reach down to lift me.
From the tantrum I have thrown.
Gath’ring my crushed flowers,
Showing patience never known.
It is then I'm not alone.

Sunday, December 9,1979

Carol Fleming Klein

Walk the Eye Path

Only those
who dare
walk the eye path
face to face
eye to eye
unflinching
walk down the hallways
of the soul
hear and see
without turning back
who can risk opening
doors
and facing what
lies behind

Only those
with that courage
to know some
but never all
can be called
friends
of the deepest
kind.

May 2,1994

Carol Fleming Klein

Walk With Me

Walk with me
don't race
but walk beside

Reach with me
don't grasp
but gently stretch

Talk with me
don't tell
but quietly be

Hold with me
don't clutch
but softly touch

Pray with me
don't preach
but only trust

Stay with me
don't stop
but simply
let me

Be

Wednesday, September 23,1992

Carol Fleming Klein

Welcome to His World

Welcome to His world
I'm inviting
What the Lord is doing
It's exciting

Welcome to His world
I want to testify
Listen to the stories
Don't let Him pass you by

Welcome to His world
His Presence you can feel
Cry out in desperation
For He has the power to heal.

Carol Fleming Klein

When I Am Free

Give me
Oh just a day in the wind
So free
Without feeling I have sinned

Let me be
One night among the stars
Wildly free
Without seeing black bars

Send me
Your love on the breeze
Lend me
Your heart and soul keys

Let me go
Please free my love
For you know
It soars above

And in the end
Your heart will mend
You'll turn away
Forgetting me
Then I'll come back to stay
Then knowing I am free

Tues or Wed April 22 or 23,1980

Carol Fleming Klein

Winter Moon

Tonight
there's a ring around the moon.
It's halo shimmers over
the hill.
A magic winter moon
A midnight moon
riding low toward
the western sky.

The stars shine crisply
overhead.
The winter circle
carrying the hunter
stands over my doorway.

There's a ring around the moon
Somewhere fairies dance.
Frost fairies preparing their icy lace
for windows and sidewalk designs.
Maple leaf fairies
calling the scarlet and gold
from the tree.

Magic moon
cast your glow on me
as you slip over the hill
on your way.
Sprinkle your moonlight magic
as I watch your glow.
Leave some here for me.

November 20,1993

Carol Fleming Klein

Your Gaze of Green

Years ago
on a rain splattered night

I sat across
the table from you
and took your measure
over a deck of cards

and measured again
for the cards had cast
you my partner

You gave me back
gaze for gaze
green eyes to brown
brown to green

mixing humor
question
and prediction

Even now
years after
our flirtation
over a deck of cards
the rhythm of a rainy night
speaks to me

And
your gaze of green
releases in me
the same magnetic pull

as on that rainy night
in a year now long gone

orig Spring 1996
edited Feb.14,2014

Carol Fleming Klein