

Poetry Series

David Smith
- poems -

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David Smith()

A Prayer To Hart Crane

They tried to blow up your bridge today
Pray for us
Pray for America

The coffee shops of Brooklyn where we ate doughnuts together
Pray for us

Sopped in coffee
Pray for us

We discussed your poems
Pray for us

We laughed and cried
Pray for us

They were going to destroy our land
Pray for us

Tip the waitress
Pray for us

Amen.

David Smith

Cold Texas Night

Healing feeling too close to the ground
Love is the greatest healer
Angel flying too close to the ground
Willie says
Falling too close to the ground
With those words you awake
With a Texas touch you ache and come
Too close to the ground
Almost touching, almost failing
A cool crisp Texas night
The love they say, the love they pray
On a cool crisp Texas night
Angels falling, God is calling
We didn't know you'd do it
We didn't think you had it in you
Hidden gold in that cold Texas night
A joyous work you were
A seed was indeed born within us
Dimmitt drove me to that Panhandle
Mexican friend with a guitar
Mexican friend in the cold Texas night.

David Smith

Making A Day Of It

Making a day of it
With a jewel or two
Saying something what needs saying
Shall I take her along who smokes?
I've gone a long way
And missed a few things along the way
Need to fill in some voids since the adolescent time
As I think back to a few buds I wish I had known
Grant me the bonds of creative flow
That them people I may someday know.

David Smith

None

not sure if this is poem of some kind. But kinda wanna get some feedback. Its prop not that good!

I heard them say they loved her.
They spoke like they knew her, like she was an important person to them.
They passed her by the halls like any other.
Their eyes were too busy to even consider looking down on someone like her.
Her books pulled tightly to her chest she would walk the halls making sure her eyes wouldn't lift anywhere near the dizzy heights of the others.
She was different to them and that was reason enough to hate her.
Yet on this frozen November morning they mourned her like she was one of their own.
Like the makeup they plastered onto their scarred faces these actions were fake.
A masquerade to a viewing public.
As each girl hugged the other they wondered if the mourners empathetic eyes were on them as they concluded they truly were this girls true friend.
Yet none missed the next days school.
They walked the same corridors with the only expression their face would allow them.
It would be something they might talk about once in a far off slumber party.
Yet the hugs and the tears would never be discussed.
These girls would control their world for the near future.
Yet the near future would soon pass on and the world would become a lot bigger place.

David Smith

Thanks For The Wine In Time

Thanks for the wine in time
It helps keep me in line
It brings my priorities to mind
Thanks Anica for the Bosnian brew
I will always remember you
As Yuletide arrives
I remember the lives
That made my life possible
Chestnuts roasting on an open fire
Jack Frost nipping on my nose
Christmas time is wonderful
Turkey and Mistletoe will give me relief
From the anxieties of the world
God bless men and women of good will

David Smith

The Altar At Noon

Linen-lined
The altar at noon
A young priest with a golden chalice
A cup of wine
And some breaded wafers
He looks out upon the courtyard
At a student munching on a roll
Coming out of the lunchroom

God upon His altar and his lunchroom
Serious scholars in regimentally striped ties and navy blazers
Light the candles
Say the prayers

Situation ethics and the Vietnam War are in the air
The incense burning
Snuff out the candle smoke
Time for fifth period

David Smith

The Near-Part: Energy And A Bird

I look upon a book of poems
Done by a single man
And wonder how he got all those words
Inside a single book
Energy and a bird
Good near and far
The Far part I got
The Near part is hard
To learn the Near part is hard
That is the trick
The shadows descend upon me and Moses
Upon me and Isaiah
We got the Far part
It is the Near part that's the trick
I hear the beat of Ezekiel's band
And the clarinet of Moses
It ain't the Far part, Charley
It's the Near part we gotta learn.

David Smith