

Poetry Series

Jack Smith
- poems -

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Jack Smith(12/2/1989)

A Song For My Savior

I come again before Thy presence, Lord
Just as I am, weak and frail
Your grace and peace uphold my soul
your mercy ever at my right hand

What did I do to be absolved of mine iniquity?
and how can I repay your grace, irresistible?
for can I light a fire for the morning sun?
or can I offer silver precious for the twilight moon?

I take slow, unsteady steps, cautious
Your angels without, ever ready
with whispers of love and echoes of mercy,
you gather me as I break and embrace me to heal

who is like unto you? or who can be above you?
who can understand your thoughts? or who can know your ways?
great and mysterious are you, my Lord and my God
you draw strength from babes, you perfect wisdom in fools

my life you have enriched, with grace abound
my spirit you have brought alive, death conquered;
where shall I go to sing your song? for lo, in my darkest hour,
and in my deepest despair, you carried me gently in the palm of your hand

like a phoenix, I rise again, from my ashes
soar to the skies, I will, for you, my God
riches I forsake, to the world I look not
losing my life, that I may gain immeasurably more

let me diminish, my King, that you may increase
let me die, that you may live through me,
I cast me down, that you may rise above
for, from dust I came forth, and to dust I shall return

and when that glorious day dawns,
when I see my life's dusk nearing and when it's time to return,
when I close my eyes in sleep and my soul flies to your bosom,
I pray, that I would stand faultless before Your throne

Jack Smith

A Tear From Me..

A tear for my soul, a tear for my sin
A tear for all my frail attempts to win

A tear for the world, a tear for my nation
A tear for everyone's guilt ridden passion

A tear for their depravity, a tear for the corruption
A tear for my people's sad state of abjection

A tear for the servant, a tear for the Master
A tear for the garden He tried to foster

A tear to stay, a tear to flee
A tear for you who cried for me

A tear for the brokenness, a tear for the pain
A tear for your words of comfort all in vain

A tear to get you, a tear that lost you
A tear for everything we've been through

A tear for my greed, A tear for my need
A tear for every mouth I forgot to feed

A tear for my past, a tear for the future
A tear for all the reasons I need to conjure

A tear for my gain, a tear for my game
A tear for all treasures of my shame

A tear for the wait, a tear for the clock
A tear for all the dreams that mock

A tear for my faith, a tear for the hope
A tear for my doubting ride down the slope

A tear for my laughter, a tear for my fear
A tear for all the glory seen unclear

A tear for my heaven, A tear for His return
A tear for all the days of eternal sojourn

Jack Smith

Am I?

living... I am living my life right now..
or am I?

screaming... I am screaming my thoughts inside me..
or am I?

dreaming.... I am dreaming the golden dawn..
or am I?

climbing... I am climbing the walls in agony..
or am I?

wondering... I am wondering what it's all about...
or am I?

carrying... I am carrying my burdens alone..
or am I?

loving.. I am loving the blue eyed one...
or am I?

thinking.. I am thinking what you are thinking...
or am I?

casting... I am casting all my cares on Him...
or am I?

playing... I am playing the game now...
or am I?

crying... I am crying over spilt milk...
or am I?

counting... I am counting down the chances...
or am I?

guessing... I am guessing that I know you too..
or am I?

dying... I am dying to my self...
or am I?

Jack Smith

Deja Vu

Sometimes when are you busy with life,
busy preoccupied with today and its cares,
does not something or someone you see,
just hit you square in the eye,
make your heart skip a beat,
send chills down your spine,
and take you to a time past,
remind you of a cherished moment,
then all the worlds stop spinning,
and everything comes to a stand still,
no one seems to exist except you,
and you are transported to that time,
relive it in your imagination,
bringing a painful smile to your face,
from savoring every moment of that memory,
making you hope against hope that you could turnback time,
and get transported to that place that brought you alive,
wish that you could stay there forever,
and hang on to that moment as if it were eternity?
well, I had such a moment yesterday,
that took me to a place and reminded me of a face,
not too far from the past,
and left me wondering whether,
can once in a lifetime happen twice?

Jack Smith

Dreams

Dreams, are they meant to be?
my thoughts question me

I sit and ponder;
wonder why I dream

when my purse is empty
and my life has holes

my heart tells me to be still
dreams, it says, is the essence of human fragility

when will they be true?
when can I dive in without drowning?

I sit and ponder
why I dream

when I have the world to conquer
and a kingdom to to rule?

Jack Smith

Epiphany

New York City cried for us yesterday,
And I got drenched in her tears.
When my glasses got blurred by the water,
I removed them and wiped off the raindrops,
And I discovered that I could vividly see all the colors then.
I began to understand why.
And it was ironic.

Jack Smith

Fly To The Moon

look at me and take a breathe
you know its tough, I know it hurts
where is the line now?
did someone draw it?
lets gather lilies from the pond
and make a garland for the shying sun
see, the stars smile for you
go, unfold your wings
do you feel the rush in your ears?
that's the sound of my heart beating
where do we go now?
I'd rather stay here, than leave
come on, come on, you have to
I wish you wish I am you were
hey, lets create utopia
but I tremble deep down
will you stand for me?
who do you think you are?
you are not me, I am you
look beyond the madness
do you yet see the glory?
I can and it's awesome!
why don't I bring you there now?
do you want to move?
hop on, let's take a trip to the moon
why? why? why do you cry?
but hey, your tears are sweet,
anyway, let's get started now
hold my hand now and lets get lost

Jack Smith

For His Own

awake from slumber, rises he to the fore
piercing eyes question the world
what did the bird do? who wiped the smile away?
fury trembles, tears dry, fists clench
he picks her up, carries her to the fold
remove the chains, set her soul free
eyes red with anger, heart green with love
trudge through the maze, runs he the course
longs to be one for one is best, desires for two for two is life
corner the cheat, burn down the con
he takes a breath, plunges into the waters
shivers the cold, suffers the heat for his own
wait, wait, wait the fight is yet done
he holds trembling hands, he looks through moist eyes
why, why, why, he cries out
pain me but leave my own
come hell, waits he patient
come death, waits he for life
his eyes in fury, they burn away the cheat
his heart in cry, throbs for the bird blue
in the sky, leaving beauty in its wake
his fist clenched, he waits for the call
the cheat mocks his wait, his fury never dies
why pain in beauty, why tears in joy
he cries out the questions, he wishes the bird to fly
fly, fly, fly away, leave the world
begone to saturn; safe and sound, be ye there
so peace and joy guide your wings
but nay, for the wing is broken
he heals the wound with his tears
leave her, let her be in peace
take his soul, his peace as ransom
fly, fly, fly away to the moon
pain and sorrow you should never know
he steals her smile back from the crowd
he crowns her blue like the bird
and believes he in her
fading back into the distance, he
smiles at her flight, at the peace he sees

fly, fly, fly away; for the world is cold
and the heavens await your presence
wherever you are, wear the rainbow on your heart
and the smile on your lips
fear not, he is there, now and always

Jack Smith

Forgiven

Thy love, mine soul's haunting mystery to keep
that Thee, the Life, shouldst bleed on the tree
Here I stand the prodigal guilty, beholding
the serene look on Thy scarred visage

The mockery I hear, from the thieving crowd afar
as sin was poured out on Thine sinless self; there I stood
and shed my river, and suddenly heard mine jeering
voice ring out, Heaven pitied as I parley with the crowd

The scars that marred Thine heart and side,
came from mine wretched hands; my sin's sting
then, Thine dying look gave me sight anew; angels rejoiced
when this broken vessel was redeemed to be whole again

Behold, I proclaim the mystery unheard, of how
time stood still in awe as eternity graced it's presence
and the Lord of Heaven shouldst become the publican's friend
and when the Pure and Holy, was beheld as vile and wicked

What comeliness did Thee see in my decayed being?
How did this vile creature draw Thine merciful gaze?
Ah! , the wondrous words Thou hast whispered,
when Thine Holy countenance beheld and declared me forgiven

What shalt I sing about Thine love? it has purged
mine heart pure, though scarlet red mine sins be;
behold Thine searching look grants me life abundant,
Thine loving grace redeems me from mine former ways

That I may know Thee, the tune on mine unclean lips stay;
Thine word's riches art this pauper's treasure to gain
Thine beauty wilt always keep mine roaming heart fettered
to Thee; and mine weakness is Thine strength to be

Blessed art Thou, mine great King; Thy servant grateful ever;
found wanting, pray I would not be; hoping that faith
shalt bless mine eyes to see Thy day soon; even so
from mine depths I cry out, come, Lord Jesus, come

Jack Smith

Her Beauty's Beast

green hazed fall days,
too troubled to walk away,
simple minds seem ignorant,
do I then dream away?

beauty aflame by pride within,
crude words reveal unseen warmth,
simple questions mock for answers,
as an unsung melody finds his tune hidden

deprived soul longs for rest,
world and hurt, man became beast
wanders again, longs to be lost
lost then to find life again

simple pleasure bring blue skies
aim to the horizon stretched pale
if salvation is of up above, then
can beast pawn his soul anew?

here, the gates of grace open,
behold the dayspring dawns again,
heaven's angels rain their tears of dew,
as beauty dies to redeem the beast whole

lo, the air full of angel's songs,
and new the tune on her beast's lips,
hark! hear the joyful trumpet,
and new the life in his beauty's soul

Jack Smith

I Have A Dream

can dreams define a person?
can they tell you a story about him?
can they bare his soul and lay it open?
show what it's like to be the man he is?

can dreams define a person?
can they reveal the one he longs for?
show his conquests and the tears?
describe what he's been through and where he's headed?

can dreams define a person?
can they tell you his burdens and his heartbreaks?
can they show his strength during his pain?
or his fragility during his triumphs?

can dreams define a person?
show you his passion for life?
or his desire for excellence?
can they tell you his visions for a glorious tomorrow?

can dreams define a person?
do they mean what they mean?
if so, are they meant to be?
if not, why do they define me?

Jack Smith

Love Song For New York City

New york, New york
the life I spent; the love I learned
I did warm you,
you did embrace me

New york, New york
Never did I comprehend,
Why were you still lonely,
with all your rivers of affluence?

New york, New york
I stood in awe,
you gave me a tear
why were you cold, when you had many?

New york, New york
why did you weep for me?
How did I rejoice for you?
together we flew;
hand in hand beyond the blue

New york, New york
what penance can I do,
to leave you behind?
what rituals must I perform,
to rest your case?

New york, New york
why do I come back to yesterday,
when I have today to rule?
stuck in a moment, am I?
or do you still have some of mine?

New york, New york
forward, I look;
hard it may be,
I bid you adieu
before you consume me

Jack Smith

Moonlight Walk

glistening moonlight shines through the branches
his soft steps betray the silence of the hour
walking towards the mirage, hoping for a vision

dark shadows conceal the light, with the coat
of darkness spread over the horizon black
true to his being, he longs for the sun warm;

but nay, the day is left behind, the dawn yet not
can the blackness out shine the truth? or
can the stillness replace the words? he muses

fiery echoes from far past flash across the sky
he grabs at the air; but his fingers can but only
feel the wind; but why? the lake reflects his thought

marching on through the night quiet; the ripples
soft across the waters, soothe his soul whence
hurt arrives; as poignant waves grace his heart

whence did he come here; he reflects; and how
walks he towards unseen peace; a unknown place
yonder, the light leads him through the blindness

a presence without; moves him along the narrow
striving through the darkness; true to his own,
and lo, dawn breaks, ushering light from courts above

Jack Smith

My All

A song full of Love,

a prayer full of Hope,

a soul full of Passion,

a pocketful of Dreams,

and a handful of Nothing

are all I have

to conquer tomorrow and win you

Jack Smith

My Soul's Haunting Mystery

Thy love, mine soul's haunting mystery to keep
that Thee, the Life, shouldst bleed on the tree
Here I stand the prodigal guilty, beholding
the serene look on Thy scarred visage

The mockery I hear, from the thieving crowd afar
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Thine beauty wilt always keep mine roaming heart fettered
to Thee; and mine weakness is Thine strength to be

Blessed art Thou, mine great King; Thy servant grateful ever;
found wanting, pray I would not be; hoping that faith
shalt bless mine eyes to see Thy day soon; even so
from mine depths I cry out, come, Lord Jesus, come

Jack Smith

Questions Of You

I walk me through the pages of life,
and I face questions, doubts and fears along the way
questions of you, questions of who, questions of how
the narrow is the hardest to tread, as I've seen
funny, that it should lead to the light of life
mocking voices ring through the air as I stumble
gentle tears wash away my spirit when it's hurt
life, it seems, plays an ironic tune for me to dance and
wish I could meet the fiddler once and ask Him to play mine
lonely spaces awaken me every day but inspired words
guard my heart, lest I fail myself
I don't want to let in, without first letting out
but life questions me, what is in?
indelible love has scarred my soul; fighting not to lose
I run towards the ocean; fervent I sail to the horizon
when I break, healing grace shed it's tears
and cover my brokenness with it's fragrance
there's a me for you, but is there a me for myself?
waiting for the one united; longing to dive within
life marches on, quietly unknown, lest I become aware
and learn to lead one full of hope, but He stays where
I left Him to seek my own; ashamed I come back
to arms wide open, to a heart that's cries out for my soul
stripped of everything, I lay me down at His feet,
quivering lips mumbling a guilty word of regret
my fearful soul reclaims the promise, unsteady legs
starts running again; for the race is undone,
and the day is long before gone; fighting I swim ashore
purpose I am given from a certain lack of it
meaning I find, from empty pages of meaninglessness
forging through the lies, carrying truth in my heart
what shall I do then? whom shalt I tell the story?
let the hopeless come to me, prevent not the prodigal's presence
for I have the story of all stories; one to soothe your pain away
tis the pauper's buffet, the knight's tale, the queen's dream
it's a story of a redeeming love, chastening care and undying grace
come to me and look into my heart, I'll let you have a peek of it
come to me before the day is done and I am long gone,
whence you answer the questions of me and questions of you

Jack Smith

Reaching For The Eternal

Who are you, Lord? ? ?
won't you reveal more of thyself to me...

for am just a mortal, caught up within myself;
for can I drink up the ocean? ?

look beyond the horizon? ?
bend the rainbow and wield it? ?

you are so close yet I know so little;
for I have just taken a sip...

my fingers have just brushed against the tassel;
my eyes have had just a glance...

yet I feel full... I feel fed;
but can the finite reach out to the everlasting? ? ?

and can the arrow question the Archer? ?
its blurry between the lines, Lord...

I get off track painlessly,
but I want to hold on desperately...

make sure that I reach home tonight,
home? ? I realize that my home is across the river...

will I ever get to see moonshine again? ?
will someone make sure that I have both?

won't you gather me as I break? ?
will you not embrace me to heal? ? ?

shall not this heart of mine have respite again? ?
yes, it will... when the golden dawn breaks...

and the Dayspring from on high,
visits his footstool again...

Jack Smith

Reflections

Tried to soar into the skies on my own today
found myself wanting for I crashed and burnt
thought that I could take on the stars myself
He gently whispered that it takes two
But if I am not meant to fly,
why do I feel the wind beneath my wings?
then it dawned upon me that,
I have been sailing across the moon,
all the while now

Jack Smith

Rustic Reflections

dark shadows cast thier gloom,
morning twilight beginning to fade
he runs to reason, he rhymes through life
fiddler, fiddler play him a tune
cast a spell, bind him with your hymn
keeping to his corner, living in the shadows
they trap him in space, holding his vigil
the mile is there to run; the road invites him
trudge through the chaos; walk on into the sun
empty spaces fill the soul,
voiceless songs ring through the air
he holds onto the words, he sings to the tune
the music is far spent; the crowd is left behind
screams, thoughts, tears he gives
walking the distance, beauty he sees
wander, wander, wander again
fill the skies and color the clouds
who's left to go? who's there to leave?
he questions the question, looking for a answer
the thunder claps in glee, the rains flow in grace
looking beyond the madness, his eyes behold the horizon
why, why, why? the night cries out
the morning dew heals the tear
rising from slumber, only to stumble
flailing arms, wanting heart, breathless noises
they come to call; the call is here
the cure is nigh, the night is done
wake him up when december ends
let it be, let it lie, let him sleep
sweet, the sound of silence is
so peace rule his soul once more

Jack Smith

Serendipity

am on the road again
heading where? god knows where
does it matter where I land?
or does it matter how I get there?
does not the end justify the means?
I snicker within myself,
As I try hard to fool myself
I want me to believe a lie
Can I afford to? but isn't it comforting?
even then can truth be sacrificed?
I detest living a lie.... I hating fooling myself....
but that's what I have been doing till now...
zealous dreams with no sense of justification
are all I have to show that I am passionate about life

is it time already? is the revelation too late?
but am still soaking in the morning... there's ages before dusk...
how should I carry on then? what penance can I do?
where can I find my diamond on the highway?
who can assure me that its still there?
how can I lose it? but wait, was it mine?
what if its someone else's by now? ? ?
how can I redeem it? but should I redeem it?
questions are all that I have... making up for answers I long to get...
hope time brings forth her perfect decision.. in her will and essence...
what shall I do till then?
hope to become the man I was intended to be?
I hope to... I believe I can...
serendipity.... hoping that dreams do come true...
but for now, am on the road again...

Jack Smith

The End..... And The Beginning

The end of the dark night...
the beginning of a blue dawn

The end of all things seen...
the beginning of a future unknown

The end of blinding lights...
the beginning of a flame within

The end of days forlorn...
the beginning of tears of laughter

The end of hope unseen...
the beginning of the glorious return

The end of all wandering...
the beginning of a rest eternal

The end of all want...
the beginning of a heart content

The end of a thirst unquenchable...
the beginning of a hunger fed

The end of him, as him...
the beginning of them, for them

The end of death in life...
the beginning of life through death

The end of all end...
the beginning of all things new

Jack Smith

The Purest Of Pain

As I trudge through the pages of my life
I pass through faces, cold and hurt,
and glance at places, old and empty,
life, it seems, is more like an endless winter of loneliness
for the broken hearted, for the wounded soul
I am drifting in between,
like from the outside looking in,
afraid to step inside, afraid because of the unseen
how long can I endure myself? how far is it to the sunshine?
why do I want to dive in when I am drowning?
questions mock me and answers beg me
I long to be lost, lost in an eternal caress
I long to touch a soul, one that I can call my own
I long for the pain of the purest kind
that warms my heart even when I am cold
If what I want is what I need,
then why am I afraid? why do I hold back?
is it too dark to leap?
but is it not worth getting hurt?
for I know the gentle whisper of dawn,
will relieve all the pain of the day before,
but all my sandcastles keep tumbling down
and all my dreams forsake me,
alone, I carry on, longing for the touch
some days I make it through,
and then there's nights that never end,
love, I'd say, is the essence of human frailty,
designed by the potter, to break us and to mould us
that we may learn from Him and know what it means to love
love, I'd say, is the purest of all pain,
that sheds your tears of heaven,
and gives you hope eternal
to love and to be loved

Jack Smith

The Road I Tread

I am just another human, you know
I still have my struggles, I still stumble at times
Who told you that I was perfect?
The road that I tread is long and hard
It's scars me and it breaks me
sometimes I just want to give up, you see
but the Grace that found me, finds me again
gives me hope when all hope is lost
why me? I have asked the question several times
more often than not, silence is all the reply I get
but out of the stillness, come His promises
that become the arms that I need to hold me
that become the lips that say they love me
that become the eyes that shed their tears for me
why don't you walk in my shoes for a day?
maybe then I can have someone to relate to;
why do I always want to lose?
is it worthy to give, give and give away?
I wish you could look through my eyes once
why do people judge without knowing?
can they see the mountains I have climbed?
or the tides that I have swum against?
it's tough you see, when you try to explain
sometimes you just have to let go;
for you can never try enough to be understood
the burdens are heavy, you know
but it is them that spur me onto the skies
don't you wonder why there is pain in joy?
don't we all shed tears in laughter?
the path the Lord takes us through is wondrous, you see
He puts a stumbling block here and leaves a ray of hope there
He rains manna in the desert, He leaves us starving in palaces
He is awesome and mysterious, you know
that is the reason why I seek to serve Him
the load He gives us is never too hard, you see
it's just that we wander from the flock, being misled
we all have our fears, don't we?
the ones that we dream about and dread coming true
you know what? why do we still hold onto them?

has not the old passed away? is it not a new day today?
it's time to cast all our fears away, you know
for where can hope come in, if we are still stuck at yesterday?
where can grace begin to flow when we choose live in the days past?
let's hope as if we have never hoped before,
let's begin to love as if we have never been hurt before,
let's pursue grace like grace has never met us before
for without fear, we can be who we were meant to be;
fear can change you, you see; make you someone you are not
I have been there, experienced that and seen it, you know
let mercy begin her work of grace, let grace begin her work of love
let love begin her work of healing, let healing set our souls free of fear
the world and all that we see in it, does not want this you see
it wants to be in the dark, to be in the shadows,
lest it's deeds be known and brought to light
but we don't have to live the world's way, do we?
for if we do so, we don't need enemies, you see
we become one to us ourselves; it is then the
man in the mirror becomes distorted and disillusioned
haven't we all lived our share of the world?
when it was all get, get and more, more?
and just when we thought the thing we wanted the most,
just when you attain the thing you thought will fill you,
didn't we crash and burn when the ultimate failed to deliver?
can you still remember the emptiness left inside,
when the one great thing that promised us everything let us down?
It all comes down to love, you see
the love that loves us even when we are unlovable
the love that springs forth from heavenly courts and flows into our hearts
the best thing that can happen to us is
is not being rich and satisfied, is not being fed and content
but rather, it is to be at the receiving end
of a love that's pure, that warms our spirit and heals our soul
for such a love is a raging fire, you see
it consumes the ugly bringing forth beauty,
it takes away the crude, rising up elegance
it refines the dirt and purifies what lies within
and when you come out of the fire, behold
you reflect the Master's countenance itself
I am just another human, you see
trying to live upto the Truth I believe and proclaim,
I still stumble and fumble, but interestingly

I never fall down, for I realize that
I have been flying on a mighty eagle's wings
that guide me and uphold me in the midst of life's storms

Jack Smith

Wishful Thinking

want to live the way I love to
want to soar into the skies
like to color the clouds with my smile

want to dream of tomorrow
as if tomorrow was mine
and to clothe it with my dream

want to know all there's to know
want to drink up the ocean
and leap over the horizon

want to love and give all to love
want to embrace and take her inside
want her to touch and heal me within

want to imagine a world
one in which I can live and love
without pain, without a stain

like to dream about you
like to think about the first look
a denying smile breaks me then

want to swim upstream
and like to crawl downhill
frowning, I think of you

who am I to want?
what if I have all I want?
Am I looking in the wrong place?
I mock myself then

Jack Smith