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Provo, UT
84606
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Friday, July 15, 2005

WATER WIND WOOD
Some Wind Wordings

The wind speaks
In trees and seas,
Whispering,
Sometimes roaring
Peace, peace, peace.

I called on Patty in the late afternoon. I had been invited to a beach party and was to meet everyone at Patty's. Her mother opened the door. I glanced at the handkerchiefs she held over each hand and then at her black hair in which numerous grey hairs were trying to hide. Her small dark eyes greeted me with suspicion. She asked me what I wanted. She had startled me when she opened the door. I wasn't prepared to meet a spectral figure dressed in black with white skin stretched over the bones of it's face. Her eyebrows had been painted on. I then remembered that she had been burned in a fire. That embarrassed me. I didn't know how to act. Haltingly, I asked if Patty was there. She said that she would see and asked for me to please step in. She left, leaving me to close the door. She never returned.

I walked into the living room and found my way to a low level bookshelf. It lined the whole wall but came only up to my knees. I saw a whole library on Yoga. I was looking for something in my life, and the books seemed to call to me. I picked up one of the books and started reading it. It was comparing men to peacocks. Occasionally, I looked up to see if someone would come.

So this is where the gypsy lives, I thought. The living room was short on furniture. I guessed you were supposed to sit on the book shelf. There was a man's chair and a rocking chair and that was it. There were two closed doors to the left. Persian rugs covered the floor, and needlework covered the chairs. There were swords and shields and flags and oriental paintings covered the walls.

Patty was the witch with her dark hair, dark eyes, and olive complexion. She was always telling your fortune by looking at your hand or using face cards. All the time I knew her she would tell ghost stories in our youth group at church. She finally came in and said that I could read some if I wanted. She wasn't ready to go yet, and she would be right back.

She didn't come back for a long time, so I sat on the floor by the bookshelf and read a couple of chapters describing human personality. Now and then my thoughts went to Patty. She had hairy arms and legs and a little of a mustache, but I didn't mind. All of that was just part of her warm, sometimes bubbly, sometimes melancholy personality. The dark black hair on her arms was soft, just like that of a baby's. If she hadn't been two years older, I would have asked her out. I had always wanted to know what it would be like to kiss her. We kept aloof, but we remained friends.

Patty came in just as a car pulled up outside and honked its horn. She was now ready to go. I had to put down that book on yoga. It left me with a great yearning, so I swore I would return to Patty's one day and read all those books and discuss them with her, but...I never did.

The car was an olive green sedan, and early fifty's vintage with streamline design. It was pretty crowded with Smoaky Joe in there. He wasn't fat, but big enough to where Cleo had to sit on his lap. Patty sat up front and talked back to Cleo all the way to the beach. I had to sit next to my little sister (by one year), but at least, I got a window seat on the right, right behind Patty.

The summer was warm,
The wind was warm;
I let it push against my hand.
My hand pushed,
The wind pushed,
Strand by strand
Against the stream,
Hoping 'gainst dreams.
My heart ran through the wind.
My fingers touched
Patty's hair touched me,
Little gentle strands.

Patty started and turned to me with her wide smile and asked if I liked the beach. I said that I preferred to swim in a pool, that I didn't like salt water. She said that there was a pool behind the palisades if I wanted. I smiled with a lump in my throat. I had lied. I said that I hadn't brought my swimming trunks. Oh, she said. As our conversation was really weak, when

Cleo interrupted, it ended abruptly. Patty went back to talking with Cleo as though she had never stopped. I stuck my head out the window in hopeless yearning.

The wind blew my thoughts
Out like a comet's tail,
Trailing out beyond the car.
The wind dazzled my thoughts,
Lit them,
Carrying them very very far;
Emotions billowing,
Caught up like a sail,
Caught my breath away,
Took my hopes away,
Asking what you are.

Folly Beach palisades and concessions was to the left of the open beach. The buildings remained at street level jutting out halfway between the high and low tide water lines. A cement bulwark interrupted the two.

I walked along the wooden planked walkway from the street to the boardwalk with the gang. They stopped at the first open pavilion where Rock'n'Roll music tried to pierce the heavy blackness of the night which mostly emanated from my heart. Everyone started swinging to "Alley Oop"... "Ride yowa Dinasowa Alley." Being the odd numbered person in the group, I didn't have a dancing partner (I didn't want to dance with my sister as when we were younger), so I walked out, smiling at that silly song. I love it now, and somehow, I have always associated it with Cleo, my back-up heart throb.

The boardwalk ran along the balustrade, and where it ended, there were pilings that stretched out into the waves. Here at this junction, I sat down on top of the cement wall and looked down at the dark rocks below. Even darker forms dashed against the sea wall, retreated, revealing the jagged rocks, grew, rose up and dashed their watery heads against the wall again and again in a continuous ramming and breaking apart. The noise was enough to drown the music behind me. The salt spray in the air was strong enough to cover the smell of popcorn and cotton candy. There in the dark on top of that wall, I listened to the sea.

Dashing against the wall,
Driven by wind and sprite,
Dashing against the wall,
Splashing me with sprite's bereivment;
Dashing against th'embittered gall,
Breaking sentiment's concealment,
I listened to the wind:

The sea calls to me, sings to me,
Retreats from me;
The sea calls to me, whispers to me,
Retreats from me;
The sea calls to me, entreats me,
And I come, I come, I come.

The sea calls to me, sings to me,
Retreats from me;
The sea calls to me, prays to me,
Retreats from me;
The sea calls to me, entreats me,
And I run, I run, I run.

The sea calls to me, rings out to me
Billowing surges of foam;
The sea calls to me, brings out in me
The message: "no more to roam."
The sea calls to me, reaches out to me
The loving arms of home.

The sea calls to me, whispers to me,
Retreats from me;
The sea calls to me, whispers to me,
Retreats from me;
The sea calls to me, whispers to me,
The words: "my son, my son, my son."

Dashing against the wall,
Driven by wind and sprite,
Dashing against the wall,
Splashing me with sprites' endearments,
Dashing into a foamy brawl,
Opening my heart's reverments,
I listened to the wind:

Spray and mists,
Black forms rearing,
Night-tide bliss,
Wind-song appearing,
Dashing fathoms down my soul;
Salt-sea ringing,
Blesse'd peace
Is the wind-song singing.

Roaring, breaking,
Loud moments aching,

Wind sea-saga is
My soul vibrating;
Dashing, daring,
Calling me: "leap!"
Brave deeds making,
Calling for peace.

Dashing against the wall,
Driven by wind and spirit,
Dashing against the wall,
Splashing me with sprites' retrieving,
Dashing against my inner squawl,
Awakening my soul's remembering.
I listened to the wind:

Within the roaring,
The dashing is silent,
Within the dashing, the still;
Wherein the foaming is small
Like puffs,
Within the heart, the fill;
Wherefore the singing voice
For us,
Wherein the spirit, the thrill.

I didn't see Patty much after that. She did visit me in the hospital though, and I love her for that, even if she did make me laugh so much I almost split my stitches open. I had my appendix removed, and it really hurt when I laughed. I spoke to her at church a couple of times...told her that I was going to join the Rosicrucians. She warned me about that, and that shocked me. I didn't understand her stance, knowing her interest in eastern religions. I heard years later that she had moved to South America, had been married, and had a little son.

My family moved to Hanahan from Charleston into a housing section known as Forest Lawn. The place was the last remains of an old southern mansion. The mansion house had long since disappeared, but the old church and the Negroes remained...and the trees remained.

Beyond the neighborhood grocery,
To the west of the old stone church,
I took my dog to go romping,
Hoping to find a new berth.
Most of the area was thick and foresty,
Some was thick with swamp,
But I took my dog Johnny
Behind the old stone church.

There was a field of horses,
For galloping, romping and roundabouting;
There was a field of horses,
For covorting behind the old stone church.
I took my dog Johnny to go covorting,
I took my dog Johnny
Behind the old stone church.

There were trees up against the south side,
There was a fence up to the north;
The fence held the horses in,
The trees held their worth, the wind.

The wind sang in the trees;
My Johnny ran among the leaves
Crisp on the ground,
The horses would thunder across,
And the trees cheered in the crowd.

We talked to the wind;
We yelled and barked and laughed;
Lightning, our sword, we wield,
Slew the dragon and hacked
Down imaginary foes of wind,
Shrill, pale and wild;
We fell our enemies
'Till tired and fagged,
We rolled over and over,
We rolled over and over,

Untill we lay as dirty dampen rags.
The wind talked back,
Hissing through the trees;
We listened as the wind
Spoke through their leathery leaves,
Russeling, tossing their heads
In a language of song;

We giggled as we watched,
Giggled on and on;
We giggled as we watched
The dance and the song.

The trees talked to the sky next,

Of where they were parched and dry,
Stretching their necks so high
to reach the rain.
The sky heard their crys, and
The clouds covered the sun;
"The day is not yet done!"
The sun yelled back in pain.

The sun complained to the sea,
"See how they treat me
Who gives them life and joy?
What glee can this madness give?
Why spoil my reign?"

The sea boiled in angry sympathy,
And vapors fed, in a mock symphony
The sky, the sun's only dread.
His anger fled though
As he spied through the clouds
The boy and his dog enthralled
By songs sung in the boughs.
Then he gave a hearty laugh
To see the frisky pup
Pick up a scent
Of a bear or a rabbit
And chase around and around
In a habit of despair
And flop down.

Rain poured down gleefully
Upon the trees and playmates;
A chorus of wind-dong weld up in
Deep grateful welcome,
Weeping and screaming swaying,
Greystoke's thunder, lightning playing,
Gandolf's folks seeming coming
Out of the dark bushes;
Horses braying, charges wet with mud,
Made the little folks run,
Run home, run...run wet with fun.

Ages ago, When I was a little boy, my father would take the
family from Roswell and head west to the El Capitan. There, I

found enchantment above everything I had ever experienced...the smell of pine and reverence.

I walked in a cathedral
Made of pines,
Made of spirit entwines
Soul-making looking
Up to light and life,
Eyes searching,
Rays bending,
Peircing pines, arching,
Overhead looking,
Looking for feelings
Inside myself.

Trails led to brooks where we feasted on fried chicken and potatoe salad there among the pine trees smelling like ancient temples filled with incense. There was one little brook we went to where the waters splashed across the flat rocks.

The waters splashed over stones,
Stones for stepping,
Stones for tripping,
For gay laughing and slipping;
The gay waters splashed
Stone over stone over stone,
Tickling, spontineity bidding,
Hand-splashing daring,
Foot-stepping dancing,
In the waters prancing,
Getting myself all wet.

My father said, "No son,
We have to go son;
No time to let your thoughts
Drink fountains deep,
Beauties keep,"
My father said,
No time...
No time...

My soul in shock for mine
The sleepy splashing brook
Among the pines,
Savior to me;
A tree and a brook,
One last look at bathing
And cleansing me...

No time...No time
And they dragged me off,
And I cried.
So much beauty in waters flowing,
Beneath trees going,
Trees growing,
Mending Nature's heart
But not mine.
My heart had to wait
Until a future time;
One more fountain
Finding inspiration,
One more disappointment
Proving my understanding.

How old was I? Fourteen, fifteen, when I was in Boy Scout Camp? Mother had told me to go and buy myself a couple of frozen chickens from Harold's Cabin around the corner from where she worked as a beautician. I bought two little ones. I thought that the trade mark was "Squib". They were rather expensive, but Mother let me have them anyway. At camp, they were quite tasty roasted over an open fire. I had built my own roticery out of sticks and built my own fire as the Boy Scout Handbook instructed, but then the strangest thing happened. Some of the boys started complaining, saying that I was breaking the camp rules. They told me that I was supposed to have brought a gas stove with me to cook on. I thought it totally strange to go to a Boy Scout Camp and not be able to practice scouting! That fire was a reflection of the fire in my heart when the boys chided me and made fun of me for coming to a Boy Scout Camp to practice scouting. I felt that I had so much to give and to share with the other boys, but they were always cutting me off, and cutting me down.

I found a spring of holy water.
A fountain flowing freely down
From the knees of several trees
Huddled together closely, bending;
I worshiped the Father.

I erected a sign: "Sacred Spring."
They tore it down,
Threw it to the ground, they did,
When I had shown them
What I had found.

"You silly ass!" they chided,
"Can't you see there on the grass

The true sign?" rang their voices,
When all I sought
Was to guide them
To beauty.

What drove my heart
Like my ancestors' art
Who, by divining
Sought fountains of healing,
Came with images providing
Signs of faith showing
The spirit of the spring
The little thing they wanted?

What is it in flowing water
That rests and heals the man?
What in the flowing song
Making rest it says "I can"
And the man feels refreshed?

If such inspiration is given
To thirsty souls who drink
With their ears and are quenched
Just listening to flowing
Glistening mountain perspiration,
Turning their eyes towards Heaven,
Is it perhaps a memory...that man,
Setting fountains among the trees
In open parks and walkways hear
Mighty rushing waters...a voice,
The mighty voice of Ahmen
And not understand?

I had spent four years in the navy, leaving my home near Charleston, South Carolina and traveling the South Seas. Afterwards, I went to Brigham Young University, living with my mother and brother Tim there in Provo, Utah. I fell in love with that town that had irrigation water always running down the city streets. It was mountain water flowing in the shadows of mountains a few city blocks away. I could sit on the curb of the street and put my feet in a mountain stream.

I often sat on the curb under a tree
With the gutter running beneath me,

And I could look at the water,
Clear mountain water rolling,
Rolling beneath my feet.
The waters talked;
The breeze whispered leaves above,
And I drunk the dregs of deep thought
Running in waters through the gutters
Down the street in sheets of veil.
Like flags my thoughts were caught
By cars and strung out
Like a comet's tail.

I often thought of marriage. There in Provo, not long after we arrived the Church built the Provo Temple. I went there often, praying about who I should marry. I came out of that experience with a strange impression upon my mind. The answer to my prayers was the name of my younger sister Sherry who lived with her husband Dave Redford and her children in Portland, Oregon. After becoming depressed, I dropped out of school. Part of that depression had to do with wanting to be married. I called my parents who were then living in Amarillo, Texas and they allowed me to move down there and live with them. My dad and I were always arguing, and my depression turned into an emotional sickness, which, of course, my parents didn't recognize. My mother prayed about it after two years of what she called constant arguing, and invited me to go live with my sister Sherry up in Portland.

My mother knew it. There in Portland, I met my wife. She had known my sister for years. My Sister had been her Mia Maid teacher in the Mutual Improvement Association on Wednesdays when my wife was only fifteen years old. Her name was Rene' Pfund, half Swiss. Her father was a second generation American, though full Swiss, and old enough to be...no, older than her grandfather, so Rene' grew up being part of the older generation. Her social life still consists of the elderly. (Her cousins are old enough to be her fathers.)

I married Rene' in the Provo Temple for time and all Eternity. After living in Portland for six years, we moved to Provo. There were a great many things I wanted to show Rene' and to share with her. One thing was Rock Canyon right behind the Provo Temple.

I took my wife up Rock Canyon
With God's temple in view;
I took my wife up Rock Canyon,
Just we two.
We followed a bubbly brook
Up the canyon,

A bubbly brook
Flowing down to God's temple
To renew
Our breathing with trees
In breezes,
Framing skys of blue,
Blue flowing in waters' harbor,
A canyon strewn
With alters to God.

We ascended up against the brook
To God,s alter;
We ascended up to a stone
Cut without hands;
We felt its massive presence
And felt we could not stand
Without its supportive efforts
Millenial grand,
Guarding there
The waters flowing
Where peace and rest
Invited us
To lay upon the alter
Our heavy burdens bare,
Giving us refreshment finding
All the grinding
Daily life stopping,
Resting upon that
Rock of Life.

In the shade of a tall white tree,
We greet thee, oh bubbling brook
Who took all our stains downstream
In bathing us with thy pleasant voices,
Most choice sounds sprinkling
Resting in our ears without fear
On the Rock of our Lord.

Waters sparlking, reflecting,
Whispering breezes concealing
In the trees above
In soothing lullabyes
By doves cooing,
Make us dream dreams as Lehi's,
Righteous prophet of Jewish wastelands,
Singing songs of knowing God's hand
To lead thy people to saftey.

Thou wert a dreamer and a visionary man;
God gave those dreams to thee;
Thou dreamt a heavenly plan
And wrote for all to see:
A fountain of water,
An iron rod,
A path leading to a tree.

Are all the breezes that blow
Through the trees
The same breeze that whispers
From Lehi's tree so bright
Saying "Love me with
All thy might,
And I will lift thee
To soaring heights
To see me"?

Do all the pure waters
That trickle down from
Snowy mountain heights
Come first from Lehi's fountain
To tell of God's miracle,
How God will quench our thirst?
Do physical waters quench
What the soul thirsts for?
No, but to spiritual waters
And to Lehi's tree we soar.
Under the White Tree,
There waters flow
And breathe partake of
Heavenly breezes.

God's love in leaves in breezes
Whispers "Believe"
Means being in love,
And, loving him,
From trees and breezes
And rushing waters sounding
Giving rest abounding
A living fountain in our breast.

SOME OTHER POEMS

BY

TATUM ESTE'L

3rd week Aug 1964

THE WHITE ROSE

A fragrance so soothing
As to be
The breeze of pleasure
Is that of the white rose.
It is the fountain
Of joy and loveliness
Surrounded by fern and flower
And flat rock.
All is enclosed
By leaf and twig;
The water thereof
Is a crystal flow
Of all that swells the heart.
Yet again,
The fragrance is soft Psyche
Who comes to bathe there.

ATTIC PEARL

Through space was I lingering
With the world beneath my feet,
When something siezed my breast,
Caught my eye, and broke my heart-beat!
'Twas a bead.
Some child had dropped it there,
Some child, while playing,
Had dropped it to a dirty floor.
I raised it up from that attic delaying,
I raised it up, replaying
The dreams of a child
Filling the attic.
All breath stopped... 'twas a gem...
A gem all round and white... a pearl
With glittering hue while catching
Sun and soft-lined light.
But more... a hole through it I saw!
A scar, a mark of use.
What might, I mused,
Could It have been used for?
But Joy!
Dawn rising through that hole,
'Twas a soul,
And all shadows removed.

LONELY

Ah, to loved,
To walk on a moon-lit hill,
Holding her tender hand in mine;
Golden ring, binding us together,
You would be felt
Between the folded extremities
Of a hand so gentle.
To see the crystal gaze
Of one felt in the heart,
To share a laugh.
Silver light, showing the way,
You will bring enchantment
To a couple when seen.
To remove from her face
Silky threads of hair
And find there her smiling,
To feel the flesh of her lips.
Playful breeze rustling leaves
On the branches overhead,
You will bring us refreshment.
To be imbued with her grace
Unto submission
To the will of the moon;
Ah, to be loved.

LITTLE GIRL

Little girl with a ring,
Cast it off,
Let him go.
Little girl with starry eyes,
Shine on me.
Let me know
Grape of vine,
Honey of bees;
Let me be thine.

THE DOOR

In the path of life
A doorway stands.
Behind it waits
A beautiful maiden fair,
But where is the key?

THE SONG OF SPRING

In the sky above,
In all glory and splendor
Shining,
Flows beauty and grace
Celestial,
Giving to all forms of life,
As it reaches out and
Settles like the dew
On the cold ground
And green blade,
And every bough of
Green leafed shrub.
It warms the ground,
Whilst in the boughs
Are colored blossoms blooming.

Christmas week 1964
upon reading Ernest Maltravers
by Ld. Bulwere Lytton

LIQUID DROP

In an archive, silent, dark and dusty found,
Candle bright above ancient books flickering,
Freeing a man's soul here once bound;
And one book being opened,
Gave wings to thought.
Peering closer, I spied, on a page
Well worn by the user's hand,
A liquid drop, a lucid meaning brought forth.
What be this upon life's page hath fallen?
What whispered book to man
That man's soul, enlivened, bent calling?
Glittering drop, candle reflecting,
Be thou a memory brought so soft
The heart a touching,
Or be thou a gift from a thinker's brow?
With thought, there flows impressions made,
Fathered by sweat and tears there laid.

4 Feb 1965

AUTUMN'S SONG

In nippy, crystal air
Of sprite's frosty morning,
Frost on the ground,
Frost on the blades and leaves and breeze,
Along a rustic country lane,
I met sun and ray agleaming,
From behind bushes peeping,
Ascending to throne and majesty,
Robed in fleecy white clouds.
Earth was o'fire with orange and red flakes;
Flames beneath my feet crackled,
While above in tree tops swaying they raged.
Down flutted sparks, and up
Rose the meadow lark's song.

"How doth the sorcerer
His golden web weave?"
His smile on my face I felt,
His reply was seen, I knelt,
Touching tops of trees,
Bringing glory to the leaves
And the far side of the meadow.

12 mar 1965

TO MY DEAR BLUSHING FLOWER

'Twas oft I've wanted you
My heart to pluck
From time's immortal garden
In spring;

'Twas on your soft ankles
My feathered wings
Wanted to light;

Oft and long
My ears have heard
Echoed mellowed pleas forlorn,
Of heart and dolor,
Your touch to be felt,
Your kiss, your care.

'Twas but a lonely dream,
Of dreaming alone,
Of being alone,
Of rock and sand,
The mighty seas to erode.

Turbulent seas
At rock cliff scraping,
My fortified soul dispersing.
In swirling fantasy departing,
My soul dispersing,
Being Blown into the night air
By "I don't care."

Drowning strange love is protection,
But he who gives it
Is cast upon rocky shores
And scattered in all directions
Along the beach
To be sand
Trodden upon by the foot of man.

Nov 1965
on Ernest Maltravers
and Alice by Lytton

DEAD BOOKS

Some people throw old books away;
They say "they're dusty."
Classics they keep,
But treasures very deep
To hearts alone,
Into a bay are thrown;
There they die.
Dead books, given to the dead
Are read by fingers of mine.
The gold is seen,
And there's a laugh;
It's mine.
Fools who search for gold
Are blind
And throw it away.

ERNEST MALTRAVERS AND ALICE

Fairy voices sung to me
In a summer night's breeze;
To the melody I turned;
I found a book opened,
Drenched by that soft moon ocean
That brings so fair a love.
And all at once!
Both page and story turned
As it were, into a honeycomb,
So overly saturated by that
Slick, sticky mead,
Nectar of a meadow so immortal...
The flowers immortal...
Viewed by the gods,
Carried to me on eternal wings
Virtues sweet, in oceans, fathoms deep,
My mind drugged, and drunk,
I, in a tranquil sleep,
Despaired not in drowning.

24 Feb 1966

THE STAR SAPHIRE

This star for you, Mother,
From our hearts we pulled,
And in stone encased it
For you to hold.
A star just for you, Mother,
Your pathway through time
And life to light,
Pulled down from the heavens
Still burning bright.
Stars fill all darkness
And shine when someone cares,
Each one a sun burns bright
With every burden you bare.
Age is but the twinkling of a star,
Which, into eternity escapes
A Will-o'-the-wisp into which
Old age disintegrates.
Youth is brought to one
Who of this sunshine reaps,
And deep within the heart
This possession keeps.
Found in the hearts of youth
Is a universe full
Of sparkling stars bright,
And from within our hearts,
This star encased in stone we pulled
To bring you everlasting light.

Christmas 1965

THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS

The joys of Christmas,
The enchantments therein,
Lie not in presents given,
Nor in the laughing, singing
Joyous Eve of Christmas,
But when all's asleep,
And before the tree I creep;
The lights aglazing,
The colored balls dance
Within swirls of
Sparkling silvery tensile
To a mist of colored jingles
Caught by my eyes.

Figures in miniature unfold,
Reflected on a red glass ball;
Fancy free and fleeting,
Through each showy branch
They flitter and dance.
Each Christmas Sprite
And fairy there be
Comes abounding with delight
Under our bright Christmas tree
To show they're not forgotten.

Spring 1966

SHADOWS OF TERI

I remember her eyes,
Deep pools of blue
That I drown in
Every time she looks at me,
So I turn away.
Dreams of pools are mine.
I get drunk in the wine of her eyes
And sink deep in pools in dreams,
And shadows of laughter I find.
Her voice lingers on in conversation
In an empty room,
And like a web from a spider's loom
Entraps me.
Tangles and snares in her eyes are mine.
Her voice, tender in the dark depths,
Depths if deep blue,
Works a spell.
Voices in a whisp of air are mine.
Lost in dreams in swirls of blue
Are her eyes, tears reflecting,
My tears reflecting.

Spring 1966

THE MUSIC OF A BIRTH

The music of a birth
Is a whistle in the wind
You listen to in the breeze,
And you breath the fresh clean air
Brushing against your face.

The music of a birth
Is the tinkling in the air
By water-bells made,
As they come down,
Kissing the new mother's cheeks.

Pools of mirror reflect the gratitude,
One, a fallen tear drop,
One, a fallen dew drop from Heaven.

The music of a birth,
The ushering in,
Is the trumps of thunder in the sky,
Blasts echoed from the Light of God,
And you breath the cool night air.

May 1966

RECLAMATION

The sea calls to me each time I visit her;
"Come home," she says, "Come home my boy.
You've lost your way, Come home."
Along the beach I walk,
And every time, I hear her talk
And call to me..."The sea, the sea,
Your home is in the sea,"
She calls to me.
Each wave's an open arm
With a welcoming smile behind it;
The ebb's an open door.
"The sea's your home my son.
My son, your mother is calling," she says.
To you, the wave comes in and dies
And does not live.
To me, the wave grabs my legs,
Locks its jaws about my feet
And pulls me through a sieve.
My feet at the water's edge wading
Feels the tide consuming, pulling me away.
I start running and my heart's thumping
Many miles away...
I command my feet to flee!
"Away from the sea!"
But I find no land.
I sink into the swirling sand,
Water wave pulsing, sinking like lead,
A mother's breast I find instead,
And open arms.
I am no more...I am the sea.
The sea! The sea! Oh what ecstasy!
The sun's my robe, the moon's my gown,
And the land bows down to me.

MORNING SONG

The morning comes to me
As a shaft of light
Sailing down into a forrest gloom;
My joy into full bloom opens]
Like a flower, a dancing flower
Carried away in midsummer's moon.
This I take with me
Throughout the day,
And I bloom all over again
Every time I'm want to stray.

SUMMER'S SONG

In summer noon showers
Formed by white misty clouds,
The bright orb watching
Sends sun-jeweled flowers
Dancing and drifting down.
Water-jewels from leaves are dripping,
Bouncing on the water,
Diamonds shaking.
The different colored greens
From cloud and sun are born,
Turn soft and silent to the eye;
They sleep.
The shimmer of sun-lit waters
Caught in a gloom of shade,
Through twisted vines is seen.

ALONE ?

Alone ? No not really;
Alone only for a while,
Walk the mile.
Walk along life's beach,
Along the shores of death;
Take a deep breath.
The air is fresh; Life is fresh.
Keep going; keep living.
He is waiting there
At the end of the way,
Preparing the day,
When, calling your name,
You can be with him again.

INSIGHT

The sunlight
Washes up against the leaves
As pebbles in the sand,
And the trunk of the tree
Is the base of the man.
The lilac calls
And the pineneedle falls
To fertilize the land;
It's roots then toil
To share the same soil
With the man.

OLD PEOPLE

The dog was a barkin' at the door;
He wanted in.
Long enough he'd been out'n the cold;
He wanted in.
An' so he barked.
What happened to the old lady
Whose husband had died?
Where was she when it was time to eat?
The dog wanted in,
An' so he barked.

A face showed through the screen door;
It was the old woman.
It was wood-dried an' scoured,
Like the house.
It was the old woman.
She had come to let him in.
Eyes searched from the door,
Searched the yard;
Where was the dog?

Sad eyes barked, sad eyes scoulded.
Where was the old woman?
He wanted in.

MOON MELODY

Oh my love and I
Are sailing in moonlight,
Sailing in moonlight are we;
The white orb above
Is our mood of love
As we sail on to Capri.

The wind at midnight's a jewel,
A jewel full of light,
A jewel spread o're the sea.
Twinkling in lights
Are vallies of white,
The paths for you and me.

MARY POPPINS

There was something in the air that day
That made the birds fly away,
Leaving the cathedral steps bare.
Into the air they fled and fluttered
And congregated Heavenward.

Like drum rolls their wings were beating,
Trumpet sounds shrieking in the air
Were their voices, sweeping,
Hearlding in fairy music,
Fairy magic found in fairy lore.

I tipped me head and stopped me song
Down to a whisper.
The breeze blew, and then I knew,
I'm such a good listener,
It has happened all before.

Soft notes of feminine type gently fell
From flapping wings and sceeches,
Reaching down from the clouds of doves above,
Beautifully white and whirling,
Notes of magic formed in a chimeny,
Born in a chimeny, born of a little girl.

Between pavement and starlight
Is the chimny sweep's world;
Between pavement and starlight
Was found the little girl.

She was all covered with
Black soot and ashes,
Had been scrapping with bristly brooms
And flatly shapted brushes,
Singing of the starlight
While sweeping out the curds of black.

Her songs she sang were magic to me ears,
Weaving charms of fun and laughter
What rolled a chimny sweeps gears:
Over the roof tops, over the roof tops,
Over the roof tops, step in time;
Over the roof tops, over the roof tops,
Marry Poppins step in time.

'Tis an old woman now (on Thursdays)
What sits down on Cathedral steps:
"Feed the birds...topins, the birds"
Are her words of charms and spells.
"Feed the birds," crumbs and clay.

We call her Poppins; It rymes with topins,
And we take on a laugh or two.
That makes us fly when we laugh,
For we know she laughs too, inside.

It's been said by old and young
That she's still got a song to be sung:
"Chim-chimeny, chim-chimeny,
Chim-chim charoo," she will sing with you
(Except on Thursdays).

It's all done in twilight,
Up there between pavement and starlight
Where all magic takes place,
Magic in twilight,
Forming steps in starlight,
Dancing in ladylike grace.

She comes now and then to the young,
Takes them on holidays
And 'livens their hearts with sun-rays,
Lolly pops and circus rings,
Starting up there behind where
Stockings are hung.

26 Jan 1967

THE BLACK COACH

Gallopig gallopig gallopig thunder,
Fire in their breath,
Sparks from their hoofs,
Gallopig gallopig gallopig thunder,
Over the bridge, through the green glen,
Gallopig gallopig gallopig thunder,
Black is the coach, black as the night,
Black as my lover's lock of hair;
Red is the ribbon woven through it,
Red as the blood spilt from her breast;
Shot from behind, torn from her lips,
Spilling my blood into hers.
Two bullets fired, a father's anger,
Two bullets met their mark;
Two black steeds of death,
Two black steeds of thunder
Go gallopig gallopig gallopig,
Go gallopig gallopig gallopig,
Go gallopig gallopig gallopig in thunder.

THE SPECTOR

The day dawns sweet,
The morning glides in
On fire chariots agleaming.
The sun rises pompously, seemingly,
The first breath to give, the first beat,
Giving life to the fresh fallen dew.
Majesty and glory touch the eye
As the sun stretches through the azure sky,
Laying its gold in the mews.
Grassy meads grow green,
And the trees all around
Their jeweled bowery spread.
Violets and buttercups shimmer
On gilded hillsides,
And hearts in a passion grow red.
But life's dawn passes with time,
And time's the sun, trailing through clouds
O'er the rafters of the sky.
The sun at noonday grows bright,
And with a hidden light,
Bends down and grows men
Like feilds of rye.
Then men's lives grow as jewels
And the day dawn dies ,
Appearing gloomy o'er the moors.
Vermilian touched skys with clouds
No longer loud in brandished color
Pass on to another world.
The night is cooled with starlight;
While it still and silent lies,
A spector it watches rise,
A night ruler with half forgotten might.
In the moon grows the ghost of the day
Still burning bright.

GOD'S ANGEL

I had a dream before I woke;
'Twas an angel's voice that spoke,
And spoke he distinctly
On the brink of reality:
"Don't be discouraged,
And take courage to your heart.
Be prepared in all things,
And God will enfold you
In his wings, and with you
He will never depart.
Step now out of your cradle,
Knowing that you
Are God's angel.

BENDING

Oh, that my soul would see
The grandure and glories of Eternity,
Not that I may sit upon thrones
Or seats of power,
But that I might bend
And kiss the feet
Of my Savior

IN A MANGER

Silent night whispers,
Silent angels sing,
To shepards only
Is heard
That solemn song,
Peace from Heaven
On Earth,
Singing Good Will,
Whispering toward men:
Peace, Glory,
Holiness born in a manger,
The King.

WELCH SONG

I didn't hear my most
Favorite Welch song.
I heard it one time
In an old Welch story.
It comes upon my
Memory at times,
Like a ghost, it comes,
And then fades from me,
And I forget it.
But when I hear it,
I remember.
It is a song to call,
And it calls me home,
And home I'll go
The last time I hear it;
I'll be called home
By my most favorite song.

"ALL IS WELL"

In a soft vision above,
The anguish;
In a whispered silence
Deep
Creeps a soft and tender
Touch to tell,
"All is well,
All is well."

In recollections
Sweet,
As my heart beats
Softly,
I hold to memories
A while longer
Of good times together
And think that
"All is well,
All is well."

Deep in thoughts
That swell,
Emotions' waves
Beyond their bounds
In soft trickles spill
Some message small
To tell,
"All is well,
All is well."

THE LIFTING OF A BROTHER

Who said it? I don't know,
"Friends before are friends at last;"
In searching the Eternal past,
I find you there, my friend.

Millions of years the mortal mind knows,
But Eternity knows no time;
And if millions of years before
Had our friendship lasted then,
Perhaps another millionsof years
'Twill last in glorious fame.

For we on Eternal plains did fight,
Arm in arm and back to back
With swords of Truth and Light
Our eternal foe Lucifer
And sent him on his flight.

And if again we find ourselves
In battle attire on mortal land,
And though wounded,
What evil ire twice
Not to give a hand
And lift a brother?

Then on to Eternal Glories before
In God's presence to stand,
And he will ask,
"Have you brought another?"
And may I be able to say then,
"I have brought my brother, my friend."

Jan 1994
after Nanny's death

MOUNTAIN DEPTHS

The contrasts in mountain contours,
Mountain textures,
Of golden light from sunsets
And shadows blue,
A reflection of the night
Hidden in the rubble,
The mountain becoming a mirror
Reflecting the coming swath of stars,
Stills the natural feelings.

At the base of mountains standing,
A crowning glory for man,
A temple of our Lord'
A place between Earth,
Mountain and Heaven's stars
Where hearts grow fond of God.

Death is a mountain
Weighing down on me.
I see my grandmother's body
Lying there bare
Of its light it once held.
She raises up
And gnashes her teeth,
And I flee.
It was death gnashing
Its teeth at me.
I'm afraid.
This one braid in
Life's twists and contours
I couldn't face.

She scared me once as a child.
She came down the steps from Papa's room,
I thought, to embrace me.
Death gnashed its teeth then,
And I froze.

inside

They bore down the dark mouth waiting,
And it tore my mouth sceaming

As they came outside from Papa's room.
Papa was old and sick,
And I still remember the sickening feeling
Of the dark depths of sadness
Surrounding everyone
As they treaded downward.
I dreaded their approach
As I dreaded the approach
Of Nanny's funeral.

Kera cried red-faced,
But I couldn't, It wouldn't come.
Under the earth, my flower
Plucked from my lapel
Rests with her empty shell,
I having said goodbye.

Why the tears don't come,
And I want to run from grief
Underneath my mountain
Where there's no relief
From black mouths screaming,
Angels voices beaming understanding
As they sing their hymning
Above my mountain covered with stars,
And I stretch my arm bare
Out from underneath
Towards temple heights.
And inside its white walls,
I find my Nanny living.
There, her light shines
As she waits for me.

A WOMAN

Like the sun shining
Through the leaves
In trees,
I saw a woman.

I saw her sitting
Among some others.
Her face was brightly shining,
Lighter than her brothers,
Like the sunshine seen
Through leaves in trees.
When the wind blows,
She stays shining
Through the bowers.

I see a woman among people
Who have fallen
Like leaves in the Autumn.
She stands higher
Like a brightly shining tower,
Sending out light, love and warmth
That each may grow and flower.

NIGHT VISION

I drove through the night
And didn't see the dark;
The red tail lights
I followed sparkled.
Every color fed my soul.
All the street lights
And store windows
Played against my windshield,
A shield of comfort
That glowed in my heart.

GLORY GLORY GLORY

Glory, Glory, Glory
Halos on the trees,
On the leaves of grass,
Shimmering like brass,
The sun
In glimmering rays shining,
Glimmering rays beaming
Holy morning breathing
Me into life
And deep gratitude.
Mountains around us shaking,
Vibrant braking forth
Into song:

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Thanksgiving Day
I pray to thee Holy Father
For all blessings bountious be
Upon my family,
For warm hearts,
And childrens' laughter
Here and forever after;
Fountains flowing,
Gushing forth
In kindness
And in Kind returning,
Making their hearts
Warm and burning.

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Glorious morning
Breaking forth,
Light triumphant,
Friendship's hand
Extending foreward,
Heart's incumbent,
Joys benevolent,
Handshaking smiling,
Gifts prolonging
My awakening
Priesthood power
In neighbors found
Reflected in Nature
All around.

WELSH SONG NO.1

When the wind blows through the willows,
And the sun comes shining through,
It reminds me of a window,
And you, smiling through my window.

When the stars at night are shining,
And there's starlight everywhere,
It reminds me of a light,
A warm candle-light
Shining through your window.

When my heart sings my songs of love,
And the dove of peace sings softly,
I meet you on the heather,
And all that comes together,
The wind and starlight in you...
Oh, your eyes, they're full of starlight!

When the Heavens are quick in passing,
And the Earth grows old and grey,
I'll remember a certain angel,
A smiling, singing angel,
I'll remember a shining angel,
Shining through my window...
Oh, your hair, it's white like an angel's!

LIFE AGAIN

Day-dawn bright and gleaming,
Freedom's trumpet streaming
Through my heart,
Glory blazing beaming,
Majesty to start
My life again.

My heart's a song
Celebrating life
Newly formed,
Newly borne
On wings of light
And chirping birds
In rain fresh air.

My song sings in buildings old,
In memories joyous,
In memories hoped for, renewed,
Imbued with new life embracing,
Passions once felt for living
In child-like fashion
Freedom's song
By my own willing to live.

Pictures celebrating people,
Sparks breaking into life
In the halls of memory,
Life unfelt by me
Already begun to throng,
Blessed by glorious streams
Of sunrise.

IT ISN'T TOO LATE

It isn't too late to celebrate
The day you came here,
Soft and cuddly,
From a world of white
To a world where life
Is strange and heavy.
But life gives way to Wisdom
And sight gives way to faith,
When we listen to the light
We came with...
To the light we were given
When but a babe

I WAIT

Time flows over
The rafters of the sky
In trailing clouds.
Whisps of music
Enters my ears
And I wait.

In a bar,
The dance floor shakes
By thunder of a band.
How many minutes
Become hours show
In fading moonlight,
And I wait.

In a smoke-filled room
Tears form in the dark.
A blaze of laughter
Shakes my face.
My ears are dumb
And bruised with time.
Words become lost,
Speckled with darkness,
And I wait.

The moth waits
In a cocoon for the time
It waits to be eaten up
In flames of wrath
For a measly thrill.
Eternity stands still,
And I wait.

Depression is the sound
In time with friends
Making fun of love.
The Spirit leaves
And hope weakens my arms
Waiting for a friend,
And I wait.

The sun rises in a morning,
Buds spring into flowers;
The air is sweet, and
The sun grows warm,
The sun grows hot, and
Flowers grow brittle;

Life grows bitter
And crackles under the sun,
And I wait.

WEBS

Grab a web,
A silken thread;
Touch it...you may tear it .

Webs hold jewels,
Dew drops;
Sunlight...through.

Little lights on
Life's line,
Gently hanging...sensitive, divine.

Look! A web
On your finger;
In the dew drops...you.

Shake a web,
Grab a web,
You'll be...dead.

Webs torn,
Forlorn,
Webs looked upon...sparkling.

Enjoy a beaded web,
Children rearing,
Each one, you...endearing.

CHRISTKEEP

Christkeep,
Dreams to sleep,
Happy holy day
Remembering,
Festive tree
Surrounding me
With joyous lays
Of Thanksgiving.

Smells of pine
Oranges, apples,
There is hard candy
I am want to sample;
Hot cider,
Merry laughter
Leaves a warm glow
The morning after.

Gentle togetherring
With friends and neighbors,
Having the family
Forever after,
Watching children
Open presents,
Happy in making
Eternal togetherring.

SLEEP

A number of dark
But transparent sheets
Settling over me,
Lying on my chamber bed,
Softly it crept upon me,
The ebony ghost of the night,
Like a heavy mist of a swamp
Settling over me,
A corps there.

Tatum Este'l
% Estel B. Murdock
80 S. 900 E. #35
Provo, Utah 84606
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IN OUR FATHER'S HAND

Come take your Father's hand,
And trust in him securely;
He'll lead thee through
The dark filled night
And light thy path so clearly.

Come, take and hold his hand,
His child thou art so dearly ;
He loves and wants to keep thy way
And keep thee close so nearly.

His hand is stretched out still;
He waits for thee and fairly;
Submit thy heart as children do,
His Spirit he gives so purely.

Again, in our Father's hand,
We're giv'n the world of beauty;
Our needs are met in him indeed
And Hope is given so brightly.

Feb 14, 1995

DARK FORMS BELOW

Though we walk in dark forms below,
The mortal frame's a shadow
Of bright angle bodies above us
Hovering, Guiding, Loving.

A perfect love is waiting above,
It's shadow we share now and only.
Light from above leads to that
Perfect love.
We'll find it.
In our Spirits inside,
We have it.

25 Sept 1995

A BURST OF LIGHT

A burst of light,
And I am through,
A prayer answered,
A flaming fire inside
Wanting to know
More than ever
Forever,
And I reach through
To you.
There you are
And will be
Forever.

Ages past and futures ago,
Our lives intertwine,
Combine, found alliances,
Reliances,
And heartaches too.
But the flaming fire inside,
The real me,
The real you,
Brings us to a point
In life
Where trees grow;
Fruit grows,
Tended by a Master's hand,
Bringing joy.

Lives are not simple.
Simple is inside,
A guide sought in prayer.
I go there sometimes
When confusion arises,
And the Day Star rises
For second chances
To steer us away
To a middle point,
A point of light
Returning and turning
Us to Him...
And to each other...
For helping hands and embraces,
For a love as bright
As that light
Inside.

November 24, 1995

Thought Song

Catch hold of a thought;
It's like catching a train
(of thoughts).
It will lead you
To sin and to ruin,
Or to reign with
Our Father in Heaven Above.

A single thought,
Like a white glorious dove,
Can lead your mind
To look above,
To catch the light,
And in reverence pray,
And gain the strength
You need this day.

Or, a thought can be
A blackened mocking crow,
Leading to death and carrion
Below...
To grovel in the dirt and mire
Until you wish for
A burning fire
To cleanse your soul.

Remember,
A thought can lead you
Either way.
So, catch a thought
From this day forward:
The love of God the Son,
And faith blooms to light
And joy and endless reward.

Remember,
Faith is only
A thought away.

November 24, 1995

Christmas Celebratings

One Birth
Brings Rebirth
To everyone
Who will listen.
And we celebrate
The One Life and Lives
The One Breath who breathes
Into our lives
Joy.

And we celebrate the
One mouthpiece
Of the Lord,
And the many mouths
Who sing for joy;
The one eye of God,
And the many eyes who see;
The One Ear
That listens to prayer,
And the many ears
Who listen.

May 1996

COCOONS

There are many cocoons
In our lives
In which we sleep,
Knowing somehow
We are confined.
We ever want to
Breakout.
When we do,
We think we will
Be butterflies.

But until then,
We continue our
Struggle for escape.
Sometimes we struggle
So hard that
A little love
Leaks out.

Addendum:

Our struggles will continue
Until we depart this cocoon
Called a mortal body. It is
Our inner thought drives us
On, knowing warmly, inside
In the confinement grows us
A brighter soul to be there
And someday, stepping out,
We willt gracefully, unfold
Our wings, and flying away.

April 1996

My Angel Mother

My angel mother
Whispers
Yes,
I'm gone now, but
Peace.
Angel wings
Flutter
Above my face,
A breeze, saying,
Peace.
My angel mother
Smiles
From above.
Her joy
Is
My joy,
And I
Feel
At Peace.

May 1996

Motherhood

Motherhood is Eternal.
It is the nitch in which
Is placed God's own gift
In remembrance of us all.

Oct 1997

Happy Birthday April

When the wind blows down the chimney
And I hear the moaning down the canyon walls
When the night stars are clouded over
And the blowing turns cold,
I turn to warm friendships
And family that I know,
And I gather around me a glowing comfort
Of the love shared, conversations,
Smiles and eyes of the ones I love best,
Sharing, giving, laughing emitting,
Remembering all the fun times we've had
At home with our family.

12 Oct 1997

Climbing the Silence

Within the silence of the stillness
I can hear the mountains rise;
Within the silence of the still air
I can see the stars blinking.
Stars and mountains speaking,
I can feel my time elapsing,
Mountain castles building clouds
Above me showing trails behind me,
Mountains leading up to the stars.

Sunlight on mountains, temples aspiring,
Ghostly visages of time come marching,
Pushing me to mine and mine to me,
My soul keeps climbing the rocky paths,
And my heart keeps singing my songs
Glory to my God who made me march
Through time and glory-lessons won upon odes,
Memories long holding fast to hopes
Upon mountain paths wending up to the stars.

Stars call to me like home, and I climb;
They ask me why I came and I groan inside
My soul searching hunger for more questions
Than answers I see being me is more than
Bearing a load too heavy to answer
With mere star light, but I climb through
The time allotted me; when I reach the top
In silence is Infinity... and my soul
Fills up with the Universe rising within me.

14 Feb 1998

WALKING THROUGH LIFE

I am walking through life, and
I remember in all my forgetting,
that you are with me.

I pass my time under the stars
and look into Eternity,
and in all my wandering,
you are with me.

Born bright as a star,
I came into darkness,
loosing my youth;
but as I grow old,
I find you at my side.

Bright meadows of the Beyond,
where yesteryears were
our beginning and our dwelling,
I see us together, ever loving.

Sept 1998
For Sherry's Birthday

Between Birth and Death

Long ago hung in the balance
As she prized today's moments.
She held vision in one hand
And hind sight in the other.
Crystal dreaming brought promise
And daily drudgery a compromise.
Caught between birth in one form,
exhaustive travailing,
And death in the other,
A cataclysmic releasing,
Darkening shadows brought new alliances
Of stars overhead resting in moonlight,
Preparing her for one more day of sunrise
Where Spring is beginning in her heart.

Oct 1998
For April's Birthday

No Longer A Teenager

Multi-layered candlelights
In a soul packed down
By years of struggle
For freedom, not knowing,
Yet knowing childhood
is at an end.
The smallest part of life
has ended...
No longer a teenager.
Most of life
Now stands ahead.

Oct 1998
For Ozzie(Oswald) and Venice Farr
married 60 years

Celestial stars on high wait for thee

What time has flown since two young ones
eyed each other What time is this now
that we together stand at Eternity's door
a look, a kiss, and now we reminisce
planning our past as we do our future
together of joys unsung and whispered
love that remains for worlds up there
what hopes we had and hoping now for
God's greatest gifts started by holding hands
at an alter caught between two Eternities
Celestial stars on High wait for thee.

TATUM ESTE'L
279N. 400E. #3
PROVO, UTAH
84606

Friday, July 15, 2005

Dear Editor,
WATER WOOD WIND is a personal history written mostly in poetry. It is an out-growth of my feelings as a high school student trying to find his way into the world, trying to find himself. I wrote about a particular theme that ran through my life from the time I was in high school. That same theme is found in Lehi's dream in the THE BOOK OF MORMON. I have written my personal history like this, in poetry, showing that there are creative ways to write your personal history, that it doesn't have to be straight laced. There may be others who would write their histories if they thought it could be fun.

I want to encourage that.

For the next part, I have shared my poetry with many people, some of whom have shed tears. They always say "Why don't you get it published?". It may be that those who are educated may laugh at me, but I don't write to the educated and sophisticated. I write to the common people. Those are the kind of people who like my poetry.

Please read through this and tell me what you think. Is it worth publishing? If you don't like to publish poetry, please let me know if you like it personally. If you don't like it personally, can you at least give it to someone whom you think might? If I don't hear from you in two weeks, I'll send a copy to someone else.

Sincerely,

Tatum Este'l

