

Poetry Series

# Carol Fleming Klein

## - poems -

Publication Date:  
2018

Publisher:  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# 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 usually reaching conclusion. 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 eight 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 Am Me

Ring the bells!  
Sound the horns!

I am me.  
I've seen my soul.  
I've been born!

I am me.  
Jubilant phrase.  
Exultant cry!

I am me.  
I've dared to be,  
Before I die.

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

# It Is Spring

Behold it is Spring  
Dead leaves rise up  
And dance  
Their defiance.  
Winter winds bring  
An icy chill  
And try to still  
The songbird's voice  
They blow  
With North Pole's frosty breath  
They whistle in anger  
Shrieking "Death!"  
-but we know  
The words still ring  
"Season follow season"  
-so returns the Spring.

It is Spring  
The sun kisses the earth  
And the quiet violets  
Raise in silent mirth  
Their gladness and thanksgiving.  
Hidden springs  
Erupt  
In shocked surprise  
To sparkle, bubble forth  
In crystalline glory  
And priceless worth.

It is Spring  
And over glen and hill  
More softly still  
The air casts a spell  
Weaving misty promises  
All is well.

It is Spring  
Tall stone buildings  
Impressive

Distant  
Erase the memory  
Of laughing water ripples  
Pulling at toiled robes  
And muscles rippling  
To tug at a sinking overloaded net  
White teeth flashing  
In deep smiles  
On sunbrowned faces.

And  
Blazing early dawn  
Tries to erase  
The sacrilege  
The cries of agony  
Mixed with sneers  
The horrors of creation  
Rocking in pain  
Splitting with anguish  
Beyond belief  
Finally numbed  
And unmoving  
Veiling from it's heaven's  
A "ladder"  
On earth  
A Man  
Stretching between

Reaching up  
Reaching down  
Dying to join the two

This too was done  
And creation rested  
The joining finished  
The two one.

But  
Winter's deathly hand  
Cast chill  
To keep the Man  
A prisoner still

But it's Spring  
And at dawn  
Not with trumpet's ring  
But Angel's voice  
&quot;Come forth, Thou Son! &quot;  
And joyful noise  
Awed earth expectant  
Opens  
And the Man  
Comes forth  
The misty promises  
Fulfilled  
So all with thankfulness  
Rejoice!  
And echoing again  
With &quot;Peace on earth,  
Goodwill to men&quot;  
The echoes also ring  
Thank You, Heavenly Father  
For Your Spring!

April 2,1980 Wednesday

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 Because Doesn't Mean....

Just because the worm is there  
Doesn't mean there's never another apple.  
Just because he doesn't care  
Doesn't mean there can never be another love.

Just because you're burned right now  
Doesn't mean you'll never strike another match.  
Just because he said, 'So long, anyhow'  
Doesn't mean there'll never be another fire  
to watch.

It just means you'll look twice  
when you take your pick.  
You'll check twice before the  
tinder's set and the flames are lit.

But just because...  
Doesn't mean you can't love  
and live again.

Sunday, October 30, 1988

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

# Like A Bird On A Migration Flight

I have flown time and again  
When the weather changed  
and the season waned

From one feeding ground  
and watering hole  
to the next  
From one place where  
the sun shines  
to another

With you  
I have stayed my flight  
although the season changed  
and the air grown cold  
and the sun rides distant  
in the sky.  
I have bided by your side

Yet  
at the seasons change  
when the air warms  
and when the sun shines bright  
and smiles down  
when flowers bloom again  
and the flocks  
of singing birds return

Will you fly or bide?

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

# Migration

The time has come to fly  
like a bird who lifts her wings  
in the time appointed  
for flight  
to new places and things

I prepare to fly

I lift my wings and draw away  
Familiar paths grow distant  
Hazy in the distance  
Blurry with the distance  
of space and time  
Blurry with the wind  
in my eyes  
and the sense of distance  
The unspoken goodbyes

I prepare to fly  
The time has come.

May 8,1995

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



# 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

# Nightfall

When night has fallen  
You can feel  
In that brief eternity  
The heartbeat of the land  
In it's stillness  
When time seems to stop  
and hold forever  
and then in a blink  
be gone.

May-June 1978

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

# Reluctant Mask

I'm sorry  
if I've shut you out.  
I haven't meant to.

Sometimes the darkness  
of my fears  
overwhelms me  
and in their  
cold clutches  
I am insecure.

I am afraid  
that if I let you see  
my tears  
that when I need  
your arms  
around me  
instead I will  
feel the cold wind  
as you walk away.  
It has happened  
to me  
before.

And when  
I can't touch who you are  
can't feel your soul  
in the space around me,  
it is hard to trust.

When I don't know  
who you are  
sense what you feel  
know with a  
surety  
that I am safe  
my mask  
is a reluctant  
companion.

Forgive me  
if I hurt you  
in my  
struggle.

For my struggle  
is to be real.

And  
to be close  
to you  
if it is safe.

Sunday, May 13,1990

Carol Fleming Klein

# Restored

In Your hand is peace  
And tension finds release  
Tears trickle down my face  
And find serenity 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

# Someday Perhaps

Someday perhaps  
On some bright spring morning  
in a distant future  
we will look back together  
as friends  
and reminisce  
and laugh  
about the things  
we did  
the times we had.

Someday perhaps  
But today  
is a cold winter  
in my heart  
with an overcast sky  
And emptiness  
where I wish  
Your love could be.  
I love you  
and I wish  
you could  
feel the same

But I would never  
want you to be untrue  
to who you are  
and where you're headed  
or wish you  
anything but free.

Please don't think  
badly of me  
because I weep  
because I wish  
our direction was together.

I love you  
But today it hurts

Today the child howls  
and the woman weeps.

Someday perhaps  
On a bright distant spring morning  
I will look back  
without pain  
with fond memories  
and understand.

Tuesday, January 5, 1993

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 lined 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



# The Heart Of The Rose

A perfect rosebud  
Prophetic promise  
In it's pause  
To grace a day  
Untouched  
But by heaven's dew

A blossoming rose  
Opening  
Sunlit  
Beautiful, Perfect,  
Bathed by heaven's dew

A fullblown rose  
Wide-open  
Fragrant  
Giving  
A mother's heart  
Blessed by heaven's dew

Sunday, May 12,2014

Carol Fleming Klein

# The Merry-Go-Round

The merry-go-round music...  
The carousel of  
colors  
and lights...

They all slow  
coast  
and you get off  
and walk away.

The ride resumes  
but the  
flashing lights  
and watching people

are a spinning, aching blur.

I want to cry  
'Stop! '  
To say 'don't go! '

But I can't  
my throat is  
too clogged  
with tears.

I can't even say  
goodbye.  
Just watch  
as you walk away.

I want  
to beg  
or follow.  
But I can't speak.  
And it isn't  
my time  
to get off.



So tears  
spill silently  
as I clutch my mount.

The carousel turns  
and I watch  
through a blurry  
kaleidoscope  
of colors  
and sounds.

You walk on.

Monday, July 26,1993

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 threshold  
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



# 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



# Two Sides Of Me

Yes, Friend  
There's two sides of me.  
There's the rose and the thorns.  
You say you want to know all of me.  
Well there's the kitten, and the tiger too.  
What else can I be?  
Well rainbows and lightning  
are part of the same storm.  
And what about steam and ice  
each a different form  
of the same matter.  
Then there's  
both pain and pleasure from the same fire.  
And electricity that takes many paths  
from the same wire.  
And just the same  
many the tunes  
by the one lyre  
on which I play.

Sunday, January 1, 1989

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

# Wind Blown

Wind Blown  
Like a feather  
dipping and drifting  
on a playful wind.

We often  
drift through our lives  
moving here  
and there  
but without purpose  
or place  
to belong

Until  
the "wind" of the Holy Spirit  
is allowed  
to carry us  
in the grip  
of love  
which calls our "feathery"  
frivolous self  
Into place and position...  
A tool in the hand  
of Almighty God.

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

# You Caught Me By Surprise

A casual friend  
-Until I turned around  
Captured by a look  
in your blue eyes  
Now  
things just won't go back  
the same.

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

