

Beating Back the Forest
poems and lyrics
by
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P.O. Box 8841,
Turnersville, NJ, 08012

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Fossils
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American High School Poets Winter 2022

Beating Back the Forest

These trees I did not plant and yet they flourish.
If I cannot beat them back, I must succumb.
No matter how I fight they find their nourish.
They grow with gusto, attitude and gum.

They mock me as I merely mask progression.
All I do is futile in their face.
One respite I can hope for is regression.
Then they return and stand fast in their place.

So why do I defend my plot with vigor?
And why should I so futilely proceed
to fight with no success the raging succor,
when they so desperately my garden need?

These vines are not the vines of hope and vision.
They are the vines of negligence and void.
Wantonly they grow as weeds, not wisdom.
To beat them back is momentary joy.

As years go by my field becomes a forest.
Death taunts me as I trim his seeds of sin.
The struggle which has raged on here before us
is one the Devil's won so deep within.

Yet, still I say, "Fear not this futile mission.
For when our lives we feel have no avail,
our God can force all evil to submission
and in the end the righteous will prevail."

When the World Was New

Everything I saw then was amazing.
The world was filled each day with shock and awe.
Each page turned began with words of wonder.
When the world was new and I was very small.

Soon I began to see into the heavens.
The sun was closer now, as were the stars.
My hands could reach the top shelf of the closet.
No! Nothing anymore seemed, "O, so far!"

When did the world get old? I was not looking.
When did my sense of awe begin to fade?
When did I come to know I had no answers?
I see no light when sitting in the shade.

Yet still the treetops speak to me in whispers.
They whisper words of wisdom with the wind.
The words they whisper will not want for wisdom.
The truth they speak is truth that has no end.

My God has sent a message from the heavens.
He speaks to me in whisp'ring willow trees.
He says, "The world is waiting for your answer."
For it is I whose eyes no longer see.

My friend, I tell you now, "The world is ageless.
It's you and I who grow and fade away.
So stop and watch the world through tinted glasses,
and witness, dear, a new dawn every day."

Unplugged

look what you have done.
you have opened the faucet.
it pours out of me and
drains me of my sleep.

curse you, I should;
embrace you, I shall.
it has been bottled up for far too long
and now it comes from dusk til dawn again.

Why must I be the one to channel these things?
Why must I insomniate all over the page?
Why have you turned the handle and opened me up?
When can I hope to get some sleep again?

I sit with head in hand
my mind going at warp speed.
I can no longer control the flow,
but only barely manage
to keep my head above the rising water
and to keep my pen moving fast enough
to ride the raging tide.

What It Is

Visions fall from my brain,
like water over the falls,
Roaring like thunderclaps,
crashing onto the rocks.
Yet they do not dissipate
or flit away in the mist.
They congeal like Jell-o,
over time
until, at last,
a globby mess remains
to be shaped like Play-Doh
into truth.

People My Age

There's people my age who are dead.
Some of them were very nice people.
There's people out there who pretend
they're caught between the crucifix and steeple.
(They're living on the verge of extinction.)

Whose to say who's right or wrong?
It's just a song. I can't pretend
to tell you how to live or to die.
This too will pass. It cannot last.
Deep in your heart you know.
Don't try to hide it all inside.

There's people my age who play golf
on Sunday's when they should just feed their souls.
There's people out there who can't get enough.
To practice their putting seems to help them fill the holes.

Whose to say who's right or wrong?
It's just a song. I can't pretend
to tell you how to live or to die.
This too will pass. It cannot last.
Deep in your heart you know.
Don't try to hide it all inside.

I once had a girl who hacked up my heart.
She put the pieces in a plastic bag
that she kept in the freezer, but thawed them out
every time a relationship went bad
and that's sad, but it's true.

There's people my age who are dead
and nobody ever asks them home for dinner.
There's people out there who pretend
that they're still saints when we know that they're sinners

Whose to say who's right or wrong?
It's just a song. I can't pretend
to tell you how to live or to die.
This too will pass. It cannot last.
Deep in your heart you know.
Don't try to hide it all inside.

The First Day of the Second Coming

Dumbfounded ambidextrous arch-villains
accentuate auto-filled crematoriums,
alliterative allegories somnambulate among
the auto-immunity of the walking dead.

Some nights I cannot breathe
quietly enough as to not arouse
the ire of those irrationally immersed,
the superficial, suburban suspicions of those who
walk through fire for fun and profit,
the subterranean subset that calls itself human
but barks like dogs and bites like wolves on the weekend
when the moon is full and the will is weak,
when the wallet wallows devoid of wisdom
while the mall rats cling like Mouseketeers
to the melancholy of the miasma.

I've said it before and I'll say it again,
There's no end to the perception of perfection,
the projection of protection, the pretension
of the prehistoric protozoa positioning
themselves for posthumous recognition.

The dead in Christ will rise first and
the seconds will seem as hours
in the seventieth week and the first day
of the second coming of our Christ,
whose tongue is a two-edged sword,
who will sift the wheat and burn the chafe,
He will plant those seeds of sainthood,
for He and He alone is the Life,
the Light, the Ever-Lasting Water,
which flows through the New Jerusalem.
There we will bloom in our glorified bodies
to praise for eternity The One Who Was,
and Is, and Evermore Shall Be.
Forever and Ever. Amen.

Simple Truth

Simple truth is a fleeting beast,
it changes chameleon-like
from minute to minute
second to second
me to you.

Perception is the key,
and rapid fire stenography,
for as fast as it's written
it morphs madly
into something completely different.

If possession is nine tenths of the law,
then nine tenths of the truth
is all that can be grasped
by the hands and minds
of mortal men.

Then, even so,
there forever remains
that shadow of a doubt.

For He Who Did What Was Commanded

For he who did what was commanded,
ends it all with no remorse.
To he who did what love demanded,
wavered not, stood fast the course.

The Father claims you for His own.
Be sure, and know that's true.
One joyous day He will take you home
for He's prepared a place for you.

When I Go

When I go out to the garden,
When I go out to that place,
When I go out to the garden,
I know I will see His Face.
I know I will see His Face.

When I go to God in prayer,
When I go to Him and pray,
When I go to God in prayer,
I know He will always stay.
I know He'll be always there.

When I give myself to Jesus,
When I give my all to Him,
When I give my heart to Jesus,
I know I'll be free from sin.
I know I'll be cleansed of sin.

When I fly away to Heaven,
When I go up to that place,
When I fly away to Heaven,
I know I will see His Face.
I know I will see His Face.

Loud Noises

pay no heed to those who speak in tacit tones,
in dark corners, with no movement of lips
rigid, self-contained, deviously equivocating
passionless, vacant, docile, disingenuous.

for truth comes with much rejoicing,
trumpets trumping from the towering turrets,
hosannas resounding from holy hillsides,
loud noises echoing from the tops of mountains,
enflamed and resolute.

a cross caked with cardinal catechism,
blood of the innocent, freely given,
all-forgiving, all-inclusive,
all glory and honor and power and might
define the sacrifice.

Easter Day

I have seen Heaven in your eyes.
Not Death, but life Eternal...

I have seen Cherubs in your hair,
Angels dancing on your fingertips,
Shining Celestial Beings
dripping
from your tongue.

Not red and consuming like Ezekiel's wheel,

but white...pure...steadfast...

loving... leading...

guiding... teaching...

FAITH...

Faith
is the lesson to be learned.

Faith, Hope, and Love
and yet, they call you Laura.

Easter Day is yet to come, my precious one.

When day then dawns, sweet Heaven's joy
will abound once more, unrestrained.
While we, who walk on earth, will tirelessly toil
'til He, Who Is and Always Was, does come
to fill our hearts with Faith

and Hope and Love

as you, dear one,
now do.

to my grandmother Laura Easterday
on her 96th Christmas

All Good Children Go To Heaven

I

About that time I had a vision.
You may say, it was a dream.
Seven angels flew from heaven
unto a field beside a stream.

It was a fertile, farmer's field,
the soil, rich and brown.
The angels, how they toiled
pulling seed from out the ground.

Please tell me what is happ'ning here.
I do not understand.
This seed, my son, is heavenly seed.
This field, the field of man.

II

Darkness overcame me when
no sunshine could be found.
The stream, then, overflowed its banks,
seed rotting in the ground.

The angels filled their tunics full.
They worked through wind and rain.
They flew that seed to heaven then
they flew back down again.

Please tell me what is happ'ning here.
I do not understand.
This seed has been decreed by God.
This law, the law of man.

III

The seraphs sweetly gathered in
the seed which was denied.
My heart seemed somehow shattered
for the seed should not have died.

The angels worked continually.
No thing caused them delay.
The seed destroyed so sinfully
was rescued where it lay.

Please tell me what is happ'ning here
I do not understand.
This seed, my son, is sacred seed.
This bane, the bane of man.

IV

The darkness was distorted
and the rains, again, released.
The scene became contorted
but the cherubs never ceased.

And so they worked unthwarted
as their bags did overflow
with the seed mankind aborted
that the angels carried home.

And so they worked unthwarted
as their bags did overflow
with the seed mankind aborted
that the angels carried home.

When Jesus Came to Earth

When Jesus came to earth,
He came as a tiny child,
So meek and mild.

When Jesus came to earth,
He came as the Holy One,
The Only Son.

When Jesus came, He came in Love.
When Jesus came from up above.
When Jesus came, the whole world changed
when Jesus came, and it will never be the same again.

When Jesus came to earth,
He came with no human pride
To make Him blind.
When Jesus came to earth,
He came without any sin
To hide within.

When Jesus came, He came in Love.
When Jesus came from up above.
When Jesus came, the whole world changed
when Jesus came, and it will never be the same again.

Jesus is The Shepherd, The Sacrificial Lamb.
Jesus is the Prince of Peace. He is the Great "I Am".
Jesus came to save us from Satan's earthly snare.
Jesus is The Way, The Truth, The Life, My Breath, My Air.

When Jesus came to earth,
He came here to save us all.
So heed His call.
When Jesus came to earth,
He came to cleanse all our sins.
So call on Him.

When Jesus came, He came in Love.
When Jesus came from up above.
When Jesus came, the whole world changed
when Jesus came, and it will never be the same again.

My Father's Red Canoe

Between the time that my father was slightly past his prime and before the cancer clearly ceased certain portions of his person and other bodily functions...

Before the company he gave his all to, paid him generously to hide himself away forever and deliberately disappear for the rest of his days...

Prior to the last twenty years, when he first started his journey downhill pacing proudly on solid ground, one foot in front of another in dexterous descent, only to end it lumbering with less and less control...

faster s		faster s
	t	t
	e	e
	e	e
	p	p
	e	e
	r	r

s t e e p e r f a s t e r s t e e p e r f a s t e r s t e e p e r f a s t e r
STOP!!!...DROP!!!...ROLL!!!

Only a few short years ago, when pushing off from the lakeside was still palpable and the atmosphere willingly accepted the coming autumn air...

Before the invader entered his internal organs,
destroying all software necessary to maintain his system's integrity...

Prior to the debilitating disease entering his muscles and making paddling too strenuous of an activity and arthritis made tying the ropes to the roof of his Ford Taurus impossible...

my father owned a red canoe.

The same canoe I now proudly paddle under cool September skies.
The same canoe I now operate as autumn evenings impose themselves upon sunnier summer days now dwindling toward dusk.
The same Red Canoe which leads me downstream,
where my father stands cleansed in righteousness,
bathed in purity, washed in light,

waiting on Heaven's shore
for me to come aground.

Everyone I Know

Everyone I know now will leave me in the end.
All who are my enemies and all who are my friends.
All of those I love, and on those I do depend.
Everyone I know now will leave me in the end.

The wanton weeds will always sprout where beauty did surround.
And though the sight is deafening, they grow without a sound.
If one does not keep watchful eye and hoe the hardened ground...
Then once where flowers faithful grew, weeds surely shall abound.

It's true, I know it truly is. It's true, I know, my friend.
That everyone I know now will leave me in the end.
For when it comes, that time will pass, my row I can't defend.
Everyone I know now will leave me in the end.

No one gets from here to there with all their world intact.
For when we pass the mountaintop, there's no way to turn back.
The downhill road we walk alone, yet nothing do we lack.
So have no fear for God is near. He is your staff and pack.

Sing it loud and sing it clear, the sermon that I send.
Everyone I know now will leave me in the end.
For Faith is all we take with us when time comes to ascend.
And everything I have here, I will leave here in the end.

O Sinful Man

Why did you reject me,
when I did not reject you?

Why did you reject me,
when I did not reject you?
O Sinful Man, O sinful man.

I hung upon a tree for you.
Tell me, what are you going to do
with this man called Christ?
O Sinful Man, O sinful man.

I took the weight of your sin upon my shoulder.
O Sinful Man, O sinful man.

I plead your case night and day before My Father.
O Sinful Man, O sinful man.

Why did you reject me,
when I did not reject you?
O Sinful Man, O sinful man.

I can take you to a higher place.
My Father gave me the power.
And on that day you'll see His Face.
Never mind the day or hour.

If you believe in me,
you can be the man that you were meant to be.
O Sinful Man, O sinful man.

I love you dearly.
Draw you near me when you're straying.
I'll purify you,
Justify you when you're praying.

If you believe in Me,
you can be the man that you were meant to be
O Sinful Man, O sinful man.

Why did you reject me,
when I did not reject you?

Sanctify Me

Sanctify me, oh Lord of Lords.
Sanctify me by Your Word.
Sanctify me, sanctify me.

I lift my hands up to you.
Lord, I fall down on my knees.
I raise my face up to you.
My God, You know my needs.
Sanctify me, sanctify me

I'll praise You Lord forevermore.
I'll glorify Your Name.
Within Your Love, Lord, nevermore
need I hang my head in shame.
Sanctify me, sanctify me.

Sinner that I am,
You raised me up, I will exalt You.
You made me what I am
with perfect love, I will exalt You.
I will exalt You.

You Cannot Keep This Poem

This poem has no meaning.

You cannot keep it.

You can hide it in your heart
and recite it by rote.

You can borrow the words from the page,
but you can never possess it.

Like a song, listen to it once and like it,
knowing not what the writer means.
the lyric cleverly unclear.

It is a perfect chord struck, which one simply lives.

Poetry is like that.

You cannot keep this poem.

You can only experience it;

for the words shall always remain the same.

It is you, my precious child,
who is ever-changing.

From His Vessel

The paper has one more side left to fill.

I know not what to put there, and yet,
that has never stopped me before.

I write and write,

barely taking time for my pen to breathe,

barely taking time for my head to clear,

barely taking time for the words to mold.

I feel my God working through me.

I feel graced & blessed by His Presence.

I praise His Name and welcome His Gifts,
humbly accepting

the words He has given me to share.

His Name is Jehovah.

His Name is Truth.

He leads with a Mighty Sword and

forgives with His Perfect Grace.

In Him alone may we find Joy and inner Peace.

For His Way is The Way of Righteousness
and His Mercy is never-ending.

The Most Beautiful Love Song

Someday I'll be able to sing you the most beautiful love song.
Someday I'll be able and I'll never sing off key.
Someday when I'm made anew and I'm with the Lord up in paradise...
Then I will be able to tell you what you've meant to me.

Nothing I could say here on earth could compare
with the purest of the pure.
Nothing I could sing here on earth would suffice
when we're up on Heaven's shore.

Someday I'll be able to sing you the most beautiful love song.
Someday I'll be able to sing in perfect harmony.
Someday when we're in the house, that in Jesus' Name has been prepared for us...
Then I will be able to share God's love with you.

(Interlude)

Someday when we're in the house, that in Jesus' Name has been prepared for us...
Then I will be able to share God's love with you.

Nothing I could say here on earth could compare
with the purest of the pure.
Nothing I could sing here on earth would suffice
when we're up on Heaven's shore

Someday I'll be able to sing you the most beautiful love song.
Someday I'll be able and I'll never sing off key.
Someday I will love you with a love so perfect and true.
Someday, up in Heaven, I'll fall in love again with you.

True This

When I was 5 years old my family lived in a duplex that had been converted into several apartments. My parents were still in their twenties and the lady upstairs, who I do not even remember, used to take my brother and I to Sunday School and children's choir at the Methodist Church in the next town over. My parents did not come to Sunday School or to church. I asked my mother once why they did not and she said that my father felt out of place because he did not know the words to some of the things they said during the service. In retrospect I believe that was an oversimplification and they were probably exhausted from working hard trying to raise two young boys.

On Palm Sunday of that year there was some type of Sunday School or children's choir program that was to take place during the regular church service. (I believe it was a children's choir performance, but I do not really remember specifically.) I do remember that it was Palm Sunday and I was very glad that my parents were going to be there and, as a child would, I felt that it was all because of me that they were there. The rest of what I do remember about that day is so clear to me that I can almost see it happening as I tell you about this.

The inside of the church seemed cavernous. Of course I was much smaller. The stained glass windows were gigantic. Again I was smaller. The children had performed and were sitting together on the right-hand side of the church. My parents were on the left-hand side of the center aisle. To my right and slightly ahead of me was a stained glass window depiction of Christ praying in the Garden of Gethsemane. I did not know anything about the Garden of Gethsemane at the time or even that that is what the window was depicting. I did know, though, that it was depicting Christ praying and I'd sung "Jesus Loves Me" enough times to know the basics of who He was and what He did for us on the cross.

The service was going on. The preacher of course was talking about the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, Christ dying on the cross, and, of course, the Resurrection. But what this five year old noticed, that more than likely no other person in that sanctuary noticed, was that every time the preacher talked about Christ on the cross, or suffering, dying, sacrifice, those gigantic stained glass windows would turn dark, and that every time he talked about the resurrection, forgiveness, and victory over death those windows would glow and sparkle. This happened over and over as he kept going back and forth between the contrasts of the Easter story.

Granted I did not understand everything the preacher was saying. In fact, after a while I was not even listening to anything except the fluctuations in the tone of his voice. The pastor's voice had become like the background music in a movie. I was totally enthralled and amazed at how every time his voice took a positive joyous, victorious tone, I could see the light pouring down from heaven onto the glowing face of Jesus, as if God was saying, "This is My Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Now any grown-up would tell you that it was a cloudy day and occasionally the sun would peek through, but I believe to this day that that was God speaking to a five year old in a way a five year old could understand. In my heart I knew right then and there that whatever that light was that was making my Jesus glow like that, I wanted that light inside of me and I asked Jesus to fill me with His Light. I know now that He has never left me, even though at times I was not necessarily with Him.

So my message to you today is, "Open your eyes. Open your ears." Young people can often times see things much more clearly than adults. They do not have the years of baggage and jaded perspective to talk themselves out of things that they should just believe in and they are more likely to see things that many adults never take the time to notice. There are many places in the bible where the phrases, "He who has ears, let him hear." and "He who has eyes, let him see." appear. Jesus restored the sight of the blind and restored the hearing of the deaf and He said, "My sheep listen to my voice; I know them, and they follow me. I give them eternal life, and they shall never perish;" So Stop! Look! and Listen! Stop being lost and get yourself found. Welcome the Light of Christ into your heart.

Hell is "eternal separation from God". It started the moment you were born. Heaven is "living in the eternal presence of God". It will begin the moment you accept Jesus Christ as the Lord of Your life and trust in his substitutionary death and resurrection as payment for all of those things that, in your fallible humanness, you have and will do. The things that you know down inside are not pleasing to God. If your world is not what you would like it to be. If you are worn down by the frailty of the human condition; the greed, pride, envy, jealousy, lust and generally decaying atmosphere of the world around you, it is time to embrace "justification through faith" and to begin living, instead of just "going with the flow". As we all know, the flow flows downward. Faith, on the other hand, lifts up.

Grace

Because we cannot count the grains of sand, we can never know
when the hourglass spills empty and it will be our time to go.
But go we will and stay we sha'n't, for when God calls us up,
we will leave this world with dignity to live with Him above.

Because we cannot count the stars at night, we know His love won't fail
and though the sun falls from the sky, the darkness won't prevail.
So live for love and love for life, trade not your time for haste.
The seconds are immeasurable; it's the hours that we waste.

Because we cannot count the blessings He has bestowed on us,
the loving gifts He's freely giv'n, His Mercy true and just.
Because we cannot count the many times that we have made Him weep,
His Grace must be sufficient, and in His arms we'll sleep.

In the End

When darkness comes, at night I'll kneel,
as age succumbs to certain pain.
My soul shall pass with church bell's peal,
when naught in life is left to gain.

For true it is that life is labor
for those who otherworldly are
and so in Heav'n our souls do savor
rest unlike we've found thus far.

For when my end on earth is nigh
and when the bell doth toll for me,
I shall depart with not a sigh
and by His side in Heaven be.