

Holiday present: The perfect moment concealed within hypocrisy

As I grew up, the holidays were always a time of dread hypocrisy. Lavish and wonderful gifts were sure to be followed with reprimands and guilt to crush the spirit and indeed, the joy of receiving material goods was offset twice again by the weight of guilty burden in which those gifts were wrapped. People are not much different in most cases, even now, those who appear to be friends are sure to betray and take a pound of flesh as they deceive and extract what they require from you, just as my father, who required someone to punish, and extracted the same. It need not be so. There is another way. I would like to give you something today, it requires little thought or effort, and unlike my typical articles, you need not think too deeply. A gift: the antidote to all falsehood and cruelty. Life can be this way. Here, have a perfect gratitude, a wish, and a prayer. I wish you happiness, honesty, and perfect peace of mind. Thank you for reading, and please accept these tokens of my sincere gratitude:

The Light Song

Oh life!
How light is this day
Silver schist and cracked opal
Poured diamond prism of shining cool
The brook spilled up for us
Sweet and ice, platinum and glass
Solved in chill, prised air
Pouring upward
...soon near
Our nest of starlight
So tenderly drawn
Before heaven.

Oh life!
How hollow and bright is time
Her tender seconds dripping as dew gathers
Each blade of grass an emerald point
Teasing the air, soon shedding
Her thick drops of glass fresh wept
From thick air gathered too sweet
To but squander and give.

Oh life!
How cool is her brow of drift and snow
The newest dawn teases her to warmth
And bathes her drifting folds in new amber
Her heart but trembling, rolling and white beneath
Before the sight of beginnings unknown
A prayer unspoken

New, chill and pure.

Oh life!

How I treasure your bounty
And fill my breast to drink of this day
Light poured over and through
My weary beating spirit
Now blessed, anointed and willing
To begin yet again
Unknowing of weight
Cast bright before you
As you am I
A clear pearl melted into light
Opal and diamond flowing round the lip
Of heaven's curve
Above and rising...poured up
To find you.

Oh life!

How light is this day
Silver schist and cracked opal
Poured diamond prism of shining cool
The brook spilled up for us
Sweet and ice, platinum and glass
Solved in chill, prised air
Pouring upward
...soon near
Our nest of starlight
So tenderly drawn
Before heaven.

Truthful Wish

Clear and bright, chill and stark
Air snapped clean in winter's edge
In sun, cast golden round
Heart's blood spilt warm
Washed through with rain and light
Soul and spirit rise
Open and outpouring
But pure and plain in each breath drawn
Is life made right, her promise shown.

To nourish a lump of slippery doubt
The words fall short, feign leak as crumbs

The sullied hollow fact spent out
To draw within, a sickly word
Needy sultry spirit called,
Invocation false and wan
Concealed, concealing all within
Truth left blank so will nests sweet
What truth held black nestled beneath?
Curtain drawn round to withhold
Swollen belly's turgid folds
"But naught is here, fear nothing, friend"
Our deeply needful ear soon bends
Turned down into the sickly depth
Lies concealed and slick
The world, a hollow hope
Drawn in darkness swimming
Light choked black
Breath pinched short, but bitter salt
Light wrapped through in silent dark
Nourished in but ink,
Withered hands do clasp at naught
Soon too weak to hold
Into hidden maw to drift
In silence soon consumed.

I see the shadows twist and writhe
But I am not to follow
But cut instead the belly rent
Split and hollow gushing
Slashed open by my steady hand
Lies cut open dying
Lashing down to whip the blade
Black liquid oozes flowing
The blood of lies I cut and draw
The blade it glistens brightly
For light is freed in every wound
Lies cut, no longer hiding.

Chill waters surround, sudden and brittle clear
I climb, a silver spark borne up
... into night air
Slipping upward, a shout to kindle the sun
Now a spattered brightness
Shimmering, spending her splintered heart of burnt heat
And lavishing her light's blood sweetly down upon us
Her boiling heat and stark laughter, too brash to permit
Welcomes us

For we are worthy of this thing
We, who reveal and stand, and in turn, she
To us, this day is but a song spent and naked
Sung and heard before each moment
Subtle, bright and wise are her children
Singing and bright, unafraid, and deaf
To the sound of all lies
For we do know:
Nothing is concealed, in a worthy world.

Here, my friend,
Feel her open heart, spilling light upon all things
Platinum and silver are her tumbling sheets
...of heat and cool
How copious and overflowing is her soul!
A river of lapping heat and tender storm
Drops of dappled rain and warm light's blood
Spilled golden sweet from her heart
Nourishing this open place
Here, in this meadow of light and rolling wave
Golden heat and swollen hills of rolling green
The bounty of her heart twice spilled in lavish abandon
Never secret, but too full...
...to refuse.
It is this which I will never conceal
It is this...
...which I wish for you.

Clear and bright, chill and stark
Air snapped clean in winter's edge
In sun, cast golden round
Heart's blood spilt warm
Washed through with rain and light
Soul and spirit rise
Open and outpouring
But pure and plain in each breath drawn
Is life made right, her promise shown.

Prayer for you: May your breast stop turning against itself, and the light of your soul run smooth and easy, as silk poured into the softest river of ease, sweet as melt glass stirred in light and broth, so easy is the day, the sky, a single palm of blue and golden heat, spilling upon the meadow of your heart...purring and warm...never turning...only as one simple breath of summer filled with scent and sun...I wish you ease and certainty that never asks or wonders, I wish you endless days of simple truth and warmth...I wish you unity with all things...Feel me press my breast to yours and know: I wish you one heart.

You may contact me through the staff contact page at Mind magazine:
www.mindmagazine.net

This work is the sole property of the author, Rich Norman © 2014 and is used by this forum with both permission and gratitude.