

## The Broken Name

Come here my child  
Let me dry your broken tears  
And wipe away the stain of blood and pride  
Which has crippled you.  
For any child so unhappy  
Is too pitiful to scorn.  
So do you seem to me  
But a broken child.  
So is the race of man.

Years of blood and crooked stain  
Shattered rage and black blood  
Spat up from the gullet of man  
So is his pride.

Bitter and hollow is the crooked marrow  
...of pride.

Even now,  
Are you hungry and desperate enough  
To *wish* for my gift?  
It will spare none  
And nourish all  
...so is your fear to be with me  
...a fear of vanishing.  
You are weak in this.

For I will hold you all unto myself  
Does this frighten you  
...to be forgotten?

Pride is a broken child.

I will reach into the past  
And change the beating of your crooked heart  
So it may be affirmed in the voice of another  
Unto self is the withered tear  
Of pride.  
I am a vanishing.

I know nothing  
I receive  
Here my child  
You may have this thing:

The meadow is thick with tangled web  
Each thread crusted with dew and fat drops  
Of silver prism  
...hanging  
Trembling in the first breath  
Which summons the dawn  
Sacred and wise  
Silent and pure  
Is forgiveness  
...but light recast  
and forgotten.

Here, my child...I have forgotten you  
All is well  
To have forgotten your name.

And into the deepest wells  
Of pitch and ink  
Folded twice dark and double black  
I have found a tear  
Hidden.

Oh my child, nothing is forbidden  
Even pain  
Even this is our blessing  
For truth is bitter bread twice rich.

And into the well of hurt and dank spoil  
I dip my finger of golden light  
And paint for you  
...a beginning.

Oh my forgotten child  
So shattered and trembling  
Listen  
...I have named you  
...anew.

Are you strong enough to hear it  
To hear your name?  
...for you are lost  
...and will not be found.  
Do you wish it?

Then I will tell you  
The name bestowed upon your precious triumph  
So glittering and squalid  
A farce and a squandering were you  
Before hearing, the shining note  
Under which you will be forgotten  
And saved  
So wretched and broken...  
Are you not relieved to be slain?  
For I have named you  
—a cruel thing—  
An unknown which stands above you  
Leering and cavernous  
Hungry and expectant is your name  
A promise too ugly to fail  
Yes my child, for I have named you:

*"Hope."*

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