

The Pearl

There is a pearl
...of clear light
Nestled
Beneath time
Your name
Perfect and eternal
A shining note
Too subtle to hear.

The first whisper
Time's becoming.

The day was thick with blood
Her eye turned toward the hungry sight
So wretched, thick and matted with disease
As a tangle of rotten blood and hair
Stinking and wretched is her soul
The soul of greed
Prying the eyes of her child from his head
—to slip them into her mouth
Tasty and squirming is pain ignored
And she takes his vile sex into herself
To please him
...for money.

So is motherhood under greed
The whoring of a child.

He may use the child
The child but an empty toilet
He shouts and cuts
Slipping ugly word
Into the gullet of time
Slapped pink and suffering is this world
Under the eye of money
Squirming and wretched is the life
Of a whore.

So is life
The world of Man
Stink
Ground into the heart
Of time.

Obey me!
The child is ill
He shouts and hurts
She
Counts her pennies
Each red cent
A drop of child's blood.

The piles of paper are gathered
A god is set ablaze
And burns
Sati!
Her child in her arms
She steps into the billowing flames
Countless bits of paper
The stink of money rises as smoke
Too glorious and sweet, too intoxicating to resist
She gathers the seething ruin in her arms
Skin burned into melt wax
Sloughing as ugly slick fat into the heated ground
Slipping into pus and yellow fat
Gathering the flame to her withered breast
Her child dropped into the roiling heat
So she may hold this thing
...Unto herself.

Luxury.
Slick lips dripping with golden butter
Pouting
...full of blood and lies
Pucker and pout
The eye gleaming and thin with want
Of money.

The child does receive
Pain.
How precious are the shining pennies
Which fall as blood
From his eyes.

The street is filled with cars
Ramming their shining glitter through space
Crumpling time
Planes cut the sky
Screeching and ripping
The sacred fabric

Tearing
Time.

The city is filled with tumult and stink
Sour sound and filth
Crawl inside scent
And poison the wind.

Nothing in this world
Is free.

Nothing in this world
Is right.

The world
Has been raped.

The sound of money rustles in the ear
Shifting and slick
Spittle drunk down
Into the nauseous gullet of life
So is this world,
Made foul
Each atom sullied and sickened
For money.

The world, is full up,
Turgid and grotesque
Swollen and pulsing
A tumor.

So is this world
Of money.

The engines shatter sound
The air crumpled and creased
The world a stain of broken blood and wound
Nations tear the air open and fill it
—with sound and shit
Leaders build death, and summon rage unto life
To kill it
Sound and heat
Suffocate the tender things
And forget them
So they may die.

So is this world of greed
A thing twice vile
Twice necrotic is this world.

And in his heart he does peer and see
The noose of greed cutting against tender flesh
Ripping shouts and blows
Screeching rage and waves of pain
Fill him
And he does wonder
If this is essence?

How right is death, for this world!

And into the silent places
I do cast my tender eye
So filled with tears and shattered light
Ruin and ugly sound
Sour air and gulps of cancer
So wanton and foul
Is the world of man.
Into the crease between the moments
I do fall
And begin
Slowly
To understand.

The race of man
...is gone
His shadow of death and hollow greed,
A whore's scratching ugly beard of wealth
Cut away...
In silence
But a whisper
Too delicate
to hold.

Delicate
...the tender breath
Of Time
Whispers.

Beneath the last still leaf of autumn
Resting
A shadow rests
Upon damp earth

Coveting the seconds
As the thought before a whisper
So is your name
The first note
Before sound.

So have you been conjured
To fill her eye.

Before the beginning
Of ruin
...is your name.

A subtle hint
Of light
Twice pure
And still
Hidden.

It is this
Which has been lost.

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