

Storm of the World

Grey and voluptuous
Her breast swells, and tumbles back within
...building ...second upon second
Round with turgid frothing drops
Spun back into the heart of current
Swollen and fat is her heart
Stretching, around itself...
Is time
Gulping in thick air
To fill the lung
Which is above us
Clouded and rich with unspent treasure
Jeweled drops fatten, in hidden places
Waiting.

Oh, how rich is this world!

Sparks hunger to find a place
And arc the folded wind,
Burnt silver heat, webbed and broken
Rolling, heaving is the air
Sultry is the chested womb,
Which heaves the round-bottomed wind
Into sound
Thick with warmth and sheltered
The clouds speak and groan
Before new moments
Ever more hungry to unburden
Their liquid heart held, beating and swollen
Groaning in throaty hunger
Thirsting for the moment's spending.

Oh, how rich is this world!

And I do call to her, so she may find the moment ripe
And into the still pool
Ripples fall,
The mirror dancing in silver step
Played and plucked
By her round silver heart
Beads of stretched glass plucked free
...falling
Into the needful earth
So glad to hold her clear tears,

Weeping nectar
Gracious and tumbling
Ever faster
From the sheeted heavens
Now slapping and wet with swirls of cool breath
Damp in sweet tears, stirred in folded wind
She has heard me, and spent her hope
Drenched into the heart of earthen sweep
The arched hill running with tangled jewels
Pouring over the damp curve of swollen earth
Arching up...to meet her.

Spattering and shimmering as chipped liquid sparks
Spinning out into shattered clear pools
Hammer blows of tears, unfettered in gratitude
Unbound and spending is her burst want
Now singing, rushing down into glad hissing sheets
Glittering noise cleansing the dusty breath of memory
Sweet, and unrefusing, is her gift
Drops of light and cool, spent from a burst heart
Too full, to refuse.

So does she love us
And in turn
May we find no reason before heaven to refuse her
And in turn
May lavish tears and rumbling want
Roiling need and thick desire
Spent out, careless and burst, turgid and rushing
So full and squandering is our bounty
In returning.

Oh, how rich is this world!

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