

## **New Hope**

I will attempt to do what no one seems capable of or willing to do: to be honest. These are my thoughts, not yours, I share them.

Industrial society has raped us all raw, and done so for the obvious reasons. It is all too clear, that no one on this spinning ball of shit can find their own ass...so dazzled with their own insecurity as it flickers before the flame of their desires...Enough! I see it.

How all wish only to be a part, to be accepted, and a right standard is laid out. It is right! Can you meet it, can I? Are you strong enough to admit, what you need...and see it held hostage before a lie...before money? Do you see it?

After all the years of blood and true pain  
Ringing round your neck and mine  
To see the hint of a "win"  
Who wouldn't sell it all out...for that?

Do you see it? Do you see how they have us? How we have surrendered to them, simply to play.

Let us die and cheat them of it. Let us dream...anew.

Can you follow me... here?  
Can you stand...new hope?

Let us die...for they are too weak  
...to tread that which lies beyond.

Here, come into my home.

Can you hear the flames of my hearth crackle  
Pouring against the billowing chill  
Filling you...so slowly...  
Can you admit...you are worthy of this  
Can you cast aside the shawl  
Of guilty ink and doubt  
As it whispers and poisons the marrow  
Of each precious moment  
...with doubt?

Yes, they have stolen the very essence of trust, and time has become...corrupt.

Can you bear the weight...to know it?

For your eye is but a purple star burst and bright  
Before a doubtless eternity.

It is this which they have stolen.

Can you feel, the opal ice of dawn  
Spread into the heart of light  
Silver and singing...with tears?

Yes, this has been soiled, and so,  
My eye does rest upon the lip  
Of each broken moment  
Strained and trembling  
Recast.

Did you know, you are worthy of this?

The showering ripples of rouge and blood  
History's drops of light and heat  
Boiling and full with turgid suffering  
Is the honest heart of man.  
Can you feel how overfull  
How heavy he is  
To understand  
...what has been lost?

Oh...let us never forget  
and find the seconds double thick  
with pain  
...stretching  
...into an ear  
At last...open.

And into the delicate folds of emptiness  
Rouge does press from the heart of the seconds  
So thick and sweet with sadness  
And memory.

Oh...how sweet is our pain,  
how lucky are we... to know it.

Here...you are worthy, of even this.

It is this which we have been refused.  
How full is the suffering heart, once unburdened.

Each trembling pain may find a silver tongue of delicate cool  
Has nourished the seconds  
Now thick and sacred  
Filled up and ripe  
Shimmering as a cracked drop of ice  
In sudden sun.

Oh...how beautiful you are  
How sacred, is your pain.

Now spilt up from the last hiding corner  
Light stirred thick with tears and salt  
A silver note twice clear and bright  
As tears stirred into ice wind  
Become pure.

So is your heart  
set before me  
as the whisper  
which has at last  
...shattered time.

For it is too late.  
and now...we are blessed:  
to know  
...what lies beyond.

For you are as I.

Here, let us celebrate  
the death of suffering  
A christening of burst tears  
Crushed into light  
and folded wind.

Can you feel my tears  
Pouring over the sands of glass and beaded light  
Until they are thick with suffering made right  
So full is time under the weight of tears unbound!

Oh...how full is this world!

Feel the burst red heart of failure  
Dripping and round with poison red drops of cancer.  
Let us nourish ourselves from the clear spring

Of suffering unbound  
...into light.

Silver drops of shimmering pain as cupped diamond  
Covet the shining seconds  
Liquid and ice  
Tears and frost crushed into iced mist  
Shattered...  
...before a broken ice mirror  
Spun into chips and swirls of color and prism  
Shuddering and silver  
Are the pure ripples of happiness  
Crushed from the heart of suffering  
Broken tears of ice and glass  
Singing out  
...as shattered mirror.

Light only now, first cracked loose from the marrow.

Oh Life, how terrible is your strength  
To know of even this...and be affirmed!

Oh how I do crave to find strength enough to love you...  
Oh thank you, thank you  
For this thing!  
Oh Life, Thank you, for this pain!

How full am I to know you:

Each second shattered clean  
A singing vibration borne out and shattered  
Singing and full is each second  
Flowing with clear light and folded salt  
Burst  
The heart of suffering but a liquid jewel poured out  
To nourish the sight.

How impossible and bright  
How full and double-rich with pain and sweet tears  
Oh...  
How I wish I were strong enough to bear the weight  
and hold, the impossible sight:

...of new hope.

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