

Dark Paradox by Rich Norman © 2013

How was it to know the fact—the Truth
—How?
Did it please you?
To see the blood drip from your lip
Curled and evil
Ugly and snarling as a beaten dog
To see the eye and know...
It was your own.
Did it please you?

To hear your name
A curse born of shattered lips
A tear of ugly sound and broken hope
Rattling and crushed—
A sound
A name twice ruined to have been spoken
To see the pitiful sight
The scene twice broken
Too ugly to fit into any eye
Forever shattered to know...to know,
—Too much.

Truth is rape
Insight is insult
A rip, a wound
Torn along every edge
Tattered and necrotic
Flesh once golden
Now sloughed as rotten fruit
Hollow and putrid for knowing.

Sinking and falling through and between
The slippery, slick, lying places
A hollow puff of putrid air is the soul of Man
A name best left unspoken
A curse twice mouldering upon living lips
So did I know
So did I find of truth.

How I did sicken to know, and even,
To look upon this thing:
The Soul of Man
A twisting corpse with bitten tongue and crooked teeth
Broken and wan is his smile

His mouth filled with blood
May yet open
And speak the name
The curse
The name which is
But our own.

To hear the bitter curse, spoken...aloud—

A giddy bubble rises, a silver spark unhinged
Singing and climbing
Swelling and rising is the silver bubble
Spilt up as a swollen tear of light climbs from murk and mud
Spilling itself upward as a tear of light
As a giddy silver bubble unhinged from tethered depths
At last free
A chip of light snapped clean
Silver and bright
Climbing as silver wind and light
Rising through doubt and truth
Known and seen
Bright and snapped clean in silver light—
So is the black promise of Man borne out as Light
—Once spoken.
Such is our Human paradox, and our promise, to know:

*It is but darkly, that we may uncover
The bright places.*