

From eternal places

Under a hollow sky, starlight drawn in ink, silver whispers, flickering in silence, strewn and swept across the dome, our dark circumference spilled bright, in shimmering platinum schist. Silence. And into the cradle of night, our net of dreams is cast, to fold light into darkness, from within. The slumber of light, is but darkness fulfilled, before dawn. Drawn toward time's tender home, we rise from eternal places, and awake...to find: another dream? Slowly . . . as drops of honey, fill, the seconds, to crawl down the arced back of the silver spoon, so does she draw the day toward me. Each, second, is...precious. Slowly, as a lover will not but wait...and provide: so does she fill the seconds, with honey and warmth. And before this day, we may hold our heart open and sweet, as she does find us, and fill this life, from within...so does she dream...of you. For day is dream of night's yearning unfolded. And into the chalice, the seconds tick, and drops gather, twice clear and bright...so very slowly, noon does climb the arch of blue, and fill her. For gratitude, is trust, made sweet and slow, in easy currents, drifting... toward a hollow noon.

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