

Today

Water slips over rock and sand
A pulse ripples
Swelling
Filled
Filling
Glad and singing is sight
Melody spattered before autumn's spending
Notes silent and pure, silence filled up, with color
Teasing open the seconds, and filling them.

Gold, and splashed crimson
...spilled above into hungry wind
Drift, soundless, through thick glass air
Cupped
In poured mirror
Silver, bright and swelling
A trickling voice
To hold paint and prism
Shorn and spent
Drifting
Pouring up, into the hollow of time.

Can you hear the silent voice
Of light, speaking
Filling each second
With sight?

The scent of smoke and pine
Needles of scented green and azure sky
Stirred into a broth of cloud and drifting wind
Tugging, summer's spending
Emerald and shocked blood
Gold and orange shouts
Sparkling the wind with impossible voice
Silent and shifting
Shuffling, singing and mute
But for the rustle of shifting wind
And blue ice whispers
Scent frozen in snapped wind
Hint at new chill,
Notes
Unheard, and singing,
...pure
Is the music of this world.

The sun may find its ancient fire nested
In distant rippled cool
Spilled into the shining brook
Swelling and retreating into pools of silver voice
And golden mirror.

The tears of bounty, untethered and torn free
Plucked away,
To die and drift
The last song
Folded into prised wind
The last moment
Perfect and careless is time
Too sweet to hold
...is the eternal.

Life, is melody
Illusion is but darkness
...turning away
From song.

How full are we within
Her true voice, and deepest knowing.

Hear her speak and know:

Today.

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