

11. *Solitude* Copyright © 2011 Richard Lawrence Norman

Solitude has forgotten my name—
I am a cry without an echo
Spent and forgotten, blessed and unknown, known and dead
A prayer unknowing of itself, and so, twice pure.

The rouged mist of Dawn's light warms the sky
Her rose breath glowing up over the lip of night
Brushing the darkness awake
Stretching and warm are her imaginings
Hints of the unknown whispered into the dark horizon
A secret spilled into the future... waiting.

Slowly she comes to me
Arching her back over the distant hills
Spilling her riches thoughtlessly, teasing me
Warming the distant hills with sweet blood
As red rouge and honey are her gentle hands
Her amber caress of brushed rose and melody
Bashful and gracious, teasing me
Warming the farthest places with her golden breath
Thick misted air so honied and blushing
Warm and sweet is the sight
As she whispers her secret into the Day... waiting.

So slowly she comes to me... teasing me!
Climbing, creeping and skulking
Sneaking skyward
Before my expectant open eyes
Promising me, scolding me, ignoring and imploring me
To look away
As if the advance of each sluggish second
Were deception enough, until, at last,
She has climbed up over me
Now caught unaware, She stands above me
Pouring buckets and lashing slaps of heat
Molten licks of wet flame
Lavishing, lashing
Her cruel tongues of light and cracked heat burst open
Pouring out her forge onto my back and brow.
... Oh how She teases me!
Her gentle heat and platinum silver sparks of flame and starlight
Dance as a cool breeze... Sweet, gentle and alluring
For what is the heat of a boiling burst star
To the anguished heart of man?
Oh how She teases me, until,
I can not resist the cool chill of her heart.

For what is burnt and boiled starlight
To the heat in the anguished heart of Man?

I open my chest of heat and suffering
Joy and burst anguish, blood and pain
The silver splintered shafts of my happiness and crushed hope
Piercing upward
Burning upward into the upturned heavens
Red crimson heat and black blood
Wounded joy and burnt tears snapping upward
Piercing into the cool heart of the Sun
Tearing upward, ripping into the burnt heart of the sky
Sudden and black, bright and wretched,
Knotted and sprung free
Is the kindled marrow at the center of Man
Consumed and burst into light and heat
Happiness and anguish, light and heat
So black and double bright is the burnt blood and happiness
In the wounded heart of Man
So wounded black and bountiful is he
Turning upon a spit of firelight and hope
Festering and golden
Is his splendid wounded soul of impossible burnt heat
And spoilt hope.

Now as a star sips upon cool silver starlight
Easy and approving, sultry and accepting
Gracious and forgetting is She
Sipping upon my soul
Sweet nourishing and forgotten is the soul of Man!
For what is the soul of Man to a burst boiling star
But another spark of silver
Sweet and familiar, cool and hollowed as starlight
To be loved, known, and forgotten.

As two spent stars did we turn our weary backs upon the day
Tired and over mellow, spent and round with forgetting.
Only the hollow blue eye of the moon, hangs,
Still and cool, in the chill ink of night.
A silver disk in black ice...
A silent mirror struck mute in forgotten starlight
Silver cool and still... waiting.

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