

Poured Light by Rich Norman © 2014

As evening spreads her purple dusk
A bruise which lingers, before us
It is our time...at last and again
Now as aged children
Subtle, and wise enough
To forget, and remember in turn
The shadow spilled up from memory
Tasted and forgotten
...as poured light.

How lucky are we, to have lived, and to remember!—

The hope which knew no loss, or hope
but was silver light
A spark unknowing
Borne up and out as childish laughter
So did you love, and fill your empty shadow
With ember's first kindling
The day of highest hope and spun light
Silver and clear was your laughing voice
And its purest question
A question of childish love
—then cut
Tears and crushed hope
Like gravel shifting, in a metal bucket
Kicked over and spent
—for naught.
Such are the shining tears
Of childish happiness
As jewels made of cracked light
Sharp, glistening and pure.
Such is the taste, of the most perfect wound
Pure, shocked and unknowing—
Stark and perfect is the taste of newest light
—once broken.

And the round bottom of memory
Smokey, warm and wise
Spilling as dusk, from the bruised heart of silver day
Now soft and pliant
Her proud heart now but a whisper
To tease up the most tender spirits
Sweet and malignant
They purr and hold us close

Warm us with tender lies and needful truths
Tucked safely beneath
Now hidden
The voices of pain and want
Swept and stirred into smoke, like purple dusk
A bruise which aches
And fills the air as smoke, and hints of hope
Too precious...twice spent.
So is loss but a bruise too tender
Until memory mellows each wound
Now sultry and glowing
—such is the taste of loss and burnt hope
Made warm and mellow
Full, rich and wise.

The autumn light
Golden red as falling leaves
Sun crept into life now returning
Each a whisper
Hovering and serene
A promise drifting to earth.

I watched as you slept
Glowing, warm and rouged
Light poured as liquid amber
Then spilled within, as warmth fills youth
Unaware and perfect
So did I find you
Asleep before me... the poem spent
A new name
Spoken as a whisper falls
Nestled in silence.

How lucky are we, to have lived...and to remember!—

Her perfect smile
Her eye too young and heedless to be tamed
A silly spark of madness
Playful and innocent is new spirit
Unafraid and careless is the bright heart, of all new things!
Her happy laughing spirit
Flings new rubber arms around your neck
And light has found a reason
Young, sweet and mad is all true happiness.

Tell me, tell me of her eyes

So bright and foolish!
I must feel even this
If I am to know... the rest.

Laughing was the day
The shriek of brakes
Tires skipping and howling
Stuttering and screeching
Walls of hammered sound
As a whisper
—before the softest note
Her suffering cry
...please—help me...
Then
—no more.
The hammer blow—of emptiness.
Anguish slapped awake
—in an empty place.

Oh, how lucky are we, to have lived. . . and to remember!—

The dawn has peeled away
A thousand leaves of blackness
Smoke and heavy air
Breath as thick as oil...
Now, become fullness and warmth
Knowledge and heat
Pain as warmth
Stirred into the faded bruise of dusk
Now smokey and wise
Full and warm
As the sweetest and most bashful happiness
Is shared between friends.

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