

Rose and Sea (for Lana)

The shores are licked in foam
Crimson folds of salt
Beaten, froth and heat,
Swells of bitter rouge
Fury and stain
Crease shattered air
Choking, slick and turgid
Bounty squandered
Promise fouled...lost and left
Upon sunken ground.

...Before a blood tide.

Into my eye a whisper swells
Rouged in crimson, bounty, sweetened before sight
Unsullied before a dripping, greedy tide
Longing made pure, in hollow sun
Blood and tide, unfolds
To welcome ... and covet
Cleansed and warm, before broken sight:

There is a rose.

My tears fall into a salt sea of blood
Lost
Cries of a distant hope...a note
...swallowed
In vanishing air.
And the seconds strain to feel but sour
This bitter life, met long ago, and strung up
Upon rust and wire
So is the world
But mad and singing with pain
Foolish is this world.

And I weep,
Diamond shards
To know this thing.

But blessed am I
Before the sight
Hope struck bright root, in sunken sand
Now glowing
With thorn and petal

Bright and warm is her heart
For hope, is but thorn to pierce
The sunken places
And sweeten them.

In this, we are blessed.

Upon the sunken Earth, pressed in blood
Before the crushed heart of longing unmet
We are blessed in knowing
Of sun's bloom
Cupped in wind.

There is a rose.

—Rich Norman