

Within and Without

In light and stain, blood and sweet hope
We are pained and painted
Adorned and do abandon
This world
Within, and without.

All is well.

Oh, my friend
Can you feel my thoughts
Teasing the seconds to waking
As you
Might imagine and create
Land and sky, rolling crest and wave
Stitched of light
Spilled tenderly up
From your eye?

For what is within, is without
And in this
...we are lucky.

Have you left the wood, and seen it
Seen the thing they have done?
Have you abandoned, even for a moment
The pure silence of hope,
Heard, and felt, the thing?

The thrumming sickness
Turgid and swollen with stink
Tender land and hill, crushed into heat and tar
Fucked
Slit
Raped dead, cut flat
So your ugly glittering insect may crawl upon it
And gather the miles,
Each...Crumpled and ruined.

Do you drive?

Stop it.

How pure
is the silent ray of sun,

As it warms the first fragile pool
Of rippled brook?

How much more perfect and worthy is this sight
Than all, of this wretched race?

Hope.

Can you feel my thoughts,
So delicate and sweet
A ripple tracing the arch of time?
Are you, of this earth
Or do you, deserve it too?

The time for cleansing, is near.

Look upon the warmth and tender heart
Of this life
Purring and subtle
As wind
Capricious and soulful
Unspoken and easy is her heart of wind
Slipping between leaf and sun
To hold you
In cradled arms of silence.

Climb into the shitting bug
And behold,
What we have done to her
And wonder
How long it will be
Until she decides
To rape... and kill us?

For she is right in this thing.

We will go for a drive.

The road, is a cut
Placed into her delicate side, now slashed
And infected
We, are but disease,
running down the seam of the wound
Cut
So we may cheat time
And sicken her.

How much more worth
Is a single leaf, plucked in wind
Than the wretched race of man?

Can you hold my gentle spirit
And be affirmed...

...or do you need...this?

Are you, of this earth?

Into the city we press
Time now slipping as a knot made of filth
Closes around hope,
And chokes her.
Nothing...is right
The pure heart of emerald meadow
Crushed into shit
Stink and sound
Creasing the fabric of time
Until she is done
And lies as a whore
Festooned in ugly thoughts
Winking and vile
Is this place
Trash
Made of life,
Pressed under heavy boot,
The thick fluid running out
Juice and garbage
Collected drop by drop
For you.

The earth, has been consumed
Pressed into thick drops, and bottled
...for you.

Do you buy these things?

Life, is not a product
Life, is not filth.

Did you know that?

Are you of this earth?

Let us leave this place
And return
So we may cleanse
Time.

Here, under spattered starlight
And golden arching palm
Of autumn leaf and sun
...she is with us
And we her
Silent
Is the pure heart
Of hope.

In still air
Each jeweled second
Teases the heart of time to warmth
and sparks of chill
The brook, spills tender voice into pure air
And in silence, I can hear the voice of time
Here, I can taste thought, and do savor you
For at last
There is silence.

Can you hear my soul, speaking,
As a whisper's breath, might find nourishment
And strength, to hold, at last
...sound?

This, is the brook, of time
Smooth glass poured beneath
She speaks before the seconds themselves
Whisper.

In silence, you may hear me, and know...all things.

How tender, are the first thoughts
Carried
Upon chill wind.

Yes...I can hear you.

For we, are of this earth.

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