

## Open

Under fisted pain  
Before...the wound  
Cramped hand into fist  
Coveting the silver pearl  
Of singing spirit:

All was unknown  
And imagined...pure.

I have returned  
Unto the first moment  
And found song  
Brook and tender glade  
...waiting  
As I wait for you  
Unafraid, and unknowing  
Spread sweetly out  
Stretched and languishing  
Under buttered yellow sun  
And drops of glass rain  
So sweet am I  
Before the hours and seconds  
Tender and young is my heart  
For the fist is cracked open  
Into silver cool, and the beginning ... speaks:

In frost and cool  
Warmth and wind, slipping and silent  
To fill me.

Open before time.

Unresisting and tender  
Wave and warmth, but spilled light  
Cupped in tender pools of ripple  
The brook opens her swollen breast, and breath  
Strokes her silver heart  
Within a murmuring sigh of careless wind  
Shuffling over leaf and pond  
Until she is glad  
Her palm of silver mirror  
Full  
To hold sun and shafted cool  
Spilled up into sight

Now,  
Within me.

How full, is the wood  
Once poured within.

Each subtle secret  
Too tender for the ear to seek  
Bashful and unsure  
The first hints of promise  
Nest within  
For I am but a hollow  
Trembling and vacant  
But for this.

Delicate is sound and sight  
Evening pouring through the arch of green  
Cupped in the meadow's shaded palm  
...and upturned leaf  
Waiting  
As time  
Hungers for wind  
To fill her.

So do I wait,  
Silently, beneath her hovering form  
Open and tender am I  
For then, she will come unto me  
And fill my hollow soul  
Buoyed within her tumbling breast of wind  
A leaf cast up before sight  
Full and rich  
My eye full to know her heart  
Torn loose  
Cast into light and rippling warmth  
So sweetly spent, within me.

All feeling, is beauty untethered.

Drops of light  
And silver salt  
Shine upon my cheeks  
Held in painted wind  
And spilled sun  
As melody, trembling and new  
Fills the empty places

From within  
So does the day, find herself full  
To fill me  
And in gratitude  
Does shed her season's breath,  
Upon mirrored tears and rippled pulse  
Stretching, gentle and warm,  
To fill me.

How tender is sight  
How gentle is sound  
How full am I!

Now, as she am I—  
As life, of life  
Filling every hollow  
Spent and pouring within to know:

That which is empty, may be filled  
Tender and trembling  
As sun and ripple  
Stand before the newest heart of day  
So very pure  
And empty  
Is that which trusts and receives.

Now, the fist is cracked  
Time is mine.

For my heart is tender and torn  
And stands before her  
A whisper which craves  
A promise unspent is my heart,  
A gift and a bliss am I.

Naked before hope.

The fist at last:

*Open.*

—© 2015 Rich Norman

