

A worthy riddle:

Truth is the note, but too subtle to hear.

That which shouts, marks a deaf soul, corrupt, if enshrouded in belief.

Oh how tender the note, unheard yet felt is the poem, enfolded.

Rich and radiant in the rouge of forgetting...so is memory the shawl of the dead.

A vision:

In pristine silence, branches of fir drift amongst light, and into the deepest succor of moments, tender thread is whispered, and heard. Light, tasted, and cupped, as emerald hue, sipped within the nestled moments, pure and drifting, are the lazy seconds spread between us...so is the prayer, upon which each moment has been found, to fill.

The most beautiful poem, is found nestled between words.

How brazen are we, in looking, and never forgetting!

Beauty alone, is the judge of all acts.

Before the blood of ages, stands the heart of a child. No more potent admonishment can be conceived.

All which blusters, is denied in the act.

All which rages, is profane before eternity.

You, are a whisper, spent and held in memory. Such is the promise, and point...of all struggle.

Within my eye, where all cries are heard...they may then be redeemed.

That suffering shared, cast unto time...the richer. So are we nourished ... nestled in tears.

Nothing, is forgotten. So do I love you. So speaks time.

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