

Ice and Wind (Poem for a "friend")

The seed of ice turns
A splinter of glass and soot
The finger hooks and pulls
Flesh and soul turn round a hook
Barbed and cold is its dirty finger
The blade of ice and steel
Her womb cold and necrotic
Empty and uncaring.
Looks
In silence.

What was once full
Is barren.
And so does revenge itself
...upon the heart of giving
Withdrawn and sunken
The chest of cruelty does not provide
But wind and ice do seed the future
Empty and uncaring
The heart of ice is a seed
The seed of ruin.

The snow falls black
Flakes of sticky soot flower as ice
Blooms of ice and soot cower
...before a frozen sun
Glittering and dying
Too weak to warm
Now but ornament and shallow heat
Grace a frigid sky
The womb of the world is dead
But ice and seed remain
A polyp stuck in the gut of Time.

Cries shatter morning
Paint the evening with pain and heat
Soon swallowed into nothingness
The womb of the world
...is dead.

She stares in silence
Ice a pit in her eye
Too shallow to know warmth or admit
...our need

The splinter is brazen and cheap
A fire made of cuts which knows
Emptiness.

So is the cruelty of pride
Stung to know its face
Before the breeze of warmest evening
Revealed now as ice
Staining the heart of hope with ice
The day brings chill
And a harvest:
Emptiness.

To plant the bloom and nurture in warmth
And then
...to let it die
For lack.
This is her lesson:
The womb of the world is dead.
This is her revenge.

So I say, hear the heart which bleeds
Beating and stuttering in pain and filled
...with ice.
Pride is shrill
Shatters the air with screeching sound
and dies.
Nothing remains
So is her hope and her promise
A hollow into which sorrow may purr
and suffer.

I look upon you and laugh
Dear one...heart... you are spent!
The hollow of greatest warmth
Now but a flap
... of tethered flesh
Hollow and cold...the blood slowed and stopped
Empty but for the sound
Of pride.

Flush with tears I rise and weep
Spill my heart of warmth and silver streams
Upon a parched earth
No longer worthy or unworthy
A contraction which bears and feels

Everything.
And I do look upon the site
And weep.
For I have found
The womb of the world
...is dead.

In tears and blood I will hold you
My friend of light and love
For you have yet to spend in ice
All which she has squandered
And you
...are like me in this
Still alight and suffering
Never empty
Pain and happiness fill and turn
And find point is but liquid
Splinter but dew.
And so...
My heart of suffering does warm this day
And give to you
My sorrow twice warm in salt
To fill up the place and find you
Amongst tall grasses and yellow sun
Full and warm, with me, in me
...and me...in you
For then we might again love and trust
And forget the fact
Of emptiness.

—© Rich Norman, 2014