

The River, and 16 thoughts

The River

There is a river
Beneath all time.
As a silver pulse beats unknown
The silent fount flows silver and bright
Her bubbles of new sound stretch into my heart
As the snow upon your neck
As the wind upon your cheek
As the home we all share
For we shall return unto light and liquid
And have within us
A taste of all worlds spilling forever up and out
As a river feeds and nourishes from below
Glad and silver is its splashing heart
A splashing silver fount
...beneath time.

And into the sweetest waters
I cast my heart
My eye spent into the deepest places
Moving as warmth and laughter
...can you hear me?...
For I am warm and light
Circling as a whisper turns
Cast of shadow and light
Spilled up in silence
Turning
As a cloud holds light
...full and drenched through
Spilling the day into your eye and your heart
Can you hear me?
For I am thinking of you.

Come to me
For you are me
And I you
A whisper calls into sea and sky
To find you
To name you
...and call you near.
Is there a reason you do not know me?
Here, look...
My heart spills out

As a river
Golden and warm is the heart of caring
Sweet and silver is the note
The note which has heard
Our name.

So warm and sweet is my heart
Now liquid and spilling
Flowing into the air
Spilling down and below
Across and through all things.
You are this way too
...did you know that?
Do you know
...this is your name too?

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1. Only by traveling every valley, might we have breath enough to sustain the heights.
2. What may most profit another to hear is often the truth we regret most once it is spoken. True friendship wounds itself.
3. Sometimes only the rude and the silent can afford the truth. Only the rude may be trusted.
4. One should appreciate one's critics. A certain level of importance is required before one rates the privilege of being misunderstood.
5. When writing appears cryptic or obscure it offers the promise of what is hidden. Unfortunately, the undisclosed fact is often that the

writer has nothing to say, or at least doesn't know what it is.

6. Honesty's hands are red with the blood of those lies which love us most.

7. The poet who mistakes the personal for the profound is a puzzle with a disappointing answer. That which is profound may be frightening, joyous or new, but it is never opaque.

8. The luckiest poet is a crystal goblet, a chalice which cracks under the weight of his feeling, but does not shatter. Those beneath it may taste its nectar and behold its beauty, knowing it will soon be drained of all but dust and light.

9. Only the restless need never fear to pause. To them rest is an act of discipline-- As to the rest...

10. The Sea fills itself from its deepest hidden places, stretching its skin, and offering its swollen breast to the Moon, who so over-full with golden tears of longing, weeps, and pours her light onto the needful waters. Desire remains potent when it covets, but can not have. The first kiss foretells the death of romance.

11. A strong man boasts: "I have risked and lost." A weak man boasts: "I had sense not to try."

12. A wise man's followers travel in his wake. After mourning at his wake, they might awake to a morning of their own.

13. The ugliest fault is being too weak to have any.

14. Distance and drowning-- Listening can make another's misery intelligible, accessible and seductive. It is only safe to listen if we do not hear.

15. When life has been unjust to us, we are satisfied to inflict the same mistake on another and call it a "lesson." The small shrink you to their size and call it wisdom.

16. Beauty, Death and Growth

Some things are most beautiful when they die. The crimson leaves of fall offer themselves up as a willing sacrifice to life, at last deserving of its full color before surrendering to an inevitable wind. What could be more quiet, still and hopeful, than a barren branch crowned in snow, a fresh promise? Only spring can answer such a question.

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