

The name of man

A perfect ribbon of azure
A crack of new sky peels open the heart of promise
Again as before, but perhaps, you might hear
The distance between sound
The place between what you know, and what is next
Are held but loosely, as a new name
Conjured fresh, and bright, as melody
Too delicate to have known
As the heart of light spills up from within
The tenderest silence.
It is here, that I have named you.

How the air was split and crumpled, a perfect wound
Soiled to stain
The breath of man, sour and vile
Burnt into soft wax and soap, set to flame
The ugly brown scab
How pearled in silver light is his abomination
Towers of pity and greed,
Crumpled into the hungry earth,
Sky filled with black tumult and folded heat,
Beauty is the sound of his suffering,
How right is this name
How right is the suffering of man!
To see him leap, dive into the earth
...spent and howling in pain
Oh...oh, how this pleases me!
As sweet warmth and caramel sweetness
...is the suffering of man!
How Right is his pain!

Nations of filth
Nations of pride
Nations of Man.
Let us pray for this thing
To die...and let us pray
For his suffering, and that the black tar of his heart
May yet choke him dead
And leave his children
Spinning as meat upon silver wire
Twisting.
So does the Earth look upon the face of man
...in hope.

Each tender day
A perfect hollow
A place of purity
Soon ruptured and split
Raped awake in horror to know him.

Borders, nations, money, morality!

Do these words sicken you?
for I hope to hear your belly turn
And your gorge spill out upon the floor
as slapping wet smears of sickness
For this and this alone is honest.

All the nations of man are to be ground out!
All his foul keeping, holding, coveting and bragging
I will burn these things into his eye,
And blind him
...for death is the welcome cradle
And rightful air
Of this sick thing.
Slipping his tendrils into the phlegm of the cities
As insects swimming in oil, fat and slick spittle
So is the heart of man
A nation unto himself, and against himself
A slick stain of filth upon the perfect heart
...of newest day.

Each holds a fist closed around a neck
A neck purple and strained
A knot of blood and fury
So is the clot of filth which is Man!
How the towers do shine and fall
Crumpled sound and heat
A blessing and a judgement
Tangled sound and ugly stink
A sentence most right
for the children of man.

Look! Look! and know
...the name of man.

I stand and weep
A promise before heaven
A name as yet unspoken

Tender is the heart of light
As the whisper which conjures the dawn
A new imagining is never heard
Over the tangle of pride and justice
Never heard
Over the reasons we hold before promise
For promise does not yet know her name
And so, may love you...an unknown...a vision yet held
as a promise unspoken; warms silence.

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