

Our Tender Hope

A feathered breath of amber hue
A gentle kiss poured through fragrant fingers
of tangled blossom and breeze
Cupped golden in spilt sun
Warmth upon your cheek
A blessing fresh and sweet spilt
To wake you
...and draw this day
Into my eye, so full and rich
To taste within, and know
...this silent moment.
For this is right
For this is real
Twice bashful and delicate
Subtle is the whisper of her promise
Cradled in a silent palm
Of folded sun.
So is our new name
A prayer nourished in silence
A beginning unknowing of itself
Our tender hope.

Brash and ugly
A clattering shriek
Scraping, pounding and pumping
With stink and shit
The city is cramped and turgid
Swollen and rotten is the air
Torn and snarled into thick clots
Of pus
And slippery heat.
Eyes upon eyes
Hands upon hands
Touching, fouling and rubbing
Grabbing and holding
Clutching in tight bony fingers, each precious thing
...and choking it.

Mouths open and gaping, suckling upon the teat
Of slick filth
Gulping at the sight
A cup filled with thick spittle and phlegm
Warm and thick with disease
Eyes begging in mad hope

To clench the vessel
To sup and swallow deeply
Suckling upon the broth of disease
Gulping hungrily, slaking life's hope
Upon spittle, and thick strings of nausea
Hungrily licking into a filthy hollow
...for money.

How long might life's smooth cheek of ivory and rose
Be creased and cut, pierced and wounded
With sound and gulping sickness
Before redemption?
For there is but one truth
To quench this sight,
And soon
She shall bless this place.
In this, you are warned.
In this, there is hope.

Hoarding and swallowing with lustful eyes
Round and protruding in bloated desire
So turgid and over-full, unable to resist
Each inch of filthy floor and stained ceiling
Dirty walls and crevices
Filled with squirming heat
He reaches his fat fingers out into the air
Pudgy stumps pluck an insect
A cockroach, a water bug
...it is unimportant
Only that he might place the squirming life
Into his crooked pink maw
Chew its tendrils and shell in his teeth
Feel the tiny fingers in desperate struggle
...as they are consumed.
To slick the creature into his belly
and fatten his bloated girth
Until it strains to bursting.
So do the rich despise and swallow
Engorge and disgrace
All the suffering world, to enfold and covet
Clench and bury under rolls of yellow fat
All of hope.
So do the rich
Nourish themselves and their sickness
To consume
...You.

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But life is sweet and gentle
Caring and precious is her beating heart
Its round of crimson and warmth
...made pure.
As light and liquid shimmer
The river a jewel
Her back a rippled shimmering arch
Clear and bright as sparks and laughter
Her trickling heart too subtle and wise
...to permit.

For the days are closing
As a gracious hand might find fist
To close
Around the sickly neck
...of this race.
And in this we are deeply
And twice again
...blessed.
For the time of ending is near.
Soon, time will cleanse
And mercy will grace this Earth
...in silence.

This
...is my hope.
In this...
We may discover
...Hope.

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