

7. *The Blessing Song* Copyright © 2011 Richard Lawrence Norman

Sweet Heaven wraps its arms embracing  
Cradling the perfect day  
Blue and glowing golden sunlight  
Spilling splashing amber waves  
Pouring down out Heaven's curve  
Her newfound light in winter's crisp  
Day newborn for Man has ended  
Hopeful world's apocalypse.

The Sun spilt gentle, hopeful, looking  
Searching ugly shadows spent  
Burnt up into light and laughter  
Hope and Song chase after them  
Where Man was raging, sick and brooding  
Angry, false, lying, smiling  
Pouting lips to flatter pucker  
Hint and wink in falsehood pursed  
Death has come and blessed the day  
In apocalypse no longer cursed  
He who lies is now well cured  
In apocalypse no longer cursed.

Man is spent, his shadow withers  
Day strikes his image, and strikes it blind  
Now Mankind is burnt and spent  
Ended lying in Truth's time.  
What was man?  
A question foolish  
Asked of nothing with no reply  
Daylight hollows out the answer  
And soon a better one we find.

I am mist above all mouldering shadows  
Posturing in brooding sighs  
And braggarts lying ever virile  
Putrid chest puffed up with lies  
Pride and doubt turn Earth and grace  
From fertile fields of hope  
With grasses, blooms and hidden treasures  
Into the burnt, the spoilt, and trampled mud  
Into the soul of Man's disgrace.

Now his ruin, long forgotten  
I am his heir, another breed  
The sort to find ascension climbing

Far from brutish human deeds  
And human wants which soil and sicken  
Bruise and banish tender truth  
And happiness so distant fleeing  
Before his shadow, foul uncouth.  
Man was sad a fallen thing  
Disgraced and sinking, down he spins  
Twisting swirling falling lower  
Dead and burnt in Sunlight's shower.  
I knew him well and was appalled  
Now dead and gone in Daylight song  
Man a ruined rotten hollow  
His promise bright, kept but sallow  
Fouled and dumb, a stinking thing  
His shadow spent to find new wings.

The Daylight burns with crisp blue tears  
Sun's yellow heart of unspent years  
So warm and sweet spilled light and sky  
My soul a curl of smoke does rise  
White wisps and curls of light,  
Spilt up to empty skies  
Receiving and returning twice  
My happiness in her embrace  
The world is clean and sparkling new  
The grasses pearled with crystal dew  
Drops of light and prised grace  
The happiness of weeping pain  
Never falling back again  
Pouring out and ever through  
At last the soul of man  
Now cleansed in hope and new.

The apocalypse of Man has come  
And blessed the Day with light above  
Sun and azure curve of blue  
Night with chips of starlight strewn  
Sprinkled dark with shards of light  
Faded filled and set to right  
Light fills heaven's upturned cup  
Cleansed of brooding lying soot  
No longer smudged with breath and shame  
Apocalypse has freed this Day.

So I write as one unknown, unborn  
Singing from a distant shore  
In apocalypse has Man been spent  
His filthy soul and dumb lament  
Now cleansed and burnt, blown and gone

At last I find a worthy song  
Beyond, above the soul of Man  
To fill your ear, my blessed friend.