

3. *My Sister* Copyright © 2011 Richard Lawrence Norman

Oh my friend,
How long ago has my soul
Spun this forgotten life into a silver thread
And tossed it aloft into Time's black palm
A swirl of ice and light washed pure
Swallowed into another place to find you
Alone and laughing
Another spider of the blackness, mocking and right
Spitting and spinning her threads of light
And laughter into the empty sky
Who but you could have found me
Who but you could know me so well
Well enough to hear my voice and wonder,
If you are alone?

How high I climbed to find you!
High above the scent of the cities
Filled with the damned and the hopeful
Sick and smoldering are their dying souls and fetid breath
Greed and hunger are their eyes
The empty bellies of a thousand unkept promises
A thousand dry teats— with poison
Black arid milk, and liquid sand
To hear their wretched suckling and squealing no more
I have climbed into a frigid blackness
Alone and rejoicing with the night as my cloak
The cold stinging air teases me, and I love as Ice loves
Pure and unforgiving
Right and clear are my words and my soul
High into the thin air and blue ice
Cold and laughing as the crisp living sky
Stark and perfect
Refusing of all dull rubbed souls and weak words
Snapped blue and cold
Clean and bright as frozen light...
I knew I would find you here.

Who but you could share my happiness, and leave it unspoiled
Unsullied by leering envy and the odor of need and want
Who but you is as complete as the seasons
A hunger which holds itself before the day
And flourishes to consume itself
A soul which becomes eternal in dying
Filled up and satisfied in struggle,
Who but you has learned the trick and become themselves
Hungry and fulfilled

A round of death and beauty
Knowing and forgetting to find the secret again
And scatter the leaves... to begin again
Always new, dying and changing?
Who but you is able
Supple and strong in turn to dare such happiness?
I knew I would find you here.

You are my sister,
A proud spider of ink and light
Dying and new
Shadowless and perfect
Even the Sun does not know us
Fluid and changing
Unknown
A shifting prism which makes light dance and guess
Unsure and beautiful
Hesitant, then surrendering
Melting into naked rivers of color, now spilled out
Rejoicing to know us
Shadowless and bright
Two souls never still
Dipped in sunlight
Tickled and teased
Pure and naked
Flowing into pools of liquid opal
And ripples of silver Sun.

Who but you could climb so high into the chill and thin air
So close to the shivering Sun
So near the cracked blue ice and the pale bright arch of heaven.
I have filled a pewter cup with blue ice and frozen Sun
Now melted and clear over the fire
Sweet and clean as the liquid heart of ice
Cool and pure as my soul
For I am like you and love as Ice loves
How high I climbed to find you!

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