

## Two beautiful things, and two thoughts

I will give you thoughts, and beautiful things.

1. And upon the highest hill, he did build his home, sure and right, it stretched into the sky, and for his pride and pain, he was rewarded. Yet without fail, roiling clouds of black would gather, and stretch their crooked finger of hate downward, and in shattered strokes of burnt light, his home was set to flame. "Why, why, do you so hate us, oh fate?" So did they cry. And unto fate, man was resigned, as unto war, called for reasons, unknown and dark.

Again and again, he would build, and gird his roof with that which his fathers had taught, for long is the strength and wisdom of history. So to each roof, was girded fast, just as before: a shining iron bar, to bring the arch sure form, and call the result, crooked and bright, and so, double sure. So, is the history of man, a proud lesson never forgotten. *"Fate does shape the affairs of man, as the affairs of man unto himself."*

2. Thanatos: The beating of war drums calls moth to flame—the pyre a spectacle, and invitation...to sati. So are we, but bride of a forgotten wish.

## Moments

Clear and thick  
Drop into drop  
So does time gather  
Unto warmth  
...soon double thick  
The drop plucked loose  
Too sweet  
To refuse.

Within each word  
Are the tender places  
Guarded and kept  
So they may be spent  
and tasted  
...an echo, lingers  
Within you.

So full am I  
To find you  
Silver ghosts  
Dancing  
Beneath clouded frost  
Breath held as frost lingers  
...before a brittle moon.

Oh how we do fade  
And fill,  
And in our vanishing  
As lost drops of time  
Twice precious are we  
To the hollow seconds.

Oh, how sweet is time  
Spent and lost  
Yet double full  
As an echo  
...lingers.

### **Warmth**

Time holds all things  
Under tender lid  
Brute and brash  
Subtle and hidden  
Shattered and swollen  
Shards of pierced diamond  
And the smokey glow  
Of hope, left hollow  
Unto itself  
Nothing is lost.

Beneath heated tangle  
And lost worlds  
A golden whisper, pressed  
...within Time.

Tender bud  
Orange and dim  
Finds tinder, and sets gentle root  
Crackling, new and young  
First flame holds earth and sky  
Between loose fingers  
Stretching.

Essence, tasted, and spent  
is but marrow spilled  
Warmth.

Time does hold us, loosely  
As nectar, tasted.

So do we fill her.

Pools of cool  
Drink emerald folds  
Of rippled leaf and golden heart  
Round and pulsing  
Drifting sun folded through leaf and branch  
Spilling into silver pools, made sweet  
Kissed golden and full  
In drifting sun.

The heart of heat  
Slowly traces her finger  
Across arch and cloud  
Spending her blood  
Lavishing her careless overspilling  
Upon that which was dank  
Until it forgets the night, and all damp places  
Are alive and full  
Swimming in new sun  
Rising, gladly  
To meet her.

Long before  
The shattering of sound  
And the ruin of all tender things  
Was a wish  
Sweetly found, and filled.

Within and beneath  
She is there  
Pouring over all things  
Swept out and through  
To fill the hollow seconds  
So sweetly held  
And nourished.

...in warmth.

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