

A Place

There is a place
Where fire and truth
Are loved and sipped... as cool silence
The heart trembles
Before a yielding eye
And you are heard.

How soft are the seconds
Before sound, is spoken
...and where does truth
...lie?

There is a place
Deep within doubt
Which knows
For doubt is hollow
Before light.

How sure is the heart
Which beats, twice alone
...once heard
...and believed?

Ears hear as deaf, and soil sound
Eyes see to blind, and scrape the tender places
Skin tears at feeling, deeper than wounds
The satchel of filth, once broken open...stains.

Here...come with me, and see
The unsullied wind, and swept snow
Cover the bower, tender frost and brittle branch
Hang—gloved in ice
Shimmering, before wind
A crystal shaft, waiting
...as the moments wait
And unfold in passing
The newest tips of green
To show you, of hope.

Here...take my hand, and look
For you are worthy of this thing
And may leave it unsullied
Cupped in the purity
Of sight
...and tears.

I want you to have this
...please, take this from me
For it is yours.

There is a place
Where wind, is breath, and sound, is holding
...the pulse of this world
Too delicate to feel, is the grasp
Which never holds
Time but water, beneath you
Free and simple, swimming in new light
Here, in this place.

Only you could see this
And leave it...
Pure.

Look, upon the grasses
Slipping through Summer's tender breath
For this is yours
And into the palm of emerald green, a pearl of light
Dew dreaming of sun
Holds first day
In gentle hands
And folds all the world
Through each second
So simple, easy and pure
As it should always have been
...so it is, now.

It is this,
Which you deserve.

There is a place
Where nothing is creased and bitter
And all simple things
Flourish...as you have dreamt them
As a child, playing in the shade
Of your branches
Sheltered
Beneath a hot noon sun
Unthinking, and wise.

It is this,
Which you deserve.

—© 2015 Rich Norman

