

Fulfillment

Within each moment, is a place, delicate and subtle, brash and wanton is its heart, a gift, a rose to be plucked with tender fingers...never soiled with a lie, but nourished instead, in sun, damp tears, and every nuance which is forbidden. For tears and tenderness are forbidden to us, we who are never permitted to weep, never permitted to save, to covet truth within the folds of daylight...for we must feel no pain, admit no weakness, and so, become hard, and foolish...foolish beyond measure. Today, I will not speak of neuroanatomy or physics, although those topics are exactly identical to this means of expression...if less intelligible. Today I will whisper into a fold of spring and new summer hope, perhaps I can awaken a thing in you, which should never have been placed beneath contempt, and so, might again, nourish the broken places, and find they are themselves, the soil into which the root of hope, might burrow, and find new purpose.

Here, I have something for you, how I do wish to please you, and keep you warm and safe, as I am now, but a pool of butter in noontime sun, golden, warm and sweet. Did you know, truth can bring us this thing...our hope might wake, and stretch, nourished in new sun, sweet and purring, new and soft, only now— after—the wounds cut by fact? This...is true...I will show you:

How many of my friends are sick, all so very original and sharp, and so many, broken and suffering. I do wish it were not so. All know how to contact me, and may ask for the surgical tools, the psychology, the knife and sutures, to heal these things, but not now...not now. Here...please accept this small thing...it may help, to know this.

Fulfillment is not external, although those things external to us can prevent its emergence. We defend against injustice, and stake our position, and so, are but injustice ourselves. We suffer and cry out, and then, choke back our cries in shame, and add pain upon pain, now choked back and buried, turning inside...perhaps the pain is gone?...and we grimace. No lie, will ever stop truth from turning as a dirty splinter of glass, always turning within. Tears, are libido, liquid jewels soiled by shame. What heals, is what is precious, a treasure, a sacred thing...so are your tears. One day, may you have courage enough to spill them, and anoint your past, with purpose made real, and change. For only in change, is there hope, for any new thing.

What is madness? Madness is denial. What is sickness? Sickness is stasis: denial. What is a fruitless life: aridity, dryness, a desert. What is rain?:

The day, so long past, has never passed, and sits upon each moment, choking it. Into the sullied eye of ugly pain, we look, and glare. But the broken eye, is but our own. I. And so, from the wound, may we look into the moment of its rending, and shatter our "strength"...to find our health, pours forth...as rain. Every storm is but hope's gracious hand.

Days as blackest pitch, double dark is the black-light which pours into the hollow of time, through past into present, swallowing sun and glade, into pitch. Look, and do not blink,

as a shudder of truth might shatter the last of strength, and drown what is, in what was...do not be afraid...for paradox shields all ugly worlds, and in shattered shards of mirror, is the world recast, in silver light. Hear the shouts, feel the wounds...again, for they are unending, once doused, they become...all things. Fan the black flames, so we may both be warmed, and give back the sun, to its empty sky. Once again, let it fill you, and spill out, as light and tears might fill, the lonely places, and find what was ripe, may yet burst, and yield...all new things. The time for leaving...is ripe.

Now it is too late. No longer under any sheltered sky, the rain pours upon your bare head, tears streaming as liquid pain made fluid and pure, streaming in time with the beaten clouds, rumbling and shifting, sparks snap down, sprayed into tumbling rain, and tears glisten upon your cheeks, now shuddering in fisted pain, spent. For all roiling clouds are but a dark knot, cut free and spilt, into the welcoming valley, so it may find tender bloom, nodding and reaching, toward a noon sun...once nourished. So is the storm, the desert's tender master, who may bestow upon her, that which is forbidden: life. I wish this for you.

Risk, and daring, may yet bring this to you...should you want it. Leave...all familiar things. Abandon, all foolish repeating and struggle...and weep. Here, we are alone, in my patch of wooded forest, and no one can hear your cries...let them spill out, for they are a song...which might bring, the tender drops, of first rain.

And the sky is but your shining eyes, and the trees, are your hands, now unfurled from their tight fist, swaying in each shifting breeze, now gracious, swaying, and stretching, aloft, toward heaven. So do we reach toward all new futures, once rain has nourished the earth, and spilled its pain back into the glade of hope, so it may bloom.

Down the valley's slope runs the new stream, its silver pools and rippling froth, playfully lick and covet the earth, and paint its dusty mask with silver laughter and liquid. From where did this new thing divine its course, from where comes this splashing new heart, if not from your sorrow, now spilt into silver rain? Only daring, might find this new day, hidden beneath the dusty sour tomb of strength, and fear. I, wish you this most of all: let the tomb of your pain—Burst.

Into the valley pours the hungry dark cloud, roiling and turgid, pregnant with pain, crooked fingers of dark lightning and deep rumbling sound, shifting and thick with humid sparks, waiting to unwind. And the valley is sick, dust choking its tender shoots, now brown and twisted into burnt knots, tangled fingers and dry brittle twigs. Now, the cloud tears itself open, the wound spilling its silver blood and perfect sacrifice...swollen drops of clear spirit freed of suffering now untethered, spilling from the darkest heart of knotted black into the hungry, dry air...to moisten its brittle marrow, the rain splitting the night open, and waking the earth, with spattered tears...hammering down, from the heart of a past, now drained and once again, beating. For what is the sound of rain but a heartbeat...kindled...spilled out, and at last... heard? What else might nourish the desert, but such an unspoken truth...once told?

And so do I treasure your tears, your secret poured from a broken sky, to fill and nourish us both, now together. For it is you, who is the reason, the cloud has torn itself open, and spilled its trembling bounty upon the desert floor, so it may bloom.

Now, I will hold you, your tears streaming into the grateful earth, once again, worthy and full, waiting no longer, now alive...and burgeoning. The arch of the valley swells in bloom, rippling and glad, nourished in salt tears, running and pure, spilt from a new heaven. The air is washed and sweet, as my soul, warm and new, pooled in golden sun, a gratitude, to have found this place, and you. Now, I will hold you, as your tears find their mirror in a new and perfect sky, silver and bright is the jewel, of highest hope, gladly spilt and spilling, pouring from the broad arch, of a gracious sky. Let us dare...to step away from all old and familiar things, so we may be honest, and dare...new happiness. Here, my friend, I have found something for you: Did you know, that all old worlds are but dust, and that the desert itself, may yet bloom, beneath roiling dark clouds, and the sweetest new warmth, of yellow, golden sun? Yes, my friend this is true. This, is the lesson... of hope, and our fulfillment.

You may contact me through the staff contact page at Mind magazine:
www.mindmagazine.net

This work is the sole property of the author, Rich Norman © 2015, and is used by this forum with both permission and gratitude.