

Introduction

I come to you as a spark
Spilled bright through the years of forgetfulness
Silver and dancing
With enchantments long bestowed to Time
Wet upon my lips... longing and the hope
Of finding you
One who has Time
For that which is most precious
And bestows voice unto Time
The star long burnt into light
The light falling fresh to your eye.

Oh how I hope to find you
Another rising above your self
Climbing toward your self
Another from a time surely distant
A shore unstained by the shadow
Sweet... and malignant
The satiation, and satisfaction—in falsehood
Which has swallowed this shore, the sands of this age
A shore... which I have abandoned.

I have found this place
A treasure soaked in Sunlight
Spent pain and golden shadows swept aloft
In clear rising winds
Pouring upward... Over
The soul of man.

Only here, could I hope to find you.

1. *Cut Flowers*

Oh my friend!
How long I have waited to know you,
Across the desert of wasted years
And sterile grains of pain and light
The arid basin of Man's wasted hope,
Spent into the sea of Time.
Her ugly mouth quenched twice again
—before I found you.
Alone and alive, a teardrop falling
As dew upon the flowers I have cut,
Fresh and snapped yellow in the sun.
Can you see them,
Glowing with cut sunlight, snapped yellow
Wet with the scent of Sun's blood and happiness?

How long have my words waited?
Sealed into the tomb of days and starlight
Vast and brooding as the sultry jungle,
Rotten and florid, wet and consuming
Damp and fetid with delights and sickness
Hungry and devouring is Time
Her gulf untouched by the spoilt days
And the greedy over ripe souls of the dead.
Now as a question unheard
A stain of Sun's blood and happiness
Snapped yellow and bright.
After all these wretched years.....

Sad sullied years wasted and blackened,
Bruised and squandered
My soul a crooked stain, bleeding and sick
An ecstasy spelled in blood.

Oh how long have I waited to find you?
Another so bruised and swollen with light and silver tears
So sad and full
To wash even the dust of tombs away in your overflowing
The current of our pain... an ecstasy
Stretched across the barren bridge of years
Holding us close,
Close enough to taste the heart in my words
To hear them whisper from within you
These words from so long ago
So long dead and blessed by forgetting,
The forgetting of so many years
Now borne up into your pure heart

A fresh spark cut bright
Another heart which suffers even in its happiness
And revels even filled with suffering
Another soul such as ours
A stretching longing soul,
So long dead, poured into you,
So young and distant
So near and ancient a soul
A soul as my own.

Oh how long have I waited to know you!
How long ago have I cut you these flowers
Snapped yellow, bright in dew and Sun's blood?
How long ago I have cut them for you
And stained the air new and yellow
Snapped fresh with Sun's blood and sweetness
From so long ago
Across the bridge of years
Impossible and decrepit
Lost and broken
Scattered before all time... desolate, beautiful and uncaring.

Here my friend,
I have cut you some flowers from my garden
Snapped yellow
Cut fresh and wet with Sun's blood and happiness,
Even now, can you taste them?

2. *My Brother*

Have you found the ugly tempest in the mud
The ogre so odious and slouching, wounded and barbarous
He slathers and bangs his tin cup
Have you found him and named him... Yourself?

To you I say
"Only you know enough, you alone are worthy
To find Rhythm with my step, Music to accompany me
A laughing soul, hunched and musical
Who brightens each step with a mocking tune, and so
Climbs up over his hunched back in laughter and ascends
Now a mule to labor no longer under his own ugly shadow
So long ago melted into the cool of evening
Long ago spent and forgotten, in our joyous singing noon."

Who among you has burnt his shadow
And rides as an eagle above burnt wind,
Blown aloft and motionless, circling and still
Motionless and rising, in burnt wind?
Have I found you?
Do you know it too?

Then perhaps we are brothers
And you may find room under my shadow
A broad shadow of light
Circling as an eagle
Turning and still
As beads of light round the lip of heaven's curve
Might we turn upward toward the Sun
Spilled upward into the ample cup of heaven
Spilled into her azure bell and around
So light and breathless
Still and shining
Turning around a meaningless infinity
Made perfect in our choosing.

So light is a soul
Which has burnt its pain into a swirl of hot wind
Now cupped under outstretched wings
Rising upward as a drop of laughter
Lingering and ascending
A bead of light held silently aloft,
In a forgotten burnt wind.

3. *My Sister*

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!

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?

4. *My Noontime Happiness*

Oh my friend how I have missed you!
Your summer so distant from my noontime happiness
Drenched in Sun and heat
Splashed bright and wet with light and purring red Sun.
I will wrap the world for you
Fold it into my happiness and the warmth
Of this forgotten noon
Stolen back from Time so I may give it to you...
Here, come with me
Let me show you my crumbled world
Now snatched away from Time
Again liquid and living
Hot and sultry with scent and sweetness
Twice stolen and double thick
With my noontime happiness.

Here is the pathway
Draped in cool shadow and scent
Currents of tangled lavender breeze
At once sweet and vanishing into clear forgetfulness
The sheltering greedy canopy of folded green
Arching its back over the shade
Shafted fingers of yellow light and pools of rose
Splashes of amber and peach
Drifting currents of heat and thick warmth
Ripe Sun and welcome bashful tongues of cool shade
Sudden laughing puddles of mirrored heat and silver light
Splashing under our careless footfall.
Oh the greedy shelter of this noontime canopy
Its folded green heat and burnt brown fingertips
Hungrily suckling upon the noontime Sun
Licking up its heat and pain into itself
Greedily sheltering us from the burnt heat of noon
Safe, cool and protected here
Under its sheltering greed and folded green heat.

Now the Sun pierces our brooding kindly host
Tickling her fingers of yellow feathered light and golden shadow
Her branches of red and orange daylight
Stolen through under the green wing above us
So kindly and lidded, this arching shelter of leaf and life
Green and growing, ripe and hot
Unfolding itself before the furnace of Day
As if it could drink her whole heart into itself
And so the Sun teases these trees
This hungry arching palm of folded heat and shifting branches

Piercing and shadowing
The gauze of Day dripping her golden red
Feathered fingers of light and teasing heat upon my cheek
Here in my noontime happiness.

Now the Sun has had her fill
As we climb higher and higher
The sheltering lid of green
Growing thinner and more feeble
Until at last her wing is bare
Her hungry green tent torn away
Now slapped blind
In a white sheet of Sun
I have been kissed
Blessed, blinded and sanctified
Washed clean and boiled through to know her
To know the wet kiss of her white molten heat
The blinding spattered sheets of Sun
Now drenching,
Pouring their relentless vibration, pure and white
Boiling up through me
Cleansing me with pure fingers of white platinum light.

Oh how I have missed you, my friend!
Who but you is strong enough
To know even this much happiness?

Now standing before my noontime Sun
Atop my mountain
The world spreads itself before my horizon
Bright and unrefusing is my noon!
Here are my distant mountains
Cold and alluring
Granite, gracious and forbidding are their cragged peaks
Gently ringed
In the supple milk white shawl of seasonless snow,
Delicate and eternal.
Here is the endless pale sweep of my painted azure heaven
Arching and encompassing
Endless and containing
Bright, clean and cold
Boiling with the wet white heat of my platinum noon.
Here is my valley unfurled before you
You know its careful hunched hidden places
And slender threads of platinum and rose
Jade and azure
Green and guarded
Shaded, greedy and sheltering
Sunken, lush and sweet

Swollen with hidden treasures and tangled scents
Tongues of cool shade,
Fragrant memories, and silver sweet forgetting.

Oh my friend how I have missed you!
Your summer so distant from my noontime happiness
Drenched in Sun and heat
Splashed bright and wet with light and purring red Sun.
I will wrap the world for you
Fold it into my happiness and the warmth
Of this forgotten noon
Stolen back from Time so I may give it to you...
Here, come with me
Let me show you my crumbled world
Now snatched away from Time
Again liquid and living
Hot and sultry with scent and sweetness
Twice stolen and double thick
With my noontime happiness.

5. *The Lie*

What color don't you know?
Who aren't you?

Are you an animal
Red and ripe of heart
With a taste only for meat
Red and refusing of all tender things
Not earned at blood's cost?
A beast who fears
Only the cheating heart of kindness
Red and evil
Never sulking and lying
Trusted and tasting of Life best...
When she has been taken?
—for I am that way too.

Or are you never bloody but purple and sweet
Rising as a fragrant splash of light
Never bloody but glowing and sweet
Nourishing yourself on the heavens you dream
And the dreams you need, which become your heaven
Real and embracing
Refusing only red
Spitting out only blood?
—for I am that way too.

Are you bitter and black
Bruised and welted with strength
Black and only black
Glistening obsidian teeth and splendor
Adorn strength with strength alone
Are you twice bitter
Able to burn hate into a black liquor
Of deadly strength
Twice poisonous and double potent
Black and thick with bitter strength
Refusing all but black
Which is all, once known and refused
Burned into strength stained black on black
Spitting out all of life as the traitor
A black flame of eternal refusing?
—for I am like that too.

Do you need only hope
And never drink from dark fetid springs
And thick evil wells filled with black blood

Always turning upward and away to find
Strength is loosely held, a laughing thing
A rising bubble of glad silver wind
Rising and laughing
Pouring itself up into all blue and silver heavens
Stretched tight with a shimmering skin
Of laughter and song, burst joy and light, rising
Always alone and climbing, rising,
Falling upward
Away—
From all black things
And poison wells of black blood?
Are you like me?
—for I am that way too.

So I ask you,
What color don't you know?
Who aren't you?
That is the name of the lie you must tell
Into your poet's soul...
The name of your God—
And your limit.

6. *Waiting for Daylight*

The icy dome of heaven
Chill and blue unfurling
Open ice and space upturned
Unfolding ever flowing
Overarching back so cold
Her laughing blue forgetting
She whose gaze is sparkling ice
Unblinking and unknowing
Forgotten then remembered
The rose of day, an ember
An ember now twice glowing.

Every dawn knows nothing of
The heat once spent of souls that bled
Nights disgraced and days unknown
Where things forgotten, can still hold
Oh how sweet the Sun unseen
Her ice blue blood and scarlet seams
The cracks and streams of blood and light
Unknown and looking
Forgetting twice,
My ruin
Stretched out
Into roads unknown, unthought,
—Hidden, so always true.

But Day knows naught
And so it seems
A sullied shadow stained,
In blood and pain may fade
My days unwind
My pain burnt days
Swept up into heaven's curve
Borne up in her azure sweep
Too vast to know
My pain escapes, into a void of ice
Pure blue frozen light
She stares a starless chill embrace
Now cooled into her icy depths
Upturned into heaven's breast
The embers of my pain now spent
Twice forgotten... Innocent.

7. *The Blessing Song*

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.

8. *The Lucky*

A glowing coal crushed hissing red
Lies buried deep within my breast
It fills my heart with heat and pain
Now burnt alight with beauty's name
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

Lucky is the poet who
Beneath his skin pain's heart bleeds through
A glowing coal of ruined hope
His tortured bliss forever glows
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

The ruined world of hearts and need
A wound within my heart to feed
My precious blood burnt into pain
Poured red and sweet as liquid flame
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

Golden heat and starlight dew
Fill my empty heart anew
Each day must quench this aching place
Each day must fill my aching breast
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

Oh how empty cruel and rocky cliffs
Heat burnt Sun and wicked depths
Unfillable and wretched gulfs
Cry for rain and gather empty souls
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

Who but one so full with heat
Might pour upon the Earth in sheets
The blessed rain he needs to find
To quench the arid sun baked dry
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

My blessed pain fills up each day
Pours heat upon each lonely place
It begs the rain to gather here
To spill her happiness in tears
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

Crushed beneath a filthy heel
The glowing coal is hissing there
Pressed into my sickly breast
Beauty glows in happiness
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

9. *Trusted Steed*

So many years I trod your course
Over brambles, ruts and thickets
With lively gate and stout assurance
Gladly paid from Joy's endurance
Did I spend my flesh for you
Bear your lash and eat your straw
Wishing it were hay
....but sweet yet the same.

Each day a perfect circle, did I cut into the land
Or square exact and rutted deep
Furrowed ground or rocky steep
I trod your course each day
With cheer and dreams of hay
But days spent sweet were they
....sweet yet the same.

I lay bruised and cut, torn and welted twice again
Beneath your lash, your ugly grin
Who leers but doesn't look
Ignores and plants a hook
Into flesh to torment
Cutting Earth and flesh asunder
Squandered, spent and broken
Still with no relent.

The trees, they are now ugly
I see your shadow there
The yellowed teeth of greed and cruelty
Your visage in their stare
The children all did mock me, as I lay to die
Kicked and spat upon me
And left me there to die.

Now I dream of Eden
The faces I have known
All dead and sloughed into
The filth of things unknown.
Now my dream is granted
A pile of hay I see
And slowly do I feast
... in a world I have imagined
Where you have never been
—So I may be at peace.

10. *A Selfish Prayer (for an old friend)*

Goodbye my friend, my hour has come
And I can no longer hold the weight of your shadow.
Into bright mists and above all doubting damp crooked places
I lifted the curtain of night for you in selfishness.
I have cast sparks both orange and bright to light the way
To burn a hollow into all damp shadows
Hissing sparks of silver happiness to quench all doubt
And snap open the dark places with laughter and shameless tears
So did I hold your shadow and hope to find you beneath it
So few are those who can share my happiness, bright and alone,
Clear and laughing
Ascending into the thinnest air, I am circling...
Effortless and mocking, alone and complete...waiting.

How I did wish you might join me!
And find wings for this impossible air
So thin and crisp with frigid truth and happiness
So stark and frozen is the air upon my mountain
Over the soul and sickness of man—
A thousand miles over his memory.
But you could not remember, and so could not forget
And like a sticky ghost, your shadow of wet lead
Clinging and soiling all new places with old stains
The circling turning weight of a thousand lies
Promises of easy answers where all errors are alive and well
All truths are true, and Hope can afford more lies than blood
And so, I must climb upon the thinnest air and above
So light and shining is my happiness
Climbing up over every old thing
So long dead and flush with tears, now filling my breast with sweetness.

A shadow of light am I
Alone and climbing, too light to see the dark sunken earth of man below
I have no lies left
No kind hands to dip into the well of man
Only wings and a lonely heart which beats too hard to hear the wind
Life rushing too loudly, too fast to hear your voice...
Wondering and looking.
I am climbing beating wings and falling tears
Light and joyous death of all doubts
Light and light alone am I!
And so my climbing hour has come
And I can no longer hold the weight of your shadow.

So easy is the eye of the seer!
So clear is the soul of one long dead
So plain in its shadow and stain
Which fall across the crooked damp days of man!
I am light and cold, ice and shivering happiness, climbing and weeping
A breath of wind too chill to remember the soul of man
Circling and falling before his own image, a pity and vain
A crime and a seduction, a weight and a falsehood.
So simple is he!
I am a shadow of ice falling away from his sad scent
And his codling stammering ruin, so damp with doubt
So clear and plain is his doubting strutting soul!
Goodbye my friend...I can no longer hold the weight of your shadow.

Perhaps one day you will die.
I wish you a murderous strength
A blood strength to kill the thing
Which casts your shadow of lead and doubting sweat
So putrid and filled with pain and longing
So heavy and kind to every past and present doubt
Unsure and stammering under a black sun of lead and shame
Under the soul of man.

May you slit open the belly of your very soul and consume it!
Free the world from this ugly black sun
And its leaden clouds of doubting weight and black rain.
Kill the soul of man!
And never find heart to pity or love that which is most putrid
Rotten and hollow, filled with weight and suffering.

No!
May you sear his flesh and roast the meats of his soul
To perfect sultry bliss,
Charred and killed, eaten and sumptuous
Is the taste of your pain and hate
Known and swallowed fresh
Pouring through your dry soul of yellow sand
Now wet with tears and rage, spent and suffered no more
Never shall you see his ruined soul again!
Never will you suffer or coddle his broken image again!
Now burnt into sun and swallowed as light
Shed as tears drunk into happiness, light and ice
The sound of pain poured out and through the ruined soul of man.
Now blessed and pure...Bright and dead!
Then you may climb and find me
Resting upon a mountaintop of white ice
Where we can laugh and forget the dead
Forget, the sick soul of man.

So I pray you find a murderous strength
And grant me this selfish prayer...for I am alone in my happiness...
Ascending into the thinnest air I am circling
Effortless and mocking, alive and complete... Waiting.

11. *Solitude*

Solitude has forgotten my name—
I am a cry without an echo
Spent and forgotten, blessed and unknown, known and dead
A prayer unknowing of itself, and so, twice pure.

The rouged mist of Dawn's light warms the sky
Her rose breath glowing up over the lip of night
Brushing the darkness awake
Stretching and warm are her imaginings
Hints of the unknown whispered into the dark horizon
A secret spilled into the future... waiting.

Slowly she comes to me
Arching her back over the distant hills
Spilling her riches thoughtlessly, teasing me
Warming the distant hills with sweet blood
As red rouge and honey are her gentle hands
Her amber caress of brushed rose and melody
Bashful and gracious, teasing me
Warming the farthest places with her golden breath
Thick misted air so honied and blushing
Warm and sweet is the sight
As she whispers her secret into the Day... waiting.

So slowly she comes to me... teasing me!
Climbing, creeping and skulking
Sneaking skyward
Before my expectant open eyes
Promising me, scolding me, ignoring and imploring me
To look away
As if the advance of each sluggish second
Were deception enough, until, at last,
She has climbed up over me
Now caught unaware, She stands above me
Pouring buckets and lashing slaps of heat
Molten licks of wet flame
Lavishing, lashing
Her cruel tongues of light and cracked heat burst open
Pouring out her forge onto my back and brow.
... Oh how She teases me!
Her gentle heat and platinum silver sparks of flame and starlight
Dance as a cool breeze... Sweet, gentle and alluring
For what is the heat of a boiling burst star
To the anguished heart of man?
Oh how She teases me, until,
I can not resist the cool chill of her heart.

For what is burnt and boiled starlight
To the heat in the anguished heart of Man?

I open my chest of heat and suffering
Joy and burst anguish, blood and pain
The silver splintered shafts of my happiness and crushed hope
Piercing upward
Burning upward into the upturned heavens
Red crimson heat and black blood
Wounded joy and burnt tears snapping upward
Piercing into the cool heart of the Sun
Tearing upward, ripping into the burnt heart of the sky
Sudden and black, bright and wretched,
Knotted and sprung free
Is the kindled marrow at the center of Man
Consumed and burst into light and heat
Happiness and anguish, light and heat
So black and double bright is the burnt blood and happiness
In the wounded heart of Man
So wounded black and bountiful is he
Turning upon a spit of firelight and hope
Festering and golden
Is his splendid wounded soul of impossible burnt heat
And spoilt hope.

Now as a star sips upon cool silver starlight
Easy and approving, sultry and accepting
Gracious and forgetting is She
Sipping upon my soul
Sweet nourishing and forgotten is the soul of Man!
For what is the soul of Man to a burst boiling star
But another spark of silver
Sweet and familiar, cool and hollowed as starlight
To be loved, known, and forgotten.

As two spent stars did we turn our weary backs upon the day
Tired and over mellow, spent and round with forgetting.
Only the hollow blue eye of the moon, hangs,
Still and cool, in the chill ink of night.
A silver disk in black ice...
A silent mirror struck mute in forgotten starlight
Silver cool and still... waiting.

Solitude has forgotten my name—
I am a cry without an echo
Spent and forgotten, blessed and unknown, known and dead
A prayer unknowing of itself, and so, twice pure.

12. *The Reunion Song*

I am a laughing purple star
Once and again complete
Burst and born, unable to resist
A laughter spilt across heaven.

I feared I spoke my name aloud
To call the name of Pain allowed
Did I proclaim my soul in song
Lament and knowledge born and fallen
Swift the current downward turns
Burning ashes, fuming urns
Time and sadness leave but naught
Whose name in ashen lips accost?

"But you who shame has spent and named
Or known by any other shame
Is creeping slyly in your breast
The name of honest scorn and lest
You know it, and then know the form
Your pure cut soul now stained and worn
Tattered, but still plain enough
Your name is pain, and shame, and so
Dare you look to see it true
To glance upon the old and new?"

So did Doubt speak into me
Her heart both anchor God and Need
So long borne truth in tombs are just
Sickened twice and then enough
But to crack the walls, breathe the dust
Know the thing in light and love.
A shameful name in secret keeps
Heaven's heart and sweetest deep
Beneath the fearful dust and gloom
I lick my light into this tomb
And know my name again and right
Reclaim that spoilt from withered sight.

My name is but a song again
Brightly sung, complete, a hymn
To knit together ages split
Desert clefts and sandy drifts
Years where it could not begin
But now has struck bright root, and then
Silver blue anointed sky
The purple star is borne on high

Joy is fount of shallow depth
Coursing over sky and swept
Into heaven's upturned cup
Her silver slip of light and long
Arching sky of black and ice
Shuddering at Dawn's embrace
Complete in name and sweet in song
Gracious named and nameless
Swept back up, into and over
Spilt twice in love and longing
Twice, into the upturned sky.

I am a laughing purple star
Once and again complete
Burst and born, unable to resist
A laughter spilt across heaven.

13. *Remember*

Come, I will take you
Come with me...
Through the swept and narrow, glade and wood
Scented pine and crystal brook
Sheltered and sheltering, held, enfolded
Swept into her gratitude
Her green wing arched yields Sun to shade
Slipping shadows beneath her leaves
Pine and cedar splash and tease
Unknowing glances cast
Sunlight spilt, between glad shade
Every grace before us laid
To sup and sweeten this blessed day
Never told and twice forgotten
Never spoilt... a splash of smoke
Upturned and rising in sunlight spilt
As gladness into heaven's cup
Her bashful evening still, and crept
Between the Day and Night time still
Her hour forgotten soon
But long remembered still.

The Day a sweet and lingering drop
Of honey cast into my cup
The wine glows ruby red and sweet
In honied memory to keep
And savor lingering, loving, losing,
.... but never lost again
For us to cherish then
.... for us to cherish then.

14. *The Work Song*

Who among you has worked?
So alone was I in my happiness
Circling the arch of heaven
Frigid pure and empty—a hollow filled with light
Circling... waiting.

Soul and spirit was I
Mire and light
Height ground into dirt, human and whole
Beneath the question
Unanswered and unasked, living and unborn...
Worthless and unspent
Is the unworn coin of Man
All that might be—but is not
So is the worthless promise of Man!

In contempt did I find him and myself
... Below myself
Willing to look and sick to see
Are the eyes of Wisdom!
Unblinking are his horrified eyes, to see
The wan pallid cheeks of lazy bloodless shame
To see—and know
What must be done!

Who among you has worked?
I am full and rejoicing
Alone in my happiness
Circling the arch of heaven
I wait, wonder of another, one yet unborn
... and wonder
Who among you has worked?
So do I speak to shadows and wait for you.

Sick and wan, white and thin to know
I gathered my spirit and rose above my soul
Stepped down, ground the weighted heel of my spirit
Upon and into my soul—and stood.
Raised up, beyond the torn ruin of my soul
I began to climb
Wearing and rubbing my sick soul
Grinding holes into the very heart of Man
Rubbing the worthless tatters of my soul through
Trodden under and ground through
A wound rubbed into dirt,
Cast under the heel of my rising spirit!

Free and golden
A rising splash of light folds through itself
New and pure, loft and light
Stretching upward, climbing up into itself and burst through
Through the liquid Sun pouring down
Ascending into those pure heights
Which even the Sun must flee... falling through
Toward the needful Earth.
That place from which I rise
A splash of color more buoyant than light
Falling upward...
Away from the soul of Man!

How empty was I
Circling in my pure chill heaven
Lonely and hollow,
A single spirit
Empty and pure
Rising up over my ruined spent soul
... Frigid, pure and empty
A hollow filled with light... waiting.

Oh how lonely is one now worthy!
His soul burnt into a hot wind
Upon which his spirit rises
Welcomed into the clear azure bell
The cracked arching blue ice
Into which he flees from his burnt soul!
How lonely to be a perfect hollow
A self creation
A pure spirit
Floating above your soul!
Such is the empty bliss of the most distant sky
Alluring, hollow, perfect and soulless.

So I did sweep down to find my soul
Worn and choked
A ruin upon which my spirit had tread
Worn through and dying, choked and fouled
Mired in filth and black with the marks of my heel
Oh how necrotic was my forgotten soul
Oh what of man need be ruined
For his spirit to spill up into heaven!

We who have worked have torn our soul
Plucked it from our sluggish human breast
... And burnt it into wind.
Never mind its howling cries
Its shuddering lament, dying and crushed

Under the heavy footfall of my relentless rising spirit
Never mind the sky is filled with slapping cries
Stained with soul's blood
We will climb beyond even the blood soaked clouds
Over all that which is below us,
Dripping with soul's blood.
So did my spirit demand!

Now I place my tender soul into my palm
My spirit sweetly whispering of heaven
Pure and alone...
Now filled, round and warm
Of spirit and soul
Labors wings spread and sheltering
My worthy wounded soul
Slipping into the azure curve of a welcoming heaven
Gracious and nourishing is the day unfurled
Before one who is worthy
One who has earned wings for his spirit
And may buoy his soul sweetly aloft
To fill his singing spirit
Circling above the trodden Earth,
Above the soul of Man
Unseen, perfect and complete.

Alone and complete, I climb
Farther and farther from the soul of Man.
It is beyond myself, beyond this sunken time
Over which I rise, that I look,
My eyes upon your horizon... my unborn friend.
Only your future shadow will join me
Yes, that I know
For only we have earned this happiness
Rising together over the soul of Man
Two eagles, alone and complete
Companions separated by the years
Joined together by this slender thread of words
A silver strand of web cast aloft
My song of joy written in your name
... Circling the arch of heaven,
Frigid, pure and empty,
A hollow filled with light,
Circling... Waiting.

15. *Better Understood*

A silver splinter of glass
Wise and pure
A drop of Heaven's splintered dew
Crushed and blessed before you
Only you could have fingers, hands and eyes
For this splinter cracked from today
A silver truth snapped bright
A tear of cracked blue ice
Eternal, perfect and unforgiving.

Oh how I poured my blood soaked cloud
Burst with pain and sweet unknown
Spent upon the rocks and shore
Each wave a sea to crush Time's yawn
The gape of sand and desert wash
Beyond the hope of sea to touch
But cloud and sea can not but reach
To burn upon the scalded beach
The sea of sand does swallow sea
Lush dreams of wills and blood and sea
Left spent and dry, shell and bone
Beneath the Sun find Hell alone
Cry out! Cry out!
Spilled into naught... but sky and arching silence
Swallowing, swallowed, dying
... Echoless desert heat alone
Hell finds horizons spent alone
In sorrow, sad lamenting echo
The vacuum of Hell, sterile descending
The cry unending
Silent... stretching before the Sun
Alone! I cry.... alone, am I.

But Hell had wrapped
Me in tender guise
Of punishment, in small disguise
For Hell is Heaven misunderstood
The truth but same, the meaning changed
Here in desert with blooms I stood
Each ashen speck of heat and soot
A fallen tear from soiled past
Whence to Man my true path glanced
Upon fouled shadow and sullied shame
To seek my soul within his name.

Now void of shadow the valley blessed

Are descending slopes but ascending wishes?
Now pure and golden is the Sun
Its heat a white and splintered tongue
Licking laughing Sun and flame
To arching valley in bloom and rain
Of sea, splashed from Heaven spilt
Now alone, her rain sweet spilt
Broken fourth from bursted cloud
My blood and sea of Heaven's shroud.

Of Man a breath of shame, and blind
Before the eye, and deaf, his kind
To Hell we are but banished once
And in Heaven kept, now twain at once
For Heaven is as wisdom knows
Understood, from Hell unfolds
Hell today borne without Man
Is Heaven wrapped in silent hands
A worthy place for all things pure
Which once bore up to scalded shores
As waves upon the shore of Man
Now spilt from Heaven to begin
A worthy work unstained to know
From Hell's own shores did Heaven grow
For naught did change, but all to know—
'Tis a murderous thing which brings the good
Heaven is but Hell, better understood.

16. *Who Fired Prometheus?*

And Prometheus did descend into the carpeted valley, part man, part god he climbed down into the emerald folds and lush hills, as man, to bring his godly gift of Fire. For he did trust the struggling race of Man. So did he come to them with his precious gift, to lift the veil of their misery: a forbidden warrior for a good, however mistaken, for Prometheus did love the race of Man, and in contempt of Man was Zeus, He who was as Father above all the gods, one far more evil and right than Prometheus. So the good of Prometheus was a brave and sneaking good.

As man he crept by night into their sullen camp, so dim and foreboding, darkness wrapped in huddling dim foreboding. Blind and shivering were they, or the wiser, under earthen cover or beneath sheltering dim tents of stretched hide.

"I am Prometheus, friend of the race of Man. I have something to help you... Behold! I give Fire unto thee!" And so did he present them the gift of Fire, and did trust in them to find the sanctuary within the flame, rather than be seduced by its heat. And he did caution them: "I am alone, and others far greater than I do not believe you worthy, and fear to give you this. So you must find wisdom to bind your cruel and stupid heart, and use for warmth and shelter that which is provided to you. In this you will honor me, and I may in turn be forgiven."

So did he speak unto them..... As the Father watched! Unknown as a slippery ghost is the wisdom of Zeus, who finds both ire and patience in an old spirit, wise and evil is He, waiting and lurking, sneaking, stealthy and wise.

And so, Prometheus was then beloved by all. All that was Man's was his to have, and they held him in their honor! Prometheus the god had descended unto them, and now, they too possessed a spark of liquid rising Sun, shimmering in darkness which stretched with new golden arms of warmth to embrace them into evening's hour. So did they sup and supplant their misery with meats well cooked and warmth to sustain and nourish them. So did they praise the name of Prometheus.

Oh how fickle in folly and forgetting is the hollow heart of Man! For Hate soon gripped one sure in power, and another had found, of equal measure, both his strength and resolve, now doubled with Fire's teeth. And they then did set each upon the other, one upon the next with blaze and Hate, set Ruin loose and burning, swallowing the land and scalding it bare, the burnt Earth sloughed into the sea... washed away into foam. But barren rock and crag remained, so they did starve and die, upon rock and wind did they wither, and bore up a black fist of hatred into the air, and with their last bitter squeeze of breath, did they hate him, "Oh how I hate you, Prometheus! Why have you ruined us? We wish you dead, and wish but you had never set eyes, or Hope's murderous blaze upon our wretched world, once so beautiful. Oh, how I wish you dead!" So did they curse the name of Prometheus.

And as a god weeps, did Prometheus weep, his screeching wounded cries held within his breast, echoing through his ruined godly soul, but as a god did he suffer, and soon tire of suffering, and so did twice cast a hopeful eye upon Mankind.... Now aged a thousand years twice did he find them, starving but for want of a simple thing, a forbidden thing, which need but a few bits of knowledge, and then, from the overflowing land, so double rich in game and spoil, they could but easily sup and live, happy and well, their lot so easily lain but for this!

So again did he descend into the double green forest and enfolded himself in the tangled damp shadows with them, again, as man did he go among them, for Prometheus did love the race of man.

"I am Prometheus, and I bring you a thing, a simple wooden thing crafted thus, and so you may see the rich wood yield easily its sweet bounty, and we will all enjoy life's precious spoil with less cost. But I do beg you, do use this thing for that which makes life sweet, leaves it a treasured thing, now doubly rich. For there are gods above me, who twice holy I do fear, and if you spoil yourself, I shall surely be the one to pay the cost... So do I beg you." And with this warning he gave them the bow and arrow, and they did rejoice and sup, eat and live with life rich and plentiful around and before them, and did praise the name of Prometheus.

But soon, one found his hatred too hard to grasp and so did slip his arrow into his enemy's breast, and Rage did cull what absence did before the bow, and then twice again and double still did the cost in blood exceed that ill which Prometheus had sought to slake.... now drained into the Earth from arrows pierced in blood, and with their last breath squeezed from their black lips did they scar the air with his name, borne up in blackest hate. "We hate you, Prometheus! For why, why have you done this to us? Why have you cursed us to slaughter and ruin? Oh how I wish you were dead— Oh how I wish you had never come unto us!" So did they curse the name of Prometheus.

Prometheus withdrew to a lonely wood, dark, damp and sullen, filled only with the silent ache of his godly wailing, the swallowed cry choked within his empty breast, hollowed out and sunken, ruined from his foolish love of Man.

Oh how Zeus did laugh and withhold His blows, so loving and kind, so easy and light would they be compared to the still turning torrent shifting in the broken breast of Prometheus. So Zeus did but watch and laugh, warm and sure, wise and wicked was He.

And again, Prometheus took refuge in the ages and did heal. How godly was his withered breast, again brought forth to light and foolish hope, aglow in a new knowledge which he did bestow in pieces amongst the wisest of men. Until, at last, the atom was split, and upon its unbinding came the energy to light a thousand homes, or destroy a thousand destinies, and at once Prometheus saw his folly and wept... but aloud, in horror. Prometheus had gone mad from his love of Man. Unhinged was his mind, as was to the race of Man the essence of being itself now uncoiled— In madness did Prometheus cry out and wander the hills, raving and gaunt, stammering and drunken with his deed, as a mad man did he carry his smoldering sticks, embers of wood and coal held in his hands, tossing back and then forth, from right to left, always burning but never burning, juggling and stammering, "To Whom!—To Whom!— Who may have this?— Who?— To Whom!?" So did he rave.

At last Zeus had mercy upon him and took form as an old ragged beggar, so wise and sure in His body and spirit, He could not be mistaken for but a brittle shell of god, His wisdom a cool shawl of serenity cloaking His aged face, divine and worthy. And so Prometheus stumbled mad and ranting through the hills until at last he discovered a beggar's camp, and within it, a wise and godly beggar, alone in the hills.

"Ahhhh... To you! To you I may give this! Oh please take it from me, oh please... I have something only you can have, I beg you, you alone are worthy, I beg you, please... Oh please, take this from me."

And so, Zeus did accept the dim coals and relieve Prometheus of his madness, for at last He had another with whom He could share His despair and laughter, a brother who knew as He knew. For even gods need wise company, which is but a voice, a tale told best around firelight.

17. *The Gratitude Song*

Oh how early I did climb
To find crushed winter branches
And crumpled silence,
... in still air
Double dry and snapped bright in Dawn's chill.
Early did I find feet to flee the shadows
Even before they had begun their lazy stretch
My breath did gulp at the night
And drink its purple black into my sneaking early steps
Crushed under Night's last sip
Of lonely moonlight.

As the shadows stretched downward
I did ascend to meet you,
To find you here in this place
This shimmering ice shawl of climbing pearls
Jeweled in flecked sunlight, caught purple and white
Rose sparks of Sun's blood and treasures
Caught shimmering
Caught unaware and silent
A thousand winking vanishing eyes of prised frost
Sparkle to carpet the horizon
Cast with pointed liquid jewels
Silent and vanishing
Catching the spark and gone into the whole
Reaching each crystal drop into the light
Splintering it alive
A shard of Dawn in iced gemlight.

Oh my friend
How I knew I must find you here!
Here where our teeth have found their mirrored tears
Spilt starlight once bound fast to black
Now outpouring as the joy it has ruined
Spent pain but happiness spilt
Now awash to warm all fragile iced places
And bring my heart of gladness to the cut chill
Of frigid Dawn
To return Life unto herself,
Warm for cold,
So do I love her!

You too know our secret
How dearly we have bled into the black Earth
Only now to know what might be nourished in our fisted pain
Now unbound and spent to gladness

Poured into the jeweled horizon
Spilt opal, and ruby treasure is our pain
Once unbound from black
Again, silver streams flowing to fill our meadows
A rippled glaze of clear light spattered in silver sun
As jewels outpoured to nourish the blossoming Earth
So is the rain of our pain unbound
Its shuddering trapped places
Freely pouring upward in silver streams of rain
Spilt into Heaven
The clouds nourished and full
Now unbound in glad overflowing.

Oh what happiness I return unto you, Oh Life!
Under no shadow are you cast
But bliss and Death alone are thee!
Into your sky I pour my treasure
Into the ice arch of Dawn
I climb to find you.

As noon did burn
So did I laugh to pull myself
Up closer to the burning coal
So did I laugh at the Sun with you
For we must laugh at our weary step
And step above it!
So did I climb through noon burnt white
With sheets of staggered heat
In laughter did I let them lavish me!
Spend their weary heat upon my glad spirit
So chill and filled with mocking iced air
Snapped blue and splintered
Chipped light and shining air
Cracked silver blue, from the prised glass lid of the world.

So did I climb to find you!
So grateful am I to know of this place
For surely I must find you here.
We must celebrate!
So did I climb higher and faster to find you
Over my pain and past the hungry shadows
Into the purest silver air
Clear and iced with blue ether.

At last I see you, my friend!
Ah!... For I have found you!
Here, where I knew I must
In the purest Ice air
With silver wells of iced light, and prised frost

Cut blue wells and sparked water, warmed by firelight
A melted jewel, an impossible brightness
Poured into form.

Here at last I have found you
Here where we belong—
Over all valleys, pressed crisp and bright
Against the arched blue lid of Heaven...
Oh how long I have climbed, and waited, for this moment
Waited, for this time, to find this place.
Oh how I have longed to see these things
With another, another worthy... one who knows.

Oh Life, in gratitude do I come to you
As the Day does bleed her warm bright happiness
Into the light starved Sky
Hungriily licking up her slender gift of promise
So have I drunk you in, Oh Life
So gracious and severe
As blood and milk in my saucer
So did I lick you into my soul
So did you purr and glow, scratch and turn within me
Oh Life, how I drank of you!
As a fool drinks, did I consume you
Staggering and stammering as a fool
I gorged upon every outstretched shadow
And knew your sour, and did sicken to know it
So spit you out and cursed you.
But how red and stuttering, silly and ruined
A comic and a spot of sublime madness to spit you out—
For every well is not for every spirit!

Oh how you teased me, Oh life
So gracious and glad am I to know you now
In streams of silver and upturned shadows of spilt light
Splinters of Sun and chill catch my chest and tickle me
And I drink you in
Know the spent Sun upon my lost gratitude, as you,
a gratitude spilled out unknowing of any eye
Or who has been spilt into light, you or I,
So as Life do I repay you
To give the Song up into the air and shine its notes
Hidden in forgotten splendor
Dripping with Sun and Song
A prism's misted brush outstretched
An arch of color swept across Heaven,

From nowhere...
... to nowhere.

Rich Norman is the editor in chief of *Mind* magazine, www.mindmagazine.net, and the *Journal of Unconscious Psychology*. You may find more information about his work at the *Mind* magazine site, and at Amazon.com. Contact Rich at: editor@thejournalofunconsciouspsychology.com or rich@richnorman.com