

Existential Verse

An existential problem: we can never really know or directly experience the world or the feelings of another. Phenomenologically, all we ever perceive, is our own *internal* state, never a direct impression of experience. This dissociated condition leaves we human social creatures, and we are that, in a bind. Perhaps this unattended emptiness is the source of our greatest strength and virtue: the need to care for and help each other. A bit of height by way of paradox. It is from the lonely places, that the need to reach out is born.

A Whisper Warms Silence (poem for Blair)

How I hoped
As a shadow craves light
Tracing in silhouette
Fingers and eyes, tender and broken
Cast into an empty place
To find you.
For my heart is brittle and sweet
And in tender want
Summons flesh and ghost
The prayer cast aloft
To name you
...as a whisper warms silence.

Alone and perfect, each chip of light
A diamond shard of silver ice
Crackling in bright chill
The bower silent and shimmering
Brash is her silver tongue
Flicking chips of silver green schist
Cut light and platinum sparks
...teased out
From the broken heart of white sun
Spent as chipped emerald and diamond sparks
Cast madly down
Upon a floor of pillowed silence
Dancing and vanishing, brash and silver white
Are the shattered tears of silver sun
As a diamond's teasing laughter spills out
Brash and innocent
Poured and frozen, then cast suddenly out
As shattered winter tears
Or the spray of torn surf and froth
...lashed...
Upon wet black rock

As an offering to the sun.
It is this which I must share
...and I am alone.

The arch of frigid blue
Broad and empty is her pure heart
Holding all beneath in an ice blue palm
Frigid and perfect is her empty heart
Holding and cooling all brittle things
Now frozen and silent
As cracked glass and ice are a womb
...most pure
As cold does enfold and covet
The deepest heart of silver light
Spilled out
As fresh chips of diamond
Scattered, unthinking and bright
Before a careless noon.
Ah...
How sweet is the music
Of her shimmering chill heart
Trembling, as new melody wavers
Once broken open in frozen sun.
Ah!
...for I am alone
...and it is this, which I must share.

The black palm of deepest night
Silently warms under the promise
Of first light yet unfound
As hope does fill an empty place, before truth
...and hold us.
As dreams spill into the darkest arid corners
Until the day calls us awake
...to dream her.
As winter light hollows the eye in cruel chill
And lets us dream again
...of warmth.
As dawn does tease the day awake
And soon finds herself weary from spending
...to gladly retire.
As empty things most pure and chill
Wish for golden noon, so they may be squandered
...and sweetly lost.
As hunger finds reason...at last
To know purpose

...and be filled.
So do I cast my eye into this world
More perfect and silent than the heart of light
And hope
...to share.
This is why
...I have dreamt you.

How I hoped
As a shadow craves light
Tracing in silhouette
Fingers and eyes, tender and broken
Cast into an empty place
To find you.
For my heart is brittle and sweet
And in tender want
Summons flesh and ghost
The prayer cast aloft
To name you
...as a whisper warms silence.

Eternity's Mirror (poem for Lea)

In this world there are sights
Which are eternal
Before them...we are all shattered
It is here...that we become lucky
Broken children, unnamed and naked
Shattered to brightness
...are we
Who must speak
Now chosen and shining
—*but Eternity's mirror.*

The eye is struck
Ne'er closed again
The sight stitched fast
The wound rent tight
All the world
Turns round a spit
By firelight's scent
The sound and scene
He tears the heart
And hurts the world
Cut and bled

Choked down dry in bitter tears
The day ne'er wide nor open
The night ne'er short nor brief
The world but choked and tangled
In clots of bitter fact
Never to forget
Lost blessing set against
Knowledge that has rent
Ragged, torn and salted
Spat out and rudely chewed
A child's soul to hold
Sight's eternal wound.

Here, I have sweetly knitted
Of sky and bower swept
Up into the chill
Of ice and blue forgetting
I catch your tears in falling
Silver drops of pain
Each so double precious
Before my trembling eye
Fills my hollow heart
Warms the empty place.
For you are but my sister
And I but brother cut
Beneath a lash but cruel
In tender sight at last
Pain never forgotten
But heard, and lain to rest.

Never lost is sound
Once crumpled, stained and cut
Never lost is pain
Once burst within the heart
Never to forget
Always but to know
Rattled, raw and broken
Quiet never more.
Peace is only found
Once the eye is cut clean back
Never to forget, rubbed raw but red in black
Now we find the answer
As trembling tears spilt out
Leave tender ears and eyes
To fill the hollow fact.

Look! You—you are as I!
Too tender not to know
Now cleansed and shattered
—a singing vibration of pain
An ecstasy most turgid
Ripe and sweet with new blood
So is the softest note of first dawn
A symphony of sound
Once nested in the ear
...of a broken child.

Shattered to brightness are we!
Now singing in silver sun
But mirror of every tenderness
Bestowed twice too late
Now warm and sweet
Salt and golden is the sight
Of your tears
...glistening in a bronze setting sun
So beautiful under heaven
...as Eternity's mirror.

We will never forget
But spill the truth as wet drops of light
Shining and pure are your tears
...Please, let me hold you
You are precious for this
Each tear a blessing
Spilled tenderly out to nourish the sight
Of pain and beauty...entwined as lovers
Before my eye.

As flesh rubbed raw
Finds each fold of tender breeze
...and is soothed,
So is the day warmed to see you.
Silver drops of time
Squandered and ruined, blessed and cherished
So tender and sweet are you now
—my beautiful sister—
For we are lucky, you and I
—we who feel too much
And so, are most alive.

Now chosen,
—*but Eternity's mirror.*

You may contact me through the staff contact page at *Mind* magazine:
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