

A Wish and the Grove

I have a gift for you. I am poor of pocket, but rich in spirit. Here, for you:

So magnificent...to wake and see night's tender silence, her tears of whispered down, drifting...hushed, and pristine. Each crack and crevice, now poured over in wind and cream...but silence, to hold my valley, coaxed into warmth, under drifting winds...once held in crystal dark, poured through with hushed tears, fallen through the deepest hours. Each tender crown of silence, hangs...upon shoulders of draped limb and trunk, hunched and guarded, drooping under night's crown of shouldered weight.

We might walk, into the arch, of distant azure, as glass arched and overturned, calling us, to lighter moments, ever higher, toward the distant lid of the world, under hanging shawl of limb and light, green emerald sparks tease beneath, hidden and covetous is the silence, holding needle and branch, before the eye of dawn—hours spilling into noon...closer we climb, into the distant ice air, snapped with glass shards of prism, and spattered sun, glittering, within ice wind. Brittle and pure, is the marrow, of frozen light, now crushed beneath our footfall, climbing, pressed higher into the hungry blue eye, of eternity.

Noon did pour her overburdened heart, now spilling brittle warmth, golden and bright, chipped shards of diamond, hold her, splintered and laughing is the sound of ice, singing, filling the air, with chips of shattered rouge and emerald, vanishing, in broken chill. And upon each heavy place, her heart did spill, and lavish, upon heavy drifting white shoulders, her song spent out. . . as golden melody, might fill clear pools of ice, and warm them. And each branch, did hover low, its crown of burden, draped in honied sun, but kissed, in broken wind, soon softened within her amber folds, to shed the weight of night's burden.

And each branch, did spring forth, unweighted of drift and down, no longer hunched and drooping... pine and fir unbound and singing as chipped emerald ice...singing in brittle sun.

So, do I wish for you.

The Grove

Do you remember
Where we met?

As morning crept under wing of silence, slowly. . . gathering beneath the lip of night, warming the bruised sky, so very quietly, unnoticed were you, by the forest, as I watched; so early, before dawn's first whisper had faded, from the empty sky. Leaf and shadow shuffling over water, tangled fingers, silver clear, bubbling, as breath and foam, whisper, of shining rock and cupped earth, waiting, under the faded bruise of night: gentle, unknowing and sweet, to fill my eye. Each leaf, did find in tender parting, warmth, and

rouge, within the seconds, shared, between us. Slowly, the arch, did find warmth, and shafted melody, spilling, golden and thick, over each sunken place and emerald depth, now thick and warm, full and sweet, in yellow sun, and green petals of shuffling wind. So, did the seconds part...to unfold you.

Into the damp, I did take you, a gentle murmur, cupped beneath shaded wind...closer and closer, deeper into the sacred places... where sound and light, shimmering and giddy, adorn all things.

Silver chips of hissing light, and rushing foam, each drop, of froth, falling toward the rushing bottom...sound, held in sprays of chipped tumbling light, spilled from liquid marrow, burst and shining, as the pillowed frost of round winter swells, poured out into tumbling mists of hissing prism and depth...the heart of light, tumbling and burst...the canyon filled and rumbling as my deepest hollow want, found at last mirror, beneath foaming prised mist.

And into the narrow places, water did rush, into clefts, now shining and singing, rock but narrow, filled and bright...hissing foam and beaded wave, did covet the narrow places and fill them...shining cleft, now full and receiving, chips of tumbling spray...glad, silver and flowing within the narrow places.

So was the waterfall, but mirror, and watcher...both holy and wise, is she, in her silent heart...looking, yet never seeing. Gracious and wise...was the grove, where we met.

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.