

2. *My Brother* Copyright © 2011 Richard Lawrence Norman

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.