

Julie

Beneath and below
Before sight has conjured
That which is,
She lives
...where light is wound from wave
To become.
Where thought is struck awake
And spills ink and page, borne up
Upon unseen winds
It is here, in the hidden corners
That she brings sight.

In-sight, she looks, and finds
Worlds are spun of light,
Conjured awake
Nourished between the guarded places
Hidden in thick folds of darkness, is light
Until the gift, unwrapped...found time
Has lost her way
As yet unborn, in this place.

For time too
...is born.

The rushing foam and rippled heart
Of silver water and bright heat, light and dank
Hurt and sweet blood, swollen, round bottomed sun
Filling the meadow, with ripples
Painted wind holds folded grasses,
Under the arch of heaven, spilled
From the tangle, an unknown
...which she has called.

All is
Wind and water, sun and glade, pain and lightest laughter
Born and beaten, of a heart, beneath hungry skies
Pierced with starlight, cut awake, to find
Before time
We are stitched of this.

As the earth crawls toward heaven, and meets a falling sky
As light traces shadow, and covets darkness
As the seconds tick back, and then, round time's curve, to circle
As I, know of you, before meeting

It is this which she sees.

It is here, that all things, are.

The brittle branch is gloved in spring's promise
The rolling white of winter's sweep, calls the depths to answer
...in summer, wanton and brash.
Clear winter air, sweetened
...with damp, sticky notes and heated song, pressed into time's marrow
...to fill her.

For here...time is yet un-cast
Her name but an imagining
We might yet crave
And wish to hold
For essence, precedes, and fills
...all shallow worlds
Before Time's spending.

It is here that she lives,
and might spill for us
The vision, before sight.

It is here that we may yet hear her voice
Spent in color and form,
Before fact has bound, and released
Time.

This is her gift
The seconds yet unborn, hold her voice:

"Before creation, is essence, cupped within time's pouring,
is truth's promise ...yet unspent, complete, and eternal."

All is.

This, she has named,
And so, might teach:

Before time...rests eternity.

—Rich Norman

