

Prayer of vanished days

Ah...my friend
How late the hour, and the glass is spilt
Unto the next and past...lies hope.
For there are no more days to waste.

I give to you, all treasured worlds
Bright and jeweled, innocent and wise
Hope spinning as a top
Mad and dancing...for you deserve this
You who are yet unborn
May see the worth
Of time.

To you I hold my hope
The hours wither into lost moments
As broken tears shed
Now sweetly held
For you.

All wretched worlds crumple
Sound and stink soiled in pride and bluster
Heat and soot paint the silver air
In shouts.
Hollow and foolish is this world.

But you have never known...this place.
And so, I do love you, and know
The unborn seconds are lost to this world
And hold the breath of hope
In tender hands.

Here, hold the tears of hope
Shimmering in slipped pools
Spilt beneath the drops of last light
Hope is unborn.

Only you are worthy.

The opal heart of time, crushed into notes of sudden hue
May not be wasted...for you may taste them
And hold precious
What is unknown to this world.

I do pray, to the unborn
For they have the last drops of time
And do covet
That which has been squandered.

Only you are worthy.

The last seconds
Crawl over the lip of time
...and vanish.

But for you.

Ah...my friend
How late the hour, and the glass is spilt
Unto the next and past...lies hope.
For there are no more days to waste.

But for you.

—© 2015 Rich Norman