

Of Hope

Oh sweet child
Come here, let me hold you
And wipe your broken tears
For I am sure
I alone do care.

Who but me
...is able?

Look into the world
And know.

The sky is pure and bright
Once your tears ran as silver streams
Amidst bubbling laughter
So coveted and bright
Shining and giddy
Tears and hope mixed and poured
Before a silver sun
Cupped here in my eye are you
...even now
Before time.

Did you know that?

For the world is a broken child
That I alone might mend.

I remember when you were cut
Left
A scrap torn and flicked
...as a bit of trash
Watched
Looking
Feeding him
Your pain a sweet scrap
A morsel of suffering
In his image.

...so did they feed upon you
Yes...I remember.

Here, I will hold you
And place the world before you

New
Now as before.

Here, you may have everything.
I will give it to you.

Can you hear the brook
Cupped in tender hands of rock and sand
I have poured it for you
Beneath shaded arch
And covetous damp.

Oh, how precious you are.

I will change time for you
and give to you
...a new life.

For I can do this.

Who else, can change time?

Do you see,
The tender grove
Welcomes you
Sweet and warm is the new sky
I have wrapped you in
And adorned even the distant clouds
To whisper
Into the arch of furthest hope
Now full and sweet
Within you.

Oh dear one
Can you taste the wind
And find the scent of salt
Has cleansed the seconds
...pure?

Yes, I remember
When he broke your arms
Yes, I know why, they no longer work.

I remember.

Tugged in broken wind, the puppet

Cut
For him to see...
...I remember.

Here dear one
...you need not worry
For he is dead.

Children no longer feed him.

Let me hold you
And show you
...of hope:

I can see them hurt you
So full and warm inside
...as you suffer.

Let us pity them
For that which fills its belly
With tears
Is itself
Pain.

Look what I have given you
To replace them
...for the most wicked of lies
May be cleansed.

In crystal silence, and drifting sun
Noon does fill
and cup the seconds within you
My kiss, so gentle
As drifting clouds, trace the distant places
...but to think of them.

So tender is my heart, filled and filling
the hollow seconds.

Sun, speaks, in warmth
Whispered
Beneath
Time
Pulse, fills, and folds
...within.

So are you, within me.

Clear and bright
Tender and unwavering,
Truth's melody
But a whisper
Felt
Too delicate to hear.

So am I, within you.

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For I am sure
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...even now
Before time.

Did you know that?

For I am a broken child
That I alone might mend.

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