

Verse and Pearl: a future call and 14 thoughts

What is Sin? (a future call)

Look... look!
Cast your tender eye upon the valley
Now sullied and soiled
Her subtle green heart, the shaded play of light and cool
—slipped through
The meadow poured into heat and metal
Junk and tangled sound, ugly and garish
Stink and shattered air
The crumpled heart of all tender things
Crushed and spat out as trash
The city hoisted upon the meadow's corpse
Buried under noise and rancid hope—now a tangled ruin
A pit of greed and stink fills the valley.
Look and know: This is not sin.

Look... look!
Cast you tender eye upon the mountain
Once proud and lofty—now soiled and raped
Her highest silent song filled with slapping blades
Whirling as death made into song
Pouring poison upon her tender spirit
Money, and the vile heart of Man
To hurt and scrape her
Bleed her out into a pool of waste
The most precious heart of height and ice
—soiled
Her springs ground under
Into a brown trickle of dirt
...and clotted greed.
Look and know: This is not sin.

I sat and wept
My ugly soul, a convolution
Of suffering and wasted hope...and cast my tender eye—Above.
The silence folded into cloud
Wrapped as a tender note without sound
The silence, a question without word...and the answer,
Spilled into, and through, perfect emptiness
...twice pure.

There! Look...look!
Can you see it?—Can you see it too?
Am I alone?

Then look—and know:

*That there is nothing yet above Man
This, and this alone—is sin.*

1. It seems a pity that one must use a common language, and that one's thoughts should be expressed using the same words as other men. It then becomes a comfort to realize that most had no idea what they were talking about.
2. Most men possess a keen sense of the depths of the human mind, as can be demonstrated in their nimble and highly adept efforts at avoiding the same.
3. Eternity embraces those who become her.
4. A day lived without a new idea has been insulted.
5. Each day will whisper her new and perfect name into the ear of a child, however aged, only a child is able to hear a new word.
6. It is with people as it is with all forms of fiction: We must suspend disbelief if we are to gain entry into this world.
7. The hope of Man is an unknown: an anti-tradition.
8. The community of man has provided us with one thing—a point of departure, a starting place, an anti-example, a source point for a reaction, a bent compass needle which can be uniformly disregarded, and so, reliably points to something better.
9. All the highest cultural and artistic achievements of Man are the result of a singular superior vision, an overcoming of human mediocrity.
10. An honest appraisal: He who no longer conceals his hate, his lust and his love, has become moral.
11. Morality, in so much as the concept is still useful, should be indistinguishable from nakedness.
12. It is in Man's disgrace with his own appetites that his morality is born, the devil himself summoned up in the mistaken wish to purify our soul.
13. One who loves himself no longer summons the devil to speak the name of Man.
14. Even the most lowly fisherman is blessed, his world a simple perfection amongst setting sun, now painted and pure, anointed, returning to a familiar shore. . . he slowly dips his ore, into a pool of golden light.

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