

Warmth

Time holds all things
Under tender lid
Brute and brash
Subtle and hidden
Shattered and swollen
Shards of pierced diamond
And the smokey glow
Of hope, left hollow
Unto itself
Nothing is lost.

Beneath heated tangle
And lost worlds
A golden whisper, pressed
...within Time.

Tender bud
Orange and dim
Finds tinder, and sets gentle root
Crackling, new and young
First flame holds earth and sky
Between loose fingers
Stretching.

Essence, tasted, and spent
is but marrow spilled
Warmth.

Time does hold us, loosely
As nectar, tasted.

So do we fill her.

Pools of cool
Drink emerald folds
Of rippled leaf and golden heart
Round and pulsing
Drifting sun folded through leaf and branch
Spilling into silver pools, made sweet
Kissed golden and full
In drifting sun.

The heart of heat
Slowly traces her finger

Across arch and cloud
Spending her blood
Lavishing her careless overspilling
Upon that which was dank
Until it forgets the night, and all damp places
Are alive and full
Swimming in new sun
Rising, gladly
To meet her.

So long before
The shattering of sound
And the ruin of all tender things
Was a wish
Sweetly found, and filled.

Within and beneath
She is there
Pouring over all things
Swept out and through
To fill the hollow seconds
So sweetly held
And nourished.

...in warmth.

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