

1. *Cut Flowers* Copyright © 2011 Richard Lawrence Norman

Oh my friend!
How long I have waited to know you,
Across the desert of wasted years
And sterile grains of pain and light
The arid basin of Man's wasted hope,
Spent into the sea of Time.
Her ugly mouth quenched twice again
—before I found you.
Alone and alive, a teardrop falling
As dew upon the flowers I have cut,
Fresh and snapped yellow in the sun.
Can you see them,
Glowing with cut sunlight, snapped yellow
Wet with the scent of Sun's blood and happiness?

How long have my words waited?
Sealed into the tomb of days and starlight
Vast and brooding as the sultry jungle,
Rotten and florid, wet and consuming
Damp and fetid with delights and sickness
Hungry and devouring is Time
Her gulf untouched by the spoilt days
And the greedy over ripe souls of the dead.
Now as a question unheard
A stain of Sun's blood and happiness
Snapped yellow and bright.
After all these wretched years.....

Sad sullied years wasted and blackened,
Bruised and squandered
My soul a crooked stain, bleeding and sick
An ecstasy spelled in blood.

Oh how long have I waited to find you?
Another so bruised and swollen with light and silver tears
So sad and full
To wash even the dust of tombs away in your overflowing
The current of our pain... an ecstasy
Stretched across the barren bridge of years
Holding us close,
Close enough to taste the heart in my words
To hear them whisper from within you
These words from so long ago
So long dead and blessed by forgetting,
The forgetting of so many years
Now borne up into your pure heart

A fresh spark cut bright
Another heart which suffers even in its happiness
And revels even filled with suffering
Another soul such as ours
A stretching longing soul,
So long dead, poured into you,
So young and distant
So near and ancient a soul
A soul as my own.

Oh how long have I waited to know you!
How long ago have I cut you these flowers
Snapped yellow, bright in dew and Sun's blood?
How long ago I have cut them for you
And stained the air new and yellow
Snapped fresh with Sun's blood and sweetness
From so long ago
Across the bridge of years
Impossible and decrepit
Lost and broken
Scattered before all time... desolate, beautiful and uncaring.

Here my friend,
I have cut you some flowers from my garden
Snapped yellow
Cut fresh and wet with Sun's blood and happiness,
Even now, can you taste them?