

The Change

The fist slaps thick and wet,
Nothing's wrong with it
Eyes see ease and simple ends
The wound rent in tender flesh
A thousand times hammered deep,
...torn and ruined—only the sound remains
Of shattered worlds
Tenderness raped and split
Words and wounds beaten into and through
Only the sound remains
The crumpled howl of hate and ruin
For a child's heart is the birthplace
...of all hate.

Look into the heart of all things
All worlds and sweet tender shoots of green
Now wither in black
Red, and ugly tears of split sound
Fill the tender places
So they might vanish
Filled in red and black, silver steel
And cuts fill her breast...until she is bleeding
And knows of pain...
For in our minds is a world
And in this place we know
All...which can not be known
And then do spill the ink
Upon the page...and believe we see
...The world?
Yes...we are right in this.

And so the times
Of ancient and childish froth and sweetness
Do stain and spoil, fill and smooth
The wrinkles we believe we know
Born out from starlight is our lie
But into the silver ink, the brush
Is dipped.
Here, lies hope...and the tongue
...of sickness, swirling
A river most silent and dark
Does in its turgid heart of thick broth and tar

create all, and bring near
The eye
...unto and through, the unseen places.
This is how...all presents
Are but pasts
Unknown and yielding
What of light might come
and fall yet silver...into each new place.
All old worlds, are eternal.

So the days creep into leaden boots
Step as heavy trodden earth twice pressed
To know...of trust.

Before the weary weighted heart
Spent in black strokes of hate
Blood nourished into clots and sticky balls
Mucus and pudding pulled and pressed
Through the narrow places
To know of trust
...and lies.

Before the first wound
was silence
A new place to fill,
A silver hollow
Where light may rest
And sound is but a new thought
a whisper yet unknown
But softly heard
...here, is where we begin...
...and still, may find light
Too young to remember the lie
A time before forgetting.

Come here, and know, this
...is where, trust is born
...before knowing, a thought first cradled
In hope's tender palm...unspoiled.

Open is my breast
But beating and rich with light
Poured into and through all worlds
Unafraid and new
As a child's first sight
Of young grass and bloom

Nodding and sweet is the ripple
Of wind, across time uncounted
Pure is trust, which reaches and never imagines
Hands but taken up, in warmth
And held in sweet yellow sun
As butter melts and runs
Over smooth stone
So sweet and warm
As Time before doubt
As hope before the knowledge
...of longing.

So is the change
Of age untwined
Of hope and trust spent gladly out
To call you near
Near to me.

And here, in trust
We might spend this day,
Glad and warm,
under yellow starlight
Unaware of any world
Or spoiled season
...before time
For only now has this world been born
Here, between us in this place
Our tender secret finds root
A whisper tasted between us
...as trust.

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