

Verse and Pearl: An Introduction and sixteen thoughts

A Poet's Introduction

Hello my friend—know me—

As rivers of opal crushed into blood
The hammer blows of fact
Splitting Time's lip
Her anguished face of fisted rage
Flowing outward
As blood from a wound
As spray upon rocks
Glistening and vanishing—know me.

Know me—
The child never known
A sunny morning spilled upon the meadow
As emerald poured out
Flowing away from itself is all truth
Unknown and living is light
Falling away from itself is happiness
Peeling always away from knowledge
Is the heart of happiness
Too wise to understand
As a river spills over unknown banks
...a diamond flowing as light
Its chipped heart spilt away
Too wet to remember or admonish
—glad and bright are the dead
True and worthy once unknown
Once forgotten, they become
And dance within, and then
—it is too late.
Then, you are mine
For I have found...

That we are already known
As brother and sister are we
As suffering and happiness
Whipped into froth and forgetting
As spray and surf
As blood and sweetness
—as Life
So do I know you.

Your name forgotten
Your life begun
—a new word whispered awake
As fresh light summoned, upon the prayer
...of a broken child.

1. Over time some of us change for the better, some for the deader.
2. You believe you insult me to decry what I was, and spit upon my shadow? We shall spit on it together, and praise me the more.
3. A rest is Time's incarceration.
4. Necessity and the firing squad know: The surest way to change, is with your back against the wall.
5. When everyone else seems to be growing still older, I am the only one who seems older but still growing.
6. When time cracks us open,
And what age has tempered, snaps as a brittle twig underfoot,
The sound of youth wells up amidst a white frost.
Once again the orchid blooms, but to winter's field.
7. Pain has brought a child's tears to old eyes, and found in their shedding, youth enough to want even again all new and sweet torments, even happiness.
8. The old are long resigned to compromise. The wise met compromise and long ago resigned.
9. We are as a point of morning ice, born of dew and night, brought alive to catch the sun. And once we have held its fire as our own, then but a melted tear upon the day.
10. When brought to bear upon one of the most sensitive nature, it is a question whether the naked experience of beauty is one of pain or pleasure. That which is most exquisite is too bitter sweet, and so becomes ineffable.
11. The most hopeful thought: I am a false assumption.
12. Only the barren have children rather than become them.
13. People are lazy, that's why they invented contentment.
14. Self-belief: The belief in an illusion is the foundation of all human achievement.
15. 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.
16. A dew drop drinks in Morning's sultry breath, until it grows fat, heavy and ripe, round and full enough for the earth to draw its hunger upward, and pluck its sweetness to earth. So might our longing, pluck loose the promise of our days.

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