

Innocence

Down slender stairs of glass and light she did descend, slipping between moments past and present. How long Jacob had learnt his undoing, now a coat of ruin, a tattered second skin, and it seemed as if the garment of shreds and stain was but his soul itself. His creased life worn deep ruts into the memory of time, bruised long ago and twice cut, memory brings harm within the longest and shortest of life's prisons, as hell may be brimming within each corner of heaven's promise.

Each memory rose to greet her, and between the cracks of truth, a bitter hand crooked and black did smear the promise of all hope, and poison that which was most needful, now too broken to know; sealed in eternal shrouds of tattered anguish, as a garment stitched to tender flesh and a wound, so was Jacob to himself. And She did behold it. Into the sunken places She did descend. Within sleep's tender cradle She did visit him, and sip delicately upon his upturned soul.

He was known to her in prayer, sung with pure breath and gentle eyes:

“Oh broken dream of time's creases, bring me deep within the forgotten hold, turning, within the vat of moments, spilling and never seen, beneath cover of dreams, time's slipping raft of moments flowing, within and without.”

And she was within him. The day bright, and his soul of wounds did spill forth, as rose and misted dream-light, held in the cup of endless sweep and sky, born but pearl and light, shimmering and silver, now pink and round with blood, feeling and sweetness fill the gourd of time's promise, with beginnings. Of no weight was he, a singing sound ... silver and bright are the notes of time's first spending. How blessed is the day to find the coin first pressed from the silver of moments, pure and shining is the worth of all new things!

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Then the endings.

And she did watch as it was taken, and broken, the china doll smeared and shattered, stained within new creases, and broken, it was then proclaimed: Of Guilt. The creaking arid souls under the heel of time's contempt did begin to sicken him, and upon tender sparks of light, blame was fastened within hollow words built up of contempt, his heart flesh made black, barbs piercing within the glassy moments, now cracked and painted in pained broken light: “Selfish bastard: Smack! You damnable little turd!” ...and the lash was held over him; others required something, slipping filth between the tender places, his innocence too tempting not to sicken, held under the cloying smear of sickly needful eyes, soon consumed; and the lost ones did cling to him and draw their blood, jealous of what remained; and those who needed, did find the weak places time had abandoned and opened them afresh, to take and have that which they might, and so, all was left empty, and that which was his soul, remained...as but tattered slough.

And she did come sweetly to him, and stepped within his broken soul, gladly nourishing his hope from within...she did speak unto his weary heart, with great caring:

“Behold my love, these leaves, the deck of ages past, stitched of light lost and never lost, saved and wound upon the spindle of ages, here, you may know the cloth of ages.”

And she stroked the deck of cards, thick with light and scent, rich is time’s hold of jasmine and sandalwood, and within their ruffled leaves the sight and tender caring of a thousand years spilt, and wisdom founded within the stone of knowledge kept him, each a figure of time’s keeping, time’s rich blood beating and ready, now, fluttering within the creases of his breast, slipping tenderly as light within the spider cracks of broken glass and darkness, glowing within his splintered soul, reaching within its darkest places, to know them.

Cascading and bright, honied amber folds of wheat and summer’s bounty filled him, the tender breast of caring and her treasured eyes of eternal gratitude adorned him, and held the broken pieces of his shame before him, and in delicate hands time’s goddess did behold his ruin, now filled and reformed within the riches of ages, each hollow part within the broken hold of time now full and rich with the bounty of time’s offering, ripe and full within him. All perfect worlds reside within, waiting. So did she hold, and cherish him.

We are all but shards of light, hidden and bright within the cruel moments—waiting to ascend. Time’s cradle holds us all. For it will be as it was. The round complete.

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