

But For This

Oh, dear one...
I will take the morning most golden and warm
As sound folded over in warmth and honey
A curtain of memory twice bashful
Gauze and web, before orange flame
The truth lapping as a whisper flickers
Tender and sweetly drawn
A single drop of honey
...lingers...
To nourish the hidden places
Each new wound twice treasured
...in gratitude, for letting me near.
And in this folded shawl of warmth and light
Spilled,
As a tender flame
pours unsure shadow, over smooth walls of stone
Lapping into the tender places
Until they are warm.
Now still and sweet...
...a pool of silver tears
Spilled as cupped treasure
So sweetly gathered before my eye
So glad to hold the sight.

Oh, we could be well
...but for this.

Each small wrinkle in still air
Each tiny trembling shadow
Each whisper
...before pain.
Each hungry moment—empty and lurid
—monstrous in its silence
Each second
—before emptiness
It is this which I hear
It is this which is needful... and twice empty
It is this, which I will never refuse.
Only in this most silent of places
Do I cast my ear and paint my eye
To warmth
Only here, in the softest places...will I listen
So you will know
...what is not forgotten.

Oh, we could be well
...but for this.

Now, as the dawn gathers the night in tender arms
And warms its trembling places to waking
Nestled in covetous golden silence
Until each secret is a new name
As gratitude unfolds from pain
...to be heard,
As warmth enfolds the brittle places
As the parched earth laps rich in tender rain
As banks of earthen stone yield to desert bloom
...trembling under heaven's breath
A prayer unfurled and weeping
Spent, loved and known
In silence twice covetous.

As all tender things might find at last
...an ear to receive, an eye to anoint, and fill up
...in gratitude.

Please, take this thing from me...please.

Oh, we could be well
...but for this.

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