

In This Truth by Rich Norman © 2014

And I did curse the day
To look upon it—
Sharp and cruel are its edges
Slashes of light and pierced heat
Truth slapping down as a fist into wetness
Hope an ugly spatter smeared upon mouldering walls.

And I did hold the day
To look upon it—
The blue eye unfolding
Encircling and holding
My soul aloft and turning
A shadow spilt upward upon a hawk's back
Weightless beyond light.

And I did caress the day
To look upon it—
The meadow swept into my eye
The wind brushes her tender cheek
Hushed sound and folded light
A liquid emerald spilt
From a pitcher of folded light.

And I did shame the day
To look upon it—
Doubting and dour
Lurking and shifting
Unsure and halting is this day
An oily film twice slick and slippery is its soul
Brooding and heavy with slick black drops
Is the doubting soul of Life
A weight, and an odor, twice heavy
A truth as oily mist over dirty flame
Flickering, dim—and unsure.

And I did know the day
To look upon it—
Each tender place spilled up from within
Now glowing and sultry with heat and sweetness

Light as sugar
Stretched and stretching
Clear and wanting
Filling each empty place to glowing
As light spills up from within all things
...and believes.

*Each moment is a dream twice bright and warm
For the Sun we pour upon it.
"I know the world for I have created it."
In this single truth
Lie the hope—and the weight
—of all things.*