

Our Two Worlds

Listen softly, between and beneath
Sweet is the emerald kiss
Of silver sun spilled bright
Upon the rustling bower
Her heart of warmth
Spilling into my eye
Enfolding my brittle heart
Warm and golden in her cradled hands
Now beating rich and sweet
Returning unto her
A treasured mirror
...twice blessed
A golden whisper, cupped in silence.

There was a time
When I did fill my ear
With the crumpled sound and sour taste
Of this world
From ugly crooked mouths
A word most acrid and pungent
—did slip
As broken teeth spat out
In a spray of brown blood and clotted heat
...so was the world
Vile and pungent
Crooked and cut
Uneven and snarled
Is the spirit of this world
The spirit of Man.

Satchels of filth
Holding and keeping
Spitting upon my golden heart
Soiling all tender things
Smearing filth upon light
Until the Sun pours but slough and fat
...upon sight
The scent and sound of filth and pus
Smeared upon all perfect things
—disgraced
Hung as a tree with crooked broken branches
A noose twisted round the neck
Of each moment
Now creased and soiled
Spinning down and drowning
Cast into a pit of yellow, slippery fat
Scrambling, reaching and grasping
With mad hands and fists
Broken and sallow is the sickly need
—for Money.

Each tender note, once soiled
...is sold.
Each perfect moment, once sullied
...is virtue.
Each promise cast, once fouled
...is right.
—Once sold—
Her wrists bound together
She might serve us best
Life now named
—as a Whore.

So is the heart of Man
A bitter coal of greed
To be split with a blade, of silver steel
And struck in two.
So is the heart of Man
A worthless empty crevice
A pit of ugly hunger
To be extinguished and cast out
So we may watch it die.

Look! Look upon the sight!
The cities filled up
With teeming insects,
Greedily licking sour phlegm
—filled with Man.
Look! Look upon the sight!
The bower paved and burned
Cut, and bound into trucks
—sold and ruined.
Look! Look upon the sight!
The world curdled and bitter
Her heart poisoned and cut out
—so it can be sold.
Look! Look upon the sight!
For the world is dead.
Her womb cut out
Her gift, and heart—necrotic and stinking
Her soul—sold and spent.

Ah! How beautiful is the sight!
The sight of Mankind in his noble act
...of suicide.
For this
—I am grateful.

Here, I will show you the world
For you are pure
As am I, a child weeping
Too tender...not to feel

The tears which grace the meadow
As dew
Gathers upon the cheek
Of morning grass and glade
Shimmering and bashful, she winks and holds
The silver heart of platinum light
Cast down as jewels before the dawn
...waiting.

And into the valley's misted cup
Dawn does coax her rouged heart
To warmth and waking.
Can you hear her whispers of light and warmth
As she first imagines the day?
Can you feel her honied soul of new warmth
As she dreams the day into your eye
Swept as rippled grasses in wind
...rustling?

Did you know
...that this
—Is our world?

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