

This afternoon

This afternoon I heard that you were gone
Now that it is too late, I will tell you of it.

I sat by the frozen river, as we had so often
Looking out at the brick ice
Sheets of solid grey.

How we used to admire its sullen chill.

Then I thought of it, of your sacrifice
And the very substance of ice, changed
A shattered pick of silver light
The silver bell of laughter
Prankish and teasing as pelted wind
A stroke of silver light
. . . broken and laughing
—Fell upon the majesty of sorrow
Now cracked into chips of shattered light and ice
Running free and shifting as splinted tears.

Oh thank you, how grateful I am, to know of it.
So glad was I to know
that you were dead.

Never before, had the glove of deepest weight
Unbound its fist.
At last, I can breathe.

The river began to flow, and the season change
As we had so often wished
Now real, the torn fingers of hope
Again subtle and tender, the day before a golden noontime sun
Unbound in untethered wind and breeze
At last, the tender earth moist with round drops
Sweet and giving is the heart of noon
Under heaven.

Oh how we had wished it so.
Thank you dear one, for your leaving.
After all, you were not so important as all that?

How grateful I am to leave you.

The first warmth of spring's promise
Now unfurled at last, so full are we
To know of all sweet things without you.
How full is life to forget you.

Yellow golden sun did pool within the upturned arch of silver ripple
The river now laughing and warm, spilling over glad banks
As a tender whisper of the hint
Which was forgotten.

Your sacrifice, has saved us.
Let us forget you, and be blessed.

Now safe within the glove of warmth and laughter
The world is redeemed, from impossible darkness
So have we begun to forget.

How glad am I
To sip upon the nectar of perfect moments
Safe and cherished within the unknown places.

How grateful am I
That you are gone.

For now I have changed.

Dead, and blessed am I.

For your name, is but my own.

—Rich Norman ©2017