

Poured Light by Rich Norman © 2013, 2014

Ineffable Limit

Ah! The Sun!—
Burnt orange and cruel
Snapping its heat and hate into my open eye
Blinded and unhinged
A stuttering confusion wandering in the desert
Broken and chattering
A jerking puppet tugs in broken wind.

Ah! The Night!—
Cold and brittle
Its black fingers of empty dread
The promise unknown forevermore
The night a living taunt
A pride and a cruelty
A hunger borne out as black cold.

Ah! The Dawn!—
Slowly blotting its color into the empty arch
Filling even the chill of blackness itself
Finding warmth and reason spilled up
As rouged light soaking into the dark
Warming her cruel heart to knowing
At last, softened and welcoming
A bounty no longer refusing of itself.

Ah! My Hate!—
A crooked finger of burnt light
Snarled and barbed
Hot and snagged with a thousand edges
A thousand teeth hollowed out with truth
Facts and light,
Blood and clots of truth, whipped into froth
Spat out as blood and light.

Ah! My Knowledge!—
As a burst cloud yields honied sheets and beaten drops
Pouring and slapping
Wet and silver is the hammer stroke of spattered light
Laughter and wind
Spray and salt

As tears and light
Burst from a roiling cloud
No longer tumultuous, brooding and unsure
Now spilt and poured
Pulse and spattered sound
Alive and lavishing
Spending and pouring
The marrow spilt into song
So does knowledge become wisdom
Cracked open in the very moment it consumes us
And so, creates us again
As hope
As a new melody, trembles, in still air.

Ah! My Love!—
All broken brittle things
May yet glow and find warmth
Rising and filling
Holding and spilling as wet light
And warmth spilling up from within.
I pour the Sun from a pitcher
Of golden glass and folded light
Spilling its heat and sweetness
As warmed honey and folded sound
As beauty enfolds truth, in leaves of warmth
All facts become soft and pliant
All truths as butter
Thick and sweet with promise and new warmth
A prayer too hopeful to find word
A note twice warm
A poem folded into honied light
Spilled out and unthinking
As the happiness within Sorrow's spilling
As Life.

Ah!
It is only the ending which eludes
The poet's grasp—
His boast and his limit
Both at once
He must admit it, admit this one thing
Of his life and his soul:

Nothing is ineffable.