

Hope—poem in prose (conspansion*)

She wakes, spinning out from torn dreams—sound shattered to waking. Duck! Plaster falls into dirty hair, once rose and silk, now shuddering, tugging in dirty wind, running under waves of brass heat, ripped sheets of brash light tear eyes, so young, and soon...a wounded memory...Duck! She trips, her knee cut, torn...and the boots strike—nails falling, tacked... and etched against her last... blessed moment....

Running and silver, swept up from memory, falling ... nestled in silent folds. Between the moments, before time, breath is summoned, unknown, silver and warm, golden and wet, the heart of light, murmurs, slipping . . . as silence falls, under leaves, cupped and gentle, undecided is the heart of time, slow, and retiring, within the marrow of moments spending...silence, holds all worlds, falling ever upward, and round, singing and silent...as the fold before a whisper: imagines.

Known and spent, the precious things—cut—and soiled, her eyes, find flit a soft thing, now grey and ripe is her bitter edge, a heart beats against light, spitting teeth into the marrow of all things: she lights a cigarette, and loads the weapon.

Under lidded arch of ink and dark, points of heaven's breast, swell, falling and rising, silent before eternal pain and sweetness; no wave has yet swept unborn shores, innocent is the heart of all places, before time.

Into dim crevice, she steps, twice dark and bold is the brave heart, crooked and right: for hatred is born in the tenderest places, now cut..."Hey you! Look! Look at me!"... eyes lift, dull and brown, as pudding and rich meat, rotten, slick and slow are his last thoughts, before— sudden reckoning.

—Her chest heaves, alone and spent, the body slumped into dirt and soil, memory's scent, corrupt, lonely, stained...and safe. Tears fall, into the cup of time, and bring broth to ticking seconds, and dream, of stain's lifting: for blood, is but water and salt: and tears, may cleanse this thing.

Days melt sweet and bitter, broth stirred of time unfounded, of seconds stitched unbounded, unimagined is the new heart of all familiar places...unknowing, and timeless. And from the fount of waters clear and singing, dream and starlight's mixing, unspent and pure, so sweet is the taste of dream, unborn.

And from chalice of light, cut of ice and chill, she did sip, and dream, of that place where waves had yet to touch, for here, time, is unknown...pure and trembling are all things, before imagining, unborn and unknown is hope, nourishing, bright and clear—falling ever upward, and round, singing and silent...as the fold before a whisper: imagines.

—© Rich Norman

*Note: conspansion is a term (from the CTMU) indicating an alternation between syntax and state, potential and actuality. The idea is sound on macro and micro scales...recent work indicating just such an alternation at room temperatures insuring constant contact between quantum genesis and linear outcome.