

### **The Black Cloud**

How perfect the morning  
I call forth from the distant horizon  
Full and rich, stirred double thick  
...with light.

Oh, how lucky are we  
For this world is spun of spirit  
Cast sweetly out  
From within  
And so...we are blessed.

I have seen it  
The reason and weight  
Unescapable and horrid  
Dripping black blood into the marrow  
...of all things  
Until they are spoiled and necrotic  
As pudding, a slick froth  
...of rotten meat and stink  
Held under and suffocated  
Within the Black Cloud.

Opaque and black  
Black pus and ink swallow the sun  
A cloud a thousand miles broad  
Rolling up over the hills,  
Birds suffocate  
Their small hearts choked mute  
The trees  
Slick with oil  
Tar and weight,  
Oozing into the fabric of life  
Soon necrotic  
Her heart beats no more  
But rots  
The flesh of hope  
Now a boiling dark cloud of tumor  
For death, is a blessing  
Under the weight  
...of this thing.

Those who have seen  
Envy...the dead.

I saw it  
Hideous and impossible  
Hovering over my valley  
Once pristine  
Now vile and stinking  
The cloud stealing the life  
Of each blade of grass  
As a roiling darkness  
Does hold light  
And choke it.

Nothing escapes it  
Nothing, is precious  
Only darkness  
Remains.

This, is a wish.

My forest  
Cancer  
The wood,  
Swallowed up, and dying.

The Black Cloud  
Consumes.

Larger, and larger  
It descends, and consumes all things  
Nothing is sacred  
All...is corrupt.

So is the wish,  
within your heart.

The Black Cloud  
Is but a gentle ghost  
A soft hollow thing  
Which purrs and nestles in my palm  
For I have called this gentle pet  
And do look upon it  
And approve.

Up into the dark sky,  
I cast my shining eye  
And do look plainly upon it  
And stand.

I open my chest, let it find my heart  
Easily  
I welcome this shaky ghost  
So fearful and wan  
For hatred, is but the tonic  
Of fear.

One can not fight it, for it is violence  
One can not resist it, for it knows you  
One can not sustain it, for it is unending.

We are naked before  
The Black Cloud.

I welcome it!  
Here, dear friend  
So filled with death  
Come closer, we may yet meet!

Into my eye and heart  
The oil does seep  
My heart now black and dying.

But I ... am honest.

Have you ever lied  
Even once?

Have you ducked  
And let the insult pass  
Ever?

Have you loved  
Those, who loved you  
Or have you failed?

I ... have not.

The Black Cloud  
Is unworthy.

It is but a guilty wish, our wish  
For death.

The black cloud  
...is sin.

Into my heart  
The ink does peer and search  
Finding corners which I have never seen  
To sulk and hide  
So it may poison the moments.

But I know all hidden corners.

Into my perfect heart, the ink does soak  
and vanish.

How light am I!

The black cloud  
Is right.

Those who lurk  
Lie and hide  
Conceal from themselves  
A Black Cloud.  
A craving and right wish  
...nests within their turning breast  
Yes, this is right.

The heart of an honest man  
May easily drink in the darkest ink  
And be affirmed.

When darkness descends,  
It never descends  
But we  
Have summoned the pit  
And so  
Do wish it.

Yes, the Black Cloud... is right.

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