

8. *The Lucky* Copyright © 2011 Richard Lawrence Norman

A glowing coal crushed hissing red
Lies buried deep within my breast
It fills my heart with heat and pain
Now burnt alight with beauty's name
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

Lucky is the poet who
Beneath his skin pain's heart bleeds through
A glowing coal of ruined hope
His tortured bliss forever glows
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

The ruined world of hearts and need
A wound within my heart to feed
My precious blood burnt into pain
Poured red and sweet as liquid flame
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

Golden heat and starlight dew
Fill my empty heart anew
Each day must quench this aching place
Each day must fill my aching breast
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

Oh how empty cruel and rocky cliffs
Heat burnt Sun and wicked depths
Unfillable and wretched gulfs
Cry for rain and gather empty souls
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

Who but one so full with heat
Might pour upon the Earth in sheets
The blessed rain he needs to find
To quench the arid sun baked dry
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

My blessed pain fills up each day
Pours heat upon each lonely place
It begs the rain to gather here
To spill her happiness in tears
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!

Crushed beneath a filthy heel
The glowing coal is hissing there
Pressed into my sickly breast
Beauty glows in happiness
Oh my soul... My pain... My happiness!