

I am but light

Within fetid darkness, mute and thick, turning upon itself
I am there.

Each breath pulled, sunken in the dirty pit of hollow doubt, knows me.

As a black fist knots around the tender throat of moments
I am there.

For I am but light.

Hear me within the creases of poison wind, so I may unfurl them
And within tender palm, hold you
Hands and palms pressed sweet amongst the moments
Warm and full are the seconds cast between us.

For we are but light.

And of what does ending's dank, fear?
Of what is darkness crippled, and of sparked flint shattered?
Your breast pressed to mine
It is this, which they fear.

I am but light.

I am nothing, twice vanished into wind
We are within all things, nourishing and full
Are the moments, to know.

We are but light.

All which crouches within creased folds, may fear me
All which opens before each question, will know me
All which is, may be affirmed—in warmth.

For I am but light.

Within each moment, amongst the glistening threads of time's first whispers,
Each drop, round and sweet, perched upon full lips—waiting—
No longer!

It is this which they fear—the ringing sound of laughter—our name,
May they hear it shine and know us, for it is we that darkness fears
...deep, bright and round are we,
Full to bursting and sweet in warmth is spirit!
Oh how I do love you, singing and broken open,
Chips of spark and light pierce the sunken places
—To know!

I am but light.

Let our name ring out, clear and bright are all shining worlds, sprung anew before us
Glad and sparkling, nestled as tears and dew upon the cheek of time. So are we.

For time is ripe and wise within us, yielding within our sacred wish—a future,
Summoned within drops of light, purring and sultry,
Full and rich in singing sound,
For all things are ours.

Each breath enfolds the seconds ever richer, rich and beating within my eye,
I am free, a vanishing, motion,
—the curtain unfolded.

For I am you.

I am but light.

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