

Verse and Pearl: a call to life and sixteen thoughts

Please enjoy this poetic invitation to life, and sixteen related thoughts.

Poem for Paul

Tides caress a distant shore
And days, melt over-joyous, far
Away and distant seen is light
Brought at long to gently find.
But closer still the hand and eye
See more and much to fill in sight
And sound the shore of rocky cleft,
Now pummeled down to dust bereft
The tender sight from distant length
Is crowded rock and brittle beach
And wandering in sands of heat
The meek do shawl and hands do reach
So drawn is sight and sound to pitch
Of knowing need and empty stitch
And suture bound to time from past
To beauty's hand but stitched in lash
The scorch of heat burned skin and flesh
Of man his time is tender spent.

How to hold of care and so
The road not up but down into...
Release the handle, turn no wheel,
Can hands twice blistered hold to feel?
The honest eye says no, not true
I have but lost and found no truth
Hungry beating stains heart's breast
Must find in tender rapture's fleece
Another hand, an eye to see
To hold the gut, wound bled and cut
A sack and pouch spilled into dust
And dirt but swallows blood and sting
The eye, the throat is parched within
Who but sorrow might damp these eyes?
What but tear, can tear unbind?

To you I hold but candled heat
Kindled black and bitter deep
To open pain and spill black blood
Release and find our wound full runs
As ocean spilled on rocky shore,

Tears glaze shadows held afar
Running water bringing tide
The shore but close in light cast right
Pain is anchor, buoy, light
I will show you...here is sight:

An eagle tucks its wings and finds the earth
Its sight set firm beneath
Crashing through layers of tangled heat and wind,
Spitting headlong toward annihilation
An arrow of death and purity
Unthinking and sure
Snatching blood and flesh from the skin of the earth
Proud and unthinking,
Rising upward as light and death,
as life and the feast which is won.

Warm and gracious is the noon which spills
From the unthinking arch
Slow as honey might become light
Teasing its shades from the heart of heat and white
Now unshattered
Poured up from the eye as golden broth and thick light
A new sun and noon find the day unfurled, unthinking
New and wise
...alone, waiting and perfect...
As silence.

Snow collects as delicate diamond flakes descend
Her coat soon covered in sparkling moonlight
How perfect is the sight
The wolf shrouded in cold's delicate fingers
Sleeping, freezing, ... quietly ... suffering
Awake! The shudder before all beautiful deaths
Spitting frost and glittering chips of ice
...into the moonlit dark
Dancing and falling is death,
A beautiful ghost descends as a prised cloud.

Soundless is the fact
A whisper's breath heard,
A leaf descends and is nestled into the grasses
Can you hear this, so fragile is her soul
Alone and at one with her,
No man is near,
No woman has known,

The perfect splendor
The most fragile peace
...new, perfect and delicate, is its unfolding.

Black tar and asphalt, can not consume light,
Mirage spilling upward, dissipating and vanishing
...once alive as shimmering light
Unchained over heat
Dancing before all endings...shimmering and rude
Unafraid and vanishing, spilling upward...
Brash and singing, silver and shouting,
Dancing... and vanishing: as life.

1. Of Morality?—Oh how fair is life, pure and graced with ivory petals of lily, wet in spilled light as milk poured over fruit, ripe and pure, sultry and innocent is she...fair as we might reach to dream her.
2. Now that I have noticed, is the universe no longer innocent of itself? Have I made the universe self-aware...am I to blame?
3. Have the philosopher's thoughts enhanced or degraded the world to have noticed? Are innocence and knowledge always blood enemies?
4. The universe is unblinking—it is in *self*-acceptance that knowledge becomes laughter, a child both innocent and wise.
5. The philosopher understands that the nature of the universe is *indeed* his very most personal business...his very most important piece of subjective understanding.
6. A philosopher who is not a creator is only a separator, an observer—one of the drowning.
7. We slip through our lives, shadows swept between earth and the waves of an unknown tide, we dream ourselves real, pressing through and past our moments, a shadow cast of dreamlight, slipping between our imaginings, too long convinced of their reality to enjoy, or create another.
8. We are an obscenity to the past, or an obeisance.
9. Let us step away from the myth long enough to notice the storyteller's voice is our own—the dream an awakening.

10. The brave, the mad and the foolish, speak aloud the names they mutter in sleep's silent cradle.
11. The ugliest man hides the fact and proclaims twice aloud of himself: "Beauty!" Self-adoration is ugliness announced.
12. Mankind is born to childish honesty—it is only later that he learns to find himself too ugly to admit, and becomes recognizable.
13. Only after his guilty heart has been lifted, will the first worthy man walk the earth.
14. To understand mankind is to become the begetter of all eternity: it is horror which forces us toward the light.
15. To understand mankind is to find a nausea so profound and penetrating as to create all of human possibility.
- 16.

A Beautiful Wound

Only after the water has fallen
And splintered itself upon the rocks below
May the Sun reach into the wounded mist
And tease open the hued petals of its crushed soul
Now so graceful, bright and vanishing
...once burst.

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