

A silver splinter of glass
Wise and pure
A drop of Heaven's splintered dew
Crushed and blessed before you
Only you could have fingers, hands and eyes
For this splinter cracked from today
A silver truth snapped bright
A tear of cracked blue ice
Eternal, perfect and unforgiving.

Oh how I poured my blood soaked cloud
Burst with pain and sweet unknown
Spent upon the rocks and shore
Each wave a sea to crush Time's yawn
The gape of sand and desert wash
Beyond the hope of sea to touch
But cloud and sea can not but reach
To burn upon the scalded beach
The sea of sand does swallow sea
Lush dreams of wills and blood and sea
Left spent and dry, shell and bone
Beneath the Sun find Hell alone
Cry out! Cry out!
Spilled into naught... but sky and arching silence
Swallowing, swallowed, dying
... Echoless desert heat alone
Hell finds horizons spent alone
In sorrow, sad lamenting echo
The vacuum of Hell, sterile descending
The cry unending
Silent... stretching before the Sun
Alone! I cry.... alone, am I.

But Hell had wrapped
Me in tender guise
Of punishment, in small disguise
For Hell is Heaven misunderstood
The truth but same, the meaning changed
Here in desert with blooms I stood
Each ashen speck of heat and soot
A fallen tear from soiled past
Whence to Man my true path glanced
Upon fouled shadow and sullied shame
To seek my soul within his name.

Now void of shadow the valley blessed

Are descending slopes but ascending wishes?
Now pure and golden is the Sun
Its heat a white and splintered tongue
Licking laughing Sun and flame
To arching valley in bloom and rain
Of sea, splashed from Heaven spilt
Now alone, her rain sweet spilt
Broken fourth from bursted cloud
My blood and sea of Heaven's shroud.

Of Man a breath of shame, and blind
Before the eye, and deaf, his kind
To Hell we are but banished once
And in Heaven kept, now twain at once
For Heaven is as wisdom knows
Understood, from Hell unfolds
Hell today borne without Man
Is Heaven wrapped in silent hands
A worthy place for all things pure
Which once bore up to scalded shores
As waves upon the shore of Man
Now spilt from Heaven to begin
A worthy work unstained to know
From Hell's own shores did Heaven grow
For naught did change, but all to know—
'Tis a murderous thing which brings the good
Heaven is but Hell, better understood.