My Tiny Noo(se)sance

I thought of poem today, one that suffers in my heart and burns a hole in my brain. It’s sad in a way, but a beautiful approach to the writhing suffering of man in his world. For this man who stumbles unforgiven by himself into the meadows of life knows of his fate but will never know what he gave.

I search for a tree,

Where I will leave,

Within its leaves,

The thing that is freed.

He searches for a tree that many have tried to find one of earth and of presence. The roots perfectly set to hold heavy weight. A resemblance of a carving within the juniper’s bark, like stories and like art. Yet he will never find it in time, I think as his vision turns narrow in his wake. The cold winds as they pass, changing to blow warm and then back sending his body through seasons over and over, a realization he lacks.

There it stands mighty and tall,

Not of great journey at all,

But a branch to hang, that which against my back bangs,

Lest I will be crushed as I fall.

His vision turns tunnel as his walk grows slower, but he has found the courage and power to make it this far and it seems that the meadow has given to his call. Before his is the might of an oak casting shadows from its branches that are like arms while the roots dig far, at least he knows it won’t fall from the heavy weight that he will have to hang from its branches, that is his saint at least I pray and I think.

Now to fashion a resting place to dry the fat and meat,

The rope must be tau(gh)t with all its defeat.

It seems a recipe is in store as I think, the changing of his words and verbiage leaves me wondering what it is he really seems to think. To wonder that I may be just as close as the man’s feats, where they touch across the grounds that are weak. It’s the fat and meat the hangs against his back it seems but I don’t think that he drags his feet. He must stay quiet and sneak, doesn’t

want others to know of what it is that he seeks.

I’ve noticed the slowing of the beats,

Against my back, with each passing of heat,

My fingers grow cold, with the changing of seasons,

Yet I tighten the noose, the meat, with salt and pleading, now seasoned.

It seems that time has passed longer and I’m begging to see what’s upon his back as I feel a pang in my chest. Yet he still works in the cold, seemingly working hard to simply find a place to dry his cumbersome meat. He doesn’t seem weak, to take a journey this far simply to make jerky in a tree.

With the last pray as I take a seat at the trees base,

I watch the red skinned meat swing as it bleeds,

From eternal (internal) death in this case,

Upon its dripping blood, the world feasts.
I imagine he has hung the meat now in the tree. The creature that the meat is from must have had internal bleeding, but I don’t understand what’s eternal about this death. It’s not a mythical nonsensical creature he has taken the meat from and hung with a noose, is it? But is he tired and will he wait like I wait for the ending of the story?

The gaping hole I now see, as I take the last breath so I can sleep,

No longer heavy… I keep.

Finally, now he sleeps, the weight off his shoulders it seems. But what gapping hole does he talk about; I think I know what he means. The last breath that he keeps, the gaping hole that seeps, and the taut rope that bleed. I can feel it in my chest as I weep, the cold wind as he sleeps. I’ve been thinking about this poem, yet never was a poet to write my words for others to read. He is Me. I can still hear the swinging of My Tiny Noo(se)sance.

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