

Slash Across the Rolling Hills

When hills in deeper darkness roll and the sun slices toward purple shadows
then the fastest light will cross the paths of our hopes and plans for this world.

See the time where you are standing.

Stand in the shadow. Stand in the sun. Hold out your hands to new light in the dawn in
the early born air and feel the moisture rising, rising from the earth to the sun through
the tender day's light.

This is the time. That is the way

Here is the moment you find the time the sound the song the sun it falls so close to
hopes, your dreams your time the instant's choice bends close to you, and in that
moment, your heart, your tears your joy rips through your sad weary wish for surcease
alone and must decide the next crossing.

And There...right there... the sun cuts the shadow of the rolling hills

Turning violet into golden and green.

In the days that come there will be many lovers who leave the way you wish to leave.



<http://sues-daily-photos.blogspot.com/>
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To leave to find the sun to find the shadow

You sit, bent, balanced but not broken between the lines.

As the sun slashes razor across the land across the hopes across the times and the keening
of their lives

You wilding one, thou art Odin and Osiris and their world is the tale of the latest of the
last time of the world

You will see the end of laughter lost oohh the fear ooh the sorrow of the land crouched
beneath the sun as the slash, the sorrow hurls quickly to your place and the new dawn is
too far to see as a blessing

Once you wished to slay the worlds, and harken to the sound of the harbor waves of the
hounds, the hounds of doom are screaming the thing is right there crouching there
leaping toward leaping with the slashing teeth of the hunger of life and the ends of the
dreams that will ride to the last ends of the last ends to the hopeless blood pouring out
on to the shadow

The hounds the sounds of horror for the last time of the comfortable dreams

Now this is the time of leaving and of changing

Births are hard times and few seek them out

Screaming not to leave the womb we do not wish to change

Death the birthing in to another world from the womb of this one

And some push gently to see the light to see the new and learn the joys and sorrows and
pains and death again

In every birth there is the seed of our dying

So why do we try to live to end in a bed under a rock on a plain in the land between sun
and the rolling shadows of night as the hills roll in purple and the sun slashes

light across the fields and you stand you stand you stand on the line as between the
two worlds it burns from the darkness to the new day full of promise and pain

Where is the hope where is the rhyme

Why do we stand in the line on the line

Why do we not in terror run

It will always catch us

so turn and lift your head and let the burning light engulf you For it may burn you to
ashes or it may light your day it may light your day it may light your hopes and dreams
and those crude reliquaries you carry with your loves, your learning, your hopes your
dreams it may

Do all that

And it may burn and burn and burn

And then

As your bones crumble to dust it will be done

Until the next cool evening when the rolling hills of fragrant purple hold their breath in
hope and fear of the coming dusk then day.

**To the Ultimate King of the poor bobbies with joy for the travels and naps during
meetings together.**

Steve