

Mystery Guest

I'm a prism [through] which has passed ten thousand days and a million gleams of light.
Color fragments pitched upon the wall, race 'round the room as daylight moves across the floor and merges into lamp glow.

Linguists search to know [the meaning] of it all.
Lofty philosophies and reverently-held beliefs about my [type] will most surely sort my north from south.
But those will only leave you to the vast [unexplained middle].

A calligrapher could craft my name and narrative across the grain of finest vellum stock.
An artisan could even cast my likeness into clay.
You can sketch and paint and think [me] through, but I am covered like a quilt in [layers] of living.

Intervals of bitter lamentation.
Spans of candy peace.
[Mostly nestled in the moments in between the two].

Some molded, others scolded.
All were bold in their heralding the arrival of mysterious me.
Every single leaf that fell and each seedling that sprang up now lie together in the compost cup of [what you see].

And that, my friend, is what you get.