

The Darkling Light

The westering sun arcs slowly down the sky
Transforming blue to red to purple, until
Surrendering dominion of the heavens to
Darkness and the stars. I sit and gaze at
The darkling night, and listen as the songs
Of robin and lark fade, replaced by the
Stridulous call of insects to each other in the night.

The heavens roll overhead, or so it would
Appear to me, rooted stolidly in this earth,
While my spirit would prefer to soar overhead,
As it did in my youth, unfettered by these mortal
Coils that hold me back. Too many years have
Passed, too much time spent on concerns of
Getting and spending, and not enough time on
Making and creating; I have become earthbound.

There are compensations; a respectable career,
A tidy income; a well-tended garden; but these
Seem a trifle when compared to the sense
Of wonder I had erstwhile, as I traversed the
Sky with soaring wings, and looked down
Upon those poor souls nailed to the ground
By bitter lives of habit. And now I find that I
Have become one of the nameless ones,
One of many, who ambulate out of necessity,
Trudging their way toward the end of another
Joyless, dreary day.

The transformation does not happen at once:
It gradually blends in, changing from blue to red
To purple, until a blackness of the soul sets-in
And then a numbness, an emptiness that drains
All colors and sounds until a sighing, like that
Of a strident insect, is all that can be heard,
Echoing forever in your mind; a buzzing
That will not stop until the end comes.

And so you wait for the end; sometimes
Hoping it will come, sometimes dreading its
Approach. Sometimes the buzzing stops,

And you walk outside in the darkness, and
For a brief second recall the joy of flight,
The majesty of discovery, the song of the
Heavens as you make your way to the stars...

And then, the buzzing starts again, and
You plummet, like some purple-black form,
Scorched, like Icarus, by flying too close
To the sun, and you remember that man,
Unlike the angels, was not made to fly,
And the tears come scalding down your
Cheeks, as you curse the darkness, while
You pray for it to come.