

# A song in the dark



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My eyes of night

Black branches cradle  
this flickering mind,  
sorrow's shadow follows  
these points of light  
shining in the void.

Kneel before the dark,  
trace your fingers  
along its walls  
and read the cold words  
in its faces of stone.

Be alone in  
the fire of winter,  
understand nature's edge  
as it cuts through your  
worn truths.

At ocean's end  
I hold my breath,  
waiting for the current  
to carry me back to light and air,  
as I carry my eyes of night  
to the break of day.







A song in the dark

I was on my back as you came  
into that dark room.  
Crying that you were far  
I held to you in that cave,  
my voice foreign to my ears.

I stood up under the eaves,  
rain falling as I watched  
each second dying in the  
light of silence.  
A life of sleep burning in  
the fire of this truth,  
my library of dreams becoming  
a ruin in my old hands.

Yet I still don't understand  
this strange movement  
of night and day,  
the hollow sound of clocks  
as I try to stay awake.  
My ignorance is an ocean,  
the tides pull on my sinking boat  
as I cast my net in the waves,  
waiting for a song in the dark.



Like a flower

Watch this fist open  
like a flower,  
the world ten thousand  
miles away.

Drunk with pain you  
tied knots in the dark,  
trying to hold earth.

Yet this quilt knows  
no borders,  
your life winding through  
its aimless symmetries  
as you sit still,  
the waters of being  
as silent as a mirror.

