

light of night



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The light of night

Watch the darkness move, and listen to the voice of silence as it descends on the soft light of your days. Between the black waves of night a light blinks from an unknown distance, a pulse of song from a soul singing in the middle of a long journey.

In this space of emptiness each blade of grass becomes distinct, the moon glowing in the water as I disappear in the reeds. Thoughts are as far away as the birds that sail in the midnight sky, as I watch each known thing become strange again.

It is hard to know the rhythm of silence, that dim series of gaps that borders these worn words. But tonight the mind dilates, receiving an ease and a sense that even trust is not needed when the winds of time become quiet and the light of night is seen.





A history of small feelings

Our memories are as clear as morning sky,
as the sun rises on my tears born from a history
of small feelings. A thirst for known quantities
took us away from that growing mystery, a braid
between two souls that brought us home before
it cast us out in the cold night.

A thousand images of eyes entwined,
staring at the world's reflection in the fire
of your heart. I remember the dream,
your smile in the forest of time as we
came close to understanding those old scars,
particular and still blind with pain.

I may not see you, but your trace is carved
in the paths of my life's labyrinth,
as sweet as the fruit of an old tree
that keeps giving until it finally forgets itself
in the light of death.

The watcher

The watcher sees the colors of life swirl in his lens, the actors and their roles changing hands like playing cards. It is hard to remain still as these desires move closer to the center, as your lover caresses your cool eyelids with a kiss.

From this seat of awareness his meditation is not disturbed by the persistent knock of reality. When midnight comes it finds him upright, the winds playing with this flag as its pole remains fixed deep in ancient soil.

As his eyes grow deeper his gaze becomes ever more silent. The tendrils of earth are as near as jellyfish, and as far as the constellations in this tapestry of night. If he wavers it is in service of deeper waters, the oceanic currents that will deliver this raft to the other shore.





This palace of shadows

Cloak your eyes in silence and let the dark shine like silver. As you burn your dead thoughts make sure to turn the soil of mind, this ground that holds both seeds and stepping stones. This moment is as ripe as the void when your eyes adjust to night, as shadows too become luminous like stars.

There is no hand to hold here as you feel your footing on this black island, no compass that can discern north in this darkness. There is only the sound of some distant music, a familiar song amidst the wounds of time. You begin to recite your pain, these sequences you follow like a thread in this maze that suddenly lights like a flame.

Do not feel you have to leave the dark, this palace of shadows. It is enough to wear this robe shimmering with memory, these clothes that shine as timeless as ether. You will finally know the machinery of night when the sun rises as black as the sea.