

Ancient Light

This light from above
at night, is ancient.
A sheet of dark plum sky,
pin-pricked with stars.
I listen to all of those
infinitesimal sounds
that others might call silence.
Nightfall luminosities hint
at times when they
have watched this earth
writhed in pain.

They're reminding me
that they have seen this
ground I stand on, long
before I came and that
they will continue to -
long after I leave.
I'm never sure how that
glimmer arrives each night.
But it does, as it radiances
the stark blackness
around me.

That eternal blanket of
light slivers re-assures me
that it will endlessly return.