

Light

So this is a bright light.
At the end of a tunnel of one's own making.
Gripped by glimpses of red brick fortifications,
That end abruptly in the violent percussion of incendiary bombs.
The wrenched scrape of rosin and gut, splintered, crushed.

Black kites swoop from silent places,
And Egypt is ablaze with midday sun.
Wild, unbridled youthful mania for the light,
For the black of hair,
For red.

Reaching out from a radius of defence.
Objects of half life acknowledge each other,
Keep their distance,
Dream of connection,
Of combination.

Gifted to be mobile over terrain,
We, objects, things, beautiful worms,
Arranged in baroque charm,
Grip, couple and exchange.
Flowing, feeling, fusing.

A short lived light.
A wondrous and splendid flare,
Of purpose, reason.
And again the black kites soar.
Once again the sky is full.

This is a dimming light.
At the end of a burning white day.
Cooled again by luffing canvas and scented palm blossom.
Rising water from beneath the sand,
Pooling, sinking.

I see no field.
There is no swaying barley,
or boundary of trees heavy in leaf.
There is no sky or scudding cloud.
And between this place and that place, there is no parallel.
No oasis.
No idyll.

I see no banner
Of hopeful promise.
Or assured sanctity.

No re-enactment of our physical state.
Our material.
Our place.

So it pulls closer,
This bright non light.
Photons in search of receptors,
Objects without shadow,
Things, lost on a weak grid of uncertainty.

There is a total nothing.
A completely closed shutter,
Allowing not even a pinhole of light.
Thoughts of the luminous abound only in words,
The abstract code of the remembered.

Light.

What is light.

Do I remember, light?