

Lapping at the Dark
By Gregory JM Kasunich

Do not let it die, the light, the light

As much light as will stay-
keep it.

A glint -a dashed reflection spilled out upon the soil

That soft glow in your eyes, the light, your light

The warmth, molten or smoldering - don't let it die

A photon lodged in your bones

a billion years in the making, perhaps arriving late, but here.

Let it be little. Let it be what's there.

A gentle ember worrying the air - the weight of your light,

perhaps imperceptible yet immeasurable, vast and endless

Sometimes you'll want to drown it, the light that is

Drown or bury
or snuff it, No!

For it's only ever borrowed, the light

a glowing gleam that drops like water on the loam of your vessel

A glimmer
sometimes a bonfire, a hot mouth calling from the fog

A flare
A spark or a lighthouse

It might be enough,
enough,
enough -

This gentle cinder

lapping, grasping,

raging against the dying dark