

in that time

by Brian Michael Barbeito

in that time people had gone away and i waited in the inside and looked out on balconies. the ending of the dusk was coming and the details of the railings and brick, the tree branches holding purple plums, the stacked railway ties and a thousand other details became shaded and obscure. there is a gap between when it gets dark in the world and when lights go on and that is what i looked out towards. consciousness can bloom there, can grow, can watch, can see, can be itself, its new self. i thought that in my bones and blood i felt a sense of the future. i did feel it. i could not see its details just as i could no longer see the details of the day, but i could intuit it in a larger way, in an unorthodox way wild and sure with spirit and what i would call an almost other world fortitude. isn't the time before life and after life stronger than life itself? it is the sure bet, the eternal, the great and satisfying void! i felt this- and the future said that it would hold great adventures- and i knew somehow that it was not that i would become an icon or play an important role in a discovery, that it was not that i was special or would intervene in the world in some important manner. no, it was that my personal journey through time and circumstance would be profound because it was mine, that the little things would not be little, that little or small or minute would be words not used at all- because everything was important on my way and path. when i finished feeling this i was still looking out upon the landscape and the lights came on. pot lights and regular lights all timed lights and even a light from the kitchen window that was beside the room i was in and already lit began to have a chance to shine down upon galvanized grating small yet strong and secondary roof shingles and paths that the racoons had traversed and the spry cheeky squirrels and others had put foot upon in journeying. in that time people had gone away and i waited in the inside and looked out on balconies.

