

Luminous Nights

by Jerry Ratch

A sense of yellow light saturates the night, which is luminous and green. Groups of figures stand out darkly, the light coming from behind them, mingling in that loose, timid way of all groups, hesitant, unsure, with their backs against the night. For survival, for grace, for the natural warmth among humans.

Flight was not a choice for them. Bonding was, luminous as the light itself, in the tenuous, green night of the soul.

A great doubt had shut out the light inside us, but each of us called for our lover at the end, and she was generous. Carrying us along inside her over vast distances, chilling our soul with sudden terrible flashes of light. Like an airplane flying next to a thunder storm over uncharted territory with vivid first impressions, where Memory was just a small town, somewhere.

Through luminous nights to a sleeping land that lay wide awake underneath it all. Where things previously unseen were made apparent to the naked eye inside. Outlines of things sleeping in a satchel or a case. Ghostlike essence of shoes, an umbrella reduced to a spine.

Things seen through, secreted pockets exposed. Unknowns brought to light, yielding up their basics, the simplicity of their underlying structure.

The human accoutrements that accompanied us. The contents of our own baggage. Because we felt the need to know the nature of the inside as never before.

