

Embrace of Darkness

It's not terrible, falling. When the darkness is there to catch me, take me far from the light. I hate that light, that reality. The light that burns, that blind, that sears. The darkness is safer. Comforting. The light may welcome me with open arms, but I know it's real purpose. The darkness does not beckon. It just waits, then folds me in its cool embrace to stay forever.

It's quiet here, too. Silent. But it's not the sinister, echoing silence. It's not the white noise of the light, either. It's a comforting silence, the silence of focus. Of rest. The silence holds me the way the inky blackness does - soft, careful. Gentle, compassionate. Yes. The silence treats me better than the noise.

I can see the pinprick of brightness above me. It's pretty from here, a star struggling in the dark. I feel an odd sense of pity and pleasure towards those forsaken up in the sharp light. Here, the light does not rule. Here, we are equal under the dark.

I can feel the beam of heat from the speck of light. It's a stark contrast to the smooth coolness of the darkness. I'm avoiding that speck, that burning heat, but it draws me, like a magnet. I am a creature of light, after all; I occasionally revel in the warmth. But it is after I draw near it that I realize it is not the focused beam that calls me. There is a paler halo surrounding the harshness. This speaks of the joy of sun, the soft touch of light fingers. A pair of concerned eyes, black as the darkness I hide in. Somehow, it appeals to me more than the solitary comfort of the dark.

I know, in some way, that I will not see the darkness again. I will miss it, I think, but the halo calls me harder than the cool fingers pull. Perhaps there is a way to have the heat and the chill, the noise and the silence, the pain and the relief. Perhaps I can have the dark and the light. I do not know, but for now, I follow the pale trail, not ready for the sharpness of reality. But there is a softer side that I reach for, one that does not speak of fire and pain.