

Darkness is

It is said that out of darkness cometh light.

As though prerequisite, darkness; quieten the voice

Until willing to speak right.

When darkness is

Stillness, but for the warmth of dancing flames.

Uninvaded, spared,

Maybe loved.

Space empty

For rest and for remembering.

When darkness is

Childhood camping; a cavern explored; a theatre for stars.

Late night journey home by car, punctuated by red-orange-white.

The wind in silhouetted trees.

The sound of laughter across Endcliffe park beneath

The glow of city lights.

Sheffield phone ringing in the night.

When darkness is

The onset of winter

Sky before rain

Dusk become night

Lost candle light and a wick smouldering.

A life ebbing.

When darkness is

Top of the steep stairs and the landing with closed doors.

Existing in one room because she is

too weak even

to lift bed clothes.

When darkness is

Where they dared not walk together.

Like the depth of the trees or

The floor of the reservoir.

The growth within and a future stolen and instead

a head of hopelessness.

When darkness is

Last chances

The saddest place.

A forced inhabitation

A world concealed.

Darkness is

Their silent house. A deserted road.

A car engine running.

The vast unseen lands

Beyond headlights' reach.

Here in this room of her passing

Darkness is

The only voice that speaks