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# THE WALK AT TWILIGHT

## JIM BIGARI

It is like the walk at twilight  
that ends in that moment between.  
When the world thinks you cannot see  
and unwittingly reveals to you its night prowlings.  
But upon entering your house  
you turn and look out your window  
and the world has gone black.

One cannot see  
without leaving the house.  
We must open the door  
and be berated by the cold night air that is uncertainty.

Our parents have told us  
that we are made in the image of god.  
But we are clearly made in their image.  
What are they getting at?

This house I inherited from my father,  
and from my mother.  
It is made with honest care  
but the foundations are weak  
It is dangerous...condemned,  
but it is familiar and comfortable.  
A trap,  
deadly if not acknowledged,  
holy if recognized.  
One can only take so many cracked floorboards.  
When it rains the water leaks down onto my sleeping head  
and makes me dream of drowning.  
So I relinquish this house.  
One night I will return from that walk,  
I will get to the door,  
but I will not enter.  
I will leave the door open wide,  
letting all the uncertainty flood in.  
I will own what I have rejected,  
but what was always mine.  
I will hold it close.  
I will sit with it in the fading light.  
Silent like old friends  
who have played the game of words  
but know each other best in the quiet scenery before them.  
Here in this new spot  
with my old friend,  
now new,  
I will build my own house  
with doors that never close.