The Walk at Twilight

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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.