

O SOLE MIO

*But another sun*

If it's dark entirely - you couldn't tell the difference.

If it's light entirely - you also couldn't tell the difference.

If dark and light are opposite though – you could tell.

In sunny times darkness seems far. Shades and shadows are outshone.

There is but one - buzzing, blinding, overarching - sun.

The mind plays tricks: forever the one - sun.

Then darkness – sudden. Or did it creep?

Muffling blankets of shades and shadows over buzz and shrieks.

Standstill. Where is the sun – the one?

Darkness sets, eyes adjust. Contrasts come to light: high – lights.

Many a sun surface.

Spells and sunny specks.

Ha! There is but another one – sun!

*Martina von Meyenburg - in isolation - April 2020*