That Darkness That I See...

I begin with darkness.  
In darkness one can learn to look.

The hotel room in which you are staying is a bowl of midnight. Perhaps a voice in a dream stirs the bowl to wake you up. The voice is strangely familiar, yet you don’t know who it is. Some dreams dissolve like a puff of steam from a kettle. You may forget to guess what ingredients lie with you in that thick, black mess of a soup called night. Realization happens slowly, steadily. You are one of those erased by the darkness. You must learn to look at it.

You may be amazed by what you cannot see when you try to find the floor in the dark. Chairs and tables, walls and corners merge. Blackness smears. They conspire collectively; they want you to trip and bump your elbow — your eyes as useless as the expression of pain on your face. Can you really call it a mess when the hotel room was darkened by your own choice? Wasn’t it you who shut the drapes before falling asleep?

Structures and shapes sit around like primordial beings in a state of incubation. How patiently they wait! How sudden is the pain! How patiently you forgive that corner of something that knocked your elbow or toe. Your eyes
long to sleep again while the pain dissolves in the dark. Until then you wait for the morning wake-up call!

In the beginning there was only this patient waiting—until, until the first command: Let there be light. Is patience another name for darkness?

We are conceived in darkness; we wait to be born. One day, darkness will overtake us again, closing our eyes to death.

Patience in the name of darkness is primordial, older than light. Darkness has no speed. It is sloth as stability. It is a container holding the ingredients of every known thing. It is the background through which the light particle chariots travel at an assigned speed from the beginning of the “bang.” Within darkness wait the energies of light and sound; waiting is all there is.

Rising from darkness of the womb at birth, sinking into the darkness of the tomb at death, all we get is the in-between allowance of light. How we celebrate the allowance walking away from the dark! How we forget that we are walking forward into the dark! How long is that allowance?

Experts recommend seven hours of sleep a day, seven hours to drown ourselves in darkness. That calculates to two thousand five hundred fifty hours of sleep or one hundred and six days of sleep in a year! In twenty-five years an average human being shuts his eyes to darkness for seven long years at the recommendations of doctors. Giraffes are different. On average a giraffe will sleep for just five minutes a day!

That’s all.
So much information related to sleep, wakefulness, intensities of light, the blackness of black holes... So little allowance of life! How much of the weight of information can a brain bear?

Darkness churns up millions of lights; churns out the brilliance of galaxies.

Universes waiting to be born from impenetrable black holes, strong enough to twist anything that dares to approach its blinding reach and tremendous gravity. Theories of science, of life and death, facts and philosophies—all churn inside that unknown according to laws we do not understand. Our ignorance is that darkness. Information is born from it. And what could God be doing while everything waits to be born? She imagines. She thinks.

Darkness is knowledge.

You just bring it to light. An encyclopedia can only reach the eyes when you light up the pages.

If light is the clutter of color waves, then will the merging into shadows unclutter everything? Darkness isn’t the mess; darkness is the cleanup, sweeping vision into the oneness of a single vibration. So, let the cleanup begin. Let the differences in human color cleanse the clutter of racial difference. Let all black and white and yellow and brown people stand in darkness and be the one color of solidarity. Darkness will enlighten the mind. Let black matter, let brown matter and let white—o everlasting white—matter subside. Maybe even being Autistic will matter as well and not be shamed into a disease.

Light is everywhere in space. Between the sun and our earth there is light. Yet space discards light perhaps by choice, discards dense matter, but allows its passage so
that the first air molecule in the atmosphere can absorb the sunlight and begin to scatter and stir up the morning sky into pure blue. Day breaks. Light breaks up the red from the green, isolates the tables and walls, everything that darkness assembled. Darkness is ubiquitous even inside our occipital cortex while it makes sense of light.

Space is content with miles and miles of darkness. For it is not the light that we see but its stimulating effect on matter — it’s what makes us see the red and green of a tree and the many greens of a field here on earth. Blood that pours out as red flows dark within our deeper bodies. Space in its bigger darkness holds the brightest of the suns and dullest of the planets like a primordial mother who will never let go, whose face is beyond our imagination. That darkness that we call the unknown is what lights all of the lights.

While I scribble my words — black marks of letters on the white paper — I learn the thoughts of my mind. I cannot understand the whiteness of this page, but I can bloom my mind with those dark, graphite words. So let me learn to look at darkness.