

Chiaroscuro Ascension

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We find ourselves on a staircase
of forking paths, one a mirror of the other.
We look down and see how far we've come,
yet we fear each move the steps will shatter.
The steps are made of checkerboard,
smooth and cold and wholesome.

The lantern fades of artificial lights
no heat, no life, no struggle.
We climb like an easy fall
without Plato's rough and rugged ascent
But it should be the case, for we deserve
a life of honey and wine, of candy and cradle.

Should the quill be replaced
with a black mirror of eyes that doesn't see?
Or did we choose the dark for we find
the comfort in staring into the abyss?
There is no ghost in the machine.
Nothing to haunt, nothing to fear.

We let the book without end remain on our shelves
for there is no story without the teller
and only a chronicle without the chronicler.
We tear a page with yellowed edges
blank and neat, not a fragile vessel
of words but a memory of an ingenuous master.

As the sands of the hourglass fall,
we lament our struggles and our darkness
and yet we only realize that the spotlight
dims everyone around. We chose to open
our eyes yet we cover them with our hands,
not to see, but to choose not to look.

One step without slipping. One level
without breaking. One right move and we fall upwards
without gravity, without the scent of morality,
without folly, without grief.
Where's the owl of Minerva?
Late as usual. 🌸