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### Nocturne (Lasciare Sonare)

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What if someone whispers your name in her nightly prayer?

Suppose inside every prayer is another prayer,  
within every word another word,  
an infinite ladder of letters always climbing back into each other.

And suppose within every song is another song,  
inside each note another note,  
a second sound, a secret sound,  
and what if within all signs are more signs  
and inside each line a line of lines, a furrow of lines, a field of lines?

I believe we draw and are drawn into the ink of our unlived lives.  
I believe we are echo and trace,  
both string and bow.

Listen:

when the light lays down its knives,  
and darkness, the weariest maestro,  
picks up its baton,  
you will know the music the dead left you has begun.

Off in the distance,  
beyond the choir of cricket-thrum and wind-whir,  
beyond the triage of traffic slog and the dark drone of device,  
there is nothing but the past,  
asleep on its black pillow,  
and you —

keep listening:  
the entire world may go silent,  
but the little bell of the self  
is ready to ring.