

*Excerpt from*

## **CHAPTER 18: “The Nomad and the Night”**

*In the world above the trapping of Selt’s in a lower realm, the Nomad enters into the night  
who secretly holds the stories of pain and sadness.*

In this world above, that the nomad’s gaze grazes on, the twinkling city night is seen from the view of a small hill that looks down upon the orange lit streets. The clouds are lit in dullish orange city light that dominate the horizons even further still above. The shadow of the man’s back is in front of the sparkling distant street lights that illuminate around the shadow of his form.

The night is succulent cold to the touch. Ever so gently, with a half-chilled hand of grace, the man’s eyes caress the soft velvet cloak. His apprehensive fingers are soon to follow. It is if pulled from soul that his yielding fingers wonder and wander uncertain, not knowing what icy burn may ensue forth in feeling the quilted night. Ever so slowly, he lifts hand his hand to pet the velvet plane of her skin. It is as if touching something invisible in front of him. He glides his hand down in front of the sparkling night scape. It is in this very first greeting touch that he finds comfort, curiosity, and confusion. Despite all the coolness there’s still the familiar softness of a warming kiss that he misses so dear. It is the warming cool kiss that is first to greet him within the introduction of welcoming night.

The feeling is a familiar softness that the straggling nomad has long forgotten, but the familiarity is mixed with a coarse sharp unfamiliar roughness not of her own. Somehow someone’s *something else* had woven into the night to rebrand her identity away from perfection. This rough protruding disturbance has etched into her once perfect skin. The concerned and

shocked nomad could not have anticipated such a stealing wound. Such sweet soothing softness was cut and scared like a screeching wave in a rocky crash that tears the boat apart.

As the nomad pans the night-scape, a translucent scar is seen upon a distant layer of night like an invisible, but clouding wall, that obscures the light of what is behind it.

Here, his heart but *not* his lips speak back to him, “Who wounded the night and brought callus rough patchwork to the once serene silken smooth I loved to adore? Who?! It is not like the strength of night to wear such mortal wounds. You listened with a bowing hand and empathetic fingers... as tips touched the tender aching wounds she held in like an injured panther.”

With the vision of a hawk gazing deeper in, the heart of the nomad continues to speak, “So soon I hear the sirens of pain silently hidden in the distance beyond the veil of once perfection. More than glancing looks can see with still gaze the injuries embedded. At this shifting moment, we realize how much hurt she holds within, so dearly much, many centuries old scars layering upon archaic tales of compressed millenniums... Who marred the night? It is not like the night to wear the marks of pain on her perfect soft skin so rich in sweet shadow.”

As the nomad listens quite often to the words and voice of his heart, he heard her speak with empathetic desperation for the injured and broken night. She loves her so and it hurts her to feel her pain within. He gazes into the distance toward the starkness of dis-harmonized street lamps that were put in place within the void of creativity.

He and his heart continues to silently speak, “Upon first caressing the scar with perplexed saddened curiosity, fear heeded us not to enter through. But we knew then, we must follow into the injured night to find the pain that I felt in her once soft felt and velvet skin. How to trace the pain though? It was us all that scared her skin, it was always us. So you and I must follow and

make amends for what we have done.”

As the nomad gazes deeper into the torn veil of night, he begins to see the faint image of the woman upon the bottom of the sea walking with ball and chain. Perhaps it is his ability to listen from so many forms that gives him the ability to see deep into the worlds so very far down below. He sees the pain of the woman in ball in chain.

Along with the tormented woman that the nomad gazes upon from so far away, the scars of distorted light within the night opened the doors for him to see so much more. He sees within it the eons of heartbreak and pain that the night cloaks and hides within herself.

Her exterior is calm and quiet at first glance, but for millenniums upon millenniums mankind has brutalized each other within her. They lurked and killed, raped and ravaged, stollen life within their own broken lives and perceptions. Within her, she holds the stories of every child shot in the darkness. She holds the stories of wars that decimated and delivered death onto the sweet innocent who tried to hide within her cloak of night. Beyond her placid quiet exterior, she holds within her the the scars and screams of now twisted souls who still wander lost within the darkness asking themselves the simple question of “why?” Why did any of this pain have to be this way? She holds the tears of so many who only wanted to love within the comforts of peace.

Through the great timeline, she holds all their sorrows within her. The sorrows echo haunting voices that still ring even within her own silence. She herself is torn between worlds.

There are things she loves to hold within her: The dreams of children’s precious innocence that bath her in waters of youth, the warm exchanges of lovers of the entwined hearts who know the true meaning of life, the light of the stars that guides the well intended explores to the pure destinations worth seeking, the joys of mirth and celebration born from community and

compassion. These are all the things she loves, but the dripping tears and ripping tears run too deep with the agony too loud for her to get peacefully lost within the wonders of bliss she holds. The dichotomies had split the seam of her consciousness until her true identity became silent. There is so very much she holds within. But who was she before we poisoned her presence?

For the nomad, there is no tattered map, no aged guide to hold his hand through the darkness succumbing. But enter he must, for his wandering eyes fell on in through the dripping and ripping tears running upon her cloak. His sights trace in the somber walking of his soul. It was the melting of self that told him of her secrets therein, for he melts in the quilted night with the realization of home. He melts to feel her within. This is the moment he knows that she, who is Night, is within us all. She always has been. Night is everywhere and hides in sulking shade.