

We depart, plump with the danger of these long nights set according to the timelessness of black holes. We do not exactly deny the night. Instead we aspire to organize its slide over the ledge; we want the night to land serenely, back from its wandering. We feel we are of this place where night lets us glimpse its belly full with what has not yet been but which roils in our sleep; like the lightning we've seen in our nightmares of late, that fire. This mirage where we strike against the compass as it needles towards truth; this shapes the nights. But mirage, now that we have dislodged you, you are naked. I insist: we do not exactly deny the night. Simply, but firmly, we cry up the shining of our secret stars, the behests of our hearts.

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