Silent Night
Rethabile Masilo

And then night becomes silent, minutes before the uncertainty of what conduct to adopt, right near a midnight wearing the tireless look of care in its eyes. And then a soul that is propped against a pillow is being read to, by a heart that pauses, stands, and boils water to see to tea; there’s always something here, something afoot at the bedside of evening, some outside esprit of nighttime, not of day, some sense of farewell, till time finally pushes its door wide open and footsteps steal from the room, and every person is grief-eaten, and in the end no one is not ready, so that even the horses cannot stop tugging at their breeches as they begin to neigh pain and, in a display of their approval, stars start illuminating the road onto the freeway out of there, like streetlights on Main Street when the sun is going, even if folks still need to get where they’re headed, and all sounds cease, and the horses gallop to their full speed.