

# FIAT TENEBRAE

*Emrys Westacott*

Searchlights stroking the bellies of clouds;  
Sodium staining the hollow lots;  
Flashlights jerkily scribbling graffiti  
On the air, around doors, under seats.

The light penetrates. The light pries  
Open doors to old depositories,  
Glares without interest behind drapes,  
Gropes without lust at modest mysteries.

Like the fabled salt mill lying  
In the deep, fouling the seven seas,  
Grinding out sentences of death  
On parched, cracked-lipped castaways,

A machine must sit in a bunker beneath  
Some great city, fearfully at work,  
Spewing illumination through the world,  
Leaving us thirsty for the lovely dark.

“Fiat Tenebrae” © 2007 by Emrys Westacott

*Contemporary Rhyme* Vol. 4 No. 4 2007