

Shimmer

He says that to shimmer is to beam, to stand out and nothing more.
She says it's much more. To shimmer requires the dynamic interplay of
light and darkness in constant flux, like rippling water.
She says that it is the contrast between the light and the dark that causes the shimmer.
He disagrees. They always do.
To him, everything is either black or white. He ignores innuendo and subtlety.
She understands the many shades of gray.
Subtlety is the air she breathes, innuendo detected at the periphery.
He is gregarious. She is reticent.

He always seems to know what to say.
She doesn't like mindless chatter.
He talks on the phone so loud that she sometimes has to leave the room.
He speaks roughly with a thick Brooklyn accent.
Pronouncing shimmer, shimuh.
Her voice is warm and gentle and soothing to the ears.
They argue constantly about semantics.
He is very literal in his understanding.
She understands that words evolve and meanings shift over the years.
He is street educated and thinks he's a genius.
She's university educated and thinks she's not smart.

He is in continual movement and everywhere he goes there is sound.
Sometimes music, sometimes noise.
Usually the sound of hammers and power tools
Sometimes his gifted hands on the piano.
Most often, explicative expressed for reasons she thinks are inappropriate.
She sits motionless, preferring to read or to dwell in her internal landscape,
thoughts cascading through her mind at light speed.

He saw the signs: bottles of untaken medication
Stockpiled in a hidden corner.
He did not know how to start the conversation.
He simply threw them away.
He found the length of hose in the garage
Just long enough to reach from the tailpipe to the driver's window.
Her flimsy excuses did not fool him.

One might wonder how the two of them ever got together
None-the-less stayed together for so many years.
Yet it is their existence together that had so decisively molded their differences.
What could be a better test of love?
When she told him that she didn't want to live any longer
He held her in his arms and said,

“ If you want to go, I’ll go with you because I don’t want to live without you.”
His tenderness drew her soul from the depths of despair.
They shimmer.

He was her light
Along as he was around
Life was worthwhile
When he was not
She slipped back into darkness
And found a way to take her life
When he found her, on the floor, limbs splayed
he cursed the darkness that had taken her away
He cursed the light that kept him here.

Existence is complex, full of the tension of opposites.
Humans envy the power of angels, while angels are jealous of their humanity.
The massive celestial giants immersed in the deep mystery of dark matter.
Catastrophes abound and yet there is joy.
It hurts so much, yet feels so good.
If it weren’t for the darkness, how would we ever know the light?
Life shimmers.