

The Midnight Light

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The road is still the same, rusty. The voice is still the same, a mumble. Rows of silent houses - stone deaf, all asleep. Only the midnight whispers, accepts the downcast eyes, and all that's as beautiful as the fathomless. The streetlights have exercised control over your walk. Stars fail to fleck the purple twilight sky. Covered in

the deepest hue of caramel, the guitar saunters along. With a million promises-notes, you walk.

What's keeping you awake? Hope? What's keeping you awake? Dreams? What are all your songs about? Them, your desires? We compare ourselves with others. Our state with another. We know of happiness the best when we've been blue. We fall hard while trying. We fall hard trying to be more than our capabilities.

Time and again, the thunder breaks. You fall hard. You brush off the dust. Your vallum wins.

Your home is a glasshouse. You aren't protected. You might not

know how to pull through or if you will ever succeed.

But *hope is a waking dream*. On these dusty roads with the streetlights leading your way. On these silent streets, through all the malaise in the air. You walk, holding yourself together, towards your dreams, towards your journey's end.

