“Into the Nighttide”

When night falls, a strange aura fills the space-black sky: night noises and inscrutable darkness. Unfortunately nobody has ventured into what is unknown, nor looked through a magnifying glass to watch the night painters at work.

The painters illustrate the eventide until the wee hours of day creep onto their backs, and the painters of the night dissipate into the monotonous, flat shadows that will hardly cease to exist.

Yet every year there arrives a time that scurries up every 365.24 days, that makes that dim night almost interminable. It demands that the artisans endure the dark for sixteen dragging hours. But, even so, the painters of day arrive at their work when the sun looms over the horizon. Even so, the night painters evanesce.

To outset every alluring sunset, the painters procure their brushes and sweep them graciously along the sparkling canvas of day. Casually the purple weaves itself into the yellow, and the orange dances with the pink to design a landscape of salmon, lavender, and hues of orange. Splotches of these colors emerge in the ending sunlight. One spot at a time until the sky is not yet night but so close that one may reach out and lay a finger on its glory. Presently the dark will spread, not unlike ink, and night, black as pitch, will engulf the sun.

Eagerly the painters bathe their fingers in yellow, and white paint before speckling, and slashing the page with it. The colors summon a sort of light to the painting. It illuminates the almost onyx sky. The sky that seems less enigmatic now that light has drifted to the scene.

After the painters have created the skeleton of the night they draw the shades. The shadows made by blocking the starlight. When the painters are satisfied, they swipe more pigments into the already existing ones. The paint merges and creates galaxies of shades and tones.

As the painters paint, they orchestrate the songs you hearken. The slow and fast rhythms of the crickets and cicadas harmonizing. The songs lull you into a sleep you long to be everlasting. The sleep makes you dream the fondest of dreams. They may not be lucid but you will enjoy sharing of the adventures you experience while within them.
As well as hearing the fauna play their homespun instruments, the painters unearth their melodic voices and serenade. In the background you hear them. Their voice is the laughter of children and the squall that rustles the shadowy trees and brings the illusion of whimsical apprehension. The words are indistinguishable but still hold onto the structure of the thing they sing about.

When the painters complete their landscape they progress their sweet song. They purr until they haven’t the scrutiny to proceed. The nighttide persists and the painters slow down as the laughter rests; but the wind they sing up will never sleep, the voices still echo throughout the world drifting to you.

The aria begins with one painter, many words. It ends the long drawn out night.

Ultimately the painters walk. They walk into the obscurity as the silver moon drives its way across the infinitesimal bit of sky that’s remaining, until the coming sun relieves all of their work.

And the painters of day are tethered to the rising sun.

When day arises a bright aura fills the brilliant blue sky. Lighthearted noises and pleasant sunlight. Although nobody has ventured into what is undiscovered, nor looked through a magnifying glass to watch the day painters at work.

The painters illustrate the first blush until the first signs of night spring onto their backs, and the painters of the day skip into the vivid, unambiguous radiations that will barely cease to exist.

The cycle repeats. Every song foreign, every painting changed. Except nothing seems distinctive for the ones who don’t stare into the eyes of the sky.