Of Absence, Darkness, Death: Things Which Are Not, Ray Bradbury

Of absence, darkness, death: things which are not

Each unshaped shape resembles

Some midnight soul

That "with Nothing trembles."

Blind skies, cloudless dimensions;

Do smother souls

Whose nameless apprehensions

Go unborn; all's diminution;

No spirit-fire flares, no apparition

Leans forth its faceless face from looking-glass

Or windowpane.

The rain wears only wind, while wind wears rain,

And when the wind with winter-white bestows

A-spectral ice, there no ghost goes.

All attics empty, all breezeways, bare,

No phantom, prideless, restless, drifts his dustprints

there. The autumn round all dreamless goes; no seamless shrouds,

No palaces of callous stars, no marble clouds,

The earthen basements drink no blood

All is a vacuumed neighborhood,

Not even dark keeps dark or death hides death,

And sightless pulse of panics keep their breath.

Nor does a ghostless curtain pale the air

All absence is, beyond the everywhere.

Then why this unplumbed drowning-pool of fear?

My soul dissembles

Like unit candles blown down-wind where nothing

trembles With bloodless, lifeless snowchild's seed Miscarried by nobody's blood and need, No moans, no cries

No blizzard mourns of silent celebration Whose tongueless population Stays unborn-dead. But in my mindless marrow-bed: Fears unremembered How then forgot? Yet: Absence, darkness, death: things which are not.

The end