

# The Listening Light

DROPCAPits door half-swallowed by ivy,  
its windows dusted in the hush of years.  
A single beam of afternoon  
cut through the dusk like a blessing.  
Dust floated like memory,  
and the stones exhaled  
a silence older than prayer.

I thought I was alone  
until I saw the girl —  
no older than longing,  
fingers gliding over glass bowls  
as if to summon a bird  
without frightening it.

Then, from somewhere unseen,  
the organ began to breathe —  
soft chords rising  
like roots beneath her sound,  
a second soul  
woven through the first.

She did not look up.  
But the music they drew  
turned the air to light,  
and the dust began to dance —  
each mote a tiny spark  
in the hush between notes.

And something in me opened —  
as if the silence  
remembered my name.

And there,  
between the echo and the breath,  
the light listened.  
And let me listen too.

— *William Zeitler*  
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