

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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