

# Fiat Nox

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Eleanor Zuercher

Our craving for light and certainty is such  
That homes and streets and cities are submerged  
In such a flood of light, that darkness is hard  
To find, and urban glow, afflicts the night  
For miles around with power enough to dim  
Even the brightest stars and suns. And yet  
However bright the lights, however fierce  
The summer sun, we fumble in dark unknowing.  
Our condition is to be benighted, blind.  
In devouring knowledge, absolutes,  
We forget that although, from a vantage point  
On a good day we can see for miles,  
In darkness, we can see for light years,  
Perhaps to that moment of fiat lux.