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Equinox

by John Nizalowski

The day is equal to the night, but the night will soon triumph over the day. The sun sets as the moon rises, full and bright over the long blue line of the mesa. Yet soon the moon will begin to vanish, slice by slice, dissolving into the greedy sun.

This is the autumnal equinox. This is the long time of dying.

In an October memory, my father sits in the garage, single yellow ceiling light shining from its suspended tin cone.

He gathers Japanese lanterns, delicate, orange bulbs hanging from green stems. They will bring light to those they charm.
On the tube radio a quarter century old, the World Series emits ghost voices of a lost world—Baltimore Orioles verses the Cincinnati Reds.

Inside the house, my mother heats cider with cinnamon; outside, past the open garage door, it is dark beyond the spilled yellow light.

Crickets sing, the winter is coming, the stars above are clear and bright. An aurora builds below the horizon; we will soon sleep under its glory.

All these moments are long gone as I stand watching the moon rise above the volcanic plateau. Only the stars are left, a cold eternity.