



The Ghost of the Golden Hours

Ah, the fleeting moments before sunrise, when the world is wreathed in its most colorful and amazing light.

I stand an invisible and silent witness to what lay before me. Unable to effect or change - powerless. The whispers of the surf and the wind or moan of a far off fog horn. Occasionally my breathing is the only sound. A twig snap becomes a cannon crack, a snuffle - thunder.

Slowly, the dim glow on the horizon creeps upward, and the shadow of night is lifted from the land, a veil. Diamond-like stars set deep in the indigo and topaz soaked sky slowly fade as the warm sun rolls its way upward and the earliest moments of the new day are revealed.

The land glows. Fields of sea grass seem liquid expanses and the outermost edges of trees and bushes begin to sparkle in the growing light. Slowly, colors deepen and beauty reveals itself in the many places where one would choose to find it. Always it is cool but sometimes frosty cold. Those times I exhale and my vaporous breath is trapped for a misty moment by the wind. The same freezing wind that the empty branches of wintersleep trees beat their protest to in the distance.

Solace

These are remarkable and life-affirming moments. Minutes of human smallness and vulnerability made so by the profound expanse awakening all around. I bear witness to the remarkable universal energy that burns, boils and rolls its way through the heavens and sets its warmth and light on all the lucky things before it, like the earth, the water, the sky and me.

I am the ghost of the golden hour and my haunt rests solely in time. From the earliest light of day to the sun's rising I dwell.

I am just a moment in the everything, just a whisper in time. -Henry Krauzyk