Mere dark

is not so night-like as it seems

For a cappella voices



Joelle Uallach

The Day's No Rounder Than Its Angles Are

For Anya

Mere dark is not so night-like as it seems. The night's more silken than the dark by far. So many dark things are not night at all: The cupboard where the cakes and poisons are; The coffin where old men get locked in dreams Alive, and no one hears their knocks and screams; Shadows; and lightlessness of curtain's fall.

The night is further than the dark is far. The night is farness, farnesses that reel. The day is nearnesses, nearnesses that jar. The day's no rounder than its angles are. But though its angles gash you with a wound Invisible, each night is soft and round.

The night is softer than the dark is satin. The night is softness, softnesses that heal The many, many gashes where you bled. The day is loudness, loudnesses that threaten; An evil sexton-dwarf hides in your head. Oh, where escape his bells that peal and peal?

The night is stiller than the dark is dead.

Peter Viereck

Mere Dark is not so night-like as it seems

Peter Viereck

Joelle Wallach



























