

Once there was a girl who was born with the break of dawn, who was born with the strike of a match, who was born with the flip of a switch. She lived on the sun and walked to earth when it met with the horizon. Her skin was as white as the brightest light, and she wore a long dress that blew through the wind. She lived during the day and she would braid her hair, long as her dress and white as her skin, with the sun rays. She was the light, and she touched the entire earth every day.

That night, as the sun set at dusk, as the last flame was extinguished, as the switch was flipped off, a boy was born. He walked the earth as the light slept, and he knew nothing but the darkness that was himself. His skin, hair, and clothing were all as dark as the corners in his world without light. And he lived as this dark, without sound or sight, where silence was his only companion.

So the dark and light lived in separate, never meeting except at dawn and dusk. At these times, the dark passed the earth onto the light as he slipped into space, and when her job was finished, she walked off the horizon as the dark crept onto the world. It was peaceful, and their lives relied on each other as little as possible. He had his night and she her day, and to them, that was enough.

However, the loud bustle of the day and the dense silence of the night both eventually grew unbearably lonesome for both the light and dark. They both began to find comfort in the moments of intertwined dark and light. They made the sunsets and sunrises last long, and they filled each moment with hope- for themselves and for the earth.

“Hello,” the dark said in a deep and full voice.

“Hi,” the light said in a bright and colorful voice.

They bonded over their struggles for the earth. They bonded over the loneliness of the night and day. They bonded over their dreams for this world they shared. But every morning and every evening, they parted. Although they had finally found the companion they had waited for their entire lives, the loneliness had somehow become even stronger and even more unbearable.

At night, the dark walked the entire earth thinking about his light, and with each step he turned the darkest parts of the world even darker. Because the dark had completely covered the earth so heavily, when the light arrived that morning, she seemed to shine brighter than dawn than ever before in the world.

He took her into his embrace, and the sky was flooded with their mixed colors. The light held tight, for she barely slept the whole night thinking of him. That whole dawn, while the sun slowly rose, the connection between the dark and the light grew stronger and stronger. It was becoming stronger than the rise and fall of the sun, stronger than the force which created and ended life, and stronger than the power that brought forth the dark and the light.

Mostly, this connection was love. Their love that broke boundaries and brought both the presence and absence of light together as one. In that moment, the light held the dark as the dark held the light. They were happy, but their obligations for the world tore them apart. Once again they walked into the loneliness that was thicker than the dark and harsher than the light, but that somehow disappeared when they met.