

## **"The Resonant"**

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### Opening Narration

This home, although fallen and dwindled into decay still emits a hum maybe heard or imagined in this bleak mesa.

A light shines in the doorway, seemingly relit by every passing candle that enters.

Almost still, yet a celebration commences.

Here stands a beacon, built of rock and mortar, but alive. A tuning fork within the depths of The Twilight Zone.

### Closing Narration

Ancient energies from a distant moon, creating a frequency yet calling to nothing.

Because what we have seen is only that of an impression. Objects emitting sounds to be conceived and comprehended to the observer for substance.

We could be a million light years in a dimension of alien communication or a day dream within our own silent isolation. Yet, within this futile argument resides this matter, our sojourn only transmits as far as our perceptions, here, in The Twilight Zone.