

# History of the Night By Jorge Luis Borges

Throughout the course of the generations  
men constructed the night.

At first she was blindness;  
thorns raking bare feet,  
fear of wolves.

We shall never know who forged the word  
for the interval of shadow  
dividing the two twilights;  
we shall never know in what age it came to mean  
the starry hours.

Others created the myth.

They made her the mother of the unruffled Fates  
that spin our destiny,  
they sacrificed black ewes to her, and the cock  
who crows his own death.

The Chaldeans assigned to her twelve houses;  
to Zeno, infinite words.

She took shape from Latin hexameters  
and the terror of Pascal.

Luis de Leon saw in her the homeland  
of his stricken soul.

Now we feel her to be inexhaustible  
like an ancient wine  
and no one can gaze on her without vertigo  
and time has charged her with eternity.

And to think that she wouldn't exist  
except for those fragile instruments, the eyes.