

## **NIGHT CHESS**

*Manuel Ortega Abis*

At night, we are driven as children to dream.  
Tucked in like pieces on the chessboard of imagination.  
A time for our eyes to move at the slightest speed of lull  
and try to make sense of the loose ends of the many helixes  
of our memories. To touch is to move the clock by tapping  
on the very tailbone of our own history again and again. To gain  
the center without physical control of it. One should not only hope.  
One should also anticipate the other side's move. One should cope.  
When wounded, to heal to the point of real. When challenged,  
to share in the pursuit of care. If Truth be the King,  
then Freedom is the Queen. Freedom makes Truth possible  
and Truth makes Freedom valuable. Particularly at night,  
when black and white bear their differences in terms of being  
and becoming. To be either an echo chamber or the manifested  
friction of memories when they hit their heads on the pillows  
of great indolence - and even greater revisions of our dreams.  
To be checked and mated even within our woke sleep.  
As children, we are driven to dream at night, charging ourselves  
to experience without having to have to re-live them once again.  
Beware of the pawn who dreams of being a Queen  
or anything more than a pawn or other than a King someday.  
For no pawn which captures the flag of the other side  
shall ever dream of remaining a pawn, notwithstanding  
the legal mockery of any substitution.

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