

# Lights at Dusk....

Travel is also time travel...an alternate reality, a parallel dimension, where the surrounding every-day life of fellow-humans is glimpsed, but can only be participated in, long or short-term, by actually leaving that 'travelling dimension'.

Many years have passed, and also, many miles of travel, whether as a traveller, or, as a occupation, restless, searching... Now, at the end of many closing days on the road, after so many times seeing the small lights of human habitation emerge, as that biggest of all lights, the Sun, has begun to set...

Trains, buses, cars, trucks, planes, ships, and even at times, feet, mainly as a hitch-hiker, have all been major modes of transport over time, and each give a different perspective to those evening lights, as well. When flying, the lights begin to twinkle at a greater distance, and both remoteness and urban areas can both be viewed from high altitude. Closer, there is more perspective enabled, of the lives led by those whose homes are lit by the evening lights, whether on or off grids, whether lit by electricity, or simple lamps or candles.

The signs of ambient travel networks are also glimpsed, if lit by lights...the roads, highways, commercial and industrial areas, or, with greater remoteness from urban areas, the more widely spaced lights as that dwindle in number, as rural hinterland is reached.

Close-by dwellings, such as those backing on to railway tracks, especially, provide glimpses into the lives of their inhabitants, at a degree of closeness that other modes of transport do not enable. Families at tables, children with their homework, meals on tables, and my own particular favourite, rooms with lots of books, and comfortable furniture.

Whether seen close by, or inferred at a distance, such thoughts are also part of the next resting-place during the journey, whether planned for, or, just what offers at the time, whether just a night, or, an opportunity to leave the travel dimension, at least for a time.

Now, after many such travelling dusks, and many such 'alternate dimensions', a small cottage has become home, in farming country, near a railway, beside a road, off a highway, near an inter-city flight path....so, now there is my very own light at dusk, twinkling if viewed at a distance, to be seen by others as they pass, however near or far they may be, as they continue on their journey. My numerous immediate animal neighbours, with their passive diurnal rhythms, have no conception of alternative dimensions, travel or otherwise...

My own well-lit kitchen table, and, at last, my own room with books and comfortable furniture, are not so easily seen from the railway line, which sadly, carries no passengers these days anyway, or from the parallel highway, yet my small evening light can still be seen, at distances large and small, and by other travellers. Any traveller who does knock on my door, meanwhile, can share a meal, and relax with a book, or with conversation, or stay to rest, as they please, while taking time out from their own particular 'travel dimension'...

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