Syntax of Light

At first, the light would not listen.
 I spoke in symbols,
 offered small prayers of brackets and breath,
 but it only flickered—
 syntax wrong, logic tangled,
 a quiet but defiant red in the dark.

Each night, I ran in circles chasing my tail
 Running through error after error,
 the screen a mirror of my own confusion.
 Still, I kept trying—
 each keystroke a new translation,
 each failure a small apprenticeship
 in patience.
Then, one evening,
 The code ran clean.
 The light bloomed steady,
 The green shown bright
 and for a moment the whole room
 felt like it was breathing with me.
 Breathing through me
 Breathing in me
 It's strange, the joy of something invisible
 suddenly working—
 how silence can feel like a roaring applause.

and soon came the tests,
 the timed logic,
 the questions that felt confining or wonder.
 But it shined in its own opportunity
 Opportunity to create

Now, the semester folds itself away.
 Slowly ticking it's final strike
 The compiler sleeps.
 The light is off,
 but I can still see its echo behind my eyes.
 It feels good to be done—
 and yet, I know part of me
 is still there,
 writing in the dark,
 teaching the light to listen.