

My Night Ended Last Night.
Voyage of Twenty-Eight Billion Years

Dachodo Press Chapbook Series
Volume 1

David Achodo

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My Night Ended Last Night.

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For my mother,
and for every soul waiting for the Light

Table of Contents

By Means of Proem	1
I. THE UNKNOWN	2
Known As Unknown	3
The Unmeasurable	6
In A Bright Night	8
Rhythm of Redemption	10
(Un)Fortunately	13
II. IN THE WINGS OF DESTINY	14
My Night Ended Last Night.	15
Destiny	17
An Old Voice from the World's Billion Years of Silence	19
Happy Weekend, Universe	20
III. THE QUEST	21
A Quest in My Quest!	22
Invade My World	24
To My Fatherly Mother	25
Come In!	27
Have My Quest	28
Note	30

By Means of Proem

My Night Ended Last Night. gathers poems of soul awakening,
of restless becoming, of questions addressed
to the Unquestionable, with trembling tongues.

Can they be called the author's Book of Psalms—
prophecies as proverbs, proverbs like prophecies! They are
time-sensitive, accounts of a twenty-eight-million-year
journey, moving through three waves of time
and light: —The Unknown, In the Wings of
Destiny, and “The Quest,” in search of a
Truth in search of me.

May the Light of life shine on those who sit in darkness! ...

I.

THE UNKNOWN

Known As Unknown

Older than eternity—

His past is our future!

Too real to be believed!

Too mysterious to be doubted!

And too good to be accepted!

The most controversial entity among the dead living,

Around whom the world was woven.

Present in every life, yet nowhere to be taken.

Filling everywhere, yet nowhere.

Yes is He!

His name we know but cannot tell, since

Everything He is called is lesser than everything He is.

And everything sees Him unseen.

Tell us Your lifespan, Sir, or when You will expire.

Let us know since life itself is full of Your emptiness.

You neither grow nor die. —

Or Who can show us Your birth certificate?

And where will You renew Your citizenship,

(no stanza break)

Since You house every creation? And You carved the
multiverse.

What is the future of the unknown if not You? —

For, our future was Your past;

Your future, Your future, please tell us the end of Your future!

Or, even, how old was I,

When You traded heavens for a three-decade contract?

And, who can contest Your realm since

You are impeachable? Or, who can take You to court?

For, ere they try it, You call them fools, foolish fools!

Or who can ever strive with You and win? It is the one

You help that is helped.

You spoke just once, and life and science ran in the pursuit of

Your programming,

Evolving in the vapor of Your nostril,

According to Your word order, Your world order.

You don't shake,

You don't quake.

You don't fade,

You don't fray, and You don't fail.

(stanza break)

My past was my first world. The present? It is the second.
I'm proud of You being proud of me to exist like no other,
And become You beyond the border of my third world.
Help me then, help me, please help me,
And let there be lights.
Help us, and we will be helped. Help us to be helped.
Help us, help us, help us to help us: and we will be helped
And let Your rod be for the back of our enemies! For,
Their destiny is not their destination.

The Unmeasurable

The Sovereign
On Your Davidic Throne high,
In You is hidden the Hidden
Mystery of mystery,
The history of mystery,
The mystery of history,
And the
History of histories.

The Unknown fore-known,
You are the Time of time,
The Life of life itself,
And Your thoughts are thoughtless.
The natures of Your Nature in nations
Torture the pressure of vain pleasures!
Oh, King of Nations, who can download You, Sir?

As clothed in the tower of Your Power,
Oh, “Thou Most High”,
Toddlers are taught Your Thoughts!

(no stanza break)

And while trying to measure the Unmeasurable ...,
I conclude that You remain Omnidimensional.
All must have Your Life in life!
For, who in the multiverse can survive in the presence of
Your absence? —

In A Bright Night

I must be old to know who is older.
But I was young to know Who is ageless,
Whose sunrise marks a turning point in the universe,
Who kindles cold candles,
Striding in no striving stresses above all critical Critiques.
It will be too late to be late: for, I must focus on my focus,
Besides, levels are in levels.

Even, time is tame in the bower of Your Power, free from
freedom.
What is the beginning of Your beginning, please?
And will there ever be a beginning of Your end?
To know this, it is too late to be too early.
For even the end of Your end is the endless beginning of Your
beginning! —
And the end of Your beginning, oh Most High,
Is the unending end of Your endless end!

In the bright night, as often as in a heaven's earth,
I sought the thoughts of Your thought in my thoughts:

(no stanza break)

To know the existence of Your existent experiences

With this fallen globe of a water drop's size.

I did think of thinking about them: it is too early to be too early!

But when Immortality shall have absorbed mortality,

There will be no question of posing questions.

Rhythm of Redemption

Out of the ruin of ages, without hope, without
Life, rose a rhythm of redemption! Grace
Wrapped in skin, shone forth ... in that holy night;
Eternity was born: —Almightiness
Veiled as Mary's boy, to tread our fallen earth.

From that cradle of humble crust emerged
The Human One, yet a better
Adam—God-With-Us, disguised
As frail clay. Eternity
Reduced to humility, lived
As man as God, as
G.o.d. as man, as
Man as man, as
God as G.o.d. Too heaven, too human—
Fullnesses of G.o.d. in helpless flesh.

... Three decades. And three.
And half.

Time—,

(stanza break)

That the Finger that sketched time and life
Learned toil, ate bread, and
Grew toward the crux. Love unbreakable, wore
Our skin, shambled to the Cross, where Glory
Groaned! Dark day! Droopy time! Too
Heavy. Sacred Head—cursed, mocked, wept until
“‘Tis finished,” —sank at sunset.
Death had a guest; Hell melted, conquered, in three
Days! Earth quaked, with each gaze! Forces of
Darkness in chains; suspense was suspended—
The glorious hour He arose! Stones surrendered the
Maker’s path at the third! History grew...
A new age—
Existence slipped into adoption ...

Now embrace we Thy Father’s endless love!
What syntax can suffice for that ransom? For
From breath to breath—our phrases collapse; yet
Thine amazing Grace doth translate our stam-
mering! We shall borrow a billion tongues to declare
Thy Praise, Almighty ... Truth!
Thus, let Thy

(no stanza break)

Word shield us in the world of trouble! And let
None that calleth upon Thy name
End in shame. *AMEN*.

(Un)Fortunately

Ere the wound of life opened,
Life was seven—and
Eden one.

The Unfortunate, in his
quest, declared peace—
in the name of war, and
spread unto heaven, like the
morning star: False dawns
rose like a blade; the world was
United in the state of death—
Ripe for RIP. Heaven's
Heavy. Hell yelled:
—the destiny
of the world was decided! The law
knelt. Broken. Prophets sighed. But
Mercy remembered ...
what judgment forgot!

II.
IN THE WINGS OF DESTINY

My Night Ended Last Night.

Growth. My story,
all I can give time, all I
can offer a twenty-
eight life. I was born
when the world was
divided by one. Vanity.
The guest at Eden.

My Mother
First blessed me
When I was a time old,
By the angel who spoke
With me on my way to
Destiny: Life. Peace.
Blessing beyond
Blessing. Sacredness.
Immunity. Heavenliness.
Immortality. And Eternity.
—Out of the reach of
The enemy!

(no stanza break)

Then I was left in the wings of
destiny; I moved through it as
through a dim cathedral, running
for Truth. I went in the Way, with
the Angel unto whom the time
was appointed. —And Wisdom,
and Faith, fed me on my way to
heal a world
of a billion wounds. Transition was my
tradition. I sailed frozen summers, scaled
rivers, and audited life's oddities, waiting
for destiny's touch that I may arise,
unmasked, to storm the world with
Peace.

—Where my weakness ended
as strength, begins Divinity: my night has
died yesterday! now I will rise, drink Light,
conquer fear, heal the sick, raise the dead,
bless the poor ... and plunge the world into
peace—yet not
I.

Destiny

Going somewhere to happen—

Destiny has always asked
For my life, before prophecy
Claimed my birth twenty-eight
Billion years ago: ... There's
One that must lead every age!

I know I will see it.
I will see her—
And use the Faith
I have found
To reshape the world's course
From curse! —

I will make it, lean back
To lead the world; I'll be Great,
Powerful, Mighty, to brighten the age,
Improve the world,
and

(stanza break)

Lead a new time.

An Old Voice from the World's Billion Years of Silence

I arise—

to control what controls!

I will rise an ancient beyond names,

Eternity gathered in one breath—

to shelter the last light.

No darkness—

No more blades of grief—

Failure, depart!

Open, life's window of hope! —

and let the

earth drink light from

Heaven.

Happy Weekend, Universe

Vanity. —

The hand of

G.o.d.

World of nine

Eras: —dark days, droopy time,

Failing age, time against

Time.

Creation sighs,

Universe gallops

Towards

Its day, Prophecies

Storm time. Forces

of life

Quake! ... Yet,

There's one more

Hope—

I pray he find light

At the face of darkness

III.
THE QUEST

A Quest in My Quest!

You, letter—let her enter! And I
can't wait to wait;
For creation lingers unnamed—the one
made in my world unknown, blooming
a day before Sabbath!
Davidic spirit in her, ever recited in
Collectte's diary—in
the innocence of Time ...

How I face your gaze
In every phase, in the
Strength of weakness: —taste of blaze
In every place, Quest of West, sign of
Time, for the man of the moon.

I stand with patience armed as speed; —
I watch every light through the dark arc;
Every syllable builds a silence in my
sacred library ... Nothing naughty.

(stanza break)

What I haven't seen already sees
me; the future curls behind
the future; and tomorrow is after tomorrow;
a time in time—in the span of my palm.

I do face your gaze in every February
feast. But destined castles fade to shade,
that the bride of pride may
wear the world's third bloom! I
transfer Him their burdens as if they were
dawns. But I pray fate to carve
upon our hearts the word that wove
our waves!

For

Only

ETERNITY has neither a lowercase nor a period

Invade My World

Cool the ember of my breath,
where healing halts at its rim. May
flame turn fame, and
let Easter whisper in winter;
every vein of mine grips dawn drowned—
the stars of tides fast faced.

Wander in, into my silence, through
the midst of my stone garden—
colored, sharp, flame-shaped sickle
of the meek Wise that sings
the Davidic wisdom in ages, with her
king's prophecy cataloged in her
archive. On my May bed at midnight's
mirror, I see a flying future, leaving the flies
of her foes fried in fury! It is all grace:
The work of Word at work—and I
have to live with this blessedness all my day

To My Fatherly Mother

You are a Womb Man, Collectte,
a womb of wonder

I tread the garden of mind, press thought
through thought—a dome of trembling morphology—
to birth a syllable from my depth! But time
remains an unfaithful midwife.

Memory forgets its name.
And years confess their failure.

For how will
I remember to forget the one who
believes in the presence of my future,
to make life an Eldorado for mankind?

Collectte's friendly strictness—
with humorous technicality,
principled, seasoned, regulates
the tonicity of her spontaneously
gesticulated nuances:
—in chastity
and chastisement. All honors

(no stanza break)

your honor in the assembly of your kind,
home and abroad.

When creations would flee for
freedom, all look forward to
seeing your efforts' true fruit—that you
gave a Christ in crisis. When they
will flee for free, you'll be remembered
by an alabaster of endurance.

Come In!

Come in, O Welcome Itself, Kiss crowned
as King! Your rule is our will! No change
can change You. —May
Darkness vacate at the
thunder of Your verb.

Sciences found waves, prophets decode winds, yet
You slip unseen through worlds' frequencies. The
sun is Your shadow: —and the fade of Your shade
keeps the noon running.

Descend, Maker of matter, to the
mortal You molded! Give weight to
wonder; translate grass into grace:
—Till all nations wash
their flags in Your psalms.

Have My Quest

Clearer than a crystal,
mystery popular,
unsaid: Time blinks twice—
once for memory, once for the unknown.
Between them, we breathe; younger
than history, older than
future!

Our night is Your day, Sir—as our time
our dime! So find us where oblivion
grows ripe! —Feed Your field. ...
Buy it from grave! And sorrow? Let it
be unto Your foes, unto those who abhor
Your hope! Soak them in Your furnaces.

My thirst. A quest,
kept in my quest: —
to exist in the pages of the scroll You inked,
to brush infinity's edge with a finite
Finger, and

(no stanza break)

touch life ...

lives ...

across the sea

Rewrite me then—the version of wonder You
never repeated: start a new history. Match my

Life with a good perfect match, as Destiny
finds us, in the real world we were made for,

—the truth I've ever sought ...

two hundred decades:

—ever

to feast on Your site.

Archived in Mercy. Kept by

Unparalleled Truths.

Note

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Sonder: Through Our Eyes, edited by Lily Cartier
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"Known As Unknown" (pp. 51–54)

"In a Bright Night" (pp. 55–56)

"The Unmeasurable" (pp. 57–58)

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together as "My Love Poetry":

"A Quest in My Quest!"

"Invade My World"

"To My Fatherly Mother"

"Come In!"

"Have My Quest"

All five of the Vernacular poems have been substantially revised for this volume. The remaining poems were self-published by David Achodo under the *Dachodo Press* imprint.

— D. A.
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