

Silk Road II

*"Everything is in motion,
even what is still."*

—Robert Bly

Train rocks north and west
through dark countryside toward Xinjiang
soft lights in the windows and open doorways
of houses along the tracks
occasional shifting of sleepers behind me
coughing
bits of conversation made intimate by the darkness

Driving home from Grand Falls
years ago
 my brothers asleep beside me
in the back seat
a low moon following through trees
on the Buchans highway,
already I have so much to remember

Dawn there now, the highway deserted

Everything I have ever been
sits motionless
at the open window of the train,
doorways silhouette the bodies of strangers

Darkness, the small light
of other lives

Michael Crummey



The Sullen Eye

[Mercury Gallery, London, England]