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