

INTERREGNUM

(c) Joan Katherine Webster

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Nothing.

Nothing moves.

No leaf, no blade of grass

No feather-flicker differentiates the comatose
from bliss.

The slipstream of cars falls behind, faints on the bitumen;
a dog-shaped displacement of air follows its mass
birds leave lines of semaphored intent indented in their wake
a butterfly weaves lightning scars on the invisible.

The breath,
the air within the pot,
the space between the breaths,

the meditative interregnum
hiatus of an early morning summer-autumn slough

the trough between a life's expulsion-inspiration,
the vacillating glide to terminus,
the solstice-stop of time when nearing death.

The morning has forgot to wake.

The world has had enough

has made a stand

still

stopped turning,

tired of spin.

earth's regnum hangs in soporose suspension

guard dropped

diurnal journey jolted.

The train of thought has stopped:

All alight.

This is where we get off.

See?!

- there is no platform at the siding

no connecting line

no substitutive destination

no *All change here.*

This is all we've got.