

Interregnum

- a pause or interruption in continuity -



¹ A future dispatch from the distant past.

“What keeps us here?”
You, all small voice and curls, ask.
A query tongue-tumbled and rash,
yet lucid as the roseate dawn
cracking yolk-orange
over the Eastern edge.

A listless sky in early alchemy,
deploying a blithe radiance
through star-spun strata
hung with collaborative dust
from street-bound ventures,
quotidian, abundant, and rushed.

By mid-day, a dingy halo;
stuck, wound-sodden gauzy,
into mists make-believe.
An apocryphal wall,
exultantly suspended,
encircling all.

A spit-dry earth thirsts below,
bellowing barren and restless,
as furry little spiders,
emboldened by rain respite,
spin glistening webs
'cross leaves equally desperate.

This Delphic time, rakish and incoherent,
lusts after an ice-green evening
to splash sincere over the hot ingots
warming our collective boredom,
yielding never to fatigue,
but finally, to misfortune.

Lackluster in its semi-sentient embrace
and assumed autonomy,
it collapses slackjawed
into gushing torrents of inky federation,
mottled by cobalt bursts of laughter
and distant conversation.

And as night falls thick,
we must dive heedless
to the seafloor of a bottomless ocean;
aloof to those that
dampen our living light,
inimitable and golden.

Reaching a seething reef,
teeming with sessions of structural silence,
we shall drive our roughhewn tent stakes
deep into the twisting sand,
and start life anew,
regardless of unanswered questions.