

VERYAN HAYSOM

**THREE NIGHTS ABOVE HIGHWAY #2,
ELIZABETH BISHOP HOUSE, GREAT VIL-
LAGE**

(i)

What is more still
than a sleeping highway
in the black of night?

What is stillness if not memory
reaching to sense movement—
roar, drone, and whine of battering engines parting
air, dragging wind, blending rubber, opening space—

memory sounding distance for absence
searching the invisible for a trace
of passage, shadow fall of revelation,
soft echo of an idyll?

What is stillness if not memory
releasing unrealized anticipation
into sleep?

(ii)

Again, deep silence.
Night pond. No frog,
no wind, no ripple-lit star,
depth implicit.

Devoid road
open to distance
without punctuation

open to Portapique,
Lytton,
Kamloops,
Mariupol,

and oncoming
liturgies of dread.

(iii)

And again, waking
into void—
hole of a fallen
angelwing cut in
resurrected
tidal rock

sea drained
through a hag stone
portal to a pink and
turquoise stain

water channelling
lilting starlight
from Cobequid's
deep, granite-edged
fault

the still mind
of galaxies
and eras
cascading.