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## Interims

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# Interims

by Maximilian S. Werner

The sky looks its age tonight.  
The air's heavy with pine sap and diesel.  
Darkbound trains rumble by.

I glimpse a few, last passengers  
dozing over papers and rocking  
in the dead light toward Baltimore. And for a moment

I wonder about their lives.  
But it is early spring,  
and I too am through with waiting.

Bone-throated croaks lead me down  
to heron, those stock-still hunters,  
deadly ghosts haunting the bog.

At my feet, half a century of leaves blacken  
the ground, nests of gold grass  
drape the stunted maples

like lanterns hung for no one.  
Peeper frogs sound their first  
runic pipings.

I'm dim all over.

Then I see the blues of a rotting jay's feathers  
like the shadows above  
a young girl's eyes. . .

and these lives of ours.  
These cold blessings.



*Photo (detail) by Joel Kendall*

