

**POETRY/FICTION**

**STATIONARY**

Oh,  
I grow weary of this gray world,  
Its thick shroud of obligations  
Pulling me down to earth like pale gravity.

I want to stand still,  
Motionless,  
Grow small and quiet,  
Until this coarse robe falls away  
Like a spent chrysalis  
After the transformation.

Now there is only waiting—  
The uneven tick of disloyal time,  
The thin rustle of dry flesh,  
Like brown leaves resistant to a freeing wind.

The broken threads of speech,  
Too frail to bear the blunt weight of expectation,  
Lose hold on restless ears,  
And emptiness fills the air  
Like a sudden cloud of doves.

In the rust-pocked light of forgotten colors  
I scan the yellowed parchment of my life.  
Whose hand was it that wrote those alien words?  
And for what imagined reader  
Did the lines take shape,  
Composing themselves into  
Consecutive life sentences,  
Duly served, coming to rest,  
Like a pendulum's  
Slow descent  
Into silence?

Robert A. Neimeyer