

Jana Mashonee

"World Stops"

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At the end of the trip
Blank and sudden (?) going back
Voyage terminated at long last
Waiting for the high-speed rocket
Take me back to where I know
The ride's not easy, it's not calm
But going back at long last
All the faces, all the voices
Somehow I stay at the back of it all
Watching my body go through the motions
In a slice of time and space
Guess I was there, I surely must have been
It's a simple memory hangs near past (fast?)
But going back at long last
Somehow seems so much more important
Looking through all the events
Clear on out to single points
Where it's quiet and still
At the end of the trip
The world stops
And I can stare at the wood and stone
And the objects of place take on their own life
Nothing's really so different at the end of the voyage
It's all an extension of my thought
All the differences disappear
And a quiet calm floats me in the air

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