

On the way to Kimberley

I hang in the air above
the Outback's Red Centre
on the way to Kimberley
in a patched-up four-person plane
with hiccups for an engine

and waiting below
is treeless, waterless
featureless burning earth.

No tramlines
no railway stations,
no cars hellbent
for somewhere else,
no lights in huddled apartments,
no road signs to tell me places exist
no anchoring words.

Is this what it's like
to be balanced forever
between the stuttering of my breath
and the place where the trial begins?