

OBSERVATIONS OF A TRAIN RIDER

Let them be told that the 8:15 will derail and crash
burning in a ditch tomorrow; leave
Gabriel feathers on their doorsills so they know.
Some will ride it anyway,
ratcheted onto their private reels,
racked on indelible rails in sweat-fitted hides.
They rattle their loose change, dash chattering from corner
to corner,
make long fingernail tracks on the sides of their pits.
Finally they fall back to fill with food and drink.
One reads a certain book, one cleans the attic, fondling trophies,
one prowls sleep. They prepare their morning faces
staring at the Why blemish on the forehead.
Slowly, though not enough to be late,
they go out and board the 8:15.