

Life's Train

Michael E. Stone

The man sat on the patio
Thinking of death and taxes and
that the world turns on its axis
and that there is nothing new

under the sun the heat burns
through the layers of atmosphere
rays through the hole in the ozone
make things full of life and fear

of death and joy and loving
as the days move past like
a train its carriages speeding
on a run from here to here

no tracks no ties no rails
sentinel trees and signal poles
from the back window of the train
the present parallel past tracks.

May 2007