

## **Back Track**

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Straight rails receding,  
from the back of the train,  
parallel shiny trails  
track back  
to where we were.

We pass through  
flanking trees —  
green and yellow,  
orange and brown,  
to life's next station.

No end is seen,  
nothing foreseen, as  
our closed compartment  
hurtles on its way,  
beyond our control.

The emergency brake  
can stop a train,  
but not life.

Its scenery passes  
lightning fast,  
seen it is gone,  
only an image left  
of light in the eye,

and we cannot grasp  
its beauty, its sorrow.