

The Train Whistle

At dawn, I wait
for the whistle.
I can almost see the waking
passengers, yawning,
clothes askew,
how they stare out
into the thickets
of pine, their minds
trying to embrace the blunder
and hum of their lives.

Only when
the whistle blows
do they face what is true—
that our lives are lived
and unlived, that the past
and future are pooling
into one as the train breaks
into morning,
closer and closer.

To say I wait
for the whistle
is not entirely true.
It's as if the whistle
waits for me.
Or, forgive my conceit,
longs for me.
As if during the night,