

BRIAN SWANN

Post-Industrial

The old slopes flap like muslin.

Snow gleams as if angels were
reinventing themselves as snow.

These mountains point to themselves
as if they were photos so you'll know
they're really there. At their foot,
flashes like a fire going out above
the railway bridge that hasn't
seen a train in decades. The bent rails
are their own cargo they carry
from nowhere to nowhere else.

Yet even from here you can hear
the wind strumming rusted struts.

In day's deep grain sounds scrape by,
steel-ribbed, all spirit. The bridge is
now a model of itself moving on staves
to the unsteady beat of invisible valves,
driving into the horizon and down
the other side where there are no
narrow ways, just damp grass and
a sky that smells of pitch, going all ways
at once without the burden of direction.