

COLE SWENSEN

*from* LANDSCAPES ON A TRAIN

*239 miles, December 15*

Cloud graying above broken light by trees. The tops of trees. Break the light  
The gold is pale gone white a winter away the bright act of bare trees cracked  
The sky is all hands the long splay of long empty trees. In between and deeper  
Green the fields away the fields by fence engraved. Against a distant field one  
Cold sun on a broken pond, broken gold drained to day.

Gray is more morning more quiet of empty. Paths. Field empty except for its green.  
Will more inside green. Inside it is green and inside the green is another  
Slight mist moving upward. A road moves upward quieting the fog and the other  
Fog moving off down a river the low way all clouds low across the line of sky  
Making the sky a straight line running low along its own.

*980 miles, January 1*

What rain draws down. What rain is owed. In halves and all color dies. Down.  
The sound without shore. So a blind shore is more petals, they are far. More  
Anger down by grains. And the speed increases all speed in spite of rain which is  
All grays and pulls the grays into green. A green that fades a very faint green of  
Days; all days are green.

And rain rains down upon rain. And reels back. Recoils. The whip of lash  
And the trees shrink back up a long hill. As it backs up, the black field  
Rushes back.

Smoke rising quiet in its flight which is a slow loss across gray from a field of gray  
The windmill farm bright in its flock of sudden large gray birds toward the sea  
Of a sea of them, longer than their own. Own their time. Which is a private thing  
Held up and far in the line of trees like far away another rain.