

WHISTLESTOP

Who are the residents of the quick
trains? Do they never close

sad eyes? Or refuse someone dear
a fond wish? Out and out victors

always, their undistracted faces
stymie us. Even whizzing by jolterheaded,

their mystery staves in our smiles.
Not for them has noon a short leash.

Here eight stools are occupied
in an eatery, as the diesel-horn

races past us: its steady winners
trying for once to see out. What

must it taste like, their shish-kebab—
woods, towns, hills, rail-skewered?

And why are we gulping this goulash?
The horn twangles, make a million!

Run! Squeegee their windows! But,
securely long-lost and, a few, dudes

who have no home, kid-like, we scrawl
only this on our local sidings.