

ALMOST HAPPY

The goldfish is dead this morning on the bottom
of her world. The autumn sky is white,
the trees are coming apart in the cold rain.
Loneliness gets closer and closer.

He drinks hot tea and sings off key:

This train ain't a going-home train, this train.

This is not a going-home train, this train.

*This train ain't a going-home train 'cause
my home's on a gone-away train. That train.*