

THERE ARE TRAINS WHICH WILL NOT BE  
MISSED

they tell you if you write great poems  
you will be lifted into the clouds  
like a leaf which did not know

this was possible, you will never  
hear of your darkness  
again, it will become  
distant while you become  
holy, look,

they say, at the emptiness  
of train tracks and it is poetry  
growing up like flowers between  
the ties but those

who say this  
are not in control of themselves  
or of anything and they must

lie to you in order  
that they may at night not bear witness  
to such great distances cascading and such

eternities unwinding  
around them as to cause even the most powerful  
of beds to become silences, it

is death which continues  
over these chasms and these  
distances deliberately like a train.