

Three Poems · *Chase Twichell*

SILVER SLUR

Nothing stays attached to what I saw,

what I glimpsed from a train.
It has no magnet for meaning.

Four men sat on a wall shooting up,

companionable. One waved at me.
Waved the needle. Ten feet away,

a man was fucking a woman from behind,
controlling her with her heavy necklace,

a bicycle chain. The budding sapling
shook as she clung to it,

her orange dress hitched up in back.
People there throw garbage out the windows.

Who cares? Four arms, four rolled-up sleeves.

The silver slur of light along the tracks.
Four arms, four rolled-up sleeves.

The orange dress hitched up in back.