

the circus train

here's another field
harboring the railroad track

stitched like a scar
between the city and the desert

*

tonight we'll vanish again
and the field will turn back

into coyote and jack rabbit
flashing in the headlights
of dusty cars

*

the clacking sound of the train
is inside of me

I can hear it in the cicadas
in the juniper
and in the tumbleweed

*

home is an invisible rope
stretched tight

from one field to another

from *blue wolf*