

Press When Illuminated

bliss is simple. though not easy. More complicated
are these endless imaginary impossible demands,
and this frantic struggle to escape them—
fingers stabbing at the train door button
before the light comes on—
blurred fusion of worry and self-accusation,
bad dream where I'm simultaneously inspector and bearer
of an invalid ticket to life.

this amazing difficult life.

the railway that can be named
is not the true railway.
the button that can be pressed
is not the way out.

the poem that can be written

ten thousand things
to do on your journey

clickety clack
chuff chuff
think think

all the way

until we disembark
from trains of thought
in stations of the night
& catch a big black taxi to sleep