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