TRAINS

I

We always (just)
pass each other.

in the gathering dusk, like trains

and for some (inescapable)
reason, the sky is always red
with the blood of the dying
(day)

similarly, you always pass
right thru

(always)
leaving me on the siding

II

as the mileposts stand guard
the train crowds past them
carrying me//further/from where
you are//nearer/to where
you were why
do i miss you by days
or (more particularly)
by nights.

IAN HUGHES

my very own
record
for summer:

a tower, erected
in thought of an
everest sized sophia
(loren)

IAN HUGHES