Steep is the water tower painted off blue to match the sky

can't ignore the train

night walks in the valley silent
you could swear the earth just moved

can't ignore the train

dust to be kicked up in the crack faced idle sinister town screen door to the rail station devil in her shoe

ran along side the wasted tracks hem pins darted her calves

can't ignore the train

one spoiled girl with the tidiest apology some how wedged inside her throat

can't ignore the train

patience their virtue but I never could abide by that dungeon life with electric light a clean towel and a basin mantle figures mind their place laughs where they belong

through adventure we are not adventuresome

rage to share with a wardrobe mirror
in a room so beige and cold

can't ignore the train

window days saw the children pick their street games on thirty afternoons

Molly the boys are starting in the rhymic again teasing more and more....

the second daughter
how she fell
young locked in Some Folk's Prison
made to dwell
til they're braiding
her grey hair

sitting in the wishing chair sitting in the wishing chair Jištenorg inkytherd wishing chair