

Midnight Train

At midnight from the marsh spread blind
it thunders into my sleep

and heads onto upgrade ties
on the banks of my dreams,

old track beds lost, and jumps
new crossings, extended loops.

I tune with its violent throb,
its plosive pants and pulsing lungs,

under blankets, face turned to the moon
I connect its voice to a gift of tongues.

— *Liliane Welch*