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The Goods Train Over the Tarentum Bridge

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Roy: The Goods Train Over the Tarentum Bridge

THE GOODS TRAIN OVER THE TARENTUM BRIDGE

Sankar Roy

Those who cross the bridge
to the mountain are also trees
who wish to disappear
into the woods

and those who come
glowing phosphorous
through the morning mist
following a vulture's shadow
are armored, amorphous bodies.

The scavenger claps its wings,
somewhere mercenaries wear headgear
waving blood—
soaked cloths
before bulls' eyes.

Someone throws a jackhammer
towards the rusted blues, the wilted sun falls,
mineral clouds peel off into powdery rain.
The church bell from across the bridge expires gradually.

The goods train leaves with crates of packed meat
for distant towns. No more groceries this week.

Those who cross the bridge
will soon be lost in the mud alleys
with a god who creates this mind.

Together they plan to build a tree house.
Together they sharpen a stone knife.