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Remains

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Frank: Remains

REMAINS

Rebecca Morgan Frank

There's one at every lost whistle stop—

A place to dig up dropped coins, lost keys

Some sort of archeology of movement

A recorded passing through nowhere

Something hatches in these places of waiting

Rootless tapping, the ghosts of valise, hatbox, duffle

Conjunction of the last stop and every platform ahead

Memory is a cultivation

The difference between not stopping and stop

Bronze placard on the crumbling brick

The was-a-stop, the yet-to-be-a-stop, or out there

An old caboose in an Oklahoma field, rusting

Anticipated roost for rodent, bird, lone man with a dog