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Open Window

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Catone: Open Window

OPEN WINDOW

ANNA
CATONE

I can feel it happening. The window of the train
open this time, leaning out. Heavy clamor.
Dust like carbon or some thick thing
I would have washed off, ashamed.

Outside, an electric cable lit up like the skin of a fish
or the Indigo Bunting, blue
but not blue really—no blue pigment, just refracted light—
all blue light through the lush black bird.

I lean and lean, pushed up high on a folded down seat.
Arch after arch that keeps going back—
tunnels that were here at the beginning of this city—
and another train that comes greedy
with its exhaust, with its big white light
turning the corner.

A raccoon rat crosses the tracks.
A glow-in-the-dark man—lit-up vest, flashlight eyes—
flings off the cover of a manhole, climbs up into the dark.