

SIC TRANSIT

JEFF EWING

My daughter's on her way to Roseville, the long way—
train, walk, bus, walk, bus.

The machine eats her twenty at the station,
she thinks about turning back.

On the blue line there's little risk of IEDs or RPGs,
but still so many things to go wrong.

The boy climbs into the landing gear,
the girl in the semi hears its engine stop in the desert.

A walk and a hit. A wild pitch.
Coyotes are everywhere with promises.

The train rattles north.
Any moment can be the one that sets the rest in motion.

From the stretch, he reaches back.
The doors hiss open.

So hot for October. The yard's playing small.
We listen bent to the call we'll remember forever.