

Railing West

Out through my train's
dirty window I see
the clear yellow sun
sliding its way
down into stardom.

A sudden stand
of trees whisking by
allows water to gleam up
from between their trunks,
still as the reflected sky.

Suburban homes
too new for trees
swiftly turn
like fashion models
on a stage.

Dusk is now underway
with this ambivalent sky,
neither gray nor blue,
tempting my train
westward into nightfall.

Sinking like an
orange lollipop,
the sun is being
licked away fast
from underneath
by tomorrow.

I have lived long enough
to have respect for tomorrow.

I have one sun only,
and only one tomorrow.
I wait and wait
for tomorrow until
it's all I am.