

For Andy Kenney

A bright morning sun cut through the wooded hills  
In columns of orange and yellow light,  
Bouncing from the hardened path below my feet --  
Then reflecting off of a lazy creek, running to my right.

A train whistle blew, perhaps just a mile away;  
Lonely and cold as the wind which chilled the air around me.  
The tracks followed the path off to my left --  
I knew that the thunder of the wheels would overtake the solitude.

A murder of crows left, at once, their perches in the trees above.  
The sound of a hundred collective wings announced the coming.  
Fifty-nine cars rolled by me at full gallop,  
Like the four horsemen of lore, shattering my day.

Then, just as quickly, the stillness returned again  
As the long, rolling giant disappeared around a bend.  
One last, lingering blast of a whistle, now far away --  
Then silence , as the sun rose above the hills with warmth anew.

Our lives come and go just as the morning train.  
We thunder out our comings and goings for a short while,  
Disappearing around the final bend, watched by those left behind.  
Then the last, muffled blast of the whistle signals our passing.

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