

Sunshine Train

The moment exists forever—
the woman next to me
stares out the window;
the Filipino man holds a newspaper
before his closed eyes;
the Indian men lean forward to talk—
the train caught rocking
from one hip to another.

We exist together with a quiet power;
businessman, addict,
mother, brother, father, sister;
the same as today's headlines
our minds roll from one thought
and back again.

With easy inevitability
we leave ourselves there
as the train continues down the line.

Paul South