

# Slow Train

*by* Heather Fowler

In grief, I'd ride a slow train there with you,  
one hand in yours and one hand on the rail,  
then make love when you do not feel so blue.

I'd like to watch the trees fly by or through,  
with skies so turquoise, clouds are more the pale:  
In grief, I'd ride a slow train there with you

to stare near windows widened, glassy, too,  
where teary eyes behold your napping fail,  
then make love when you do not feel so blue:

Yes, there, where you know me and I know you,  
our knowledge like the bolster of a sail;  
I'd like to ride a slow train there with you,

or send a summer's fleet to comfort you,  
a forest, sunbeam, stream, or ocean gale--  
then make love when you do not feel so blue.

In lieu, I'd be the smile to heal us through--  
the kiss, once blown, that surely we'd inhale;  
I'd like to ride a slow train there with you,  
and make love when you do not feel so blue.

