

The Train

by Mark Waldrop

On the train, with a bag full of books,
All by the same person.
That's what writing is.

With each shudder bump my
Head lags behind, and my eyes follow
While the wandering shaky straight line
Moves up through me like a poem.

The quickest point between William Shakespeare
And Allen Ginsberg is the train.
A man behind me says,
"What have you got in the bag, Son?
In the bag Son.
What have you got in the bag — son?
What have you got?"

His eyes are like milky shadows
And his nails are long as Moby Dick.

I tell him there are books in the bag and
I hand him one so he can touch it.
"You like stories?" I say.

"I got stories," he says, he hands the book back.
"I don't like to tell them to nobody."

He sits down beside me, and I say,
"Those are memories, they are better than stories."

