

### **The Wail of the Train at Night**

The wail of the train at night  
Pierces the yellow farmhouse light  
Far more than the distant track;  
Yet on it the iron masses move  
In ordered momentum.

The aspen leaf, golden,  
By wind torn loose,  
Rushes toward the blue sky.  
It is saying:  
I have escaped your containment.

The fish that lives beneath sunlight in the sea,  
Where all colors are bioluminescent,  
Marking friends and foes with no ambiguity;  
This fish is saying:  
I am where you cannot be.

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