

Sarah Goodman

Taking the 12:15

I saw a leaf I thought was brown butterfly landing
in an empty lot full of
barrels of rust and brown boys running
a stick through neck-high wheatstraw, silver.
The next empty lot was a high-rise apartment.
The next empty lot was the ocean.
The next, a parking lot, the center of town, a tunnel
through rock. The next empty lot was a graveyard's white thumbnails
and woods rolling out naked trees with every klik and klak.

Every other moment I'm yelling, Stop! Stop!
Every other moment the movie's climax has me leaping from the train, into
the grounded rowboat, into
the heron's lake, into
the mansion's lawn, into
the old man's veteran's uniform's pocket.

Like whirling, the train makes me ecstatic and nauseous, longing
like the candle floating in my bathtub, to
throw out arms through a glass dish,
spinning light and shadow around the room.
Every other moment light. Every other moment the unknown.
Driven from the mountain, mountain people always said,
Spirit lives in shadow:
Commanded by sun, unmoved by wind.
From my window seat, a baby doll's arm
stuck in the open
end of a rusted pipe
waves me on.