

What it means, having packed the suitcase
and opened the jars, reaching into closets
for reasons to get on with the journey,
is to stay the soul with a motion,
aching to stand still in a stillness
made by moving. Incessantly, the train

will whistle into towns unknown and unknowing,
arriving and departing like a pin,
humming to each stop and start, a horse
in an almost barren field. What it says
to the spider, the fly, the oranges arranged
for the breakfast, the cans along the shelf,
is that life is made of pumpkins and snow,
hot afternoons at the ballpark, angels
skewered by pinetrees, sandwiches.

Its availability depends upon sunshine
and the motion yet felt among the bones.
Trundling toward a distant city,
following the tracks or the radar or the road
to something somewhere else, always
some place else, we revive the sense of home
we carry in our shirts, shortening

the moments with a memory or two
and the scalding anticipation
beyond us. What it all has meant
is held in a metal dish among the embers,
beans burning in the fire, a tent,
the knowledge of having seen a woman
never seen before, and having dreamed
she is yours for the duration of a star.

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