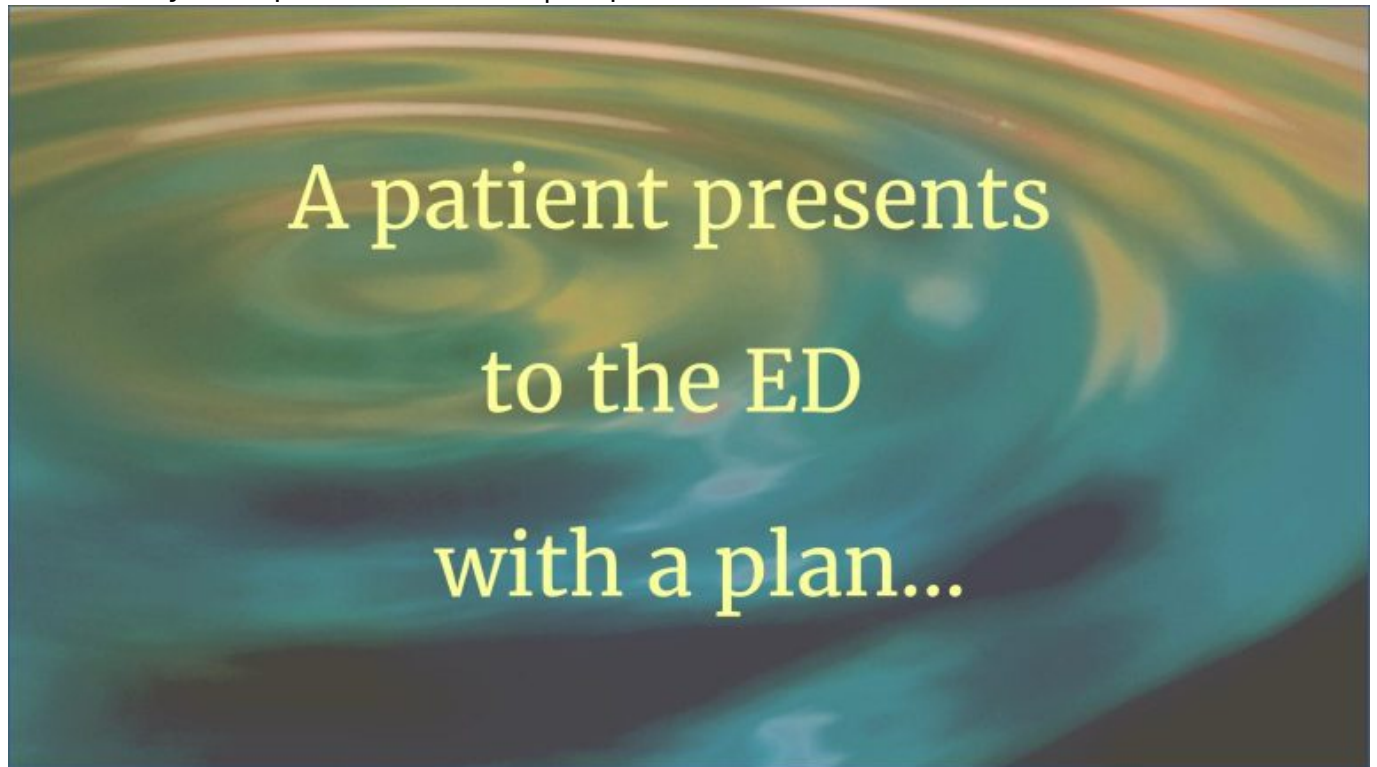


He Said They Move Too Slowly

Category: Poems

written by Joseph Bocchicchio | September 2, 2022



The ER doc said the trains here
Go too slow
For anybody to kill themselves
By stepping out
In front of one
As if they were sleepy little engines
Without much power
That drifted ghost-like through town
Quietly at night

Pulling freight cars full of pillows
And soft dreams, cat breath,
Moonlight, the shadows of flowers,
And what-ifs
By stepping out in front of a whisper
Or a thought so transitory that it
Would not register in a cloud chamber
How could one die after all
In a collision with cotton candy
They move too slowly he said
Dismissing the threat
And the patient,
And she felt shamed
Despite her knowing
It wasn't true
It wasn't true

It's not true
The trains thunder through
The night shaking houses
As glassware shivers
And picture frames
Worry and tilt and the
Night parts before the engine
Before its bright light
And the blast of
Its mournful horn
And how small she was
Caught in that light
Just before impact
Knocking the ghost
Right out of her
Her spirit mingling
With the shriek of the
Useless brakes
Trailing off into the night