

Night Steam Train

I hear the rattle
whistle of the night train
follow it over the bridge
down to the local station
which it flees in a blur
minor shriek of brakes
onward through small towns
chasing darkness from the sky
firebox spitting
smoke streaming back
passengers leaning sleep
against rumbling windows
while travel claims them
and I turn into a dream

Joanna M. Weston, married, has one cat, multiple spiders, raccoons, a herd of deer, and two derelict hen-houses. Her middle-reader, *Frame and The McGuire*, published by Tradewind Books 2015; and poetry, *A Bedroom of Searchlights*, published by Inanna Publications, 2016.



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