

## WALKING THE TRAIN BACK TO TOWN

### I

One of its

nights where land got  
lost in story-  
telling, carried  
past. The  
landscape scans peripheral, as life is

lateral. Or any movement  
past the eyes. It is  
hysterical. How slow  
that train to town is creeping up.

As this half of year is, always  
with its weather. I was an explorer,  
that last time. An arctic  
one. I imagine

wrinkles  
on my eyes  
from all that laughing.

### II

This time was the smell.  
The half-sour smell of “start to rain  
down on the pavement.”

Isn't it a smell of distance. It is on the  
sidewalks. It is like the highways  
in this country.

## WHAT IS IT MAKES YOUR TOWN NOT DEAD

B. said it when we were

approaching. That  
community of staying  
words. Brown

ground w/ rust the trains'd dropped in  
futuristic shapes. Then

Cargills back there in that  
coming, going distance. We were closing  
"in on her," perhaps were

further on & passed that

booth the railway man slept in & freight  
car stationing for winter—

what with local words & cow-town  
spray paint on its  
sides already.

Or maybe we were coming back  
from climbing up that structure in the

distance—scaling only

brackets where the stairs had been ripped  
out and getting scared,

after a time, and backed back down them.

But we made it  
nine flights up – I  
think. Then

looked out at the brown white

city and its brick & marble  
foundry beaches.

Not remembering  
what directions were, I never  
could do in that

next to unused town.

“Thinking in a sentence is

pretending to be speaking—”

as defense of broken  
language I could think of. air, this

air is not a thing that’s made of words

They laid around us, though – were  
heavy in their  
denotations, and

exchanges. Weight

sent forth and back between re-  
ceptacle and actual  
substance. Words

helped out by bricks & walls &  
industry objects. So made heavy—turned

themselves into the places they point  
towards, their

sources – those

who put them all here, too, had  
need to color -- rather for

“participation—” in  
the landscape’s “let us

not just make it  
boxes.” seems we’ve

had that need by  
now at least a hun-

dred industry  
years already

## VANDALS AND MUNICIPAL SCRIBES APPROACH DIFFERENTLY

couldn't tell her what those markings

were down on the rocks, here – cut  
suspiciously. We

both noticed the Folk  
Art, that  
whose faces, ex-

clamations mark the stones to  
“gel” the shore – in

outline. pairs of eyes, though  
all were absent from the new cement.

the town-approved  
cement. The

\*

rocks themselves look  
man-made, marked  
with aerosol. the

dots all red and “hasty—” here, sprayed  
too, with letters,  
numbers, X's, municipal

arrows as hundred-year  
symbols – point  
directly

to the horizon, that  
will end  
the inland

sea

“talking helps us, with  
     the thinking—we  
  
 should turn this all to  
 talk.” un-  
  
 certainty in this  
 town subtracts  
  
 nothing—it should  
  
 not subtract a thing from  
 you. this is a  
  
     “chalking off of  
     boundaries” the  
  
 real map of the  
 town – expanding,  
  
 changes, as  
 “you learn it, live it.” If  
  
 defeated, our  
 defeat is just  
  
 syntactical—a  
 questioning in  
  
 process – aimed  
 at surface & art-  
  
 iculation. “we  
 have found an inalterable border to  
  
 this westward sprawling  
 town”