

An Idle Gypsy

When we gathered by the tracks,

it wasn't for anything special.

No boxcar heroics

No grand escape plans

No dreams we built to be carried across the spine of America

(We built this place you know. Planted the seeds for each blade of grass and molded the earth with our infinite wisdom, our artistic hands. Gave the trees permission to take root and leaves to fall. From our own flesh we shaped the people that would enhance and harm all that we'd made).

It was to sit.

Sometimes with a buzz

Sometimes not

(there are always times where the air is intoxicating enough)

Sometimes with hands that grip mine

with expectation

Sometimes not

And sometimes I would sit knowing the train would come

Roaring, but entirely ignored

and then depart on some schedule unknown to me

I would be left in the wake of the steel giant still rattling my bones

Knowing that the boxcars running through the vast, breathing skin of the land

will outlast me

and all that I have built