

Plainsong

Tree lined and transatlantic,
I was impatient, Earth,
for cataclysmic feats.
To reckon with the reckless
behavior. My feet on the train seat.
The mind obsesses on teleology,
how it will end and for what sake.
Tremor and flood. Ascension.
One last smoke.
Beneath the greenleaf awning,
the night's cracked plaster,
the hereafter.
To live rejoicing and true-footed.
A common prayer. Place your
all you ever wanted into me.