

KENT SHAW

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE COULD TAKE A TRAIN INTO A MOUNTAIN

It was a train it was arms opening wider
than the length of bike trails in Wisconsin
or the tall slim trunks following the long-leaf pines up past Texas
or Louisiana
it was telephone lines running further and further
and leading us to a mountain

I never remembered two arms being so long
and then together we pushed them together and then all at once
we were dove into the mountain and said “here we are earth”

EARTH said the mountain
and wasn't that the most beautiful thing
I could hardly keep my arms inside the train at that point

EARTH the mountain was speaking again
EARTH EARTH “it could be the train pushing itself” you said
but I knew really you were agreeing with me that the mountain
would speak
and would be ecstatic to speak with us
in the EARTH I could unEARTH and that special gift
sent into the EARTH and calling the EARTH

like letters sent home and received after the vacation
I was almost doubled over myself holding your laughter with mine
in the little jars we brought for the occasion
and EARTH
was the color of jars labeled by EARTH because
they contained EARTH “it's got louder” you said

“I know!” it was so wonderful and beautiful wide open
holding the size of the mountain open for us
while we took that moment to pull our arms open just a little bit open

and suddenly inside we took in
the EARTH thumping like rail cars
over our slim chests EARTH
it said EARTH
I yelled EARTH!