Why Aren't We More Marvelous?

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Why Aren’t We More Marvelous?

The kiss is in the train, in the engineer’s mouth, on the arch of his palm, in the air on its way to me. He is a driver. I don’t know what I am under this sky so tired it creaks.

I am not an engine heaving through a trainyard trailing cars, steel-thick and freighted.

The tracks are just a line I follow—a prolific body above holds me by the head like a quill to mark where I’ve been. Dots and dashes mean I’m lifted and dropped, lifted and dropped, a code only an engineer knows, or a father, or a son. If the sun is a parachute of ash, why aren’t we more marvelous? The driver’s pale arms and the bloom on his lips will be the sign I have died. I don’t want to go where I’m destined. His shadowy lake. The sky a dull blue before the Renaissance figured out light. Fire will not enter me like some kind of heaven. Before
I’m gone I’ll catch a glimpse, I’ve been promised, of the horizon through the rent body of a lover. Smooth arc. Black air. I’ll know what it is to be dropped into a pocket.

Or whisked off Earth’s edge like a kiss blown from a man’s weathered hand.