

Land Escape

The train moved slowly across the landscape
Right on time
It reminded me that there was time after all
That not everything was a dream
Or like a landscape painting sitting in a gallery
Waiting for the world to pass by it
To give it a reason to exist

I want to be alone
To contemplate what is contemplative
And leave the rest to everyone else
Let them do the dirty work
I have earned my place in this landscape
I own it--it is mine

To be with me now is to tread upon my rightful silence
That ignores the hands of time
The train is in the distance now
Beyond my frame of reference
Is it closer to its destination
Or farther from it still?
I only think in terms of the landscape
Whatever mood it can instill

The land where I escape
Is the world that invades my frame
And now I see another train
Melting the frozen time

