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Umbilical

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Mike White
Umbilical

The railroad tracks opened the town like a zipper. The tracks with all wrong sides. Dandelion side sloping to a chain-linked bakery. Hide in ragweed from stepfather side. Fetus in a shopping bag side. Between the rails the past tapered to a shiny point. Darkness lay ahead. The tunnel opening said in red Jenny likes cock. The tunnel peopled with polio cats. Then dreams. How big a rock would it take. To make a train buckle like a black rhino. I couldn't lift that rock. I couldn't find it. The train had burgundy curtains and no faces. It ran through the night. It ran on runaway children.