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From My Window David Ignatow

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David Ignatow

FROM MY WINDOW

The church steeple rises above the tracks. The train slides by, slowly approaching the station, as if expecting a problem. It rolls on, empowered, which does not tell what is waiting at the station, and nobody else can speak for this long body of metal and greased wheels. I am silent at my window. I do not know what to expect either when I leave this room, and even if I were to stay. Two persons having mated to give birth to me, I do not know what they intended, except that I on earth am moving with it, of which it knows nothing, feels nothing and is not master of itself either, as it spins.