Masthead Logo

## The Iowa Review

Volume 11
Issue 4 Fall
Article 16

1980

# The Train Problem

Jim Gauer

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

### Recommended Citation

Gauer, Jim. "The Train Problem." *The Iowa Review* 11.4 (1980): 79-80. Web. Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2654

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

## The Train Problem · Jim Gauer

#### A.

The train problem begins
Almost immediately. Here's how it happens.
Or it begins soon after and this
Is how long it lasts. Suit yourself.
The train problem begins one morning and ends
Almost interminably. No one knows how.

#### B.

Here comes the train problem, but not All at once. If a train hit Your bird dog, that would be all At once. No problem there.

#### C.

You can't imagine the train problem. It used to be called Go find the body, or what happens to a canary When you cover its cage. You can imagine The canary, how it screeches while it happens, like Brakes on a train.

#### D.

When you think about the train problem
What do you think? You sit there by the window
With your bird dog, thinking
Canary. Each time you think you notice
A few more feathers on the muzzle of the beast.
You don't think boxcar or railroad. You know your capacity.
You sit in the tunnel of the afternoon hearing
A whistle, and thinking
Canary. It's only the canary.

#### E.

The train problem doesn't wait. It isn't hereafter. It is not the kind of problem where you Whistle when you're ready. By the time you think I'm ready, there's no problem there.

F.

This must be almost night then in the land Of the train problem. You begin to think The last few canaries, but not all at once. Or a small crowd in red caps waiting at a terminal For the last load of cagecovers. Suit yourself. All this and your pale dog, lying on its side there, like A tunnel that has just Swallowed a train.