

Night Train from Chicago

All night all night the train did roar did roar
While I say deep in sleep. In sleep did lay me down.
But not with tending angels. Devils rather
(Though I had rather not) did roar did roar
Repose. Sour sour repose sick traveller who knows
The sickness of the ingrown unsublime
Mind that minds not minding not the mind.

All night I burned did burn did, oh, so burn
With fever in my bunk that moved and moved
Railroading westwards, courtesy Amtrak.
Compartmented did my slumber steal demented
Images of disaster: Twisted coaches all derailed.
- That blue-jeaned lover and his blue-jeaned lass assailed
The dusk of dusky Dome-Car. Questing. Questing.
Now still in blue jeans tongue-stilled understand.

It was a dream. The train did stand did stand
Stormbound in night Nebraska. Dark all dark
Inside the coaches. Across the tracks *live cables*.
- My redcoat Night Attendant he did say.
"Say man, that was some storm *some storm* last night.
Man me and you is lucky I say man
Those cables didn't fall across our way.
Because man six hours late is better like I say
Than late forever man. You know what I mean man?"

Brainstormed. Becalmed. I say I do.

Soul-flurrying.