

# Outside Rushing In

The train's sad siren seemed to move distances,  
up rocky peaks and through trees  
harboring water in their roots, to reach us.

We imagined the faraway train rolling  
perpetually farther away  
but slowly. Whatever destination it slinked towards,

it wouldn't reach by morning. Then, the cricket  
in the yard. First, one, its voice,  
a steady tapping; then two, friends

or mates; then hundreds,  
all applause. We knew our neighbors:  
their coarse yells,

but how much love they housed  
in their throats, we couldn't say.  
Inside, the refrigerator barreled through ice.

Each cube clanked hard against the pile,  
a self-made monument to cold. Next,  
the candle's wick muttered

slightest crackling, as if burning  
should be soothing. Finally, the only noises  
left to notice were human: a maneuver

in the stomach, a long wrought exhale,  
a shift in position or mood.

What if the mind's interior made such music?

Not sounds of memory, murky  
and dependent upon conjuring,  
but thought-squeaks, blasts, feedback,

how our bodies push against something,  
and there is a whole range of response  
like opening a door: the familiar creak

of hinges, then whistles and engines,  
winds and waters, cars and their drivers:  
the outside rushing in.