

A TRAIN CAN STOP ELSEWHERE

A train can stop elsewhere. A schedule lie. Customers and clients wait in vain. May find themselves in conversation. Some may talk and move in closer. This may lead to opening of eyes. I never knew. A bag of bread and flowers is attractive. Lilies of the valley. Slopes lead to water. There are bridges. Boats and ferries travel under. The sun rises in the east.

Circles are red. Unpredictable. They can turn on you and leave you. Only trust blues and greens. Too much color. Lavender. Shadows and vertical lines. Light can weave and unravel. A pile on the floor. For dogs. Quiet slumber in the dusty afternoon. If you enter softly, he will not notice. When dinner comes, the light will change. Stew.

Squares of brightness. A blanket of dark, with spots of luminescence. Eyes. Or footsteps. Marks. Unstep, lights out. Someone going to bed. Or leaving home. Salzburg or Vienna. Massif Central. There is a thing with mountains. Attraction. Somehow in the way. Arguably. You are forced to detour. There is snow and grander vistas. You are stunned.

If two women are identical, ask them their name. They wear red shoes, high heels and hats. Sunglasses hide their eyes. They walk in unison. Push one in the water, wait for second woman to react. She may trip and follow. Let her. Or prepare for questions. Accusations. Argue. Present your case. The day is over. There is no sun. Crescent harbor. Olives.

A shortcut is prone to miss the point. There is story beside it. Directness is deceptively appealing. Wait for it. It will come back to haunt you. Implicitness is given. Closure not in stock. Is that what you were saying? Always present participles. Ams and ings. If you move your arms fast enough, you grow wings. On bumpy ground, wheels run backwards.