Arctic Express

There are footprints of deer across the tracks, light over the lake, crystals in the snow. You fall on my side and sleep as if it truly was dark or as if I was a witness or the one that held you. Birch trees flicker in strobing engine light. Factory fumes rise into the constellations.

The north is psychedelic as a fat yellow moon rising over the Baltic, in the veer of the journey the moon falls behind, mines are lit, the ore moves into carbon or munitions. Supermarkets fluoresce, cargo in neon a black and white blur. Electric candles are still occasions.

While the north star, if that’s what it is, shines clear after days of cloud and our long sick nights, (as if our fevers go like a journey you never intended) in the wash of days the train pushes past into the ice latitudes, into a glittery Arctic and to be gone.

Jill Jones