

I AM NOT A POET

BY THE POETRY OF THE WORLD

A BOOK OF POETRY

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POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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A Poem: Trains
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Hmm, I don't remember seeing trains before. Trains don't go through water. Maybe I should walk across the tracks; no, I die if I do that. Flap, flap, flap, still can't fly. Singing will help. *Papi, Papi, papa don't preach.* I suck. Great, an overpass; why am I crossing it? Oh yeah, I'm going back to the hotel. Stop walking. Stop walking. Stop walking. STOP! Good. Now listen. Quit thinking, brain. Turn everything blank and listen. *Chicken tastes good.* BLANK! I said, Swish, Swish, lap, lap, ocean over there; if I make it to the sea, I'll find home, *excellent work brain and ears.*