

## Woman with Train

She rides her bike  
along the railway  
crossing the tracks  
where the long trail ends.  
Her gray hair shines:  
A flying silver kite  
over clover fields of august.

And at night  
when crickets sing  
the praises of star light  
and pale shadows bath  
in the dense void of darkness  
she dreams  
of pink-skinned breast-fed babies  
of white butterflies  
or red grapes and rye bread  
with black olives.

And as she sleeps  
her lips puff sometimes  
like locomotive engines  
of bygone days.

Paul Hartal