

# Mystery Train

Lise Downe

It is only thus  
a forest of (what else?)  
trees.

A stepladder  
fidgets there  
in the woods.

An invisible  
link conjoins  
this then  
that.

There are  
others no one  
knew knows it  
yet.

In its way  
it's not  
surprising or  
hard to imagine.

A sigh is never  
indifferent to itself  
nor a well just as well.

It falls into  
those that throw  
an amulet in a letter.

The latter suggests  
a strange new  
wrinkle with bright  
ideas.

There lies the  
difference a variety  
of things  
that follow.

Thereby the world is  
formed tracing the  
finger  
the sound.

Meanwhile, of all  
there is that emerges  
this is the most  
curious.

Harking back  
to the amulet, the  
letter gets closer.

Amid this  
bounty barely a  
tree takes  
place.

What now?  
What  
counts still  
leafy.

Those that  
rise loftily  
already  
take the breath away.

The long run  
and getting  
longer and then  
the idea.

Still  
these nuances, like  
chance ring true.

Give sway  
to the rolling swell  
that somehow reverberates.

Hence the unmistakable  
friction with a calmer  
surface.

Ask the night  
about the  
day's small  
splashes.

How endless  
the  
frustrations  
of a shallow bath.

Coinciding with the  
field the idea  
of a field.

These are the  
poles while all  
the rest are  
changes.

The stakes are high  
and uncertain  
Oh what to do?

Of what does the messenger.  
Of what stumbles  
is how.

What, then  
shifts in the margins  
begins to swirl.

Why not say  
you never know  
what's missing.

And maybe  
just maybe  
it stays that way.

So very very.  
tiny tiny.  
And see what happens.