

Matt Gillick

**New York-Penn**

That rainy night would only show the fluid apparitions  
of short cars  
on the rail tracks, immobile.

They remained lit, empty, expressing  
in light orange a destination  
(over the windows)  
that was gone.

If willed so, they would have  
ridden into the dusty chaos,  
now, there is nothing to stop for.

They were empty-saddled horses  
with unworn boots hanging  
at their sides,  
waiting for riders never to return, the train cars  
lingered, as their sister caravans passed by.