if time is a train

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my ticket says oblivion

our conductor will stop

in the aisle by my seat

when i have forgotten

where i’m going

or why i was going there.

he will say “that would have been your stop

now you must ride

to where the parallel lines meet

to where the horizon touches

the grey of a leaden sky”

he will punch my ticket

with his oversized eyetooth

hand it back to me blank

and the mountains will come no closer

to the ocean i cannot see