

This Train

Bonnie van der Linde

This train of thoughts
travels faster than the
flood of tears that turns
my cheeks to rust.

How fast
I go until

I run off the tracks and

I don't think
I don't know

if I can be free
like the heron

if I can be truth
like the data

if I can feel
his pain in my chest.

Meanwhile
I carry his heart
around in my purse.