



Cole Swensen

LANDSCAPES ON A TRAIN

NIGHTBOAT BOOKS
NEW YORK

Green. Cut. And I count: the green of the lake the green of the sky and the field
Which is green and is breaking. Waking out of an opening, a sudden field opens
Out with a suddenness that instantly places us miles away across a field of wheat.

Light. All accident. All pours down. Across a rolling green, soft in animals. Soft
In water, which is also green. Some small grey that arcs away, way back before
Roads. Poplars in rows. Poplars in double rows lining roads no longer there.
And farther trees in silhouette rowing off the top of a ridge.

The light is an accident because the trees are old. So without wind with grain.
Orchard grain on light. Orchard lined the heart. A spire, a forest, a village made
By hand. And another stand of trees, of hay in rolls in fields. In every distance is
Sieved and moves off slowly, a long thin line that trains the eye. A line of hills that
Pulls away.

Shore as it pulls away. There's a grey lake below the grey sky. Hundreds of grey
Trees lining the banks of a stream. Stream down sun in little coins. A bigger town.
A church too big for its hill. And cows easing down the slope. Slows its calm, and
More little sun goes on among selves.