Prayer Down Depot Road

I can't sleep, America.

The coal cars vibrate, bulky
behind the roadhouse where I stay,
drum by the room at midnight.
At one. Rattle past this insomnia.
A yellow moon stares in the windows.
Spotlight on dreams twisted in a cotton bedcover.
The yellow moon over the railroad shed
shines down the lanky clotheslines,
across cornfields that look like glory
look like patchwork brown flags.
I can't sleep, America.
I can't sleep as if anything matters.
Sing me a song, yellow moon.
An enamel fan, painted-chipped,
whirs the smell of diesel mixed with the sea—
an America poem poem
                poem
blowing in & out of my face.

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