

Diaspora (From a Boxcar)

Painted a horse
Black four times
Before his arm
Fell off

His hair was long
But rarely did he
Wear it down

He closed his eyes
In the darkness
Of his end

Like so many
A rail rider
He met the
Buddha on the L&N

Upward and askew beyond
Far from blood and stain -
This clear of night
Is the body he's lain

So with mercy
Upon his life
He jumped off the plague

And he killed
The Buddha
And he got some rest
And he fed his mouth
He fed his mouth with his one good arm
And he fed the martyrs
Fleeing his chest

Who rode out of sight
Strangely and laughing
On white mares