

Nevada Night

by Trudy Reagan

It's night on the desert.
In the middle of nowhere,
in a shabby tourist cabin
alongside railroad tracks,
I endure the passing of
a thundering freight train,
a long train,
car after car
full speed
passing through.

Once outside, I explore the
vastness of this empty place, the canopy of stars
over dark flat desert rimmed by
silhouettes of distant jagged peaks.

I lie down. The moonless canopy is
thick with points of light
of all intensities.
I peer into it.
Imagining that the
dimmiest stars
are the furthest out, I see into the
depths of the Universe.

Faraway,
the approach
of another

long

train.

Trudy Reagan is a member of Palo Alto Meeting (PYM).