

Midnight in Flagstaff

KERRY BENNETT

Lights out, windows open.
The unease of being here
(without really being here)
hangs in the air.
I taste the cool summer breeze,
smell pine needles and dust.
The midnight train comes through town,
and my thoughts rattle around like empty boxcars.
Sleep settles softly, finally,
As crickets chirp in the field beyond.

