BRIAN SWANN

Post-Industrial

The old slopes flap like muslin.
    Snow gleams as if angels were reinventing themselves as snow.
    These mountains point to themselves as if they were photos so you’ll know they’re really there. At their foot, flashes like a fire going out above the railway bridge that hasn’t seen a train in decades. The bent rails are their own cargo they carry from nowhere to nowhere else.
    Yet even from here you can hear the wind strumming rusted struts.
    In day’s deep grain sounds scrape by, steel-ribbed, all spirit. The bridge is now a model of itself moving on staves to the unsteady beat of invisible valves, driving into the horizon and down the other side where there are no narrow ways, just damp grass and a sky that smells of pitch, going all ways at once without the burden of direction.