***Through the Restaurant Window*** by Sheryda Warrener (b 1978- )

I can see from where I sit

a freight train going by, rolling forward

in the dark. I can't tell if it's one long train

or a dozen - I close my eyes, listen.

A freight train going by, rolling forward

as our conversation backs up, bridges one gap

or a dozen. I close my eyes, listen.

There are gates within us, you say,

as our conversation backs up, bridges a gap.

You reach across the table, take my hand.

There are gates within us, you say

again. You're right, there's always a distance.

You reach across the table, take my hand

in the dark.I can't tell if it's one long train.

Again, you're right, there's always a distance.

I can see from where I sit.