

Train Ride through Small Towns

by Mary Lou Buschi

After Hopper

Her suitcase was too wide for the aisle, too heavy to lift, so she stood between the train locks, where the breeze angles up, where weeds between the rails cleave to a purchase. Wicker seats give and crackle as each passenger sits. The windows are open, as green fans wobble overhead. A crowd gathers behind her. Heads turn to watch. The train lurches forward into the summer fog. There is more than enough unhappiness.