

Slow Train

by Liz Richardson

Europe why do you eat sandwiches for breakfast?
I thought the man at my compartment door wanted my ticket.
To validate my existence. That's what I'm doing here right?
He just wanted to sell me a sandwich.

Now I'm watching the sunrise over the Italian countryside
On the 6:12 train to Naples
The passing crop rows let me see between their lines

And as we pass they slip me the secret joy of knowing just
where you're going
But not what's waiting there.

Praise God I'm alone because I could fall in love in this place.
But I'll take the slow train anytime.

Now morning sun on red clay.
This is where I'll live someday
Where the morning sun finds red clay under a wider branched
tree.

I know what they say,
But when you get down to it
We're all standing up on the same dirt anyway.