



Alan S. Bridges *in a flash*



First published in Great Britain in 2019 by
Snapshot Press, Orchard House, High Lane, Ormskirk L40 7SL
at www.snapshotpress.co.uk/ebooks.htm

Copyright © Alan S. Bridges 2019

All rights reserved. This eBook may be downloaded for the reader's personal use only. It may not be sold, copied, or circulated in any other way without the prior written permission of the publisher. Further, no part of this eBook may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

The right of Alan S. Bridges to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

Typeset in 16/20 pt and 12/15 pt Adobe Caslon Pro

Design by John Barlow

Acknowledgements

Thanks are due to the editors and publishers of the following publications in which many of these poems previously appeared:

Akitsu Quarterly, *bottle rockets*, *cattails*, *ephemerae*, *Frogpond*, *The Heron's Nest*, *A New Resonance 7: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku* (Red Moon Press, 2011), *Notes from the Gean*, *Presence*, and *Prune Juice*.

in a flash

railroad ties—
his gait once again
a boy's

single track
coal cars
beat out a tune

from an artichoke field
row after row
of people on a train

out a train window
the clickety-clack
of a little town

crowded station directions from the pretzel guy

circling
the electronic sign
All Trains Delayed

on the train
no longer in a hurry
to get anywhere

fellow commuter
watching her slowly
transition

train the shape of the river

water tower
from a train—learning half
the town's name

tai chi class
the slow curve
of a train's whistle

making up time
a couple on a train
after their quarrel

America
from a train window
frame by frame

eastbound
leafing back through the book I read
westbound

faraway train whistle
the sound of me
going nowhere

great plains
rails bend to the curve
of the planet

in a flash
an elk from my train window
forever

train tunnel St. Christopher in the dark of her palm

night train
watching myself
watching myself

train whistle until I am no longer here

If you have enjoyed this free eChapbook, please consider supporting Snapshot Press by reading our traditional print titles.