CPR Crash Course

Aylin Malcolm
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Every train is a part of every other train
knitted across this fragment of the universe.
We move among cells, oxygenating.

White wooden steeples.
Salmon leap in the ditch.
Cold light.

We move through corridors.
We pass through the refuge of dragons.

Human handprints gleam
on every mountain.

My grandfather spoke Morse code,
summoned trains at night.

Sunset spills between centre beams:
copper planks remember the sky.

We teach the river stillness,
then study its motion.

My father fed the diesel fires.
I walked by the tracks.

We tied tracks to this earth
over bones and blood. How
to reflower what stones
have been broken?

Goats harvest gorse on the hills.
Kestrels nest under eaves.
I waited in the station,
for years.

Lives in training. From the ruins,
we drew out
two old wooden wheels.

AYLIN MALCOLM grew up in a Canadian Pacific Railway family in Tiohtià:ke/Montréal. Aylin is writing a PhD dissertation on premodern literature and ecological knowledge at the University of Pennsylvania, with creative and critical work in DoubleSpeak, Manuscript Studies, and The Pulter Project. For more information, visit aylinmalcolm.com.