

Karl Plank

WAITING

Estragon: Sometimes I feel it coming all the same.

--Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot*

We're like desperados waiting for a train.

--Guy Clark

Sometimes I feel it coming all the same
like the crack forming
in a slave's shackle,
wearing out in the grind of one day
becoming another,
becoming the opening line
of the next act
which like a steam-engine
rumbles toward us
past the saguaro, sage, and scrub
of our wasteland-scape
of dry wells and tobacco-stained old men
bearing passenger prophets and
purses of possibility.
They all hear the moaning whistle:
Vladimir and Estragon,
blind Pozzo and Lucky the mute
and we who have waited with them
for God-knows-what
but what we will not let pass
for despair makes desperados of us all
and this is who we have become,
desperados waiting for a train.