

PACIFIC SURFLINER

The train moves as if pulled
by a cord connecting us.
At times I think I'll fly
out of the seat, down the track
to you. But we inch along.
Then the speed picks up.
We go almost as fast as cars
competing with I5, the hills
and pampas grass a blur.
My God, my hands aren't tied
to a wheel and I can sit
quiet, thoughts gathering
around the small community
we make. In a gleam of blue,
I wish all life were this train
going to a place where thoughts
have their chance to sparkle
on the waves. We'd sit and enjoy
billowing hedgerows, brush and sage,
pale flowers dotting dun land.
From the train, camper awnings
yawn over asphalt, American flags
stretch in the wind and the most
idealistic dreams are only as far
as our next destination.

JAMIE ASAYE FITZGERALD



Jamie Asaye FitzGerald's poetry has appeared online in Speechless the Magazine and in the print journals Fulcrum, Ariel, LORE and Snow Monkey, as well as the King County Poetry on the Buses Project. She was the recipient of an Academy of American Poets College Prize and is an alumna of San Diego State University's creative writing program where she co-hosted WHACKJOB!, a monthly reading series and open mic. Originally from Hawaii, she now lives in Los Angeles where she works as the California Program Assistant for Poets & Writers and as a freelance writer.