

AARON BRAME

Circles

for Martín Ramírez

All the train tracks in the world link
to form the divine circle. A train flares
from one tunnel for a short time
under pale skies only to vanish into another.

If I could paint my memory, I would
make a ring in the sky. The sun
sits inside a track burnt immaculate
and we ride a locomotive from tunnel to tunnel

on its rim. The smoke goes straight up forever.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Aaron Brame has served as poetry editor at *The Pinch* and assistant director of the Impossible Language reading series. His work has appeared in *Lumina Journal*, *Synaesthesia Magazine*, *Hartskill Review*, *Pembroke Magazine*, and *Rock & Sling*. He teaches eighth-grade English and lives in Memphis, Tennessee. Online at aaronbrame.org.

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