**Sunfall**

Catherine Hulshof De La Peña

The train settled into sway

We, lost in direction and dream,

traverse the space between place.

We, staring into trackside houses,

imagine a life beyond reach.

We cross unnamed arroyos

like so many others cross

sometimes barefoot

sometimes skirting the grave.

The sun falls as oaks, gold leafed and aging,

glitter and whisper in approval.

The promise and peril of time travel repeated softly

on red and yellow tongues.

The sun falls on as coyotes dance in streams

indifferent to the passing of trains or time.