Suburban Lullaby

Sarah McCaslin

A train whistle wakes me from my slumber,
I glance at the clock.
It's the 4:05 from Detroit.
I count the clicks of the wheels
And try to imagine how many cars there are.
The whistle becomes distant
And the clicking cars become a drone
Mixed with the fan and rushing highway.
I feel my eyes drop again,
And I drift into my dreamless sleep,
Knowing the 4:05 will make it to Detroit
On time.