

## Elizabeth Dearden-Williams

### Crossing

“the yellow bus had stopped  
at the railroad crossing  
the driver yelled ‘quiet’  
we kept on talking  
I noticed the sign said  
‘take care, ail road’

ahead, on the rail road  
a deer had stopped  
‘it’s gonna die,’ he said,  
‘if it stays on that crossing’  
then the train did the talking  
and we all went quiet

but he wasn’t quiet  
‘it’s ail road rail road!’  
he kept on talking  
and couldn’t be stopped  
he loved it. . . crossing  
lines” I said.

“somethings wrong” I said,  
cutting through the quiet.  
I watched you, crossing  
your arms. At the Railroad  
we were stopped,  
and had long stopped talking.

but there’s no use in talking  
when everything’s been said.  
In the dead, we stopped  
and stayed stuck in the quiet,  
the end of the road,  
not the one we were crossing.

and the train that was crossing  
did all the talking—  
my deer, at the railroad,  
done. 'It's him' you said  
and I could hear in the quiet  
my heart, once yours, had stopped.