

CALVIN WHITE

Panic

she is having a panic attack
across from me

the train lurches on its thousand-mile tracks
lights as dim as dust
the snoring a low harmony

she has been crying
across in the upper berth
her arm stretches over the aisle
my hand holds hers
it's OK
you're OK

where would any of us be without
a hand to touch
a voice to ask

in a while
she says she is tired
rolls back on her side
becomes the movement of the train
dreams
of being small
her eyes bright
with expectation
pulling red strawberries
from green leaves
and biting into them

CALVIN WHITE's second poetry book, *The Bodies and Other Political Poems*, came out in 2015 as did his nonfiction book about his year with Doctors Without Borders, *Letters from the Land of Fear*. He lives in Salmon Arm, B.C. Canada, and works as a mental health counselor.

