

Night Train to Kiev

A Life-snippet

we boarded early
settling into our couchette
a tap on our door

you are in my room
or something like, in Russian
my reflex kicked in:

¿ay, hay problema?
(not English? — then channel two)
he grinned in surprise

Cuban diplomat
found our one common language
wheels began rumbling

over bowls of borscht
a lucky conversation
through the night to Kiev



Photo: With daughter aboard overnight train from Moscow to Kiev, June 1990, taken by new Cuban friend

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