

To a Locomotive in Winter

Walt Whitman

1819 –1892

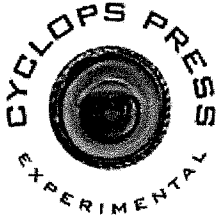
Thee for my recitative,
Thee in the driving storm even as now, the snow, the winter-day declining,
Thee in thy panoply, thy measur'd dual throbbing and thy beat convulsive,
Thy black cylindric body, golden brass, and silvery steel,
Thy ponderous side-bars, parallel and connecting rods, gyrating, shuttling at thy sides,
Thy metrical, now swelling pant and roar, now tapering in the distance,
Thy great protruding head-light fix'd in front,
Thy long, pale, floating vapor-pennants, tinged with delicate purple,
The dense and murky clouds out-belching from thy smoke-stack,
Thy knitted frame, thy springs and valves, the tremulous twinkle of thy wheels,
Thy train of cars behind, obedient, merrily following,
Through gale or calm, now swift, now slack, yet steadily careering;
Type of the modern—emblem of motion and power—pulse of the continent,
For once come serve the Muse and merge in verse, even as here I see thee,
With storm and buffeting gusts of wind and falling snow,
By day thy warning ringing bell to sound its notes,
By night thy silent signal lamps to swing.

Fierce-throated beauty!

Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music, thy swinging lamps at night,
Thy madly-whistled laughter, echoing, rumbling like an earthquake, rousing all,
Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding,
(No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glib piano thine,)
Thy trills of shrieks by rocks and hills return'd,
Launch'd o'er the prairies wide, across the lakes,
To the free skies unpent and glad and strong.

The Railway Train

by Emily Dickinson



I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks;
And then, prodigious, step

Around a pile of mountains,
And, supercilious, peer
In shanties, by the sides of roads;
And then a quarry pare

To fit its sides, and crawl between,
Complaining all the while
In horrid, hooting stanza;
Then chase itself down hill

And neigh like Boanerges;
Then, punctual as a star,
Stop--docile and omnipotent--
At its own stable door.

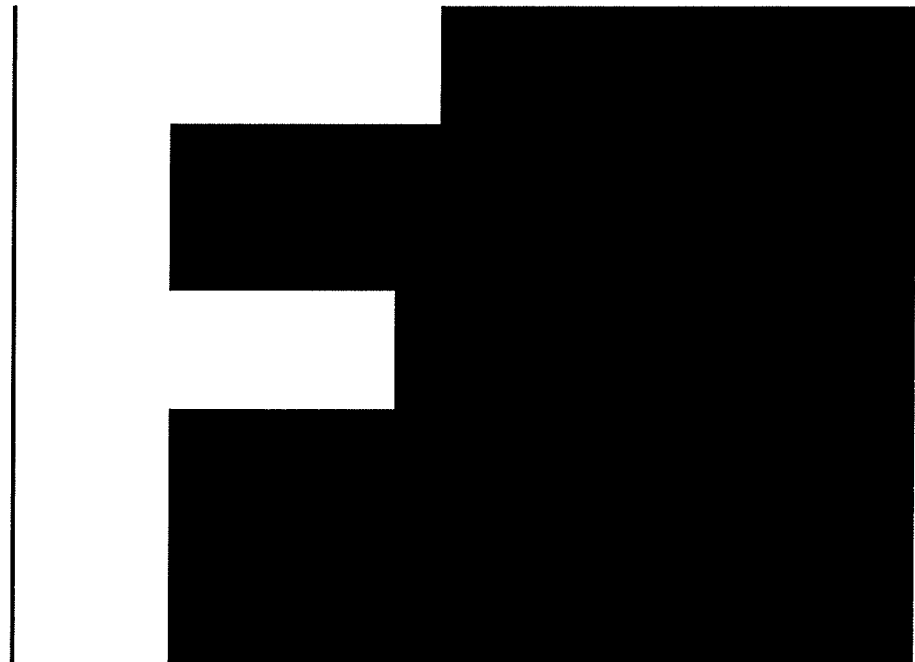
return to trainsofwinnipeg.com

Beth Gulley

From: Beth Gulley
Sent: Monday, September 25, 2023 6:58 PM
To: Beth Gulley
Subject: Re: Re:

From a Railway Carriage

Robert Louis Stevenson



Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.
Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

Robert Louis Stevenson



Engine, Engine, Number Nine | Lyrics

from the MMF Songbook

Lyrics for 'Engine, Engine, Number Nine'

Engine, engine number nine,
Going down Chicago line,
If the engine jumps the track,
Will I get my money back?
Woo, Woo,
Woo, Woo,
Woo, Woo.

Rhyme/Version 2

Engine, engine number nine,
Running on Chicago line.
At the lake at half past eight,
Back once more at half past four.
O-U-T spells out and out she goes.

Rhyme/Version 3

Engine, engine number nine,
Running on Chicago line.
Running east, running west,
Running through the cuckoo's nest.

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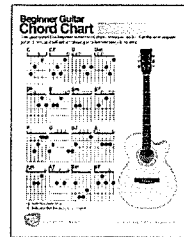
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SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK

LYRICS

America
Rock

Conjunction Junction

Music & Lyrics: Bob Dorough

Grammar
Rock

Performed By: Jack Sheldon

Animation: Kimmelman and Associates

Science
Rock

First Aired: 1973

Multiplication
Rock

Conjunction Junction, what's your function?

Hooking up words and phrases and clauses.

Conjunction Junction, how's that function?

I got three favorite cars

That get most of my job done.

Conjunction Junction, what's their function?

I got "and", "but", and "or",

They'll get you pretty far.

MONEY ROCK

[spoken] "And":

That's an additive, like "this and that".

"But":

That's sort of the opposite,

"Not this but that".

And then there's "or":

O-R, when you have a choice like

"This or that".

"And", "but", and "or",

Get you pretty far.

SCOOTER
COMPUTER
&
MR. CHIPS

[sung] Conjunction Junction, what's your function?

Hooking up two boxcars and making 'em run right.

Milk and honey, bread and butter, peas and rice.

Hey that's nice!

Dirty but happy, digging and scratching,

Losing your shoe and a button or two.

He's poor but honest, sad but true,

Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

Conjunction Junction, what's your function?

Hooking up two cars to one

When you say something like this choice:

"Either now or later"

Or no choice:

"Neither now nor ever"

Hey that's clever!

Eat this or that, grow thin or fat,

Never mind, I wouldn't do that,

I'm fat enough now!

Conjunction Junction, what's your function?

Hooking up phrases and clauses that balance, like:

Out of the frying pan and into the fire.

Limited

Carl Sandburg

I am riding on a limited express, one of the crack trains of the nation.

Hurtling across the prairie into blue haze and dark air go fifteen all-steel coaches holding a thousand people.

(All the coaches shall be scrap and rust and all the men and women laughing in the

diners and sleepers shall pass into ashes.)

I ask a man in the smoker where he going and he answers: "Omaha."

<https://poems.com/poem/limited/>



POETRY FOUNDATION

The Train

BY DAVID ORR

Not that anyone will care,
But as I was sitting there

On the 8:07
To New Haven,

I was struck by lightning.
The strangest thing

Wasn't the flash of my hair
Catching on fire,

But the way people pretended
Nothing had happened.

For me, it was real enough.
But it seemed as if

The others saw this as nothing
But a way of happening,

A way to get from one place
To another place,

But not a place itself.
So, ignored, I burned to death.

Later, someone sat in my seat
And my ashes ruined his suit.

Source: *Poetry* (December 2007)



POETRY FOUNDATION

All Trains Are Going Local

BY TIMOTHY LIU

Slowing down your body enough to feel.

Thought you were at a standstill
but you were only slowing down enough

to feel the pain. There are worse things

than running to catch the train, twisting
your ankle, the afternoon fucked.

Running to get to or away from?

the stranger who helps you up
wants to know, you who are so used to

anything scribbled on a prescription blank.

Just want the pain to go away, you say,
surprised to find yourself

reaching for someone else's hand.

Timothy Liu, "All Trains Are Going Local" from *Don't Go Back to Sleep*. Copyright © 2014 by Timothy Liu.
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Source: *Don't Go Back to Sleep* (Saturnalia Books, 2014)

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NEWSLETTERS

PRESS

**POETRY FOUNDATION**

Railway

BY FRED D'AGUIAR

Long before you see train
The tracks sing and tremble,
Long before you know direction
Train come from, a hum
Announces it soon arrive.
So we tend to drop on all fours
Even before we look left or right.
We skip the sleepers or walk
Along by balancing on a rail.
We talk about the capital
Where the train ends its run
From the interior stacked with
The outsized trunks of felled
Trees and open-topped cars of bauxite.
We always hide from it unsure
What the train will do if we
Stand next to the tracks.
It flattens our nails into knives,
It obliterates any traffic
Caught by it at crossroads,
It whistles a battle cry,
Steam from the engine a mood
Not to mess with or else.
Rails without beginning or end,
Twinned hopes always at your back,
Always up front signaling you on,
Double oxen, hoof stomp, temper
Tantrum, stampede, clatter
Matter, head splitter, hear us,
Stooped with an ear to the line—
greenheart, mora, baromalli,
purple heart, crabwood,



POETRY FOUNDATION

In a Station of the Metro

BY EZRA POUND

The apparition of these faces in the crowd:
Petals on a wet, black bough.

Source: *Poetry*

CONTACT US

NEWSLETTERS

PRESS

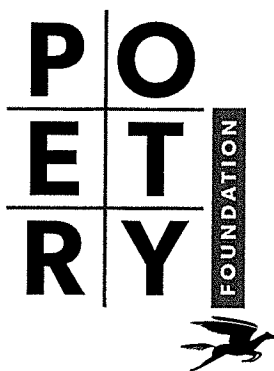
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KAY RYAN

Train-Track Figure

Imagine a
train-track figure
made of sliver
over sliver of
between-car
vision, each
slice too brief
to add detail
or deepen: that
could be a hat
if it's a person
if it's a person
if it's a person.
Just the same
scant information
timed to supplant
the same scant
information.



POETRY FOUNDATION

A Second Train Song for Gary

BY JACK SPICER

When the trains come into strange cities
The citizens come out to meet the strangers.
I love you, Jack, he said
I love you, Jack, he said
At another station.

When passengers come in from strange cities
The citizens come out to help the strangers.
I love you too, I said
I love you too, I said
From another station.

The citizens are kind to passing strangers
And nourish them and kiss their lips in kindness.
I walk the unbelieving streets
I walk the unbelieving streets
In a strange city.

At night in cold new beds the welcomed strangers
Achieve in memory the city's promise.
I wake in love with you
I wake in love with you
At last year's station.

Then say goodbye to citizens and city
Admit this much—that they were kind to strangers.
I leave my love with you
I leave my love with you
In this strange city.

Source: *Poetry* (July/August 2008)

Edna St. Vincent Millay perfectly captured the longing and allure of passing trains felt by those passed by.

Travel

The railroad track is miles away,
And the day is loud with voices speaking,
Yet there isn't a train goes by all day
But I hear its whistle shrieking.

All night there isn't a train goes by,
Though the night is still for sleep and dreaming,
But I see its cinders red on the sky,
And hear its engine steaming.

My heart is warm with the friends I make,
And better friends I'll not be knowing;
Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take,
No matter where it's going.

—**Edna St. Vincent Millay**

Beth Gulley

From: Beth Gulley
Sent: Monday, September 25, 2023 6:53 PM
To: Beth Gulley
Subject: Re:

Love

The boy at the far end of the train car
kept looking behind him
as if he were afraid or expecting someone
and then she appeared in the glass door
of the forward car and he rose
and opened the door and let her in
and she entered the car carrying
a large black case
in the unmistakable shape of a cello.
She looked like an angel with a high forehead
and somber eyes and her hair
was tied up behind her neck with a black bow.
And because of all that,
he seemed a little awkward
in his happiness to see her,
whereas she was simply there,
perfectly existing as a creature
with a soft face who played the cello.
And the reason I am writing this
on the back of a manila envelope
now that they have left the train together
is to tell you that when she turned
to lift the large, delicate cello
onto the overhead rack,
I saw him looking up at her
and what she was doing
the way the eyes of saints are painted
when they are looking up at God
when he is doing something remarkable,
something that identifies him as God.

—Billy Collins—

From: Beth Gulley
Sent: Monday, September 25, 2023 6:51 PM

[The Train]
by Anonymous


It's not my job to run the train,
The whistle I don't blow.
It's not my job to say how far
The train's supposed to go.
I'm not allowed to pull the brake,
Or even ring the bell.
But let the damn thing leave the track

And see who catches hell!

Never Follow Suit Lyrics Radio Dept.

I want to
You knew that I would want to
It makes me feel bad
But I've been waiting for a long time
I want to
Yes I've wanted to
Long before you
I want to
And I've been waiting for a long time

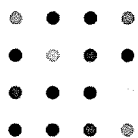
I want to
I always wanted to belong to
The freak scene
Or anyone who had set their mind to
Never follow suit again
Because they have to
I want to
I always wanted to belong to

 [Sample from 'STYLE WARS']:

Every time I get on a train
Almost everyday I see my name
I'll say:
"yeah y'know I was there, I bombed it"

It's for me, it's not for nobody else to see
I don't care about nobody else seeing it
All these other people who don't write
They're excluded
I don't care about them
They don't matter to me
It's for us
It's for us

You want to
You said you didn't want to
It makes me feel bad
Because I could never bring you
You want to
You wanted to
But never dared to
You want to now
But I've been waiting for a long time



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For Subway Graffiti

by David Attwooll (1949-2016) (<https://poems.poetrysociety.org.uk/poets/david-attwooll/>).

Marking the dark, electric identity
voices that trespass from aerosol cans

Marking the dark, a human hand dancing
on dangerous pages of tunnels and trains

Marking the dark, out from the margins
scratching grey light with a jitterbug wave

Marking the dark with neon-flecked taglines
cool cursive threads leading out of the cave

About this poem

Commended Poem, Stanza Poetry Competition 2015, judged by Jo Bell, on the theme of Darkness.

Jo Bell: A celebration of something we usually sneer at, and an identification of the 'cool cursive thread' written from Lascaux to Toxteth.

David Attwooll (1949-2016) (<https://poems.poetrysociety.org.uk/poets/david-attwooll/>)

David Attwooll's first full collection was *The Sound Ladder* (Two Rivers Press, 2015). His work appeared in several anthologies, and he was a winner of the 2013 Poetry Business pamphlet prize with *Surfacing* (smith/doorstop). *Ground Work* (Black Poplar, 2014) followed, illustrated by Andrew Walton. David worked in publishing and drummed in a street band. David passed away in 2016 and a tribute appears on our website (<http://poetrysociety.org.uk/news/david-attwooll-1949-2016/>).

Beth Gulley

From: Beth Gulley <bgulley@jccc.edu>
Sent: Tuesday, September 26, 2023 9:38 PM
To: Beth Gulley

Rainbows of graffiti
rope the train/
rattle it off
into the sunset/
trying to tag
the pot of gold

Sent from my iPhone

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