

Stephen Robertson

Long ago

The railway line passes near.
After the engine's noisy roar,
coaches follow along the track:
the bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

At night, the glow and flying sparks.
Grass on the lineside banks is marked
with smears of fires, burnt and black.
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

On holiday by train! Vast hall
of city station, noisy, full
of people rushing there and back.
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

First we go to the front to see
the engine, wheels bigger than me—
a great big monster, steaming, black.
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

Telephone wires through the pane
loop lazily along and then
greet each pole like a jumping jack.
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

Raindrops slanting across the glass.
We jump at a sudden sound-blast—
another train on the next track.
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

Country station: we clamber down.
The whistle blows, the train moves on,
the guard's van trundles at the back.
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.