

## TRANSFER

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*John Currie*

One destination  
Does not seem enough  
The trip is remnant of a fatigue  
Felt on Sunday afternoons  
Papers are being re-read  
Toys have gone stale to a child  
A radio plays won't the train  
Stop at night in the middle  
Of nowhere  
Near a gully perhaps where the white  
Falling over the rock ledge  
Is a fume of sound and a lull-a-bye  
Won't the train ever stop  
Unexpectedly except by derailment