

TRANSFER

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