

THE TRAIN: a post from a past

Thomas Edward Shaw

Feel it coming
in the heat of summer day.
Over the horizon,
smoke rolls high and black.
Rails gleam and shimmer in sunlight.
Excitement mounts,
feel the vibrating track.
Lay a coin on the rail and hurry.
Quick, it's time . . . stand back!
It's coming . . . a'puffing and a'roaring.
See the smoke belching stack.
A giant machine pulling coaches,
passes with clatter and clack.
We stand in awe and grin,
hugging the ground with bare feet
as earth trembles.
The cars pass by making a
thunderous screeching din.
When it passes, quiet descends, peaceful.
Find the coin smashed flat and thin.
As the train becomes smaller
disappearing in the distance.



The Virginia & Truckee Railroad
coming into Carson City on
West Washington Street

Photograph by Carsonstreet Publishing