

Ghost Trains

Ghosts of freight trains ride these rails,
sound asleep beneath the bed of fallen leaves.

We ride along these tracks of forgotten years,
watching the river flow alongside us as compass and
companion

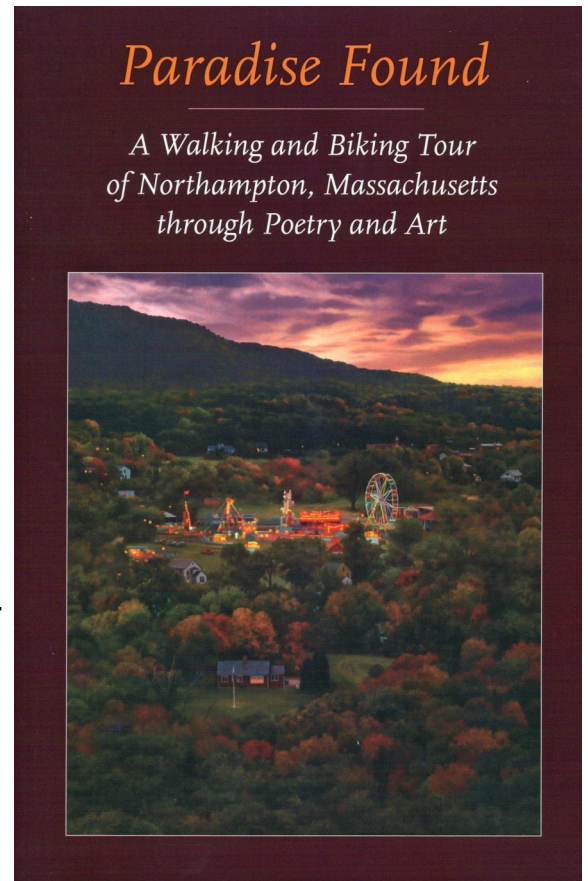
And navigator, too, just as it did for generations of en-
gineers whose coal stacks blew hot and loud,
but whose whistles are now silent in the woods.

Our breath chugs like engines of old
Our hearts beat in rhythm to the world
as we push forward into a landscape of time.

In these shaded woods where we only hear *Ghost Trains*
the soft chatter of squirrels,
the incessant hammering of woodpeckers,
the murmur of rubber on roadways,

We move amid the understanding that where we go,
so goes our own history.

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