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# Snow Train (Poet Lore)

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## SNOW TRAIN

I watch a train full of snow go by.  
Snow in window seats looking out on the grass  
and bees and swimming pools.  
Snow in aisle seats crowded by standing-room-only  
snow compressed into solid mass.

When I say a train full of snow I mean so packed  
that if you peel off its silver carapace  
you have an exact replica in white  
like a George Segal sculpture only instead  
of a man on a park bench it's a Metroliner  
between New York and Boston.

I mean the direction I dream in—full speed ahead,  
a train that requires neither conductor nor schedule,  
nor steel shell for protection but holds together  
by the force of our wonder.

A train with a turbine of snow,  
a fuel filter of snow and wheels of snow  
that spin in the clear sun of the day  
as children wave from floats and scooters  
and porches strewn with plastic toys.

An ethereal train that goes anywhere  
it wants on fresh-laid tracks that vanish  
with its passing, one that arrives  
at the wrong time, in the wrong place  
if it can stop at all. I mean for it to crash

into a darkening wood, its silence butting  
choruses of cracking branches, kindling  
for tonight's blue fire long after  
the last car's barreled through.