

Wolvercote Trains

Marylebone, Brockenhurst... – who cares
where trains are singing their hearts towards.
The passengers are too earnest and upright
to hear them well. Only we, lying here
with our arms full of love, can listen
as trains deserve. Their unselfish hymns
belong to our glory, and boundless desire
lends them power. Like trains, and with them,
we shall fly round the sun, round the clock,
hand in hand round the island of us.

Rip Bulkeley

26 February 2020