

Station

Suburban snows stayed all the trains one day.
The town, re-tinted monochrome, was still.
Like hibernating bears the engines lay;
Embankments turned to tundra in the chill.
Track-side, the desolate spiked hinterland
Was hushed to soft beneath the fallow sky;
This smoothed Christmas-icing winterland
Decked by the footstep-frunch of passers-by.
But look again – beyond the freeze and thaw –
And note this branch line's ravelled destiny:
No trains run here in summer any more.
When snow dunes cannot hide the truth you'll see
The ticket office with its crumbling stones;
A charnel house of rail and sleeper bones.