

Motion

Steam

IN days we shall not see again,
When seaside called, we took the train.
The train, that is, took us, of course –
Behind some gleaming, steaming horse
Of monstrous size and awesome power,
Which hissed and gushed and made us cower
From platform edge as its arrival
Seemed to threaten our survival.

So proud, so huge, so self-reliant –
And yet this was a *friendly* giant.
Despite its snufflousness and noise,
It formed a part of August joys
When no one travelled very far
And few dads owned or drove a car.

The train, behind its beast of traction,
Gave pleasure, awe and satisfaction
To all who sought a holiday
And travelled by steam railway.

Clickety-click, it could not fail:
We'd never heard of welded rail.
Heads through windows, miles fly by.
Get a cinder in your eye.
Clouds of smoke, that acrid smell;
Loco snorts like beast from hell,
Bound for Blackpool or Skegness:
We *loved* our holiday express.
August somehow lost its gleam,
The day the line ran out of steam.