

Prison train

The steam clears
Children's tears
Gaps between the wooden slats
Frost is on the railway tracks
Gasps, screams and crying
An old man slowly dying
A Kippah blown backwards
The train jolts forwards
Pistons hissing
Parents kissing
Knowing they will soon go 'East'
Forever there to rest in peace The
platform soon is left behind
As the train begins to wind In
between the knarled black trees
Carrying its refugees
Sleeping, sitting, holding hands
Thinking of the red armbands
The healthy, blind the deaf and lame
All aboard the prison train

By Richard Hooper

