

## **Lovett Lyle**

# **"Texas Trilogy: Train Ride"**

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Well, the last time I remember  
that train stopping at the depot,  
Was when me and my Aunt Veta  
came riding back from Waco,  
I remember I was wearing  
my long pants and we was sharing  
conversation with a man  
who sold ball-point pens and paper.  
And the train stopped in Clifton,  
Where my aunt bought me some ice cream,  
And my Mom was there to meet us,  
When the train pulled into Kopperl.  
But now kids at night break window lights,  
And the sound of trains only remains,  
In the memory of the ones like me,  
Who have turned their backs on the splintered cracks  
in the walls that stand on the railroad land,

Where we used to play and then run away  
from the depot man.  
I remember me and brother  
used to run down to the depot,  
Just to listen to the whistle  
when the train pulled into Kopperl;  
And the engine big and shiny,  
black as coal that fed the fire,  
And the engineer would smile and say,  
"Howdy, how ya fellows?"  
And the people by the windows,  
Playing cards and reading papers,  
Looked as far away to us  
As next summer's school vacation.

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