

Lucy Kaplansky

"Brooklyn Train"

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I'm a rider of the city
On this Brooklyn train.
Held by the crowd,
Face to face.
Freeze-frames in time
Move through me.
Moments in life I
Won't again see.

A pack of kids gets on board,
Loud and laughing
They rule the car.
Non-stop rhythm of
Words and speed,
The sound of the young,
The sound of the city.

Down below on iron veins,
Rolling waves of subway trains.
Rails of mercy
Cross the lives of men,
Safe in the body of
New York again.

Asian men selling
Firetrucks and flags.
The mixed up voices
Of a duop band.
Sailors and whites
Dance and sing
Beneath the streets,
Part of everything.
A family just arrived from JFK.
A couple of boys,
Another on the way.
A mother is watching,
Remembers her son.
Buys some firetrucks-
Gives each of them one.

Down below on iron veins,

Rolling waves of subway trains.
Rails of mercy
Cross the lives of men,
Safe in the body of
New York again.

Amid all these others,
It's myself I see.
And the thread that
Connect these faces to me.
And those who rode these
Rails before me,
And the others who'll ride this
Train after me.

Williamsburg bridge,
Sun hits the train as
It rises over the city again.
Nobody speaks,
Everyone stares.
Remembering all that
Used to be there.
And only the living
Know what loss means,
Riding together on this
Morning train.

Down below on iron veins,
Rolling waves of subway trains.
Rails of mercy
Cross the lives of men,
Safe in the body of
New York again.
Safe in the body of
New York again.

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