

## Stephen Robertson

### Long ago

The railway line passes near.  
After the engine's noisy roar,  
coaches follow along the track:  
the bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

At night, the glow and flying sparks.  
Grass on the lineside banks is marked  
with smears of fires, burnt and black.  
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

On holiday by train! Vast hall  
of city station, noisy, full  
of people rushing there and back.  
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

First we go to the front to see  
the engine, wheels bigger than me—  
a great big monster, steaming, black.  
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

Telephone wires through the pane  
loop lazily along and then  
greet each pole like a jumping jack.  
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

Raindrops slanting across the glass.  
We jump at a sudden sound-blast—  
another train on the next track.  
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.

Country station: we clamber down.  
The whistle blows, the train moves on,  
the guard's van trundles at the back.  
The bogeys go: click-clack click-clack.