

KENDALL YARDS
by Catherine Grainger

It's all joggers now
Bikes, strollers,
Dogs on leashes
Urban hipsters, lattes in hand
Lounge on café patios
But I can still see red splotches in the rubble
Broken bricks from the buried roundhouse
I can still smell the diesel from the rail yards
Feel the ghosts of box car riders
Restless rovers squatting by the riverbank
Staggering among the rusted rails
Stirring the burning embers
Of makeshift campsites
 Watched by haunted Indian eyes
Reliving salmon feasts, nets and spears
Roar of falls
Leap of fish
Traitor traders
Hangman's noose.
I can still see the trash built
Eagle's nests
Hear screeches, cries
 Talons clutching fish
On sleepless nights
Train whistles still blow
 Echoing through the gorge
Still screaming
From red- mouthed furnaces
Stoked by shirtless movers of metal
Shoveling coal, black, glistening, hard
From the miners of the mountains
Tunneling down earth's arteries
Denizens of the dark, headlamps beamed on the shaft
As headlamps of the midnight train
Search the rotting trestles
The vanished bridges,
Of Kendall Yards.