

# The Old Tracks

Nolo Segundo

In my town and only  
90 feet from my house  
Run a pair of old tracks,  
Railroad tracks older  
Than my house, even  
Older than me, and I  
Am become old, very,  
Very old, like a tree  
Whose branches  
Betray it with  
Every strong wind  
And fall to ground  
Leaving less and  
Less of the tree.

I used to walk in  
Between those  
Carefully laid  
Iron rails, stepping  
On the worn wood  
Of the old ties as  
Though they were  
Made of glass....  
I walked the length  
Of my small town,  
I walked the world.  
I walked where  
Passenger trains  
Carried lives and  
Their once warm,  
Now cold, dreams





And I was part of  
Each life, now gone  
To ether and mist,  
And so too my  
Lonely soul will  
Ride those rails  
One bright day.

Still, a freight train  
Comes by once or  
Even twice a week,  
And I thrill to hear  
Its wailing horn as  
it cries out for a  
forgotten glory,  
and the ground  
still shakes a bit  
as the old train  
lumbers slowly  
by my house and  
I wait a holy wait  
For the music of  
Its rumbling and  
The cry of its old  
Heart as a young  
Engineer pulls the  
Whistle and sees  
Not that he is  
Driving eternity.



Nolo Segundo is the pen name of L.J. Carber, 74, a retired teacher who in his 8th decade has been published in 68 literary journals in the US, UK, Canada, Romania, and India; in 2020 a trade publisher released a book length collection, *The Enormity Of Existence*, and in 2021 a second book, *Of Ether And Earth*--with all royalties going to Doctors Without Borders. He was nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2022