

STEAM

I dreamt I was in the age of steam
Where furnaces glow and pistons gleam.
The train is by the station side
Waiting to start the nocturnal ride.

We glide out of the station
Leaving behind the city light.
No one knows our destination
As we journey through the night.

The station was all bustle,
Passengers hurrying to and fro;
Some seeking destination boards,
Others asking "Where to go?".

Now the dream is fading
And I wish that I could stay.
Already it is morning
Yet another working day

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