

Night Music: Lonsdale

Chance Daldy

Cascades on water silver-streaked, where legs of titans cast
great shadowed columns, through which countless lonely boats have
passed.

Chords of steel wail under stifled sky and murky moonlight,
with rumbling distant tumult, to silence's helpless plight.

Barrel on, oh powerful engine, 'cross mechanic arteries blaze
towards citadels, glittering with halogen eyes' most baleful gaze.

Now lonely sits once verdant decks, vine-wrapped outlier,
bearing witness to a totem scorched, and a sister scarred with fire.

The heartbeat's drum remains in only several chambers deep,
within my weary frame, a burden far too great to keep.

An elegy for a community passing, by our railroad symphony,
across a train-tracked fretboard, while the bass drum shunts with glee.

For it will remain, when we are culled to make room for giants of glass,
the morning robins will still sing with joy, as other songs come to pass.



Time by Daniel Truong