

Tulips Along the Way

Bret Lundstrom

Tulips lined that particular train track
Only on one embankment though
They couldn't grow across the rails and ties
With no intentions of embarking
Trains flow past, usually from the north
Grinding metal on metal brings slight winds
Gently bending the stems and playing with petals
Old flowers sometimes have their stance broken
To be swept onward down the tracks
Sometimes lying on the giant wooden ties
Only to be pushed farther down the tracks
The unlucky few who fall on the metal
Are cut in half and turned into blossoms
Perhaps to be picked up by hand holding lovers
To end up in a lucky girl's flowing hair
Carried a bit farther down the tracks
While that flowerbed on one side of the track
Blooms forth with vivid life and commotion
While trains sweep by with winds from the north
To take love elsewhere for it is already here

