

Whistling Through

Poetry by Mark Petruzzi
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we hear them trains roll past Hartford
not near enough to rumble
like foghorns distant on this misty dawn
only close enough to hear them
whistle through

the sound comes to your ears
but more, you feel it in your chest, somewhere
rising from there
so that you want more
and sometimes you do get it

sue says, “even *I* like the sound, and *I*’m not a boy”

if you forget they’re big, dusty diesels
you can believe they’re iron of old
chugging on the coal fire
thundering down the rails
blasting the morning away
or warning away
whistling through...