

# The Lightning Train

I'm the tumbling train as fast as a bullet,  
I greet the station and the trees in a second,  
And then I'm gone in the blink of an eye.

I'm out of control,  
Whizzing full- speed ahead,  
Faster than the speed of light.

I rapidly roll on,  
Eager to get there,  
Eager to finish.

I pass the bridges, station and tunnels,  
Handing them dust,  
Before pelting from sight.

I bolt forward,  
As it's what I'm depending on,  
Momentarily disappearing,  
Behind the tall trees.

The sign-post wavers,  
Waving at me,  
As I present it, once again,  
With a sack of white dust.

I have not slowed yet,  
But Brighton is waiting.

Caitlin

