

The Silver Bullet

She glints white in the sun's heat.
Her engines rumble low, her length lay stretched,
A sly façade of siesta, along the track.
Once dormant, her casings cold, deep in slumber;
But not today.
Today, she moves.
Her glass eyes wide, she inches forward, sluggish.
A huge beast newly awakened, she rolls from
Her bed, sleek body skimming rails;
Gains momentum, hits her peak, strumming,
Humming to
A rhythmic ride.
Eagerly, she hurtles on, oblivious
To the rolling, green-hilled scenery,
The shadowed clouds passing on her back;
She grins, panel to panel,
She eats
The endless ties.
Her track looks to forever,
Yet ahead, walls in series
Block her path. Closer, she draws,
A trail of mercury, hyper speed, with
No hesitation;
And makes contact.
Bracing for derailment, she shoots
Through the cement; its boulders burst.
Through the bricks, projectile crumbs;
Then, the wire whose broken ends
Scorch and spark,
Fire her flanks.
Then the last. The wall of glass,
The fourth and final wall of walls built
From your teaching; so it shatters;
She leaves the track as it ends. She flies.
She is airborne.
She is the Silver Bullet.