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## Matt, Age Seven, at the Museum

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# Matt, Age Seven, at the Museum

By: Robert Gockman

Then he discovered the train,  
just a cab with a view  
with the valves and the knobs,  
and the tubes, quite a few.  
Matt started the engine  
and turned up the steam,  
while gramps fed in the coal  
and frazzled the fream.

We were cruising at sixty  
with all valves opened wide,  
when Matt spotted the cow  
on the rail-road track side.  
We hit her asunder  
with the cow-catching thing  
and set her in motion  
with an overhead fling.

Matt giggled and chortled  
and laughed up his sleeve.  
(An imaginary cow  
is nothing to grieve.)  
And he asked for more coal  
So that he could go faster.  
I yelled, "Better slow down  
'cause we're due for disaster."

But he adjusted his cap  
and pulled down the lever  
that gave him MORE steam  
'cause he thought he was clever.  
We were doin' near NINETY  
and the tree whistled by  
like a fence in a windstorm  
in the blink of an eye.

“Slow it down, slow it down,  
or we’ll wind up on heaven.”

But Matt pushed it faster  
to ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN.

“Look out! It’s the station,  
and they’re flagging us down.  
The bridge is washed out  
and we’re going to drown.”

But just as cool as you please  
Matt slammed on the brakes.  
But I thought we had had it  
and went into the shakes.  
We stopped inches from danger  
and might think it close,  
but it wasn’t Matt’s first time:  
Just closer than most.

You wouldn’t believe him  
When he stepped off the cab  
and relinquished the throttle  
to the next little lad.  
For he pulled off a stunt  
he’s a hero- no bones.  
And just for a minute  
he was Old Casey Jones.