Matt, Age Seven, at the Museum

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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.