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Creative Writing
ENG 50
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Estación De Tren

The station was quite plain against the grain,
Sitting in the middle of two rails of manmade wonder.

The shiny sun always set simply between the two metal lines,
Leading from here to there, point A to point B.

The building itself was a wonder in its own respect,
Sitting on the valley, different than all the rest.

When you think of a train station you think of rails upon rails of track,
People waiting, tickets breaking, luggage sitting on the top rack.

But this station was nothing like the rest, nothing like the best,
Just a station for one train coming in and one train going out.

There were no doors, oh no. No doors at all.
Just some beads of bamboo, hung gracefully along an entrance to eternity.

Different colors they were, all those pinks and greens,
Reds and yellows, purple and blue, and oh so many other colors too.

But this station just sat across a valley, reflecting in the water,
On the other side nothing, just shadows and wonder.

Picture a small house with beads at the beginning,
A track going through it with nobody singing.

I'm sure no one got off because there is nothing there,
Just a place to sit, wonder, read, and stare. Stare at the endless tracks with despair.

It was a small little train station, located in Spain,
Sitting there quietly, always looking the same.

Note: Based on "Hills like White Elephants" by Ernest Hemingway
First paragraph, first couple sentences...

“The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain, made of strings of bamboo beads, hung across the open door into the bar, to keep out flies.”