

route 53

the sun is setting
the shadows evaporte into
a milky blue gray background
and the cars stream
past the railroad tracks
and past the three low buildings
where the railroad iron crosses
route 53 in superior wisconsin

the buildings are old west style,
tall fronts with a thin wood skin
going high up on the face
making it look like a western movie set

but it's not - it's august up near the iron range
and there is a chilly breeze
coming from the hills across the
small channel of lake superior
that seperates wisconsin from northern minnesota

the low rumble and the whistle blast
from the four engine lead chain
on a soo line great northern freight train
stops traffic in front of me
and the red taillights of all the cars
waiting while this monster track snake
heads to milwaukee, chicago or amarillo, texas
create a beautiful industrial montage
of color, motion and commerce

and the sun seems to set faster
the colors seem to grow brighter
the shadows deepen quicker

and the chilly breeze gets a
bit of a bite to it, picking up speed
rushing down route 53 heading
out to the great plains, eventually

and the broad streets
that cross route 53 in superior wisconsin
fade into a dark backdrop

the traffic lights lined up
into the distance blinking and changing for the
lone car, and occasional 18 wheeler
that every now and then shows up
on these streets

and now twilight has turned
to darkness
the street lights add certification to
this urban construct
and the setting sun has simply dropped
from the sky
leaving a faded afterglow
off in the distance, behind the hills
behind the cold wind
rushing towards duluth