

The Last Travellers.

The crowds are departing, one by one
The travellers leave us, brushed by the steam
Of a train as they go. They grimly clutch
Their bags and at the last gate
Give no glance back. We're left alone
And shall go together a little time
On the slowest tracks of all that stretch
Beyond those pleasant hills; late
The time of arrival. The sun's been down
A long time now. The trains are the same
As before; end to end their coaches touch
Each other like shadows, seem to state
Their destinations. Hidden loudspeakers have done
Their work; the grimy stokers are now at home.
We're the last and stand together; fetch
Our collapsible chairs. We'll talk while we wait.