

RICK KENNETT

WHEN WE PLAYED IN THE MORTUARY STATION

We all know
Or try not to
Those who as children
played and talked and ran with ghosts
not realizing
Not remembering their old friends again
until adulthood
when they no longer want to remember

The Mortuary Station on the Necropolis spur line
no longer serves the dead, but is itself dead
A Victorian monster slain on the road
all stone arches and a pious bell tower, mute
We played on the rusty rails poking
from the sad O of its mouth
And told each other that sheeted figures
waited for trains in there
We ran in, laughing
Shouting echoes we said weren't ours
But as snakes coil in forgotten junk
Things befitting places of the dead dwell

One bright truant morning
we heard the thing that walked the platform
Later some would not believe
Later still many would not admit