The Prairie Light Review

Volume 7 Number 2 *Art You Can Dance To*

Article 13

Spring 5-1-1988

The Railroad Worker

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Recommended Citation

Avgeris, Chris (1988) "The Railroad Worker," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 7 : No. 2 , Article 13. Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol7/iss2/13

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THE RAILROAD WORKER

Chris Avgeris

The railroad worker, With his yellow teeth, Saw the world, as if Through tinted glass.

His life was based On the tarnished metal Of freight trains.

His nose he blew
With a smelly cloth
And the flattened pastry
That was his lunch
He ate from an old,
Black box.

His face was thin and scant And beneath his eyes Were gouged dark circles.

Far from technology
On a short lunch break
He quickly ate tart pieces
Of his food, from
Their rugged case which
Bore an ancient leather tag
Of identity.

He then happened
Upon by accident
A container, and
Inside it lay
A bronze award
And a still shiny,
silver ring that
He vaguely remembered.