

## The Train Traveling Tale of the West-Going Heart

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Westward bound, farewell New York City sounds.  
Farewell dirty city grounds that feet did relentlessly pound, pound, pound.  
Farewell silvery human achievement skyward bound.  
Farewell beautiful island transformed into ultimate concrete and rebarb playground.  
Westward ho! Let's go! West-going heart aglow!  
All aboard for those aimed at taking it slow!  
All aboard, all aboard for those adventurous souls willing to discover the unknown.  
All aboard: "The Lake Shore Limited!"

Alongside by the side of the Great Lakes shores  
Hear the din of the frosty wind, make out the gentle engine roar.  
Alongside, as I travel the old Yankee and Union track  
My eyes are wide open to the frozen earth pitch black.  
My heart gives restless beats to restless adventurous dreams  
That beat, beat, beat into the gushing icy streams,  
That feed the giant lakes and expand the giant shores.  
I dream of giant men with giant hearts that beat no more  
And look to the starry sky which their spirits now roam  
On this night, this traveling night by the lake shore after the gloam.  
To the windy city (we go) who served as the white city home, for  
A many windy soul drifting alongside the great Michigan shore.

And the land cries to Springfield! Home grown, golden spun.  
And the tracks will lead to Springfield, Springfield! Home of the past's beloved sons.  
And my heart echoes Springfield, Springfield! Dead spirits now of the starry sun.  
Follow his path, for his path is the righteous one!  
Follow his path in the land of malice towards none!  
Follow his path in the land of the dead and gone!

Hello goodbye Chicago, the windy city grand.  
I barely had the chance and you barely had the chance to shake each other's hands.  
All aboard, All aboard "The Texas Eagle!"

Alongside, by the side of the eagles soaring path  
Towards Texas, ho!, their old Mexico, our land by bloody bath.  
Alongside, silo high we pass our backbone by, those in mechanical toil  
Hi ho! Scythe as you know the nutritional growth in the rich and patriotic soil.  
There goes the golden wheat for little golden boys and girls  
Running along the prairie's back, these great and golden tracks unfurl.  
With the engine a roarin', and the blazing eagle a soarin'  
Belting out high a cry for the better days of yesterday  
When giant men with giant hearts traveled long ago below  
And rode the circuit and wrote of the flower fed herds of buffalo.  
The eagle cries echo for those who have long ago died  
And leads us towards their golden city, home grown golden spun

For those lost but not forgotten, for each and every American one.

And the land cries Springfield! Home grown, golden spun.  
And the tracks leave me at Springfield, Springfield! Home of the past's beloved sons.  
And my heart echoes Springfield, Springfield! At last, at last I have come.  
To follow his path, for his path is the righteous one!  
To follow his path in the spirit of malice towards none!  
To follow his path in the land of the dead and gone!

These midwestern streets once knew the golden western light  
And kindled in his heart aglow that right makes for a mighty might.  
These midwestern streets once knew of a giant western heart  
Who beat the strongest for the union, lest it ever tear apart.  
And I walked in silent mourning  
Across the ice stormed grass  
And felt the city mourning the sad fog long set in of the tragic past.  
"Oh my, my, my," my mournful heart does cry, "How the time has passed!"  
Though my heart cries as if the breath you had taken was just now your fatal last.

These midwestern streets once knew of the midwestern spirit bright  
Who often took to the union roads with swift foot and creative thoughts alight.  
These midwestern streets once knew of a giant midwestern heart  
Who mourned the past too, for he had known of a tall gangly ghost aglow  
Walking these midwestern streets at midnight with a sad face we all know.  
And my heart rejoices at the spirit his poems hide within  
And, so glad am I to at last connect with my long lost creative kin.

And at peace I am in Springfield, home grown, golden spun.  
At home I am in Springfield, home of the past's greatest sons.  
Though West from Springfield I have to look, for the future yet to be won.  
Waiting for the train, I half hope it will never come.  
All aboard, all aboard: "The Anne Rutledge!"

Alongside, by the side of the sweet steal, sharply on the scent  
On the train for that girl, with such a name! Let's carve it in immortal cement!  
Alongside, Illinois, tracking love's lost flight into the night,  
Westward-ho, the west-going heart aglow, her golden boys fade from my sight.  
With the memory of golden hearts, home grown, golden spun  
This moment forward, let's sing the songs of giant men with giant hearts for everyone!  
This greatness is not a greatness that one must invent.  
Let them become your guiding light, your satellite and lets circumvent  
The sorrow, the pain, the souls drenched in rain,  
And remember their names, remember their golden names  
On this westward-ho of Illinois fame, misery forgotten to Missouri train!

And the land cries California! Home grown, golden sun.  
And the tracks lead me to the Golden State! Home of the end and all that has begun.  
And my heart echoes the Pacific, the crashing Pacific! To the Union's edge, I will come

To follow life's unfolding path, keeping in mind the path of the righteous one!  
To follow life's unfolding path in the spirit of malice towards none!  
To follow life's unfolding path, keeping in heart the spirit of Springfield's golden sons!

A brief glimpse dear Kansas City.  
Your night lights shine of the retro train town pretty.  
I think my grandfather once knew your streets  
But I must catch a train  
Perhaps one day again we'll have sufficient time to meet.  
All aboard "The Santa Fe Chief!"

Alongside, by the side of the lyrical famed sweet swinging Rachel-Jane  
Perched in a discarded Indian chief's tattered red feathery mane.  
Alongside, the landmarks streak by, their details mesh and fade  
Revealing the ancient trip of the beggar's feet and his westward ways.  
There goes the scattered stones, the wanderers old and forgotten on the old Santa Fe  
Asking me if I can remember the peace of the horn-free unmechanized days.  
Asking me if I can remember the national landscape tended with an Indian-like care.  
No, no, I was not alive- my western heart failed to beat, beat, beat as I was not there.  
But I close my eyes to imagine the golden days of yesterday once so vibrantly alive and here  
And the giant men with giant hearts whose finer deeds benefited from the breath of fine,  
    fine fresh air  
And I dream under watchful stars, the limitless lanterns where the spirits are said to roam  
And I seek guidance through this tunnel of darkness on which path to follow when I arrive  
    at my western home.

And the land cries California! Home grown, golden sun.  
And the tracks leave me at the feet of Fullerton! Home of the end and all that has begun.  
And my heart echoes the Pacific, the crashing Pacific! To the Union's edge I am come.  
To follow life's unfolding path, keeping in mind the path of the righteous one!  
To follow life's unfolding path, in the spirit of malice towards none!  
To follow life's unfolding path, keeping in hear the spirit of Springfield's golden sons!

So much so much has changed, so very much has changed.  
You golden memory is a little less bright.  
They rape your hills, your golden views of my childhood wonder  
And tear out your heart and my heart forthright.  
Oh, how the tears came!  
How the tears came  
At the sight of your smothered golden flame.  
This much I know  
This much I can hear  
This much I can see light:  
It is my turn to act,  
It is my time to fight  
For right, as he said- right  
Makes for a mighty might!