

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Trains and Old Movies

By Richard Fein

Some scenes from old movies never fail to grip me,
and when I see the movies over again I vigilantly await
those scenes until I'm possessed again. This possession
also occurs when I replay the scene in my mind
as I live in the private screenings of an image,
like that scene in *The Lady Vanishes* when the galley
scullion throws the garbage out the door of the moving train
and a discarded ticket flies back and smears itself
on a window for a few seconds, fleeting evidence
that the enigmatic old woman is indeed somewhere
on the train and has to be rescued from her kidnappers.
Mostly, old returning images from my life—those old
withdrawals, studied retreats—besmirched—fly off,
only to return again, and I have no idea how to rescue
myself from what has kidnapped me from my life.
Yet to steal from that screen, from those claiming scenes,
I might still rescue myself by spying down those
omen corridors running from car to car on European trains, by
looking for clues as I sidle by conductors and peer into compartments
and urge on my doubters, “But she’s here, somewhere on the train.”