

A Gifted Childhood

Cam Coleman • 5.20.20

I remember
somewhere around the age of
I think I was six.
Or seven.
Or eight...
My younger mind and ambition
would build the tracks
Thomas the Tank Engine would take.

His Thomas was blue.
Smiling. Happy.
Willing to meet the challenges ahead.
He'd build and build and build and let
his imagination run loose.
His Thomas was unique. Was special.

As little man grew older his Thomas began to change.
His Thomas became mine.
He began to dirty. Began to
change his course. Change
his smile. He
began to become dirty
from the countless tears
and dirty and grime
from passengers
with a one-way ticket. With an

all or nothing ticket.

His train rode
towards infinite stations
with no stations to stop and rest Thomas's little engine
on the American Trail.

My train rides
From Honduras, Guatemala
on Mexico's own Underground Railroad
with no more chance to bail.

His train rides
with the hope to
make it on time.

My train rides
with the fear of
becoming la migra's paying dime.

I remember
Somewhere around the age of
I think I was seventeen.
Or eighteen.
Or nineteen...
My wrinkled mind and nature
would build the tracks
Thomas the Tank Engine would take.

My Thomas was dirty.

Crying from the weight of the crushed dreams
and separated families
on its rusted shoulders.

But he has no choice to continue
for he has no mouth
that is too broken to open.