

AWESOME DAWSON

WHEN I WAS SOMEWHERE BETWEEN TEN AND ELEVEN  
I FOUND A PEACE OF HEAVEN  
WITH MY DAD ON A TRAIN CALLED "THE POLLY" BOUND FOR DAWSON FROM TUCUMCARI  
THE TRAIN CALLED THE POLLY TRAVERSED MESAS, MOUNTAINS, AND PRAIRIE.  
EARLY EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY  
THE POLLY WOULD BEGIN TO MAKES ITS WAY.  
THERE WERE OTHER TRAINS THIS TIME OF DAY  
READY TO GO TO BIGGER PLACES FARTHER AWAY  
PLACES LIKE MEMPHIS, OKLAHOMA CITY, KANSAS CITY, AND CHICAGO,  
BUT IT WAS THE AWESOME TOWN OF DAWSON WHERE I WANTED TO GO.  
TWO SHORT BLASTS OF THE WHISTLE, A RATTLE OF THE EMPTY COAL CARS AND OTHER FREIGHT  
CARS AND THE LURCH OF THE COACH AT TRAINS END  
AND THE TRIP TO DAWSON WAS TO BEGIN.  
DOWN THE MAINLINE PAST THE ROUNDHOUSE, THEN TO A NORTHBOUND TRACK AND THE  
POLLY WAS ON THE DAWSON BRANCH.  
THE FIRST STOP WOULD BE THE TRIGG RANCH.  
MOST OF THE STATIONS ON THE DAWSON BRANCH FEW PEOPLE WOULD KNOW,  
SUCH AS BASCOM, CANADIAN, ARTQUIE, CAMPANA, CABEZA, MILLS, AND MEDIO,  
ALSO DOXIDE, MILLS, ABBOTT, FRENCH, AND SALONO.  
THE POLLY WOULD WORK ITS WAY UP ARTQUIE HILL, BUT IT WAS SLOW.  
AT THE TOP OF THE HILL WAS THE TOWN OF MASQUERO.  
SOON IT WOULD BE LUNCH WHEN WE GOT TO ROY.  
MY DAD WOULD ALWAYS SEE THAT I GOT THE PERFECT LUNCH FOR A 10 TO 11 YEAR BOY;  
A CHEESEBURGER, FRIES, A CHOCOLATE MALT AND, IF NEED, BE ICE CREAM.  
AFTER LUNCH IT WOULD BE A DREAM -  
I WOULD GET TO RIDE ON AN ENGINE OF STEAM.

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ON TO ABBOTT FOR WATER, A VERY SHORT STAY,  
THEN TO FRENCH ON OUR WAY FOR THE NEXT TO LAST STOP OF THE DAY,  
FRENCH, WHERE THE SP MET THE SANTA FE.  
THEN ON TO AWESOME DAWSON NOT TOO FAR AWAY.  
THE WHISTLE BLOWING AND THE BELL RINGING ANNOUCING THAT THE POLLY WAS TO ARRIVE  
AND IT SEEMED TO ME DAWSON WOULD COME MORE ALIVE.  
EVEN IF IT WAS AFTER FIVE  
A FEW TIRED PASSENGERS HAD REACHED THEIR DESTINATION  
AND THERE WAS EXPRESS TO BE CLAMIED IN THE STATION.  
MOST IMPORTANT TASK OF THE DAY WAS THE ARRIVAL OF EMPTY COAL CARS THAT WOULD  
BE LOADED TO DESTINATIONS FAR AWAY.  
THE EVENING WITH MY DAD WOULD BE GREAT;  
DINNER WOULD BE A STEAK AND A TRIP TO THE SWEET SHOP IF IT WASN'T TO LATE,  
THAT NIGHT SPENT AT THE ROOMING HOUSE  
WHERE IT WAS NOT UNUSAL TO SEE A MOUSE.  
BEFORE I WENT TO SLEEP I WISHED THE NEXT DAY HAD ALREADY BEGUN  
BECAUSE I KNEW IT WOULD BE A GREAT DAY FOR FATHER AND SON.  
PROMPLY AT HALF PAST EIGHT  
THE POLLY WOULD DEPART WITH LOADS OF COAL, A FEW PASSENGERS,  
AND SOME OTHER FREIGHT.  
THE FIRST STOP ALONG THE WAY  
WOULD BE FRENCH TO PICK UP FREIGHT DELIVERED BY THE SANTA FE.  
AFTER THAT A SHORT STOP AT ABBOTT FOR WATER  
OR THE POLLY WOULD NOT GO MUCH FARTHER.  
NEXT STOP ROY AND, OH BOY, ANOTHER PERFECT MEAL FOR AN ELEVEN YEAR BOY,  
THEN TO DOXIDE TO PICK UP DRY ICE LOADED IN BOX CARS  
FOR DESTINATIONS NEAR AND FAR.

AT MOSQUERO A PASSENGER OR TWO, THEN THE POLLY WOULD GO  
ON TO CABEZA TO TAKE ON COAL AND TIE UP BRAKES FOR THE TRIP DOWN ARTIQUE HILL  
TO PREVENT THE TRAIN FROM TAKING A SPILL.  
AFTER CAMPANA I KNEW IN A COUPLE OF HOURS THE JOURNEY WOULD END.  
I ALSO KNEW THAT AFTER JOURNEY'S END I WOULD TELL MANY A FRIEND  
THAT ALTHOUGH ONLY AGE 10 TO 11  
I HAD ALREADY SEEN A PIECE OF HEAVEN  
BECAUSE I HAD BEEN ON THE POLLY TO THE AWESOME TOWN OF DAWSON