

# NOW IDLE TIME

*by Bruce McClain*

I come to collect my father for our weekly drive.  
I hear sounds of feet tapping the floor,  
clapping hands, muffled grunts and wheezing laughter.

I wheel him outside through the main corridor. The feeble  
sit along the walls in whispering clusters, hunched over,  
sharing stories, fragmented recollections.

We approach a crossing gate, no longer in use. A deserted  
railroad track, buried beneath overbrush and stone  
and laced with iron, lies useless. A metal arm taps

against another high above my head. A battered caboose  
is masked with years of rust. It sits like a vault holding  
untold stories. This lone caboose is where servants once

sat and shared their events of the day. I feel a breeze.

