

**Let's Talk About It: Picturing America**  
**Making Tracks**

**Poetry Selections**

**“Night Journey” by Theodore Roethke**

Now as the train bears west,  
Its rhythm rocks the earth,  
And from my Pullman berth  
I stare into the night  
While others take their rest.  
Bridges of iron lace,  
A suddenness of trees,  
A lap of mountain mist  
All cross my line of sight,  
Then a bleak wasted place,  
And a lake below my knees.  
Full on my neck I feel  
The straining at a curve;  
My muscles move with steel,  
I wake in every nerve.  
I watch a beacon swing  
From dark to blazing bright;  
We thunder through ravines  
And gullies washed with light.  
Beyond the mountain pass  
Mist deepens on the pane;  
We rush into a rain  
That rattles double glass.  
Wheels shake the roadbed stone,  
The pistons jerk and shove,  
I stay up half the night  
To see the land I love.

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