

Trains and Boats and Planes * © /cual

It drove him mad
 this song...
Trains and boats and planes
Mexican Miguel heard
something *were passing by...*
in this melancholy tune
They mean a trip
spoke to him of antediluvian
to Paris or Rome Olmec empires
and legendary *to someone else*, heroes
climbing steep pyramids *but not for me.*
adorned with jaguar-headed
The trains and the boats
and planes anacondas, blood-filled skull...
took you away...away...

from me. Wholly mad Miguel in his solitary cell
We were so in love projected
convoluted Mayan glyphs
and high above onto the Montreal winter landscape...
we had a star to wish upon
wish every snowflake charged with
great *when they came true*,
significance. The Voices said:
walk but not for me.
barefoot to the lookout point.
The trains and the boats and planes
Do penitence in this Leningrad
took you away...
Weep tears of frozen blood
for your people *away from me.*
conquered by centaurs dressed in tin.

But the girly girls shunned Miguel
even *Trains and boats and planes*
in his glittering toreador regalia.
took you away The power
of his Army surplus *but every time*
I see them I pray, magnetized
commando knife his thin
and if my prayers and earnest voice
did not impress *can cross the sea*
the crowds of cybernetic zombies.
the trains and the boats and planes

Miguel listens to this song inside
his head *will bring you back...*
high atop his wet aluminum ladder
back home to me. and yearns for dead
Tenóchtitlan gone *will bring you back...*
in the hell of an endless interval
back home to me. repeat the call
to her to heed to *bring you back...*
repeat the call to her to heed
to *bring you back...* return
to a rational zócalo
never.

(Pastiche composed by /cual on July 29th 2001)

**All quotes in italics from the song of the same name by Burt Bachrach, lyrics by Hal David (1965).*