

Nightly Rides

Sleepless memories are
childhood memories
in the darkness of the night
riding streetcars of Cleveland
without present-day fright

Electrons jumping gap
on the swaying trolley pole
as electric motors growl
busy city streets
scurrying paths of life
a nickel transfer to extend
a days fun
Terminal Tower
West Side Market
the Brookside Zoo

San Fran cable cars
gloomy Big Apple tubes
did not compare to Clevelands
clicking of the tracks
as new sights are viewed

Perhaps it is why an old
mans nights are fitful
perchance sleep one hour
likely awake a full two

Do we await the trolleys
chime
the conductor's cry
End of the line