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## Yellow Yarn

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NORA PLUTH

# Yellow Yarn

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Stand on the right walk on the left  
Not spoken but known by the riders  
The tunnel wind staggers me as I coast down  
And we wait  
The platforms firm beneath my feet too firm to break  
People sit waiting for their iron horse to take them away to their lives and out of this  
place  
Hands in pockets twitch from a distant low rumble  
low like a growl just forming in the back of the throat  
Hands move uncontrollably  
The ground begins to shake  
Body pulsing to the beat of tearing tracks  
The bass of a hip hop song sifts through the air  
The ground shakes harder this time  
Head thrown back like a plastic bag in the wind  
AND THEN  
It rumbles like thunder in front of me  
Like 10000 drums beating  
Like the stomps of a marching band bigger than the world  
Crushed by noise and sound  
Pounding  
Pounding  
Like rain clawing the roof of the car  
The platform is too firm to break  
Yet it shakes violently beneath my feet  
Light cascades into the terminal  
Too bright  
Can't see  
Warning lights flashing  
Stay back  
Brakes squealing  
Wind rushes through my tight ponytail pulled back by force  
It's impossible to escape  
Scraping metal fills the domed room  
Faces fly past me melted by speed  
Hold on  
Hold on  
They  
rush toward the heaving hunk  
as it slows its endless journey  
Slowly people now fill the souls' cavern

It slows  
Crawling  
Slides to a steaming tired halt  
Feel it breathing like it's alive shuddering with power  
Doors fly open  
1 2 3  
and they run  
No glance back  
No smile  
just rush  
Quickly on  
Quickly off  
They sweep through up and out  
Step back doors closing  
Snap  
1 2 3  
they shut  
contents locked in  
It lurches like a faulty ride  
hands too clean to touch the sordid metal  
People's faces charge past and desperate visitors race toward it halting as slips by  
They fade from view  
Light and light and blackness sweeps over the windows like a hand snuffing out  
candles  
Standing room only  
Jostled by them as they cry out  
Boom. Boom. Boom. The tracks slide under the caravan of metal  
Loud air rushes by them  
Louder than a tornado  
Can't hear it  
But louder than hurricane waves  
But louder than howling blizzard winds  
crushing them  
Can almost feel it through the locked doors  
And slow.  
They stand rushing to the doors can't go further  
And stop.  
1 2 3  
doors open.  
Sweeping terror seizes the car can't breath for need of air  
Two seats stretch open

Sit they urge  
 Sat. Looking.  
 It crawls forward  
 It teeters forward  
 It walks forward  
 It runs forward  
 It flies forward  
 Them.  
 Noses stuck in books  
 Heads turned in conversation  
 Eyes glued to bright screens  
 Eyes move across the car  
 Outside seat  
 Riding alone but next to someone  
 And she sits needles in hand and  
     Yellow yarn  
 At her side  
 She knits a hat.  
 Ba boom ba Boom ba Boom  
 Breaks creek metal scrapes hands grab  
 They push  
 Now me  
 Slow  
 Stop  
 Doors open

1 2 3

Off  
 and  
 up  
 and  
 out  
 and  
 gone.

Nora E

Pluto