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Yellow Yarn

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NORA PLUTH

Yellow Yarn

92

93

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