

I did not rustle the
sheets.

The sound of hissing
steam and squeaking
metal

Wrapped in an apron of
steam

Large pocket watch
from his vest

Tiptoed down the
stairs

I took his outstretched
hand

Candies with nougat
centers as white as
snow

The polar express raced
forward

Cold, dark forests

Huge city standing on
top of the world

So crowded were the
streets with Santa's
helpers

They pranced and
paced

The elf tossed it up

He stood, holding the
bell high above him

The elves roared their
approval

Disappeared in the cold,
dark polar sky

The train gave a sudden
lurch

I sadly left the other
children

He cupped his hands
around his mouth

The Polar Express let
out a loud blast from its
whistle

One last small box
behind the tree

The bell still rings for me