



Steam Leviathans By Savannah (Memories Brought Home volunteer)

Hiss, hiss, hiss—!

Ripping through the foliage that seeks to cover man's creation.
Whipping by wondrous landscapes and fields, startling cattle that graze by its rails.

Hiss, hiss, hiss—!

It does not bother to gaze upon the natural world.

Hiss, hiss, hiss—!

Forward.
Always forward.

Hiss, hiss, hiss—!

The same rusted tracks.
Day after day.
Its rage is regularly fuelled, screaming along guidelines to industrial cities that help its journey to further
darken the skies.

Hiss, hiss, hiss—!

The beast releases a shrill whistle of success as it arrives at a yet another station. Millions upon millions of
those smaller, finely dressed two legged creatures, board and, if it had a mind of its own, it would wonder;
who are they? Where are they going?

Hiss, hiss, hiss!

But steam Leviathan's are not sentient.

Hiss, hiss...!

In the end, they will break.

...hiss...

