

THE CREW OF THE SILVER RAIL

They live in the tunnels beneath the third rail,
In jiggery-jaggery rooms made of concrete and shale.
With lockers that clitter and pebbles that plink,
And doors that go sproing! before you can blink!

They wake with a yawn and a stretchy-back crack,
Then tumble out of bed with a flippity-flack!
They wriggle in trousers, go hop-boot-zip-zip,
And button their jackets all snip-snap-clip-clip!

Old Bremmer pops up on a crate with a BOOM!
“Up, up, you lot! There’s a train leaving soon!
Six carriages! Waterloo! Wiggle, don’t wait—
Or the 6:22 will be terribly late!”

They scurry like shadows that slipped on a peel,
To their nooks and their crannies of bolt, beam, and wheel.
They squidge and they squeeze where it’s toasty and tight,
All hidden away from the passengers’ sight.



Their muscles go grumble from yesterday’s shove,
But buckle they must (and they buckle with love!).
With a clankety-click and a strap-snappy SNUG!
They hunker all in for a good pushy tug!

At six twenty-two—when the platform lights blink,
And the “Mind the Gap” voice does a courteous plink,
When the thermos goes sloshity-slosh with the tea—
That’s the moment they whisper, “READY... ONE... THREE!”

“ONE! TWO! THREE!” they whoosh with a heaveity-HEAVE!
And the train gives a shudder like “Oh! Time to leave!”
Then a rumble-bum-bumble, a glideity-glide,
And off shoots the train with the crew tucked inside!

Through tunnels that twist like a twizzlerish track,
They hustle and huffle through pitchity black.
Six silvery carriages zip-zoom-zip-zip,
While commuters sit scrolling and sip-sip-sip-sip.

They watch every signal—each blinky-blink,
Each curve that says “steady!” or “don’t even THINK!”
“Slow at the bend!” hollers Bremmer with zest,
And they skid-scrabble-stop with a boot-scooting skresssh!

The doors open wide with a pingity-PING!
And out pours a bustle of everything-everything.
With scarves and with briefcases, coffees and sighs,
No one ever noticing what’s under their thighs!

The train takes a breather—a soft metal rest,
While the crew down below do their floppity best.
They plop on some pebbles, go puffity-phew,
With soot on their noses (and elbows... and shoes).

“Bremmer,” one mutters, “that Jubilee’s tough!”
“I huffed and I puffed and I’m huffity fluffed!”
But Bremmer just chuckles and taps in his book,
“You pushed like a champion! Just look how it shook!”



They gather for tea in a circle so snug,
With jam-drippy toast and a crumbly-bum hug.
No velvety seats and no platform in sight,
Just the hum of the rails in the dim tunnel light.

But sometimes—oh sometimes!—a child passing through,
Will squish to the glass for a peekity view.
They’ll squint at the dark as it zippity-zips,
And spot tiny figures with boot-scooting hips!

“I SAW them!” the child says. “Down there! It is true!
With hats and with boots and a pushity crew!”
The grown-ups all smile, “Just shadows, dear child...”
But the tunnels just echo... all wiggly and wild.

For deep in the dark where the clankers all clang,
And the rumblers all rumble with bangity-BANG—
Those trains don’t just go by a timetable plan...
They go because someone goes PUSHITY—MAN!