**The Railway Station by Archibald Lampman**

The darkness brings no quiet here, the light

No waking: ever on my blinded brain

The flare of lights, the rush, and cry, and strain,

The engine’s scream, the hiss and thunder smite:

I see hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,

Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain:

I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train

Move labouring out into the bourneless night.

So many souls within its dim recesses,

So many bright, so many mournful eyes:

Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and guesses;

What threads of life, what hidden histories,

What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,

What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!