

Sister Rosetta

by Adam Sifre

I left the train, still going nowhere, but in a hurry.
Still a boy, but trapped in a suit.

And there she was.

Big and dark and beautiful,
an electric guitar, hidden in the folds of her life.
(This train)

Her voice cut through our old world,
stopping everyone.
(is a clean train)

We were still years away from Nowhere Man,
But right there, right then, at Godshill station (or Horryngford or
some other disused place)
Right there, we leapfrogged past Yellow Submarine and Mother's
Little Helper.

Right there
(you know this train)

With chord and voice, she coloured our world,
First with blues, and then the rest.
Do you remember her voice?
(I said this train)

I'm not sure I do.
But I remember that somewhere on Wight
there exists the first, living color train station.
And if you were to scratch the faded paint,

I wonder,
would you discover her voice and six stringed riffs,
still shiny, still new?

