

# Modern Boxcar

(By a Reincarnated Jude)  
By Robin B Lipinski

Empty.

Silent.

Decay.

Rusty track between.

Boards nailed the floor, showing the tails the evidence their heads now hold.

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Cattle slaughtered, hauled in the past, now turned into Big Mac's.

Modern day world bound to before, to what happened when evil rumbled the tracks.

Oh what a history, this little car had sitting on the rails.

Mooring, cackling, wet, dry, and silent, or can you hear sounds of the trial?

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Jack boots cracking, orders snapping, SS trooper barking, his dog he is master yet his master,  
"Sieg Heil!"

Woman, man, child..."You there, get moving, you Jew, you scum. Get up this ramp now, or I'll  
shoot you with this gun."

There were no cattle lowing, no sounds but falling tears. Up the ramps the feet trodden, did you  
hear?

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Ridden in silence, the masses feared.

Riding the boxcar down a one-way track.

Roiling with emotion, these people will have dreamed their last.

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You know what happened, you could read about history.

You sit there smiling, devouring a Big Mac.

You think about tomorrow, it is pleasant; it makes one forget the past.

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Iran.

Mahmoud Ahmadinejad.

Leader of the new new SS wolf pack.

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You would think this old rusty boxcar would have lived its last.

But there is a new order coming, with a view of the past, a new evil hungry for flesh tasting  
sweet.

There will be no happy meal, no biggy fries with that, just the silence of people sitting in the new  
boxcar,

Rumbling down the old track.

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The End