

## Rotary Peace Park Station—The Child That Heals the Trolley

from *The Stations of the Trolley*

There is a child who believes he can heal the trolley  
because every time the trolley stops  
at a station, he believes it is broken, and so he comes  
forward to lay his hands on the steering tower,  
his hands covering the words JG Brill, and he closes  
his eyes, and when the trolley starts again, he knows he has done good  
work.

Oh, if only it were a simple task to heal the trolley,  
I would bring him in every day, every day, to bless us,  
bless us for this trip,  
bless our generator that overheats,  
bless our oil pans that catch on the railroad ties beneath,  
bless our short-circuiting steering,  
bless our door fan that gives in at high temperatures,  
bless our windows that won't rise, and the wipers without their blades,  
bless the Canadian flag that wraps around itself too tightly,  
bless the American flag that is knocked off by the branches above,  
bless the Yukon flag that blocks our view whenever the breeze  
doesn't catch it and lift it high.

Bless our passengers for their stories of the road dangers they've  
encountered,  
Bless them when they don't see enough Yukon animals as Canada  
promised they would,  
Bless them when the people who need to run their country are not  
running their country,  
to their satisfaction, or at all,

Bless them when the Yukon brewery fails to give them free samples of  
beer,  
Bless them when Walmart is the only place they can think of to go,  
Bless them their hankerings for McDonald's and A&W,  
Bless them that they only know one restaurant in Whitehorse,  
Bless them when their tour group arrives too late in town to take the  
trolley,  
Bless them when no one will open up early in the morning before they  
must leave,  
Bless them when the rain pours on their heads,  
Bless them for when it is sunnier and hotter than they expected, or  
colder than they heard.

Bless every single soul walking by,  
biking, skating, every person who sees us pass,

We wave at them, desperate to share our blessings far, far beyond  
the trolley, into the rest of the world,  
and for a moment, as they wave back,  
I think we have healed them  
so they can move forward again to their next stop,  
to their next breath,  
and I close my eyes and believe  
like a child that heals the trolley with a touch.