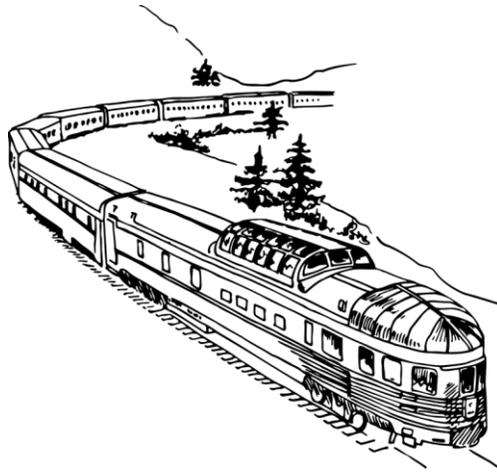




## Art Goldblatt

### “For Those Who Wait on the Platform”



Greetings Poets, and Appreciators of Poetry!

I had just walked up to a little overlook in the woods yesterday afternoon when Art Goldblatt called. I had been expecting him: we were going to discuss my featuring him on **The Poetry Page**.

Art had sent a beautiful poem to the library. I was intrigued, and wanted to learn more about him. I knew he was the founder of

Norwalk Grassroots Tennis, and now in his eighties, but that is all I knew.

There, on the overlook in the woods—while looking into the trees on a warm spring day— I found myself listening to a sudden, articulate, and genuine expression of what his poetry means to him, and how it arrives.

Not knowing much about Art, I asked him if he had more poems, or just the one that he sent me; if he wrote only sometimes, or a lot. His answer: “None of the above.” Then, in a fluid and eloquent way, and in a resonant voice, eighty-six year old Art began.

He described how he feels when he looks out over a highway: he sees an amazing and intricate design that human beings as a civilization have created to take us to far places, and to bring us back home. The faraway lights of approaching jets in the sky— as seen from the airport— fills him with a deep awe. It is very moving, very emotional for him to stand beside a tall ship, and to feel its history of voyages over the vast waters. And a long train, as in his poem here, is a beautiful sight to one “...on the platform”— “How beautiful she is she does not know.”

Welcome as moonrise

Just a speck

Soon formidable

She slows and sounds her bell.

During these moments he feels compelled to write down what he is feeling. It is the sounds of the words that express his emotion; the *sounds*.

"Art is a retired Yale-educated lawyer who closed his practice at age sixty-eight to start [Norwalk Grassroots Tennis](#) to help at-risk kids from Norwalk. "I know how much being a capable tennis player has done for me by way of health, social contacts, and general satisfaction," he says. "I wanted to see if I could use tennis to do the same for kids from low-income, often one-parent families."" ("Standing Tall: Making a Positive Impact," *Connecticut Magazine*, December 1, 2015)

I hope you will enjoy Art's poem, "For Those Who Wait on the Platform." It's the only poem he wished to share with us, stating— with a sense of genuine modesty— "it is enough." He hopes people, after reading the poem, will see the train from the platform in a new way.

I have arrived  
And she moves on  
But I may look back on her  
Diminishing in growing silence  
All her cars in perfect order

I find the poem beautiful. Before speaking with Art, I had wondered whether the train might be a metaphor for something else. But, now I realize—no, it is about the beauty of the train.

Best,  
Sally

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## For Those Who Wait on the Platform

My train is coming!  
Far down the track her light appears.  
Welcome as moonrise  
Just a speck  
Soon formidable  
She slows and sounds her bell.  
It's messages...  
Be mindful of me, and,  
All is well.

She slips beside me  
Never doubt that she could kill  
Instead, she opens wide her doors  
Do not trifle with her  
Board quickly  
She must be on her way again  
To which her passengers all say  
Amen

I have arrived  
And she moves on  
But I may look back on her  
Diminishing in growing silence  
All her cars in perfect order  
How beautiful she is she does not know  
It is my job to tell her so.

Art Goldblatt

