

## The RER to Hell

by Alice and Larry McLerran

Not a sound to be heard -- not one song of a bird.  
A moon pierces bright through the hot summer night. . . .  
Then the trembling ground and a thunderous sound  
Announce it's the Night Train to Hell.

So at Gare du Nord, sullen engineers board --  
Those who strike for the right to drive through the night,  
And they howl if they lose, and curse and abuse  
All who ride on the Night Train to Hell

And next at les Halles enter creatures that crawl,  
All gnawing on food that's disgusting and crude  
With cheap Armagnac in a brown paper sack,  
The gourmets of the Night Train to Hell

At stop St. Michel, near where royalty dwelled,  
Louis, head in hand, once lord of the land,  
Marie herding sheep, awake from her sleep,  
Board to rule on the Night Train to Hell.

At Luxembourg Gardens the politics harden,  
Barack and Sarkozy attack Berlusconi  
Bruni sings her hip hops, while Chirac does flip flops,  
Amusing the Night Train to Hell.

Port Royal for some reason offers Opera Season,  
The Phantom plays Shiva: harasses the Diva  
Who poses as innocent, in costume magnificent --  
To loud jeers from the Night Train to Hell

If at Denfert you're lonely, you'll find standing room only,  
A new friend to greet, perhaps someone to eat,  
Oh, vampires adore the red goblets of gore  
That are served on the Night Train to Hell

Cite' Universitaire brings Pascal and Laguerre,  
Grands Hommes – honoré par l'université --  
While the sullen and dullest practice lust to the fullest,  
Learning much on the Night Train to Hell

Jusqu'a La Guichette et Gif Sur Yvette,  
It's non-stop goatish prancing and bare-naked dancing,  
The sound of coarse pleasure is one way to measure  
The mood on the Night Train to Hell.

Then all disembark. It's pitch-black in the park,  
There is silence and fear. They're expecting us here.  
It's the end of line. And -- late every time --  
All descend from the Night Train to Hell.

Is the worst part of Hell, then, the sulfurous smell?  
Is it sadistic imps flogging whores, johns, and pimps?  
No; it's knowing with fear you'll be riding each year  
Packed onto the Night Train to Hell.

