

30th Street Station

... cornucopia of things carried!

Cradled infant, child on shoulder, supported senior,
Luggage and bag, case and carrier, pocket book and pack;

Things carried, transported on silver steeds—
Palmetto and Pennsylvanian, Cardinal and Carolinian, Crescent and Keystone;

The porticoes are carried, too, by colossal Corinthian columns—
Sentinels at the entrance to this Temple of Transportation.

Here, Karl Bitter's reflexive masterpiece—his riot of restiveness—
Surges along the waiting area's west wall in bas-relief—

Spirit of Transportation—unruly parade of plow pulled by oxen, rider on horseback, and
Adiona herself—goddess of safe return—reclining, rere regardant on *sedia gestatoria*.

Then, in stunning reversal, a locomotive and ship carried forward in the hands of
Small children, led by an infant cradling a futuristic flying machine:

Labor, luxury, and imaginative leap crowned by wheel-and-wing,
Uniting earth and sky, toil and spirit.

Yet the *pièce-de-résistance* soars solemnly at Center Station:

A lifeless body—slain soldier from the Pennsylvania Railroad's ranks—
One of 1,300 who laid down their lives—

Clutched from the flames of war and carried heavenward in the sure and mighty hands of
Michael—Angel of the Resurrection—terrible transcendent transportation—

Handiwork of Walker Hancock—earthbound sculptor, spirit transporter, maker extraordinaire.

Adiona, Christopher, Lord protect us.

And when our journey's over, O Michael,
May we be as worthy as your naked charge;

Carry our broken bodies back, we pray,

... in your hands!