

# Riding the Rails of the Orphan Train

I am Ann Harrison,  
Or so i've been told.  
Ace-high people blow upon us  
As if we're a deadbeat  
The streets of New York,  
A dangerous place for a child.  
Street children turn to crimes.  
No one to care for people like us.  
As a baby I was abandoned,  
Left, alone, not wanted.

2 ½ years of my life  
Thrown onto a train  
Heading west  
With a heap of kids  
And little space to sleep.  
A horrid smell arises  
Eyes scan the train  
A makeshift bathroom  
Staring as you go to use it.

3 adults to guide us  
To our new home  
Each stop we're put in our best bib and tucker  
we're poked and prodded  
Almost as if were livestock  
Many kids play to the gallery  
Just in hope to be adopted.

Adopted in Colorado Springs  
By a mom and dad  
Nowhere close to my home.  
Moving from burg to burg  
Due to my mom, a lunger,  
But still a fighter  
Soon she passed from consumption  
a grand person to me,  
And to my now widowed father.

She was a big part of my life  
Finishing high school in my home town  
Was a challenge alone.

I never knew I was adopted until 26  
Feeling of family was ripped away  
I had clues but never knew

I was Maybel Rubin  
Named by my Russian mother  
A woman who left me  
and didn't care for me  
Who couldn't hold a candle to my new mom  
And New York father  
I only knew his address  
But he still was a hard case  
At least compared to my new dad  
I was Maybel Rubin  
Left behind in a city  
Not cared for but now  
I am Ann Harrison  
Cared for by a loving family