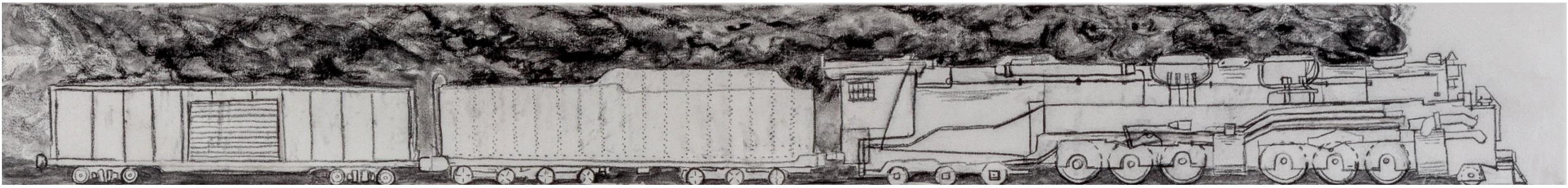


Lesson 4:
Nevada History:
The Transcontinental Railroad
and *It Could Get the Railroad for
These Workers*

Kyle Kilty, *It Could Get the Railroad for These Workers*, 2023, acrylic, oil and graphite on canvas





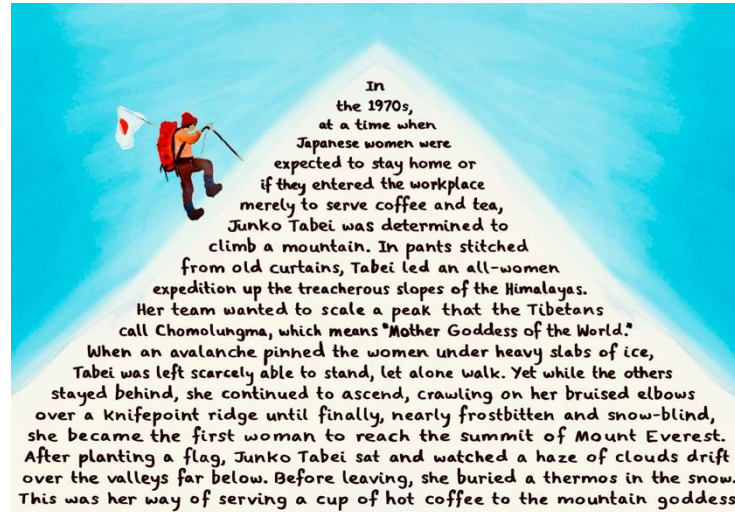
Choose part of the artwork. Imagine what the experience of that part is and write a paragraph from its perspective.

Kyle Kilty, *It Could Get the Railroad for These Workers*, 2023, acrylic, oil and graphite on canvas



Let's make a calligram

Sketch out the shape of the part of the artwork you chose. Write the paragraph inside or around the outside of your sketch.



The Train to Unattainia
 I inhabit the space
 inside the wall,
 after the flip of
 the switch,
 before the
 dark of the bulb. I
 am a ruthless cowboy
 around their slow-nodding heads and running, the rise of the curtain my only ticket
 in. The only breath I take (breathe) comes on the twentieth mile (breathe) of a thousand-mile drive, when I know that turning around is no longer an option, sunshine blowing through the vents like powdered sugar. I go to the land where nothing can be had, running down a long hard ribbon of willful disconnect, a palpable lack of direction.
 The needle winds its way in and out of the continental fabric, pulling me along to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where my siren, Improvisia, stands upright on a green sidewalk.
 In one hand she holds a book of songs, in the other a bucket of blue paint, dips the one in the other till the color bleeds out the notes. She hands it to me with an Andalusian smile and says, Here, it's the one you asked for. Open it up and sing, baby, sing

"Mine is a long and a sad tale!" said the Mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing. "It is a long tail, certainly," said Alice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse's tail; "but why do you call it sad?" And she kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking, so that her idea of the tale was something like this:—

*Fury said to
 a mouse, That
 he met in the
 house, 'Let
 us both go
 to law: I
 will prose-
 cute you. -
 Come, I'll
 take no de-
 nial: We
 must have
 the trial;
 For really
 this morn-
 ing I've
 nothing
 to do.'
 Said the
 mouse to
 the cur,
 'Such a
 trial, dear
 Sir, With
 no jury
 or judge,
 would
 be wast-
 ing our
 breath.'
 'I'll be
 judge,
 I'll be
 jury,'
 said
 the
 cur -
 'ning
 did
 Fury
 'I'll
 try
 the
 whole
 cause,
 or I'll
 send
 you to
 death' "*