

The Line

Yellow and chipped, a repaint clearly needed
Across the half-empty platform where time stands still.
A cruel wind blowing crumpled litter onto the electrified tracks
And a black face watches the platform display.

(five minutes)

Alone and young
Cold streetlights welcome him from a late lecture with tired eye bags.
Grateful. But tired.

Tired with
Many years planned ahead of him and the tips of his shoes nearing the edge of the line.

(four minutes)

On the platform opposite footsteps echo up the ruined steps of the station.
A crouching figure and black cracked skin on
Hands which have seen the dawn of the day and the coal black night.

The bench greets him, damp and frigid
With the stiffness of the world

Still heavy on his back, the whites of
His eyes
Mirroring the paperwork needed to enter this country,
To build a life for his family from scratch.

(three minutes)

The father who gave up the warmth of
His home country for the cold of a foreign country who disregards
Him and his people at every
Chance.

Young brown eyes stare in the silence of the moon,

Brown silent eyes which are exhausted yet have rarely
Opened wide enough to witness the world.
Instead he watches and waits.

(two minutes)

There, the headlights illuminates the track
The man-made machine
Monstrous.
Made to hurt.

(one minute)

As the train crawls across familiar tracks
The two figures stand across from each other — a mirror.
Two figures merge,
One jumps