

An Unknown Train
By Huckleberry Huber-Rees

An unknown train

the train rattles
through the station
hurtling itself,
like a silver bullet
a flash of silver,
a reflection of a boy on
the gleaming steel

a robotic voice calls out
where the train is headed,
but there is no station
called Alna, Maine,
on the fading map
there is no robotic voice
announcing the location
of my new life,
no street name,
no landmarks

A new chapter

I stepped into
a golden field
beginning
a new chapter

A brand new train
I had never seen before
rolls into the station
the train's satiny doors
close behind me
and a new train station
greet me

a new train station
where instead of advertisements
for the next movie or show
there are rolling fields
and chickens,
vast gardens, apple orchards

this train station is empty,
a desolate
lonely
place
no humans in sight
only the bright sun

The night

then night comes,
and I notice the stars,
and the beautiful
perfect
fabric of the sky

for the first time
I stare at the moon
when it's not blocked
by a skyscraper
the bright lights
of the city
are nowhere
to be found

Conversations and Loneliness

I can see every star
not just helicopters,
and planes,
blinking lights

I hear crickets chirping

and frogs humming,
but somehow it's still
an utter silence
in the night,
no car horns honking,
no loud conversations
outside of my window,
just the
crickets,
frogs,
and me

I suddenly realize
how much I miss
those car horns
and loud conversations,
and the sense of people
all around me,
now it's just me
lying on a mattress
on the floor,
staring out of the window
into the most
pitch
black
sky
I have ever seen

I am not used to
this darkness,
it cloaks me,
surrounds me,
the bright lights
far far away

Golden rays

the sun, formerly cowering
behind the shawl
of darkness

makes an appearance,
casting its golden rays
upon the landscape

illuminating the boundless darkness
the landscape awake again,
the fields aureate
a new day
in a new life