

## **The Halt**

Light rain falls on the screaming trucks  
we stand on the platform edge

light rain falls on well-worn tracks  
oil-blackened & silver  
where the engines tread, grinding to a halt,  
carriage-loads of faces

one remains imprinted on the mind  
through a window  
grime covered, splashed

a face like yours whose cheek rests  
in a slender hand  
whose dark eyes gaze in reflection

a moment in time caught  
in the corner  
of glass, framed but

the carriage rolls on, sun flashes  
streak past, spill  
onto the edge, blinding  
and you're gone, gone, gone.



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