

# Crossties

*by* Foster Trecost

Regrets lined behind him like crossties on a railroad track.

When nights took too long, he traded his bed for a bucket seat, drove in searched circles, but answers always lurked around the next corner...and then the next. Back in bed, he'd continue to drive.

He had a job that revolved around numbers. Answers appeared with the push of a button, but not the ones he wanted. His boss asked him to leave long before he could leave on his own.

The job before that ended when he forgot to go...for fourteen straight days.

Sometimes he fooled himself into believing it was an accident, but such part-time foolery left too much to contemplate, which lead to midnight drives, the ones when he left his bed, and the ones he didn't have to.

Whichever, there were no answers to be found, only crossties ahead for as far as he could see.

