

Last Stop

by Anthony Van Hart

We spent the day riding the train.

No destination. No expectations. No opportunity to be let down.

We'd let each other down and been let down enough to know not to set us up for future failures.

We filled the first 3 hours with silence and sideways smiles as funny looking commuters talked in outside voices about topics that should've been held to a whisper.

We didn't use voices at all.

Not me.

Not you.

The only communication came from a scribbled on napkin you passed that said:

Sometimes my dreams are really nightmares

I've spent most of my life looking for ways to illuminate what defines me while desperately trying to keep it all hidden. I am nothing

I held you as we approached the last stop.

