

Train Whistles In Wintertime

by Foster Trecost

Train whistles in wintertime made him feel lonely. The sounds slipped through emaciated air too weak to hold them, leaving cylinders of hollow noise flying through the sky. He pulled a hand from deep pocket, and fisted up his suitcase.

He felt important on trains. He knew important people did not say much, so he kept quiet among the quiet, and wondered why train whistles made him feel lonely.

He lived in a house clustered amongst similar houses, each a different color, but more or less the same. They reminded him of people: different colors, but more or less the same.

One time he vacationed atop a mountain. There were no trains, but he found trees, topped with snow. Another time he went to the ocean. There were no clustered houses, but he found waves, foamy at the top just before they broke. Both reminded him of white smoke punching from a train, which made him think of train whistles in wintertime, which made him feel lonely.

When his train pulled into the station, he stepped onto a platform teeming with faces more or less the same. They reminded him of houses in his neighborhood. He made his way through the moving mass until he caught sight of his reflection in a glass door. In the reflection, he could see a smock of white hair, and thought of waves, foamy at the top just before they broke. He wondered if he was about to break. Then he realized he forgot his suitcase on the train, and watched as it pulled away with a whistle...

