

The Train Rolls On

by Jeffrey Miller

From my office window, I watch the trains roll in and out of the city. Sometimes I catch a glimpse of passengers staring out windows as the train slows, the ones who have another destination. I've been on those trains before, ones that took me far away from all that tormented my soul and transported me to a better life until it was time to go again. As I grow older, and nostalgia grips my final days I would like to be on a train again, heading to another faraway destination.

The other day, I read in the paper that a homeless man had been hit by one of those trains--not far from my office. The article said that he had been walking along the tracks and fell into the path of the oncoming train. Passengers on the train complained when they had to wait two hours before the train could continue.

I wonder if he got to where he wanted to go.

