

Wire

"Other Window"

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He took his seat on the foreign train
He thought it pleasant to travel again
Mindful of the journey's end
He read again the letter from his friend
Time passed as it often does
The seat was hard, the carriage fetid
He was dressed for summer, but still he sweated
It was better than being home
Feeling the cold, and living alone
Time passed slowly
Around him people spoke in French
Despite schooldays it made no sense
Occasional stares caught his eye
He was tempted to smile, but
Being shy, time passed
When he looked through the window
For the thousandth time
He saw a black horse fighting for its life
In a barbed wire fence
Fatally tangled
The more it struggled
The more it was strangled
Time sped up
He turned away
There was nothing he could do
The other window
Had a nicer view
Time passed painfully

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