

## Wire "The 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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