

The Night in this Station

The night arrived before me in this station,
there is nothing else to wait for. Slowly the train
left. I am breathless, it crawls past me unhurried,
weary both of us in this corner of a sleepy town.
Night at this station descends slightly early
and this was the last voyage. Darkness engulfs
the black wagons and the last sound recedes
and in me fades the hope of another town.

OLIVER FRIGGIERI