

The train

There was a train
Rolling along in the mist
Lively and full of music
Love that exuded everywhere

The train hardly stopped
It got even fewer passengers
For once it thought
It should have someone

To ease the loneliness
To fill up its moving life
Among deserted fields
Across through the nights

It stopped and waited
As the wind blew
In the darkness the train waited
Silently and patiently
Wide open but empty
The passenger that never came
Stood out at the station's door
Then left, leaving the train in the mist of dawn

The train heads into the mountain of madness
Let its full steam between clouds and forests
Free from this terrible attachment

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