

## Night Train

*Vernon Daim*

Sunday night in town,  
A quiet Edward Hopper painting.  
Across the road from my flat,  
The night train have just left.  
It couldn't take us back  
To the place, day, and time it all started.  
Our paths crossed, and diverged  
Like railroad switches at the station.

I sit in the darkened kitchen.  
Lights from outside my window  
Sequin the thin, faded curtains.  
A moment of simple, false beauty.  
Here, I had made many plans before.  
Now I barely remember how it all derailed.  
Call it innocence. Call it folly.  
Or perhaps the most convenient, call it fate.