

# **Forsaken**

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The noonday train  
brings a killer.

He rails and rails.

Moments  
become  
momentous.

Doorways choke  
with those  
who try  
to flee.

Humanity lacks itself.  
Inhumanity accrues.  
The engine exhausts.

Wait, oh, wait,  
oh, wait along.

The son  
of the sun  
draws,  
artistically,  
ballistically  
fatally.

Bury him not.