Forsaken

Gary D. Rhodes

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.

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