

Visage, Night Train

The message
In a faded envelope
In a vice-like grip

The passage
Of a carriage in the dark
On a foreign trip (again)

The image
Of a figure in the trees
In the evening rain

The knowledge
Of a stranger in your midst
On a speeding train (again)

Night train

He senses
Perfume lingers in the night
Smell of French cologne

He watches
As a hand turns down the light
Leaves him all alone (again)

He whispers
In a dim lit empty room
But it's all in vain

He laughs
When he reads the note he finds
On the midnight train (again)

Night train

Journey on the night train