

**Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4**

*Richard Schmap*  
**WINDOWS**

I always will remember  
The passengers I met on trains  
Travelers along the same tracks  
Toward different destinations

The nervous man who chain-smoked  
In the lounge car as he headed  
To a rehab in the country  
His last chance to finally get clean

The drunk hooker on her way  
To a prize fight in Las Vegas  
Where she hoped to reward the victor  
For a price he could now afford

And as the night descended  
Sending riders to their dreams  
I watched a falling star  
With no child to wish upon it