Richard Schnap

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