

Not in one place or another,
A sort of in between place,
On the way to darkness,
the steam our only trace.

Nothing would save us now,
not the scream or muffled cries.
Leaving behind our homes,
Saying our last goodbyes.

“Out with the old, in with the new”
said the quiet voice inside my head,
yet the tracks beneath us drowned it out.
It had nothing left to be said.

The last bit of hope was gone.
Endless amounts of eyes watching the fields leave,
wishing they weren't at the place they thought it to be.
But then hell came into view, why me?

The train came to a sudden stop.
We stamped our way out in orderly rows.
Some covered from our place.
I would've never gotten off that train if I had known.

Sometimes I wish, I hope, I dream
that I'm still in that in between place,
not in one place or another,
but now I will be gone without a trace.

