

There is a Man

There is a man –
standing alone –
on the platform
at the end of the station.

He has found his way across the bridge
linking the terminal
to the awaiting concrete slab –
and to the tracks
disappearing in both directions.

It is not the question that he fears or even asks –
though he has arrived at this departure
without knowledge of it, or intention

Nor is it the solitude of his predicament,
among these dwindling souls –
that brings such pause.

Simply, that his train – will arrive
and he – will depart.

Dim awareness hovers about a decision –
some essential gesture
that must come from inside,

An inner strength heretofore unknown –
shied away from
in long habit of delay –

Held back for something, or by an obscurity
other than himself
that brings this heavy pause.

There – on the platform
waiting for transit
waiting for a sign,
along the rails.

Tracing a motion –
Yet begun.