

call me when you get this

I step on rails
because I like the feeling
of hearing the sound
of a train whistle
in the distance
soon to be where
I tread

I hear screaming
whistling
the sounds of the breaks
of a locomotive
hurtling towards a body
stopping
but not quickly enough

euphonious
like the sounds of singing
a choir swelling
and the feeling of
hesitation
in knowing
the end

of

it all.