

Empty Books – Blank Pages

by

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Tired and empty;
I attempt to hang my mind
On a hook that doesn't exist.

Like a hobo hopping from a freight
I look for my next ride within
A dark and deserted train yard.

My breath is billowed steam.
My footfalls crunch of ice.
Warmth avoids me.

Vacant ground and cold iron rails
Taunt me with voices that talk
In echoes of words I don't understand.

Near a building I hear laughter and come close.

Through a frosted window I see:
Warmth... Connection... Friendship...
A picture waiting to be written
Should I but find the key
To the door of my mind.

Cold wind blows on my neck and I turn.

Behind me there is only darkness
Broken by a single streetlamp
And a yellow caution light that
Clicks on...
Clicks off...
Clicks on...

The wind blows cold.
It is laced with snow.

Hunching my shoulders against it...
I move on.

Unfulfilled.