

Train Ticket

I clutch the train ticket.

Worn soft by the rain of the night we missed our train—

Slumped against the peeling seat, edges rough and paper-like.

You laughed so hard it filled my ears like morning birdsong.

Head resting against the tear-stained window,

Streetlights dancing through your eyes.

The ticket sits— ink bleeding and fading,

Like proof you were ever by my side,

Until I can't even remember your laugh.