THE STATION

The station, bathed in the fading gold of the setting sun, felt like a fragile memory -something too close to be slipping away. The air is thick with the warmth of the evening, the light spilling across the platform in long, languid stretches. Each moment hanging in the balance, as though the world itself were holding its breath. The train, distant at first, approached with a rumble, its metallic body gleaming like a fleeting reflection of the day. It will soon pass, A blur of sound and motion, just as all things do.

I watch it all, steady and constant, Yet I am not a part of it. I am the clock above, my hands moving tirelessly, making moments that can never be returned. Below me stands a young woman, her bouquet of flowers wilting in her hands. Her delicate face plastered with unspoken sadness that lingers in the silence of her stillness.

Behind the girl's stands a man, his gaze flickering between her and the train. He watches her, a figure etched into the softness of the light but does not reach for her. Like a moth to a flame, he wanted to reach the light, but had been burned too many times, leaving holes in his wings.

Further down the platform sat an old woman. Her eyes were distant as though she had lived through this same sunset one thousand times before. Beside her, a young boy carelessly swinging his legs, his movements filled with the freedom of youth, unaware of the passing hours, the ticking of seconds, that he will one day come to fear.

The murmur of people drowns in the whispers of the wind. The trains roar, tearing through the moment. Each soul bearing their own unique story, their own unique beliefs, their own journey, and yet, all are connected by the same moment: the train, the platform, the fading sun. I long to freeze this moment but I cannot. I am the lighthouse in the storm, watching over their lives, wishing to freeze the tide but knowing I cannot. No matter how deeply they feel, no matter how much they yearn for more time, I can only watch as the moments pass.