

DEWITT HENRY

THE TRAIN STATION

IN THE MIDST OF THRIVING AND INDIFFERENT LIFE, a circus of departures and arrivals—of loudspeaker echoes announcing that my train was boarding on track 603, of people milling and bustling towards the platform doors (where suddenly cold air spilled as a porter pushed a luggage cart), of smells of pizza and cappuccino from the nearby concessions, of strains of the live Irish band across the marble floor, which rose with rhythm and bite above the echoing murmur, of policemen vigilantly watching, of the elderly woman I had seen earlier now dragging her oversized suitcase like the burden of her cares, of the harried housewife and her rude and misbehaving girl and boy who had been teasing the blind man's dog just across from us, of the businessman talking into his cell phone about his wife's obesity, of sweepers, of sleepers, of showoffs, of con-artists and of frantic searchers and askers, of rich, of poor, of found and of lost—in this midst, in this swirl and confusion, there we embraced, there I clung to him hard, there I reached my arms around his neck and felt his arms crush, our closeness through the bulky coats, our lips oblivious, forever kiss. "Go," I told him. "Go. Just go." I am Anna. He is Vronsky. I am Guappa. He is Roberto. "Go." Motion is the dream, our separation, his steps of purpose like sleepwalking, intent on a mission out past the hulking diesel engine and the platform trembling with its power.