

## Poetry Section

### Last Train of the Night at the Last Station

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### Last Train of the Night at the Last Station

When rude words are dropped aside  
Like the back seat passengers,  
The screaming quarrel turns into parlance,  
Presumably the night train  
Is approaching its last station.

The way rocks and forests are pierced  
By the advancing river and death;  
The way the stars of the sky divide  
During a grand departure from the Earth,  
The silence and darkness  
Are making a path by moving aside  
For the tired and sleepy train.

And once again in the hairy addiction  
The grasshoppers fall asleep,  
The night world wakes up like a sprout  
Around the lonely train at the station  
Only one or two quiet lamps wait  
To witness the convergence of damp and dirty winds.