

Lauren Jacobs

The Fifth Stop

I hear the train pass by in the distance, the lazy steel yawning at the end of a working day.

Each wheel stretching as it waits on the passengers and glances at the passersby.

The man in the faded, 50's jacket reading the paper, the black-soled woman, faceless perusing a book, the dust cover missing.

On and off solitary – they slide. Nameless. Just another passenger passing by.

A computerised voice echoing station names that go unheard as she counts.

The fifth stop is my stop, staring through windows at the stars beyond the pane.

Dark when she left – darkness when she returned. No one notices. To the other passengers she sits – nameless.

The faceless woman turns a page of the dust – uncovered book, the yellow pages crunching, faded and numberless.

The train yawns sleepily, pulled along by a string, tumbling on its wheels, steel shuffling.

I hear the train tracks in the distance. I remember my grandfather's house in old Observatory.

The fifth stop.

She exits the train and looks back through the plastic, scratched window pane. The other passengers unmoved, all the same. Perusing a book. The jacket – clad man uninterested in the paper on his lap. Nobody noticed, all still the same. The train departs slowly, following the same lines every day.

I heard the train in the distance,

I hear it still, heading towards the fifth stop; the train is still on its way.

Lauren Jacobs considers herself a modern day suffragette, with a Masters degree in Counseling Therapy. It is her hope that the spoken word can set people free and inspire individuals to live a life greater than they imagined! She loves the sights and sounds of the country and shares her home in South Africa with her cat Pilach.