I sit alone on the train in numbness.

I cannot comprehend what I just saw.

I don’t know what to think or feel.

How am I supposed to act?

They sit in front of me, laughing, joking, as if nothing happened.

I sit staring out the window, tears swelling in the corner of my eyes.

I feel violated.

I violated them.

They violated them, running, screaming, and laughing.

Throwing rocks at each other.

Whose ashes touched upon those stones?

Why don’t they know better?

I can leave, taking their burden willingly.

A visit to hell yields a dream come true.

I am eager to see but full of hesitation to understand.

Did a part of me die here too?

Never Again.

I sit alone on the train in numbness.