The Last Train Home

Ravi stood alone on the empty platform, the cold steel tracks stretching endlessly into the dark. The last train was late, as it often was, and the station lights flickered like tired eyes refusing to close. He checked his watch again, not because time mattered, but because habit gave him comfort. Every tick reminded him of journeys taken and promises delayed. Around him, the city slept, unaware of the quiet decisions being made on forgotten platforms. When the train finally arrived, it did not roar—it whispered. Ravi stepped inside, choosing a window seat. As the train moved, he saw reflections of his own face blending with passing lights, as if the past and present were racing alongside him. For the first time in years, he smiled. Not because he knew where life was taking him, but because he had finally decided to move forward. Sometimes, the longest journeys begin with a single delayed train.