

Passenger

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You're on a train. You're not sure where you're going but it's taking you there—fast. Outside is nothing but a blur of neon colors. The train stops, a gurgling voice screeches the name at you but it's indiscernible. A passenger gets on. They look like you but have three eyes and a crooked smile. They say hello and sit down. You can't look up. Your eyes won't let you.

Your back is pinned to the seat, fingers tightened around the edges of your book, eyes glued to meaningless words you cannot read. Your heart rate increases. You imagine that if you close your eyes and hold your breath, you'll be able to hear it breathing, maybe even blinking. Outside, the train rattles in the wind, wheels squealing on the tracks, sparks flying. The train car wobbles back and forth precariously. For a moment you think it might fall over and roll onto its back like a dog waiting to be pet.

No, you're distracted. A tingle runs up your spine and you're spanned back to the inside of the train car. The crooked smile. The three eyes. You can glimpse the distinct color of your own jacket on the figure. But why? Why can't you bring yourself back to your book, back to the train, back to the seat in which you are sitting?

Something is deeply wrong and you can't move, can barely breathe. You feel trapped behind your own body, as if you're not truly seeing what's in front of you, smelling, touching, being. You blink. Anything to bring you back, your mind being endlessly dragged away from itself. But there still lies the question: Why?

But then your mind thinks of another. Who? Is this you? Are you real? Who is controlling everything? You wonder if the being is truly you and maybe you are some onlooker. To them you don't exist, just a glimpse out of the corner of their own eyes and then instantly forgotten. Maybe you don't exist at all. Maybe this train isn't real and your body isn't yours.

And suddenly you're falling. Time is ticking on and on and all you can remember is that single glimpse of that person. The three eyes. The crooked smile. Maybe this is just a moment in

time and that's all you are. All you are is this moment in time and your time is up. Maybe all you are to anything and anyone is another passenger on this train to nowhere, rattling in the wind.