

Going Alone by Lisa Conolly

The rhythm of the train rocked his thoughts into a slow hum. A pleasing peace. His weight anchored to the seat, his feet firm to the floor. His bulky body was light and warm. He was content. And sad. But content.

He pushed away the thoughts of what happened yesterday and what would happen today, and what would happen every other day. He was alone. He wanted to be alone. Leave me alone. Peace.

The warehouse used to be easy going. They'd drink beer at lunch time, and they were strong. They would lift and shift in great heaving packs together. Now it's all machines and nobs and levers. The work was getting to him. He worked alone. He was freezing over.

The train stopped and started. He tried to recover his calm as a young woman jostled her bags beside him. Leave me alone.

He dozed to Mile End station. The End of another Mile.

As he rose from his seat, a little of his strength dissipated in the air. Again. It happened every day.



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