Wire, The Queen Of Ur And The King Of Um

He took his seat on the foreign train He thought it pleasant to travel again Mindful of the journey's end He read again the letter from his friend Time passed as it often does The seat was hard, the carriage fetid He was dressed for summer, but still he sweated It was better than being home Feeling the cold, and living alone Time passed slowly Around him people spoke in French Despite schooldays it made no sense Occasional stares caught his eye He was tempted to smile, but Being shy, time passed When he looked through the window For the thousandth time He saw a black horse fighting for its life In a barbed wire fence Fatally tangled The more it struggled The more it was strangled Time sped up He turned away There was nothing he could do The other window Had a nicer view

Time passed painfully