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## One More Day

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# One More Day

Claire Katsion

My days are lonely; my nights are quiet; my only thrill these days is to watch the freight trains pass by my backyard as they make their routine journeys to the land of industry. I am single. My parents have gone to make a living for themselves to support me, if necessary, for I cannot support myself much longer without a job. My house is my life, thus far. I bought it from an elderly gentleman with a genteel mien.

The house is compact and accommodating for someone such as myself. With nothing else to do, I find myself resorting to pursuing my wrought fantasies of disdain whilst reorganizing and flipping through old photograph books. What wrought fantasies, what distant memories? Why, those of when I was happy enough not to care about my future and sad because of my blind elation.

I met a man in town once. His name was Simon Lacrosse. I loved him with all my heart. He was a train engineer/conductor. He wanted nothing more in life than the freedom of traveling the rails, seeing the remote countryside transform into urban metropolis; he lived his dream. I am still waiting for mine.

As he set off for his dream, he spake me a gentle promise—that he'd return for me. Some day, his train would run by our future home—here—and he'd blow the whistle before reaching me. Then I'd know it is him. My dream has never come.

Every day, I wait and pray today is the day. My persistence and patience are wearing thin. For the past few weeks, I've been gathering precious possessions and memories of him—photos, train tickets, my gold locket—and dropping them on the train tracks as a memorial. There's no question in my mind though the notion sinks my heart—he has to be dead. He hasn't come yet; if he's dead, that means he never will. I've been wasting my life away waiting. Why waste a moment more?

Another day draws to a close. Scraps from dinner still remain on the solitary table. Objects are piled on the tracks. Photos stand still in my hand like halted sands of time. This is the last day. If it's not today, it's not any day. I've decided I'm moving on. I cannot bear to look out that window—

A train whistle screams through the still air, loudly and clearly. I can't believe it. It sounds again. The tracks are bare. I stumble outside, photos in hand. It sounds one last time. My dream has come true—a train speeds past my house and, for a moment, our eyes meet. Tears streak down my cheeks. The trinkets of the past are taken by the wind; the locket shines like golden sunlight between the train's wheels. I never should have given up hope. It was the last thing I had left.