



The Kramatorsk Train Station

Malina Infante

A child's small stuffed horse lies alone
beside the road, abandoned to the heaps
of rubble. Fur once ochre-brown is stained
a gory red along the legs and snout,
shards of wood are stuck within its mane
and tail. The station, now deserted,
lives in silence, one that clutches
grief against its chest.

The horse becomes my travel confidant
across the country towards Poland.
When, at last, the journey is complete, I take
the horse to soap and water, squeezing tight
so crimson stains race down the drain until
the fur is ochre-colored once again.

