**no longer**

Familiar faces on these trains, people going to and fro.

A pile of clothing on the side of the train tracks… a lonesome shoe,

and all I can think of is the other shoe

It’s not that unusual, death by train. Two to three hundred a year –

not sure how many of those are accidental.”

*I am just a girl on the train,*

The train stops at this signal. I have a perfect view into my favorite trackside house.

Jess standing on the patio in front of the French doors.

wearing a bright print dress, her feet are bare.”

On the train on the way home, for the first time in ages

I have purpose. Or at least, I have a distraction.”

*I am no longer just a girl on the train,*

“(I like trains, and what’s wrong with that? Trains are wonderful.)”

(Sometimes I don’t even watch the trains go past, I just listen. I could be anywhere

the south of Spain, at the beach; I could be in Italy)

(I could be back in Holkham with the screech of gulls in my ears and salt on my tongue

a ghost train passing on the rusted track half a mile away.)

*Now they’ll see. She’s much more than just the girl on the train*

On the train, the tears come, and I don’t care if people are watching me.

I don’t have words to describe the flash of intense anger.

Something has been taken away from me.

The train stops opposite Jess and Jason's house. I wonder whether he knows,

whether he's still living a life he's yet to discover is a lie.”

*Now they’ll see. She’s much more than just the girl on the train*

(The track at the end of the garden with its trains, always taking someone else

to somewhere else, reminding me over and over that I’m staying put.)

(She’s buried beneath a silver birch tree, down towards the old train tracks,

her grave marked with a cairn.)

*I am no longer just a girl on the train,*