

Shimmer Through the Seams

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Within the restraints of the cold,
And in the cage of darkness,
Lies a man still breathing, barely—
A survivor tangled in the wires of a storm.

The man imagines himself as one,
One on the train to death.
With nobody to help.
With nobody to stop the train.

He cries out in anguish,
Not for mercy—just to be heard.
But the storm answers louder still.

Only then,
The train moves faster,
The winds grow louder,
The darkness grows thicker,
The chills grow stronger,
Until it becomes a cacophony of wheels and wind.

As the train reaches its maximum speed,
The man reaches his maximum suffering.
Pounded by the wind,
Pounded by the darkness,
Pounded by the cold.
His bones rattle against the seat.
His breath clouds and disappears.
Hell of a ticket price.

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Then,
Without warning—
A crack.
A shimmer of light through the seams.
A splinter of warmth where frost once ruled.

The train is coming to a halt.
The darkness screams in anger.
The wind unclenches its fists.
With every passing second, the howls grow weaker,
Until the screams turn silent,
And the chills heat up.

The man laughs, startled by the sound.
There is heat in his chest again.
But beyond the bend, the storm waits—
Lurking, watching, never sure it's finished.