

Train Family
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They ask me to describe my family in class.

I describe a train. The engines once at the front become uncoupled. They're traversing tracks who-knows-where. They left two boxcars behind, with signs of serious rust.

The boxcar insist it's a mistake. Things become uncoupled because of chaos. The engines will be back. They love their boxcars. Really.

The boxcars wait. People pass, lamenting their state. But no one rescues the boxcars. They linger on a weed-covered track.

The boxcars stop watching engines pass. None are their engines. Wrong color, wrong wail, speed.

In the end, weeds and rust envelop the boxcars.

Yash Seyedbagheri is a graduate of Colorado State University's MFA program in fiction. Yash's work is forthcoming or has been published in *WestWard Quarterly*, *Café Lit*, *50 Word Stories*, *(mac)ro (mic)*, and *Ariel Chart*.