

The 841 Nostalgia
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Originally published in *The 841 Nostalgia*, 2026

It's a red-eye train,
racing along at seventy—
little homes flashing by
like stars in the frigid night.

The 841 Nostalgia is right on time
Snow kicked up by the wheels
Swirling like glitter in the air
Sticking to the windows

I open my phone
To your Instagram
Blue light reflects across the glass,
making ghosts of us both.

We wheeze to a stop
In the middle of the night
My heart drops at the first post
I think I've stopped breathing

I could get off here, and I consider it
While I scroll through your feed
And see the life I was promised
Given to someone else

There's not even one mention
That I was ever there
Not one image of me
The only evidence is in the art I bought you

Still hanging on your wall
as if it was your idea and not mine

If I feel you enough, will you feel me, too?

I want to call you
To try to talk to you
And see if you still sound the same

I drink your favorite wine —
it burns, then turns to ash.

And Our song
Will never hit the same

"Somebody Loves You"
Means something different now

You said it would make me cry
It didn't then
But it does now

Because I don't recognize
The person looking back at me
Through the icy window
You left such an impact crater

You probably did love me —
as much as you could,
until you couldn't.
Whatever love looked like
through the desolation
of your heart

I think it was a barren wasteland
Before I showed up in your life

You hoped I'd plant a seed.
I tried.
But nothing grows
in saltwater

The 841 Nostalgia is right on time
As if grief keeps a schedule—

I close Instagram
Having seen enough

The train begins to move again
Just as I finish off the wine in my glass
And just like that
We move adjacent to one another

I lurch forward—
The wheels start to hammer,
The darkness rushes by.

Snow swirls around me

A snowglobe from my youth
Come back to haunt me

I'll leave the song
On repeat tonight
And let myself cry
Gentle, silent tears

Like the last bit of affection
I have for you
Is being squeezed out
To make room for something else

Tonight, I'm crying for myself
And for the us that we were
I think we were good
I think we could have been great

The rhythm of the song
Syncs with the clack of the train.
I drink from the bottle, no glass needed anymore
I'm alone in this dining car

There's a Jeff-shaped hole in me.

At least now
I can say your name

We slow to switch tracks
And in the night, I see it just ahead of me
It's another train, and it's
Racing right at me

The headlight is blinding.
Steel screams against steel.
For a heartbeat—
we're going to collide.

And I hold my breath, wondering
If you'll feel the collision, too

We swerve at
The last possible second
And it's close enough for me
To see through the windows

This time, you're there
With someone else
And time slows just long enough
For us to lock eyes

Then you're gone again, swallowed by the night

If I reach down deep enough
Into my heart
Maybe I can rip out the last of the black sludge
So I don't throw up from seeing you again

I exhale with bile on my breath

We're nothing better
Than strangers
That once sat on the same train
Together for a few stops

And as I race down my track
By myself in my train car
Without anyone next to me
I've never been less alone

I'm surrounded by the snow
The memories
The words, the music
The rhythm of the wheels

Steady and sure
The 841 Nostalgia is right on time
Racing through the night

When the sun comes up
Maybe I'll change the song

Until then, I'll remember
Because once upon a time

Somebody loved me
Somebody loved you

But never
At the same
Time