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The Kramatorsk Train Station

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The Kramatorsk Train Station Malina Infante

A ragged-looking stuffed horse toy now lies beside the road, abandoned to the heaps of rubble. Fur once ochre-brown is stained a gorish wine along the legs and snout, and shards of wood are stuck within its mane and tail. The station, cold and empty, lives in silence, one that clutches grief against its chest, just like a child's comfort toy.

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.