

Destination, Distruction Station

By : [dibbledabble](#)

When life hits rock bottom it has a way of suprising you. I have written this poem to thank and honour all those friends who lefts such kind messages when I expected the worst. Thank you all, another leason learned.



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Unstoppable it steamed ahead, despite the warning others said
Its mighty engine demanding speed, stoked by obsessions need
Stack billowing flames of excess, burning a pariahâs will to suppress
Steam screaming out into the abyss, embracing fates scolding kiss
Racing down a dead end track, carts laden with guilt, no way back
Pistons pumping, cranks shunting, wheels grinding, insanity sliding
No way out without a junction. Destination, Destruction Station

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Thundering though a desolate land, a garden destroyed by serpent plans
Lashed onward by maniaâs acidic rain, hope eroded, replaced by pain
Corrosive to all but the tormenting beast, devouring its captive feast
Slicing through the heart of dreamâs vale, now only nightmares prevail
A landscape devoid of love's kind expression, a lethal one way excursion
Tragedy shovelled into the fire box of desire, a vision of a funeral pyre
Hell bent on devastation. Destination, Destruction Station

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Pounding, thumping, wheels grinding, pistons pumping, tracks rumbling
Sleeper grumblings, momentum lumbering, future stumbling, crumbling
Track ending, brakes binding, wheels locking, buffers solidly blocking
Shrill whistling, reversing wheels squealing, sparks flying, no more lying
Tracks buckling, train sliding, opposites colliding, smoke rising, no hiding
Metal twisting, engine explodingâ life imploding, history unloading
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Journeys end, termination, train arrived at Destruction Station

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Dusts settling, reality beckoning as does honest day of reckoning

Smoke clearing, angry voices nearing; rising above insanities din

Cast iron and brass scattered, existence derailed and shattered

Hauled out of the mangled wreck onto the platform of social respect

The station master barks with authority, this is your responsibility

Dazed and confused is the reply. Who switched the signals, was it I?

Preordained assignation, past and present at Destruction Station.

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The waiting room is cold and bare, sat alone with regret and despair

At first desperation takes a seat, followed by depression and defeat

Then in comes truth with relief, followed by trust, kindness and belief

Compassion and love hold open the door, you coming? They implore

Thereâs a train leaving for a better place, a land of hope and joyful grace

This train is not of shackles that clang but made of many caring hands

Train departing Destruction Station, homeward bound to sweet salvation

By Dibs

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