In the Moment of Haste and Silence

A report from everyday life

The platform was too bright for that night.

The light stripped away every trace of warmth, every hint of hope, leaving only edges. Concrete. Steel. Faces that were not really faces, just passages from A to B.

She was sitting where no one should sit. On the ground. Leaning against a pillar, as if trying to ground herself so she would not simply disappear. Her breathing was uneven, too fast, too shallow. Between her fingers, the screen of her phone glowed—a cold eye that gave nothing back, only endless automated announcements.

The pain returned.

It did not cut. It pressed. From the inside. Heavy, relentless. Her gaze searched for support, but found only passing legs. Steps that did not slow down. People who had decided this was not their concern.

She wanted to say something. A word. Maybe “help.” But her voice caught, as if her body had decided even that was too much.

Then someone stopped.

Not abruptly. Not dramatically. Just… differently. As if this person carried another kind of time within them.

The older woman knelt down beside her without asking. Her hands—calm, practiced—rested on the young woman’s abdomen.

And suddenly there was something that did not move away.

“Breathe slowly,” the older woman said.

Two words. Quiet. But they carried weight.

The young woman looked at her. Grey hair, lines in her face, eyes that had already seen more than this night could offer. And in those eyes, there was no hesitation.

Only resolve.

Another wave hit. Harder. Her body tensed, as if it might break at any moment. A faint sound escaped her, unintentional, raw.

The older woman’s hands responded immediately. Pressure. Position. Control.
“Breathe,” she said. “Slowly and steadily.”

And she did. Guided through each breath, as if this were not chance, but something repeated many times before.

The world around them remained indifferent. A man with a briefcase cast a fleeting glance. A woman pulled her bag closer and walked faster. A train was announced as if it mattered most of all.

But here, on this cold stretch of ground, something had connected.

The young woman grabbed the older woman’s hand. Firm. Desperate.

And it did not let go.

The phone lay heavy in her other hand. She had called. Again and again. And this time, the line stayed open. Somewhere on the other end, someone was finally listening.

But that was no longer the decisive moment.

What mattered was that she was no longer alone.

The pain returned. And again. But now there was a voice to frame it. A presence that knew what to do. A gaze that did not turn away.

Minutes passed. Or hours. Time no longer behaved normally.

When footsteps finally approached—faster, more purposeful than before—the worst seemed to have passed.

The young woman cried.

Quietly. Exhausted. Relieved.

Not because of the pain.

But because in a night that threatened to swallow everything, one person had chosen to stay.

And that was enough.

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Explore the accompanying photograph for this piece, along with many more striking, evocative, and artistically distinctive images from this and other series, in the web album at www.BioMechMaidens.com.



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