

Sub Way

We travel along tracks
in our need to arrive -
somewhere

A figure slips between
cannot reach the safety straps
has trouble staying balanced

Hidden behind hair cut blunt
by careless scissors
the face is crumbled

The cardigan, the voice, hang,
thin and worn
I'm sorry...I didn't intend...I need...

The spiel
a jumbled cocktail
a mumbled supplication

Small change -
too little to restore balance -
is tendered

Crushed, the cardigan
crumples the gift
beneath the remnants
of another life
The head lolls, shaken
by the shudder
the pitch

The train thrusts on
homes towards our escape

but for what is thin
and worn
and crumpled inside
there is only the loop