

there is a thing that happens

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when the local and the express
just for a few moments
run parallel right next to each other
it is possible to look
through two sets of grimy windows
and see other passengers
looking back at you
arms folded
reading newspapers
staring at nothing
checking the time
eyes wide
seeming to sit still
in all the noise and clatter and apathy
and it's like looking into a mirror
and seeing someone different
but familiar
and then the local slows
and they hurtle ahead
and you wonder
do they wonder
about you too
or have they already forgotten

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