

Red Line

Outside, the rails have no train,
And this trainlessness waits
For the shyness of the rain
To find herself curious about absences,
The hush of late-night smokers,
Or Thai restaurant owners.

What does it mean to be still?
To keep tidy and snug in clouds
Instead of unmoored in summer air?
And finally like a Moulin Rouge courtesan
She'll take her primadonna stand,
Damp those tracks that have no homeless
Or lapped worker-men or college girls.

Where's the burnt-hand chai? The red line?
The rain and train aren't used to *lonely*.
But rain, she at least knows routine,
Knows her place in things.
So again she falls and all of those trainless
Will have a reason to think of her,
To adore her very discretely and briefly,
To see her small simple quiet bravery
And maybe take the bus instead.