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Lady in Transit

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LADY IN TRANSIT

ALICIA INFANTINO

The metro grinded to a halt.
Travelers shoved and pushed
for a quick escape,
blots of ever-changing color
moving on and off
in sweaty packs—
balding heads in business suits,
hurried flashes
of clinking pink pumps.

Just then—
she emerged
through the metal
gliding,
with ease across
its track—
balletic for a moment.
She, the silken wing
slipped through
her cocoon.
Or possibly she stood
there always,
and the eye
chose then
to see her,
no sooner than
she wanted
to be seen.

Our pupils connected for a moment—
across the cold silver pole—
then fell apart as quickly as they met.

Porcelain face,
delicately present
rose-tinted cheek.

My hand clutched the shining metal
below her own-
slender ivory
wonder,
her outstretched milky
arm: a gazelle,
the tiniest bit of grit
beneath her fingernails,
a pink
blemish above
her magnificent bee-stung lip.

All bodies jerked
at once—
held captive for an instant
by the momentous jarring:
the final
stop.

Her delicate form
seeped through
the rush,
slow and gradual,
her slender hand
tucked the fallen
tress, a chestnut
wisp
behind one ear.
As the wind drew her foot
across some irreversible portal
between

here
and there

train and
concrete.

us and
her.

She drew her mouth into a lovely pout,
only to light a smoke,
then slid
in one breath's time,
through the sliding metal door.

