Lady in Transit

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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.