

Graydon Pryor

Shit, we've missed our stop.

Coffee-stained plastic floor, its frailty tuned by too bright,
White-gold light, suspending patterned navy seats.
Accompanying us: families, workers, couples,
Phone-paralysed and book-engrossed,
Pret-a-Manger munching, soul searching, love-life listing.
The death rattle of the track's devouring
And an incessant nattering of the doors that continue to open,
The sweltering smell of morbid recycled air.
Our viewing of the cinema landscape in that filthy glass
Will only pause briefly,
Or be eclipsed by the shuttered windows of the next train—
Watch, as all the panes steal your reflections.
I look at you, across from me, on those
Special four-seater sections (extra legroom).
Framed by filtering sun, picking your lip.
You've handed me back the earbuds we were sharing,
And our new-born argument is furrowing your brow,
So I glance instead at your mirror,
Rested head gentle against the cool glass,
But blotted quickly by a tunnel's vulgar arrival.
Those old eyes are aching familiar.

—'Please change here, for...'—