



## SUBWAY ANGEL

By Wayne Visser

Across the tracks, she glances up and smiles  
Her look - a thousand lifetimes long - beguiles  
Such mystery in the space between, such light  
Such knowing in her eyes I see, such flight

Piercing beams, rattling roar - this is her train  
She steps on board, half-waves and smiles again  
Our ways diverge; no chance to meet this time  
Yet hope remains - this is the Circle Line.

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