



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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