Underground Crowds

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Underground Crowds

Brooke Sahlstrom

Thugs pulling chocolate bars from behind their belts
Trading amateur porn
Huddled in the back of a rickety metro

Wrapped in flesh colored corduroy years below her
Sneakers laced up tight
Not-so-crafty hustler tripped on the escalator

Camouflaged against the Soviet inspired cement
Ticket control hunts
Catching nearly innocent tourists in cold solid lines

Blazers rush toward the approaching train
Clutching briefcases close
Barely evading slippery fingers on the side

Four minutes of silence underground
Find your spot
Careful not to make eye contact with other lonely souls

Lights appear with a rush of cold air
Just in time
Drunkards can part ways before exchanging numbers

Crowds jam the stairs searching for smokes
Nicotine levels decreasing
Tensions rise as tourists block half a step

Heels reach ancient Czech cobblestones
Stumble slowly onward
Weaving under stars brighter than any child’s eyes

Amnesia

Michael Tucker

To forget would be sweet Seraph’s breath:
The end of days gone by at length
With no memory of grim conscious choices,
Or careless words coughed with hurried voices.

Many times wishing to undo
Thoughts, speech, and actions too;
Amnesia’s touch offers this relief.
Erasing past pain or swollen grief.

Take the gift of this thoughtful thief
It presents to all an unmarked belief:
That this life need not be made
Of what was done or the heart displayed.

For one small sip of the river Lethe—
Able to enter Paradise, free—
Would negate and dam amounting sin,
And from imperfect Past—renewed—begin.