

south station

id like to get glasses down on paper
the way his teeth, all three
found a home, not a house
in his mouth;
left ajar.
and a grin,
to frame wisps of aged gray.
accompanying relentless arms,
outstretched,
to make way for a counterpart,
twice his size & less exuberant.
 hunched over a suitcase,
 packed
 & dragged.
his face the width of a pecan,
the weight on her shoulders,
the length of her travels.

outbound

characters of themselves,
unknowingly.

seat

by seat

side by side; strangers
on the red line.

thought they'd know each other

they could've known each other

his hat fit for a grandfather at the racetrack

her glasses, more bifocals

her hair, more blue than grey

don't you know the type?

he's in a trenchcoat.

she's got the flesh colored sneakers,

made for old people walking.

they could've been friends,

pretty sure they should've been friends.

inner richmond

three hundred sixty-five and change
found a less stumbling hand to hand,
paying more attention to surroundings than to next steps
and stop signs.

crosswalks finding
older couples pleasing to the eye,
to help mirror a forgiving future.

a garage;
with what i recall to be your typical fisherman hatted fellow,
sitting limply in a beach chair
latticed green and white, rusted deep
with refinement of an older man
accompanied by his wife of eighty odd such
and such.

the dead of night seems not to hide her slender frame,
laced with tattered vein,
still pumping raw blood
fused with restraint.

they could do a dance
to celebrate
but chose to stay seated.

maryjam

miscellaneous pots,
several, mismatched &
lain throughout her kitchen.
resembling a roof
littered with cracks
that lend themselves to miscellaneous
leaks.

these pots,
in the dozens,
lent to carefully assembled
chicken soup -
cooked for a couple.

in tinfoil,
she permanently lends her
leftover banana bread.
eager to have it eaten.

lending her life to metaphor,
she compares her piled pots
to her empty living room.
to her empty bedroom.
to her empty bathroom.
to her empty kitchen.

she eats for herself.

light fixture

3 and a $\frac{3}{4}$

or 4

inches in diameter,

he asked.

with a genuine

and immediate concern.

unlike someone who would leave dirty tea-

cups next to sinks,

and not in them.

or attempts the making of a borrowed bed,

only to leave unseen sheets

disheveled & worn.