

saturday morning

inside
pressed shoulder to
shoulder those
standing give side-
ways glances those
seated have laced
fingers mild smiles
bobbing feet into
motion the
accelerating force
causes cramping
inside my guts as
i traverse breaking
water perpendicular
reflections of clouds
on skyscrapers the
wide expanse punc-
tured by needle-
point cathedrals the
space between
stops filled with
stale air un-
comfortable
laughter and white
knuckles wrapped
around metal poles
on my way to meet
you for our weekend
ritual