

In the Seoul Metro

by Jeffrey Miller

I've seen your tired souls
riding under the city
lost in the drowsiness
of morning calm commutes.
And when I've seen
all your lonely faces
reflected in glass
I think of Pound
and his metro station—
with faces like petals
on a black bough.
But this is shattered
during rush hour
when the subway
pulls into station
and push becomes shove
as white-gloved
subway *push men*
pack commuters into
waiting metal cars.

