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 stationwith 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.