

The beautiful young girls from high school

by Joe Sullivan

The most beautiful women
in the world are
hidden in the dark
grime of subterranean
stations and they pass
each other on trains
red and purple lips puckered
and lithe figures moving
over piss pools with grace

You wondered, as you drove
through your suburban
hometown streets in summer,
what happened to all the
beautiful girls from your
high school

Here they all are
in platforms and skirts
high-waisted below white
blouses and small beads
of sweat above blushes
and mascaras

Here they all are waiting
for the uptown trains
to their air-conditioned
cubicles and dreams of
fame and influence

As you drive aimlessly
and the stores all close
at 10 you remember
these beautiful young girls
and they are all here
hidden or in plain sight
on subways and prancing
through city sidestreets
and along avenues

Some of them are drinking fancy drinks
Some of them are eating specialty cupcakes
Others are delivering messages for high-ranking individuals
Some are riding on boats that circle Manhattan
and must wear large sunglasses for this
Others appear in music videos
Others, still, are featured on the society pages
alongside heads of public relations/marketing
conglomerations

Damn. How can I join
them, you say.

And you realize this is
how the beautiful dream
It's all happened countless times before
And you realize they've
forgotten all about you
You were just there to help with calculus

