

# Red Line

*by* Landon Manucci

The train    it was  
Quiet    people asleep  
It was    4:30 am.

I lost her face with the wind.  
She    never gave me her  
I    never asked for her  
Number    she  
Said it was her  
Birthday

Her numbered  
It contained    heart  
More numbers than her 20  
Year old    change    4 dollars.

A night with  
Wind    left  
Lifting leaves  
Yellow  
Orange  
Red

Lines that took people  
Those    sleeping people home  
That's    all there  
That's all they wanted to see  
Were their homes.

