

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.

