

Metro Blues.

by Shan Shaikh

Public transportation

Where was my destination?

I sat opposite of two-seat hoggers,
And boombox-junkies

I scanned the inside of this metal snake,
And encountered an observer

She had no eyes that I could see
Just a pair of lips; they looked soft

In the midst of the junkies and hoggers,
She sat
Watching, just watching

Watching me
Waiting for my move
Wondering where was my destination

Public display of affection

