

# Metro Blues.

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Public transportation

Where was my destination?

I sat opposite of two-seat hoppers,  
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 hoppers,  
She sat  
Watching, just watching

Watching me  
Waiting for my move  
Wondering where was my destination

Public display of affection

