

Morning Train

by Swanson Tudor

I always enjoyed living close enough to work where I could walk there in the morning and back home afterward; it felt like a bit of freedom from the repressive time structure that comes with work. A happy walker, only occasionally taking a bus or train. When I started working on the opposite side of the river from where I live my relationship with the Metropolitan Boston Transit Authority went from mild and inconsequential flirting, to regretful heavy petting. Now I've become one of those reasonably intelligent people who inexplicably remain in an obviously abusive relationship. And like Sheena Easton's man, I too take the "Morning Train" and later "takes another home again." But Sheena's not there to make my morning coffee and the brain cells I feel slowly dying are not expiring because of bad Aussie pop songs. No, I'm standing on the inbound platform at Sullivan Station. Surveying my grim, frustrated, insular and shivering fellow would be passengers experiencing yet another delayed train; I could be standing in a scene from the maybe soon to be produced sequel, *Invasion of The Body Snatchers -Part 2 Reign of The Tiny Hand Held Devices*. As I struggle into the car, the floor covered in copies of the -litter ready-Metro, and find myself pinned up against the door by a baby carriage and a ludicrously large backpack I wistfully regret kicking my pack-a-day tobacco habit. But really, I'm only going as far as North Station for Christ's sake.

