

headed inbound

CLAUDIA ROSADO, BOSTON UNIVERSITY

i've fallen in love
with you on the train
over and over again.

first you were her,
pressed up against me
back to chest when there was no more room
and you slid you hand down
so i could place mine on the metal.
pinkies touching,
practicing gratitude for the other person.
soft smiles when i jumped off the car.

then him,
he gave up his seat for the older woman
and stood next to me instead.
catching me as the breaks were slammed,
taking what he could of my body weight,
before setting me upright again.
dusting me off so i could shine.

then the man with the cap,
elusive
and laughing at the same joke
told in the body language of another
passenger who was akin to the drama
of the subterranean theatre.

then you,
with your long flowing hair
and soulful gray eyes
who grabbed onto me.
as you looked at our reflection in the glass
two becoming one
knowing that we were on our way
home.