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Poems on the Underground

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Poems on the Underground

Waryfaces

Mass-produced masks lined up on the platform
That stretches into a dark eternity,
Or to Kensington High Street

The faces pour
Into the train with their bodies attached
and, of course, their bags
All but the man who,
In the corner, pets his dog with one
Hand;
The other is a frozen cup.
Have you a pence to spare, mum?

And between the map and the
Modern art graffiti
Just next to the bomb alert notice,
A wary face reads Edna St. Vincent
Millay and four letters on the wall.

And the walls swell and fade away
They melt into the outside worlds
That touch each other, shoulder to shoulder
Like the bodies of the masks that
Stream towards the exit in perpetual
Enjambment

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WC '91