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## C Train in July

Emily Hunt

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I pace a heat-heavy platform,  
 tap alternating pointed toes  
 on dirty gum bits stuck in place  
 like grounded inky constellations.

Girl near the edge  
 fans a man with elephant lashes.  
 (She might as well be sweeping sand  
 off his nose). He leans  
 against a pillar,  
 dips  
 his finger into ochre honey,  
 smears the sweet  
 on flitting tongue.

I lick the salt from upper lip,

hate the slowest

—Emily Hunt

bead of sweat snaking  
 down my neck,  
 and I melt right into bitter.

C slides in,  
 metal monster roar and shake  
 burns through my green daze,  
 splits a lazy wedge of butter.

Rubber-lipped doors  
 open for the hand-locked  
 pair, and I push  
 on wrists to follow,  
 thinking it's cooler, cleaner inside.

I clench a pole for balance,  
 hungry as that ragged man  
 teetering the length of the vehicle's spine,  
 palm out,

waiting

for something to stick.