2007

C Train in July

Emily Hunt

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2007/iss1/21

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.
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 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.