

Subway Station

Azro-Solar A.

In the underground subway...
There was a rustle...
a friendly banded bandit...
looking around the pillar...
padding between stations...

A bustling station...
with sound, music, people...
Sometimes they're great,
People... food, sweets and drinks...
Friendly pets with affections...
Other times it's kicks from boots...
loud noises... screams... and stressful moments...
It's dangerous out here... navigating the danger,
living on the edge... trying to read the future...

Escape down the tunnel... and there's a dead station...
where the fluorescents flicker... water drips from pipes.
a quiet station... where no one's there to bother...
It's a station where the train doesn't stop...
with only the infrequent trains passing by.

Vines has overgrown now crumbling the brick with its roots
fragile as it may look... still supporting the foundation... it clings
to...
just the comfort of "isolation"...
being curled up alone... hugging the wall quiet enough to rest...

Sitting on the ledge... looking at the rail tracks...
feeling the gush of wind after the subway has passed... the screech-
ing of the brakes.
wondering... wondering... whether it's worth the travel.
Going between the two stations...
Wouldn't it be easier to choose a place and stay...
Why be on the move... constantly... adapting... to just survive... an-
other day?

p... perhaps one day... while crossing to the other side...
to the other station that is...
I'll see a light at the end... the end of a long dark tunnel...

Wind rushes down the tunnel...
metal groans and screeches vibrate through the walls...
the glow ahead flickers... blinding... unsteady...

Maybe... that's just life...
a life of a raccoon...
living in the subway tunnels...