On The Circle Line

Tears drop from the pavillion, the froth residue in a gutter hisses as it slithers to its shelter; my burdened eyes with their black bags carrying time on the underground drop to the tracks, the cutting board which disembowels me, and dripping redness from my lips, a cursed horseshoe.

One finds Protection by fleeing from acquaintances: expatriation toward anonymity is accomplished Underground.

Kurt A. Lindsey