On The Circle Line

Tears drop from the pavillion, 
the froth residue in a gutter 
attles 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