

Grace Lang - XXXI

I'm really f#\$%&@%# tired and cold and my babyblues are drying up.

I'm taking up three seats with my drowzy body.

So rigid, yet so curled.

A question mark in a typewriter font.

Pasty lids melt around my big circle eyes and I'm mostly asleep and

I'm mostly alright.

Cue a toddler-holding, soul-patched brute tapping my knee.

So incessant, fuck this guy.

I lift my head and he gestures with his liplines or his shoulders or something.

He's not even talking, but I can hear him and I hate him.

Oh, I'm sorry.

No need to say "please."

It's fine.

Just motion at me with your goddamn child and her miniature Yankees

hat and her cheap furry feet that are meant to look like you have

money, but I know you don't because I have eyes for these sorts of

things.

He's still standing there, already shoving his bag and jacket into the overhead compartment.

I drag my body into one seat now, by the window.

My heavy head rests on the glass and I try again to sleep, but s#\$%, I can't.

I was such an elegant mess of sleeping fabric before the brute showed

up, but now my positioning will never be the same.

I look to my left and he's getting comfy.

Two seats for himself and none for his daughter.

She invades his lap like a runt-mutt-puppy dog.

She's falling asleep and now I can't stop thinking about his body on the train tracks.

No one could stop the fall!

His manly build is shot to s#\$% and his denim is roadkill.

He's all tar and gore and ripped up pieces.

It's almost chic.

His daughter is staring at the fleshy excuse for a frame that she once called

"daddy" and I don't think I feel so bad and maybe I'm laughing, just a little

and then we stop.

My lids open and she smiles at me and I get off the train, taking back all

the s#\$% about killing her father.