LATE NIGHT TRAIN STOP

On the sidelines of the skylines
I pick at the loose skin around my fingernails,
Hearing my nails click together
Like the tick of the clock.
11:30 pm
Last train out of San Francisco.
The ride ends with
A disrupt stop, a jolt in my seat
Like a twitch of an electric bolt shock.
A voice plays in the overhead speakers;
It is deep and echoes like God.
"Sorry for the inconvenience folks," he says, bored.
I can imagine him holding up bagged eyes
And scratching his nose.
"It seems someone has landed on the tracks.
Please stand by."
Mariachi Man looks around confused,
Thick sausage fingers grasping the neck of his guitar.
Old man chuckles and stares out the window.
5 minutes pass and I mumble something awful:
"Hurry up."
Everyone seems to agree.
They hold a bored and impatient expression.
God speaks:
"Yeah, we can't seem to find him. Sorry folks.
Please allow us a bit more time."
10 minutes pass.
Everyone gives aside glances.
Homeless man sleeps away the time.
Old man shakes his head.
Mariachi Man sighs and plays a tune.
"Odaley, that's my stuff, man!" Old man exclaims.
15 minutes. Nothing.
The speakers make a high pitch kettle song call.
It stops and God mumbles sleepily:
“Yeah, we can’t find him. So we’re just
Gonna proceed. Thank you for waiting.”
The subway shakes back forward.
The grinding of the wheels make a
Chuck chuck chuck sound.
The train seems to rattle.
“I think I felt him,” goofs the old man.
Everyone chuckles and looks out into the black windows,
Holding a new anecdote to save for quiet moments.
Fourth subway death this month.
What a day he must have had,
To wait
And jump
Right before the start of the new morning.
LUCKY PENNY

It lies in a slick shine,
Greasy with grime and
Darker from time.
It rusts in a rough shell,
And its birth year reads 1972.
That print remains clean
As its first day as currency.
My fingers scratch the black top
And pick at the penny like a Band-Aid.
Lincoln's head stands on its stump
With a rotting skin disease
And mangled up hair.
1972.
A weary traveler for 42 years.
Passed around, slid through shots,
Seeing palms, pockets, and pavements.
It has rolled the Earth,
Never closing its eyes
To the world around.
It carries the weight of the journeys,
Without shame or complaint.
Lucky penny, weary traveler.
On to its new adventure.