

## Morning Commute

Who minds the gap  
that widens between lives  
separate on busy lines  
as pathways merge  
beneath the ground?

Respecting space  
dividing us, I trace  
the blackened wires which cling  
to tunnel walls  
and thread my mind

through plaited hands  
and scratched, graffitied glass.  
Jolted by a voice that breaks  
the wall of silence,  
“Stand clear”, doors close.

Then on and on  
while massed as one  
the multitude of journeys shared  
are spent alone  
in creaking tubes.

