

What I'm thinking

by Catie Lichten

The doors slide open. You step in.

From four poles, you choose mine. My heart quickens. Our hands touch accidentally, and when your eyes flicker my way I see tangled feet in the morning, two mugs, a future.

We rattle and sway, you and I. Westminster, Embankment, Temple.

"We met on the tube, of all places," we'd say.

These things happen.

But between now and us stands a "hello" that will not come, lying lifeless inside me as the doors slide open.

You step out.

I wrap both hands around the pole, grasping your leftover warmth as I rumble on.

