

### **Le métro dans la vie**

Coffee first thing,  
better make it a double  
for the morning rush  
and that train that expects me.

Closing eyes on the journey  
trying to accumulate  
another micro minute of  
peace  
maybe the silence kept me all night,  
with ideas on how to change.  
Or I'm overworked by the drive  
that will buy an escape to freedom.

We closed our eyes  
as it's too depressing to see,  
too numbing to watch,  
but if hearing is the last sense hanging on  
then announce on our speaker  
that today is not just another,  
that there is something different,  
something hopeful  
to come back out of our heads from.  
Let us feel more

I feel like screaming,  
maybe to cause some confusion,  
so an emotion creates something  
other than familiarity.  
Yet more papers turn  
as the melancholy deepens,  
unconscious  
or 20:20  
the train doors open anyway,  
to [close](#),  
as though destiny decided to accept  
waiting.  
Just for a few more stops anyway  
Tapping on [phones](#) in disconnectedness,  
engaging away from that moment  
as blinking just don't know where to be  
sitting facing such strangers.  
Nobody look at me!  
Fingertips planning movements  
of where One shall have to be,  
when these doors of limbo re-open.  
Where are all those travellers!

*I walk behind,  
a queue of single file  
and with every step  
I long to run through  
and against this one way system,  
possibly naked  
to provoke a smile  
if I'm lucky  
But the moment isn't opportune  
I guess I will do it one day  
On a day I will swear  
that I will never feel enslaved  
by the weight  
of obligation gripping my sole.  
Marching up stairs  
with images of arrows,  
**follow this direction**  
is the wrong kind of sign  
Steps [continue](#) upward  
as though a continuous metaphor.  
And soon I'll take my chances.*