

SHE LOOKS

The first time I notice, down the corridor of the train
She has those eyes and their intention
And she is staring with want through a shrouded scarf
I look to see who she is looking at like that
But cannot gather from the angle of repose

All I know is that it is not me, but I wish it was
She smiles slyly, pumps her eyebrows once
There is something so strong in her face though I place here at merely twenty-one
A world-risky knowledge that all around matters little except thine and I

She would be kindly plain without those eyes
Deep ochre, they fire with fire, their determination
She does not see me staring at her, nor does she see me swiveling to see her intended
But not without my trying to gain her attention if only for a moment to feel that gaze head
on

The train jolts forward and she reaches for the strip
She looks again but this time with a wink after catching herself
Who is she looking at like that?!
This is killing me not to know and moreover not to be he

The train pulls into the station and she exits and I am still at a loss
She moves off, to the side barely
And stares deeply back into the car through the cloudy fiberglass
She is staring at someone and I am absolutely mesmerized
Not even pretending not to stare at this lioness prowling

Her hand is to her heart now, her gaze as locked as clenched jaws
The train jolts again but this time forward, away from her
Her head follows as we move past
I turn behind again to see an even plainer girl, without such eyes, sharing her same head
dress
She is looking down at her feet, flushing slightly
It is her. It has been her.
I could strangle her I am so jealous

I turn a last time to see that look once more
But she is gone and we are alone in a crowded train
She for whom those looks were launched
And I for whom those stolen glances were directed
We are alone together, I am aware
We are together alone, she is unaware