

Thoughts Prior to the Subway's Arrival

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I sit on the bench where thousands of busy people sat. I watch the stream of people floating by. Some are rich, confused, happy, ugly, fat and pretty. Some have no money and just hold out a cup, while their stench blends with the smell of the rubbish on the tracks. Others just wait there staring into nothingness while a tall Black man sings The Blues. He plays guitar and harmonica too. The song ends. People toss coins into his old guitar case on the floor where someone had spit before. The train on the other side of the platform arrives. It screeches like nails scraping a blackboard, but people just stand there sheepishly and indifferent. The rats run away with a half-eaten donut on the tracks. I notice a man with a newspaper in one hand and coffee in the other. He reads and then spits on the tracks, not noticing my stare. When the train arrives, people push through to the other side. The man carelessly tosses his coffee cup on the floor. "Stand clear of the closing doors." **Ding Dong**. The train leaves. I remain on the bench wondering why I'm still here.