

‘Affairs’ by Zach K. (L6)

He stands on the 8:46, his

back to the door.

Crimson flowers bloom

Unseen behind the glass.

But his eyes drift,

Between his scuffed pleather shoes,

and the grey linoleum floor.

His wife thinks he’s on the eight twenty.

Dinner, reheated. Touch, owed.

Candles sweat on a table set empty.

Love, a play, with an audience waiting to go.

Behind him, the doors

Jolt open.

He pivots, then steps

Onto the platform.

The soles of his shoes scrape against

the ridges of the concrete.

A sound dampened by

sun-bleached gum.

As quickly as they opened,

the doors slam shut.

An electronic whirl sounds

As the carriage escapes the station.

The only touch:

A card tap,

And a gate that gives way.

