

Persephone

Amy Crosby

In the awkward, jutting silence of the carriage,
your elbow presses on mine,
succumbing to the sashays of the tube train
and you think me cold and bony.

A white little figure,
caught in the reflection of the glass
that shows us side by side.

You

with your kindle in the crock of your arm:
a phantom baby,
the electronic bestseller,
your allotted 3 pages.

We make this journey every day.
You, to feel that your eyes still well
as we rattle over that length of track:
the unmarked grave
and me, to feel the radiation burn
from your sorrow.

A sweet acid after a thousand barren years.
Maybe one day, I will turn to you and apologise.
I could not stop my husband
from taking yours.

