

'Q Train' – Marcus von Rittberg

On the Q, heading home to Brooklyn
Union square, people squeezing through doors
I-pod plays, foot taps to the mixtape
Baby smiles, grandma 'cross is waving

Business Men going over details
Hipster girl with shades
Liquor River, rolling bottle
She got fired, she needs a drink

Frees his seat, woman with a stroller
Homeless guy, asking for a quarter
She's alone, son seeks her attention
She gets loud, mind is on her lost love

Nurse is tired, all day standing
Yet she can't find a seat
The same paper being read by
More than two eyes

She's asleep, head falls against a stranger
He's too kind, doesn't want to wake her
Busking men, gospel in four voices
Pass their hat, wonders if they'll wake her

Guy with glasses hopes he'll finish
With the book before his stop
Gorgeous lady in black dress
Braided hair, she's confident

Many men trying to get a quick glimpse
Some are bold, smiling while their eyes meet
Some are shy, too shy to make contact
Watching her image in the window

Wrinkled hands wrapped 'round warm coffee
Tired eyes, tired back
Look is wondering form a cellphone
To the ads above

Couples kiss, smiling while their hands hug
People look, some of who seem jealous
Hip-hop beat draws the travelers' interest
Breakers break, boom box wakes the baby

Shopping bags packed full of groceries
She's hungry and he's alone
Glimpses over at her food choice
Tired of cooking for himself