

Frozen Observation

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Waiting for the train outside,
inside Norwich Station,
it's all the same without a roof:
the shadows of clouds
dance like manatees
across the tiled floor,
wind gusts swirl in your ears,
racking your mind
with frost bite,
pigeons waddle free,
in hope of overpriced cookie crumbs,
like children, oblivious
to the concept of foot traffic,
adults attempt to dodge,
secretly wishing to stomp
or skirt away in flustered release . . .
again, like pigeons,
they rush down the platforms
as if their only escape,
eyes twitching, reading
each car's bold lettering
as it scrolls across the brain
like an old typewriter,
or film strip, their cameos
appear and disappear in time. . . .