

NAN COHEN

**Subway Elegy**

Slowed down, stopped. And with a sigh  
the steel doors parted. Someone stepped  
onto the platform. The station blurred.  
We were carried away, soon studying  
again our ethereal faces in the glass.  
With an effort of imagination we could see him  
climbing the stairs to the avenue,  
but not what he saw as he rose above the pavement,  
or the source of the light that fell  
about his head and shoulders as he rose.