

## LAST STOP LAST STOP

i slide on the wet underbelly of an abandoned poem, bruise a stanza onto my back, dodge nasty track water trying to baptize my hair. i swallow a pigeon howling chutney remixes of bollywood ballads at the edge of the platform and wait for lefferts to call the A train back home, for those evergreen words: LASTSTOP LASTSTOP. picking purple figs from my grandmother's fig tree in my margin of queens and counting the green heineken bottles orbiting its trunk is my new religion. love letter to the train tracks i grew up comparing to the smooth blue lines of loose leaf, love letter to loose leaf that did not turn to dust at the touch of an eraser, love letter to margins, love letter to the split in the elevated tracks of the A train, to witnessing that moment when a lefferts blvd bound A and far rock bound A share track space before branching off in different directions — one for the sea, the other for home. is that a line break?

