One Under Glass

Michael Samuels*

*Iowa State University

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Abstract

Grand Central Station 5:10 I blend myself into the train which sits in the slip waiting to fill with faceless angels and threats colored post 50's win well-aged wafts into the seat beside me...
One Under Glass

by Michael Samuels
Agriculture Pre-Veterinary

Grand Central Station
5:10 SHUTTLE TO TIMES SQUARE

I blend myself into the train
which sits in the slip waiting to fill

with faceless angels and threats

colored post 50's wino well-aged
wafts into the seat beside me.

He produces a hand-rolled cigarette
manufactured of butts from gutters
and sidewalk cracks

Bobbing his head toward mine and emitting
a faint spray of Thunderbird fumes.

I fish out the matches to a smile
telling a story

he inhales a half-dozen cigarette
brands and smokily continues

he grins yellow nicotine teeth

I was wrote up today.
By a cop for smoking

in the tubes
(that really sucks)
yeah.

hea, hea, hea...
He took me in the office and wrote me—yup a summons, I teared it up—

hea. hea. (what’a you gonna do?) nothin’ they won’t do nothin’ just hassle me.

I smile and turn my head to an almost full car.

________________________

BECOME A LICENSED TRUCK DRIVER
-take one-

________________________

Grand Central Station
abt 5:30

screams down empty echoed stairway
bounce from sooted white tunnel tiles laid
by anonymously skilled Italian immigrants now covered

by advertisements and dried spittle streaking
screams down hallways and through ears with automaton regularity arousing

What’s that noise? (don’t know.)

I crane my head without yielding space on the bench people shyly move to the parted door and look up and down the humidity of the tunnel.

The old man daintily extinguished his cigarette and retired it to the safety of an inner pocket

what is goin’ on?

Squoooz me...

He broke through the crowd and out the door followed by others and myself screams and sobs descended the staircase luring the herds hesitantly and then skipping long flights behind the shuffle of the white-haired man most expecting to be fooled by a joke of teenage girls a hallucinating bag-lady
Behind a curtain of bars and chicken wire 
  against a dark 
  and motionless token booth

staggered the sobbing prey
scream after scream after scream oblivious 
to questions and hands prying
at paint-caked screens

(What happened?)
(What happened?)

crying for poisoned peanuts of gaping eyes

she clutched at herself
and her clothes trying
to seal her tattered shirt and pull
her designer jeans
blackmarket
from below her knees and above
her over-stretched orange panties whimpering
and unresponsive

What happened?
Que Pasa lady
Hey look look!
Who did this?

she swayed alone and let forth babbled spanish.

The stairs ascended around the corner from
the now empty victim-filled trap leaving
anonymity
empty purses filled and bloated bodies.

The old man had gone for the police and
a man attempted to calm the woman in
spanish bound by helplessness
alone
and viewed by commuters in post-violence.

The others had left as had the dark gentleman dissappeared
so I fought my way down to the platform yielding
to scavengers going lazily up.

I caught the shuttle

among the "shyits"
  "man, you see that."
  "yeah."
rattled and rolled down the tube.