

## Paul Simon

# "A Poem on the Underground"

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The last train is nearly due  
the underground is closing soon  
in the dark deserted station  
restless in anticipation  
a man waits in the shadows.

His restless eyes leap and scratch  
at all that they can touch or catch  
hidden deep within his pocket  
safe within his silent socket  
he holds his colored crayon.

Now from the tunnel's stony womb  
the carriage rides to meet the groom  
and opens wide and welcome doors  
but he hesitates then withdraws  
deeper in the shadows

And the train is gone suddenly  
on wheels clicking silently  
like a gently tapping litany  
and he holds his crayon rosary  
tighter in his hand

Now from his pocket he quickly flashes  
the crayon on the wall he slashes  
deep upon the advertising  
a single-worded poem comprised of  
- four letters

And his heart is laughing, screaming, pounding  
the poem across the tracks rebounding  
shadowed by the exit light  
his legs take their ascending flight  
to seek the breast of darkness and be suckled by the  
night.

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