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the mood i'm in

i step on the D train it is about 1130 at night and
the train is full. i can tell there has been a Yankee game
that has just let out because orange seats are cloaked in blue jean laps
with blue and white shirts to
match. and i want to ask the guy across "did
we win?" but this is the subway & people don't talk do they &
i am too easily wrapped up in another conversation red not blue the words are
stomping on the heat with heavy brooklyn accents of two women one is
explaining the sweltering subway system this summer night. "the center
of the earth is radiating heat, ya know,
plus, there's electrical stuff, there's shit going on down
here." and this woman has black hair she can't end sentences without
an open mouth "not for nothin' but there is no excuse" she says
when the conversation moves on. and my walkman batteries die with a groan so
the conversation is
harsh music to my ears and the woman she is standing
feet shoulder-width apart she is heat and city in black jeans. "my father's still
in his faggoty mood." mouth open she ends her sentence. so
that's what i'm in.

Jenna Capeci