

D Train

D train, moves from Brooklyn to Manhattan
and back, there is always something to be made
of loneliness, it's obvious you feel the same,
we hear the strange sound of heartbeat— music,
you hear the same sound, of the same heartbeat,
and maybe someone turns out pain in every sound
of train? They kept your smile while the D train

rushed over and over, taking us along, between
those golden shadows all around, solitude unites,
it breaks free, hear me, please, hear me out from
this noise, it is heroic to survive as breath buried
in the claustrophobic darkness, take a D train, baby,
wherever you go take a deep breath, the way is long,
moving to the garden we all go through the desert, first.