

walk on

Ayesha Chouglay

when they leave, each back of the head, each hand,
slight on the train door,

each long, dark coat, woollen, low lustre,
becomes an *is it them*, walnut in the stomach,

till posture raddles them anew, and you set them on
the concourse, quietening, something drifting from the piano

starnil perhaps, and I walk, heart pelting,
feeling for the break, families droving, bellwether up

heading for the fold of the carriage, small red hands in
manicured tips, each a milk tooth,

I, theave, thief-like, lose my way
in the station's metal ribcage, past the make up

counters, yan, tan, tethera, phone pulsing my side,
announcement ringing out, the orange and yellow tickets

bright like lanolin, in our small, raw hands

Note: Many of the words within this poem are linked to farming sheep.