

The Golden Rule

To speak of *the* and not *any* underworld is to invoke it, I fear, but here I am. I am sulked and silked into sudden rubber green boots, waiting in line for a train. I am *that girl*. Why did I cook the afterlife out of *It won't happen again?* When did the third rapist compare my footwear to a season of original life? In the spring?

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In the spring, ravishing fronds waved a porno of fractals at his face. Mowed to the green median, I said *Never*, again. My flesh hand throbs like it did in life. My dress is wet.

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I have fellow passengers in my line. There are enough of us to get lost in, which is what I faked loving about the city. Really, we have each put the first death behind us. I think it is more dishonest to wait atop something for a vehicle than to sink into the water it dissects to collect us.

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But I do it anyway. In the summer, my skin takes its color, and the idea of relief is basically the idea of heaven. I confess. Like one body, we think it. Let us shove forward the one before us, and be shoved in return.