

# The Angle

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## Stranger on the Metro

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## Stranger on the Metro

### Cover Page Footnote

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## Stranger on the Metro

"He's touching my leg"  
I said in my head  
As I stared  
At the reflection  
Of the Metro car's population  
In the glass window  
I inch away from his cotton covered legs  
And hug the plastic wall  
Wishing I could fly into the tunnel  
And be sucked away from  
The man invading my space

I don't dare turn my head  
To see the whiskers  
Black and white growing out  
Of his rough tanned skin  
I don't dare turn and stare  
At his aged hands  
Decorated with liver spots and wrinkles,  
Dirt and grease caked into the creases  
And under his nails

His breath seems so close  
If I just turn my head  
I'd smell cigars and cheap  
Spanish wine  
No doubt he is returning  
To work after a lazy siesta  
Spent in a corner bar  
Rambling about politics  
With old cronies  
Gnawing on chorizo and crusty bread  
The grease from the sausage still  
Hanging on his lips and  
The corner of his mouth

I didn't want him to sit down  
He must've come from behind  
I didn't turn to look when I heard the rustling  
As he invaded my solitude

"He's touching my arm"  
I said with alarm  
As I try to pretend I'm  
Someplace else

If only we'd get to Puerta Del Sol  
Three more stops to go  
Until I gain my freedom

As the train slows,  
Pulling into its next stop  
The intruder rises  
I finally see him, just  
The back of him,  
As he walks down the aisle  
To the automatic door  
Stranger not like I imagined  
No old shabby hat  
Living on his head  
No stout old man  
Stumbling away from me

Brown hair neatly kept  
Just above the shoulder  
Tall and slender  
Beautiful man without a face  
Slipping out the door  
Into the crowd  
No longer touching my leg

I sigh.

--Monica Hopkins