

## Underground forensics

Wedding ring indent.

Finger fatter now.

Mid-fifties.

Sits pissed.

Drunk sad.

Xmas tinsel hat.

Doll size.

Fixed askew.

Off home.

To a cold flat.

Echo-full.

Kitchen dimly green.

Illumed by the microwave timer.

A wardrobe rack timeline of silly little hats.

To be added to.

Upon her return.

Blatant.

Way beyond latent.

Patent.

Leather shoes.

Black.

Long.

Chiseled toe.

Pointing.

At me.

Loafers.

Obligatory tassels.

Polished.

Telescopic mirrors.

Reflecting all that is above.

The carriage ceiling right now.

Earlier.

All that went before:

The pub ceiling.

The underneath of the pub table.

The pub toilet ceiling.

His penis having a piss.

The kebab shop ceiling.

Doner meat and cabbage spiraling down.

A descending tissue to wipe away the grease.

The tissue folded to re-polish the mirrors.

To reflect the night sky.

Crisp and clear.

The moon and its craters.

Mars.

Distant galaxies.

Big black holes.

In their hearts.

Stellar nucleosynthesis.

Catalyzing carbon.

Carbon.

The fourth most abundant element in the universe.

A common component of all known life.

Me.

Plants.

You.

Cats.

Crocodiles.

Domesticated ungulates.

Such as the cow.

The hide of which is turned into leather.

Which is used in the production of footwear.

Such as genuine patent leather shoes.

Such as the ones pointing at me right now.

The suit sits in his seat.

Tiger mask in his lap.

Plucks away at the mask's elastic.

Twangs the tune that lives in his head.

The train approaches a station.

A barrel of beef sits adjacent.

Snaps before the elastic can.

Grabs the mask.

Fits it about his own face.  
Launches from his seat.  
Growls loud at the entire carriage.  
Escapes through the opening doors.

Girl seated.

Diagonally opposite.

Down the calf of one leg.

A tattoo:

'Only God Can Judge me'

Sequin.

Green.

Much smaller than a pea.

Far bigger than an atom.

Glints on the floor between my feet.

On this early train.

First of the morning.

A residue of the night before.

Or the night before that.

Or whenever they last washed down this carriage.

Which going off the dried vomit stain on the designated seat.

For the pregnant.

For the frail.

Was some time ago.

Vomit.

A residue of some night before.

On a last tube home.

On his own.

Head over knees.

Head in hands.

A failed flirt left for dead on the dance-floor.

A bad chat-up line mopped up by the cleaner.

Piss on his shoes from a drunken firing range.

His reflection trapped in the sequin.

The sequin from the dress of a girl.

A girl from some dance-floor.