

Flatline to London

I travelled on a train with a dead man,
slumped in his seat on the other side of the table that we shared.

His heart, mid journey, its ticket punched.
My table now.

Convulsed his breakfast.
Grey porridge on a green tie.

The ambulance crew boarded at some station,
at some unscheduled stop.

Scanned the carriage.
"Which one is it?" one of them asked.

A young woman checked her reflection.
An old man checked his pulse.

I leaned across the table,
to take hold of the stiffening wrist.

Raised high above the head rest,
a turning blue cold hand.

And the carriage shared a gasp,
at the slow, acknowledging wave.