

Sonnet

By Sandra Storey

The young woman you once were
catches up to you in the train station.
Even though you think you're hidden
safely under the brim of a straw hat,
a black mask stretched across your mouth,
and your perfect painted nails—
she sees you bending to your cell phone.
All it shows you is the time.

Look over your shoulder.
She's paused, open
there in the train behind you,
uncovered, ready to listen,
quick, before she's taken
in the opposite direction.