

## Transcendence

Two women wearing black dress suits and silver high heels  
resting their thousand dollar briefcases  
between perfect hipbones and firm rounded breasts  
stand in the suffocating New York subway.  
An elderly lady, slumped with old age,  
and aiding her poor sense of balance with a cane,  
stands directly in front of them.  
The two women, swaying like withered trees  
with each jerk from the rusted track,  
take no notice of her debility.  
These sovereigns bump her many times  
before the feeble enslaved woman moves,  
because they are reading *The New York Times*  
in hopes of absorbing every piece of available knowledge  
so they can degrade everyone they will talk with tomorrow  
at their thirty-dollar-a-plate luncheon.  
Perhaps they can even enlighten some lucky folks  
of the abominable power that is required  
to sit on the cushions of the black leather chairs  
that are situated like monuments  
at the ends of every business table.  
Because they surpass humanity.

-Erin Kelly

