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Commuter Death

We'll have no way of knowing his name
Or anything as intimate as the number
Of children he'll be forced to encumber
His busy wife with; or the size of the claim
The insurance company will have to enter
Into its liabilities ledger on Monday
Morning. But we can report on the way
He's meeting his end, this dissenter
Who hasn't even the wish for a priest
To preside at his final departure.

One thing to note is his posture:
Legs balleted, shirt torn, face creased
With pain, eyes raised, hands and fingers
Tearing at the chest: the way the heart
Is said to get you even at the start
Of things. No screams, but sound lingers
Like invisible shreds of pain,
Unspoken on the tongue.

Nearby,
Dull reams of ledger paper lie
Unsprung from a brief-case with insane
Scriblings tabulated, pondered over,
And sufficiently handled that he'll never
Have to handle them again. And whether
His superiors will ever discover
The truths he'd worked out is a moot