

Kiss Kiss Kiss

Catch this day in 120 characters,
160 if you're feeling generous. People
and announcements have caught me off-
guard. What's more, that broken triad
isn't gospelling any message of hope-
just that the economic station attendant
is the immanent station attendant. And
all of a sudden it's easy to imagine the
onboard intercom crackling with uncertainty,
and dozens of people running to catch the
bus I'm running to catch. Until then though,
it's immaterial, as tricky consciousness
peels images away from experience; those
kids skidding chips onto the tracks, some
couple drinking each other over a lone
suitcase, the gleam of a coin, scratching
persistently at the surface of the future and
the air

stirring, breathing with the last warmth
of summer, kissing skin like a cloud of moths
in transit, or thousands of tiny text messages
flying through the ether.

Lachlan Brown