

Vienna 1901 · *Anya Krugovoy*

Everything was always just about to happen.
That afternoon, she followed him to the train station
Wearing a cream silk hat with cream colored feathers,
Her boots stumbling to keep up with him.
Overhead, pigeons and a few clouds.
He carried a square suitcase, said nothing.
They stood together under the domed
Glass and steel roof of the station,
Knowing the first one to move would decide things.
The crowd, hurrying, parted around them.
She kept her hat and gloves on, even inside.
Still they stood there, waiting for the change.
Careless, a boy approached them selling roses,
And the man thought of roses at her throat.
Time buzzed like an insect trapped in his hair.