

Irkutsk Station · *Frederick Smock*

A woman's upturned face, framed
by my window,
like a photograph found at auction.

Behind her on the platform,
a circle of men turned inward, linked
by a chain, a common thought.

The woman
asks nothing of me. She only looks.
Like a face in a photograph.

She may have no relation to the men
turned inward, standing behind.
But I see them there

Together on the platform.
The way a photograph sees.
Here we are. Here we are.