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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