

Sophomore Jane Erb, art editor of EXILE, joins the automatic millions who ride the . . .

Subway

BY JANE ERB

The catacombs
Of a newer age,
Stuffed with sickly air
Inhaled and exhaled
By too many lungs—
Skulls, gray green
In the murky dimness
Move detached at a
Practiced speed.

Long low arches
Twist grotesquely,
Shooting pains
Of sudden aloneness
Into staring
Passengers waiting
Numbly for tombs.

Persecuted platformers,
Existing only in
The hope of what
Comes afterwards,
Martyrs who live
Death beneath
Those and that
Above.