

## Gordon Fearey

### Tracks

The train entered the station and slowed.  
The man stood up at a moment  
that could have been chosen only by the unconscious  
and perhaps only by a New Yorker  
in that he was reading something he was very interested in  
so the momentum of the train helped him  
out of his seat  
but did not unbalance him.

He turned toward a door, but it was the door  
not facing the platform  
though in his brain  
for a moment  
there was an acceptance of that door  
prior to his turning away from it to the other  
well-lit one  
and as he turned  
he was aware  
of an image of what was outside  
the wrong door—  
a grey brown color, translucent and underwater  
as a lake  
with the sun striking all  
the particles of algae and rotted material  
that just live there,  
this place or state being exactly  
equivalent to the difficult things that had happened to him  
over the previous two years.

He associated this—the beyond-  
the-door, the tracks, the brown light—  
with the complete loss of the person he loved,  
and with the imminent loss of himself.

Catching himself expecting the opening of  
what turned out to be the wrong door  
he walked out with some lightness of step onto the platform.

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1989.