



(Nick Robinson)

"Cassie"

by NICK ROBINSON

She sat across from me,
Staring out the window
With her feet curled in the seat next to her.
Her hair was a beautiful auburn
And her eyes the most piercing turquoise.
She wore blue jeans, white shoes,
And a gray sweater, low cut,
But a white T underneath.
She would occasionally
Bring a slender, pale hand to her cheek,
Brush the bangs from her eyes
And sigh.
She wrote in a spiral notebook,
Her hair spilling before her face,
Using a black mechanical pencil,
And a ring matching her eyes
Adorning her middle finger.
She got up to leave
And I asked for her name;
She warmly smiled and walked off the train.

I think I loved her, if only for a moment.

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