

# MEDITATIONS ON SPECIES IN A TRAIN CABIN

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*"I've never been good at these things; at deciding what they really are."*

—Matthew Gavin Frank

That girl with a Mohawk is fingering  
the slot machine on her iPhone.

The jingle of virtual coins falling is a godsend,  
each always of the same volume, same sharpness, never detuned.

An old man holding an Awei Walkman  
with the speaker on plays fifteen seconds

of Greensleeves. The clicking of black plastic buttons  
nestles nostalgia on buttocks of the present.

A mother urges her son to watch Siamese twins  
on cabin TV. He laughs, pointing

at the uncanny. She says some people are born like *that*—  
belly-blended, navel-less, a body that is over complete.

Slowly the train enters the station, the screen doors  
open. I see a gap wider than usual. At the bottom

of it, what do I expect to find if not single shoes, contorted  
umbrellas, and a sense of what is going on in the world?