

morning commute



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I want to get off
the train, escape
its daily hums
and screeches. Being
stuck in a tunnel
is not ideal. I want
to join outside, where
earth and sky meet
to create hills, and
rivers, and
dogs that stay
at home and nap
all day. Inside
the subway there's

the sound of waiting
and the stink
of sweat from deadlines
and unpaid bills. Unhoused
people curl up to become
mounds of sleep and litter
while the rest of us
try to remember we are
not ghosts. I want
to breathe. I want
to wear a crown
of flowers, drink hibiscus
water and meet the bees
before they disappear.