

a crevice in time

The world remains blind the same way the streets of this town remain caked with filth. Houses once made of brick and mortar are now built of paper and tape. They used to house children full of life and energy, playing make believe. Now these houses contain only people full of death and lethargy, playing reality.

Today, again I wake up and take the train to Philly. The same, old, constant routine. Today, again somebody in the world is smiling and somebody in the world is crying. The same, old, endless cycle.

I look out the window, sights blurring into one, endless gray. Our new world is built from stainless steel and concrete, from open doors and closed opportunities, from chance encounters and lingering thoughts. Today, again I see you sitting across from me.

If I close my eyes, why is it that your colors still express themselves so vividly?

Maybe today I'll summon enough courage to talk to you. Maybe today I'll continue to stay quiet, enjoying the impulse of this scenario.

I turn my head to the left, letting my pale cheek rest against the the cool window. Since I have met you, why is it natural for everything else to have become filled with sadness?

I close my eyes, your vivid image still dancing before me. I wish to tell you a story about dragonflies and butterflies.

Did you know you can see fantasies on dragonfly wings? A glistening trail of dew lined net leads to the next adventure, the transparency of their web showcases the world from a different perspective. It screams I want to go elsewhere, somewhere, that isn't here. Dragonfly wings narrate an escape.

But butterfly wings paint a longing, lies concerned with stainless steel and concrete.

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Today, again I wake up and wish to be a good person. Today, again I rest my pale cheek against the cool glass window of a moving train.

I'll gather courage today, maybe. I'll speak my poetry to you today, maybe. Or I'll continue my story. Darkened eyes flit towards you, drinking in your smiling face. If only for my sake, if only to do something, would it be okay for me to call out your name?

I stare fixedly out the window. Leave me. Don't mind me. Talk to me. I close my eyes to enjoy the impulse of this conflict. Why does time never warrant for the indecision of humanity?

You'll always remain the butterfly, painting the world's nature so bright, dazzling me until my own colors bleed; I'll always be the dragonfly, wanting to live in my own world of color and monotone, wanting to paint expression onto my broken wings.

Will this train ever stop?

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Today is the same and I continue swaying between like and hate.

My eyes see you, only once. Today, something has changed - you are different. Your colors radiate brighter and I realize there are two. There are two of you today. I take my usual seat, turning my head away. If I look I will be blinded for eternity.

Life is only full of goodbyes. If there is an encounter there will always be a parting. If somebody is laughing, in the shadow of their laughter somebody will be crying.

Today, I won't wonder if I can talk to you.

In front of my eyes, everything seems to blur and melt away. A flood of miracles could not change a thing. No matter how many times we hope, our miserable dreams will swallow us up until we disappear.

The train stops, but time remains frozen.

A dragonfly taken in with the promise of color, only to be greeted by the world of gray, only to greet a butterfly's wings that told a story of deceit.

Unravel the unwavering truth hidden by the world? Today, again it is a deceiving answer, guarded by paper houses containing dead people.

Time has allowed me to make a decision.

Today, I step off the train.