

#1- Passing Period

Backpacks talking shuffling move loud laughing move next class

Passing faces

Shoulders bump

Sorry

Sorry

Make yourself smaller

Wave to someone you know/fake smile

Sorry

Headphones out

Press play - exhale.

Reality shifts-

Breathe.

Melody plucked from a guitar

Delicate refrains that know love

Notes ring with clarity somewhere deeper than my heart

makes the hallway sacred

the people imagined, not initiated

The clamor is a swinging mumble,

a perfect medium

More laughs less "sorry"

Someone smiles at you

They have a story

Passing faces carved with ardor, dignity, pain

we are all here

why don't we see each other?

The music dances to a crescendo and I smile in spite of myself.

Why do we all have to ignore what's underneath?

Maybe because it sounds stupid saying it out loud

They ask why I'm smiling

But I don't tell them

Can't seem weak or weird or feminine or nerdy or attached or scared or kind or worse

I cram the music back in my pocket

Warning bell

Hurry

Backpacks talking shuffling move loud laughing move next class

Passing faces

Shoulders bump

Sorry

#2- All Grown Up

Now that I'm all grown up

I've learned how to shut down my fantasies more efficiently

Split the time in half

I barely even see myself on the stage

In the battle

In the sky

before I'm back

Keep moving

Childhood joy is over and the adult world isn't visible yet

So

Where should I go?

I'll just stand back and watch for a bit

Maybe learn something

Like why everyone is running

#3- Window

I saw into my neighbor's window

Why did he sit staring at nothing for so long?

Why did he pace back and forth before putting on his socks?

Why am I looking into my neighbor's window?

#4- Puppets

Some people say we are puppets

Tangled in strings

Bouncing around like fools

Until someone cuts the string

But I think they say that to try and soften the blow of the human condition

Life is not a string

Death is not a pair of scissors

But perhaps we are made of wood