

The Sonder

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What I see

Turns the stomachs of others. Before me,
Lines of escalators with rows of people
Crammed on every step. Some scramble to
Push through, while others stand and
Savor the mechanical mountain climb.

One might loom over the subway's railing, uneasy
That below them is living proof that every person's life
Is as complex and wonderful and terrifying as their own.

The metal steps shuttle hundreds of thoughts
Of groceries to buy or laundry to do or declarations of
Love that will or will not see the light of day.
The feeling warrants the birth of a new word:
When your universe implodes upon the thought
That there might be other universes out there.

You live in a cement house without doors or windows
Until one day a caustic missile shoots through and
Leaves you standing in rubble under the brilliant sun.

But I am not one of those people.
It does not astonish me to think that there is
Life beyond mine, when that is all

My life has been.
I am an observer.
I never had walls.
There isn't anything
To surround my image
Of being, to distinguish me,
To stop me from waking up,
Thinking I'm someone else.

I ride the escalator

To watch
Others
Ride the escalator.
I lie in the haze
Of having
No name,
No roof,
No home. But,
Palms planted
On the ground,
I have always
Been able
To see
The sky.