

# 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.