

Home

By Mika Higgins-Woo

Yesterday I rode the train,

away from the bustling crowd of stone-faced New Yorkers,
clouds of steady smoke pouring up from steamy mazes of trains and platforms below,
plants dying along the curbs and adorning Upper East Side apartments,
and the people at your sides are sweaty, unfamiliar humans with places to go and people to see,
and you can't make out the horizon because of light and air pollution.

away from the overwhelming lights of Times Square,
a musty smell of weed in the air, clinging to people, inducing coughs,
the body odor of fellow subway-riders after long work days,
rotting garbage on the curbs waiting to be hauled and smashed into a truck.

away from the cacophony of traffic on the criss-cross of streets and avenues,
the warning rumble of the subway approaching on the platform,
water practically hanging in the air as you push your way through it.

Yesterday I rode the train,

out to where the waves touch the shore,
piles and piles of billowing clouds,
endless patches of dainty daises growing along thick thistles,
the glowing faces of the people you love,
all you can see is the thin line where the sea meets the endless sky.

out to where the waves violently collide with the sand,
salty air that purifies your lungs and steals away your cough,
earthy green smell of new life shooting up from the ground,
pleasantly sickeningly sweet ice cream dripping from your grasp.

out to where the white noise of waves can be heard from yards and yards away,
powdery sand in your toes,
gentle embrace of wind on your face.

But tomorrow I'll be relieved to ride the train

back Home.