

## Morning Commute

A seat ahead and opposite my own, I study her.

Worn asphalt dips and falls, attempting to unlock her gaze fixed blankly on the bleached brown marshlands of the New Jersey Turnpike. Tall wheat grass surrounds, held back by partitions, bowing at the foot of the bus as it tunnels along. The bus's giant steering wheel spinning thin in the driver's hands. Her eyeglasses are large, wide and flat. Outdated and unkempt, a gesture of lavender tucked behind her ears. The sun rises wide through the smog. Growing larger and brighter and more yellow. As we sway in unison on our morning commute, the light heats our faces and colors everything.