

Morning Commute

By Christina P. Day

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 browned 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 giant steering wheel of the bus spinning thin in the driver's hands.

Her eyeglass frames are large, wide and flat. Outdated and unkempt, an empty gesture of lavender tucked behind her ears.

The sun rises wide through the smog. Growing larger and brighter and more yellow. Swaying in unison on our morning commute, the light heats our faces and colors everything.