

During My Daily Commute

by Jowell Tan

in moving cars i am small;
in moving cars i am invisible.

in moving cars i am ignored;
in moving cars i am alone.

trees blend together, creating shapes
clouds give way to empty skies
white words flash on LED signs
red and green and amber discs

in moving cars i can think;
in moving cars i can clear my mind.

in moving cars i can shed my skin;
in moving cars i can be myself.

