

The E to the 6

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Manhattan - city of lights, of beauty, of art, of everything.

I feel disconnected.

I cannot hear the people's footsteps.

I cannot hear their chatter - the rustle and bustle.

My earphones keep me at bay, keep me disconnected.

I thought I would like the ear phones, yet here I am.

Humans surrounding me and I'm disconnected.

Yet the music rejuvenates me: Is this what it means to be a New Yorker?

Everyone around me looks ahead, ear phones in; perhaps they want to be disconnected.

My mind begins to think of their life story and where they are going, where they have been.

I stop my music and take out my earphones.

It is wrong to want to smile on the Subway?

As I walk to the 6, I can't help but want to escape,

I can't help but want to run to the fresh air and breathe in Manhattan.

It is the only place where you can smell flowers and then poop in two swift sniffs.

Yet, I love it.

I want to embrace the beauty of Manhattan, but I'm underground.

Perhaps this is Manhattan, this underground sub culture-

Where humans interact with glances and distant, vacant smiles.

No, Manhattan is more than that - we are more than that.

As I walk up the Subway steps, a cool breeze rushes through me.

It's dark and the clouds look like they're about to break open.

I'm refreshed, renewed.

These city streets.

It is still dark, so early the sun hasn't said hello.

Feels like I'm out for a night of adventure.

I Embrace it.

Feel the wind, feel the power, and move.