

## Survival

To the woman on the train,  
who trusts strangers more than I trust myself,  
by leaving her bag unattended, foot through the handles,  
asleep, rocking to the beat of the train tracks.

To the guy sitting three seats up from her, slumped over at 12pm,  
high and eyes glossy,  
holding his hat that fell off his head when he  
slouched forward - breathing loudly.

To the kid, lanky, and looked way too young to be out by himself.  
I guess what I would call neglect, he calls independence.  
He rested his forearms on the seat in front of him,  
playing some game on his phone,  
the sound was on – He was getting shot at, only this time  
he could pause and start over when he died.

To the homeless guy on the platform that I gave the change in my pockets to.  
The busker who had a half-eaten sandwich that someone probably dropped on the ground  
for him, to eat like a dog, untamed and no tags.  
To the street walker, the addict, the child.  
I never knew this is what survival looked like.