

Commonplace

By: Carissa Azner-Beane

There's fish swimming above her ceiling,
Slithering. Quivering
Speaking some unknown language.
The city outside hustles.
They say its gourmet, but the truth is,
there are more rats in this town, than there are people -
not rodents.

Rats.
Rats dressed in clothing.
Rats you love and rats you hate.
She can't believe they left the amazon for this.

An exhausted human spring.
She wears her garb and walks to work,
In wanting to be lost, she finds herself over
and over again.

In the roaring sea of crowds, she is not captain.
Everyone is just a statistic.
Abhorring a cookie cutter world is frowned upon.
When everything is cliché

A trite expression
A commonplace
Everybody glitters in the end.

New York
Ennui