

## Noise Piece

Imagine your city at its busiest moment.  
Strangers become noise  
and noise  
becomes your sight.

After a long workday, the smell  
of fresh-baked bread is all you  
think about.

Letters of loved ones float around  
your tiny apartment--it is small  
not suffocating

It is a pint-sized home.

Your hands are tired from working.  
The thought of her gentle hand  
swaying deeply  
with yours  
brings you fast asleep.

When you wake up, the sun  
is still asleep.

The vague colors of stray cats

Thrifty coats on people twice your age

The half-eaten muffin you've stepped on

They all make sense to you.

Now,  
close your eyes again.

Your city is at its busiest moment.  
Strangers become noise

and noise  
becomes your sight.

You take out yesterday's leftover bread.

You are ok knowing  
today  
will be the same  
as yesterday.