The noise of the train wasn’t all that completely irregular, within chaos there is a certain pattern: loud enough to outweigh my thoughts, with a frequency of thin thread guiding me to a state of consciousness; of “no-self” and nothingness. Like meditating, focusing on finding numbness and nothingness within chaos; realizing the essence of forever war and conflict behind peaceful nothingness. Finding order and comfort in the absurdity of my situation.