Commuter

Today I refined the script for my life. I meditated my movements and wrote them down across half a hundred media because one day I’ll automate it all.

The brain’s immediacy in lurching forward, perceptively out of its cranial hull. The seeming scarcity of oxygen when your only opponent is the wait.

But

those three kids at the gas station seemingly coming off of a hard day’s work.

An anachronism in the real world. In real time.

Too young to buy beer and too young to walk already so heavy.

I almost didn't look at them at all because seeing them made me suddenly self conscious of the name brand Carhardt hat and Duluth jacket I was wearing, driving a truck, which--lets be real for a moment--is itself an affectation of extra-urban living. Even my beard. Although, I can easily find reasons for each of these and in fact the answers sometimes come so fast I scarcely have time to doubt myself.

Always from point A to point Z, with such brief care for what happens in between that at times it feels like those boys at the gas station never existed. Either way, they were little more than a passing thought for me,