listening to ‘Rolling In the Deep’ for twenty hours straight

Everyone else has plugged their ears with wax, I thought.

I am the only person listening across this entire nation,

I thought. I am the smart one. Out the train window,

all the people I love were standing in a mass in the middle of the spring cornfield.

Cornfield because it was cutting through one

late at night, feeling their leaves catch

on my hair and eyelashes, their ears

organlike against my body, blocking

out the sky, the cornfield taught me

how many things can be mistaken

for the touch of another human body.

And the people I love didn’t look at one another

because, let’s face it, the people I love don’t love

one another.

And they all took one step in different directions

in unison.