I decided to get onto the train at around noon. This wasn’t much of a planned venture. In fact, I felt the need to explore after wasting away my time in the morning. I had decided to pass on breakfast because of my hefty dinner the night before, the remnants were still lodged between my molars. God damnit. Train won’t be here for another 15 minutes. I mean.. How much longer can I possibly endure this moment with myself? I reach for my phone hoping for an out, but all I’m left with is an eye strain and a thought induced by a tabloid. That thought lingers but soon, it dissipates. Most of my thoughts live a short life. The only thoughts that choose to stay are the ones that attach to a lively host, like a virus or something. That host being an experience or basically a memory. Memories allow my thoughts to flourish, in fact it provides the rich fields for them to propagate. I start off with a theme, an abstraction of some sort. Right now, I think of the word, “identity”. What does that word mean to me? What does that word mean to the man picking his nose on the train? What does that word mean to the woman ranting to her friend about the ins and outs of the election? What does that word mean to the gentleman behind me that continues to blast his music on his speaker, as the passengers address his boisterous act with a subtle shake of the head. He’s probably thinking not much of it. I mean.. HIs incentive must be the urgency of acknowledgment. Look here, why don’t ya? I’m here! Look! Look! Oh well.. Consider the woman, consider the way she spends her time on the train, the political woman. Ya see.. I already “identified” her. She already has a special place in my heart, a particular place because from my standpoint, she’s a stubborn republican. In another perspective, she’s a friendly comrade. Year down the line, I changed my opinion. The world has never been a stagnant place. No concept disobeys that observation, it’s a natural law at this point. We live in a world of constant fluctuation! Forget the peoples’ perspective though for a second, forget that we have an impact on their expression. Most say, we don’t. They express, then we address. They believe, and then we perceive. People have always been hell. Always under that gaze. People are optimistic though. People are idealists. That gaze is empowering. Control is analogous to identity, in some sense. Take the obnoxious gentleman again (oxymoron?), the music is his expression, it represents a piece of his nature. Now, it may not be truly who he is, but in this moment we identify his nature as such. He made the conscious choice to display this act. He had the control in this scenario. Yet, even though he began with the control, he lost some tenacity along the way. He couldn’t hold onto that power for long. Once the people, got a good look at him, he was left to their identification, to their “perspective”. He expressed. We addressed. He believed, and then we perceived. The basis of our identity is contingent on the onlooker anyway. Identity cannot be conceptualized (for a moment, at least) without a two party system. I don’t mean it in a political sense, I mean it as if you were talking to your friend on the train, such as the blabbering woman. She talks about her views, she vehemently expresses her distaste for the current Democratic president. Some of it is bullshit, and some it makes sense. (My perspective though). She knows in her heart who she is, others will disagree. Who’s right? Nobody. Reality has no room for objectivity. True objectivity, that is. I am nothing, without the presence of perspectives. This train’s chair is rather sturdy, and not plush, pretty uncomfortable all together. Yet, I continue to sit. Why? Because it’s a chair. I’m sure that the other chairs will not be entirely comfortable as well, because they’ve all been designed the same and with the same material. I sit on my chair, as the man near the bathroom door sits on his chair. His chair is a suitcase. His chair is designed differently and has different material, yet it is still a chair, because he uses it as such. Then, what is a chair? An abstraction. I take this visual experience and archive it into my memory. The thoughts continue to flourish. I give material, meaning. I choose for this to be a chair, and that man chooses his chair to be a chair. We have the liberty of identifying material in the world. The concept of that chair wouldn’t exist without my perspective or my interaction with it. Its life is held in my hands. That boisterous gentleman, blasting the music, wouldn't be who he is without my perspective. I give him his identity. He subtly thanks me. I decide to get off the train at the next stop. I am tired of listening to the political woman and the loud music from the speaker. I am tired of waiting for an opportunity to go to the bathroom as that man sits on his suitcase, and asserts his position in the queue (ahead of me). I am tired. Yes, I know that I am tired, I identify as such. Or at least, my body tells me that. I acknowledge myself.