**fading**

it was one of those rainy days when you remember that one subway train you were pushed onto in new york city, and the man with dreadlocks playing music through his headphones so loudly each moment was a meteor shower. you remember your hands, how you tried to bury yourself into the creases, because falling into a stranger’s eyes would have been too thrilling, too dangerous. and you remember your reflection, how your nose carved its way through your face like a lone mountain, and how your cheekbones caved in like valleys, stained with storms. and the more you stared at yourself, the more you disappeared. you wondered if God was watching you, and if he knew how lonely you were. you wondered if he was there, on the train, and wanted to have a cigarette with you, and if he ever felt like he was fading. and it was one of those rainy days when you realize you are always falling in love with strangers, & songs, & subway trains, but never yourself.