

The Bystander's Introspection

By Cassandra Kemper

Vehicles curse in anger and people glance
but no one stares.
In a city of fog and wind there is always a shiver.
Move with rapid strides to heat the blood.
Opportunities of gain are amidst the crowd of movers.
Those who sit still speak their stories in shouts.
To stop and listen is to believe,
and believing a lie brings humiliating consequences,
yet believing a truth is to sympathize with unbearable pain.
The heart beats for one.
Pounding of multiple beats create threatening tremors within the ribs.
Out of self-preservation, the movement gains speed.

When the fog dissipates and the skin is warmed,
people unzip jackets and untie scarves.
Gold light invisible as glass reveals everything,
and everything is magnificent in its beauty.
The metal shines gloriously and the water sparkles modestly.
As motionless warmth consumes
clarity announces itself in the generous atmosphere.
And there is always one who decides it is worth loving.

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