

## Just Another Day

As I sit staring out the dirty window of the NJ Transit

Apparitions of other lives.

Thoughts of what I have to do inundate my hyperactive mind.

Where do I even begin?

*Do I even begin?*

My eyelids start to flutter and I realize for the first time how little sleep I've gotten all week -

How stressed out I am over this work.

In an effort to stay awake, my eyes drift back toward the dirty window and I listen to the rumble of train

Which I fear may just lull me to sleep.

But it doesn't.

Why does this train have to be heading home, to my boring and predictable life?

Why couldn't it be going somewhere more exciting?

What if instead I were a passenger on the Metro de Madrid,

Travelling with a purpose, to meet some friends and go out to eat?

As I would look out the window of the sleek and pristine Metro,

A whole new world of unfamiliar territory would present itself before my eyes.

The scenery so much more beautiful than anything I could ever have imagined.

A perennial city erected of ancient gold,

And the older, more peaceful and forgotten cities

Enclosed by patchwork stone walls with decrepit and mossy turrets

that run along the periphery of the city.

Small cars and cafes, bakeries, restaurants, and shops –

All appear to be anachronisms in these ancient cities.

Cobblestone streets

And farther out, tucked within the rolling green hills,

vast amounts of fertile land for farming.

A weathered old man would wave as the Metro zipped by,

Accentuating the deep wrinkles carved into his tanned and eroded face.

All this is seen,

Out the window of the Metro.

But then I remember that I am not on the Metro, and I am in fact on the NJ Transit on the way to my

House.

How completely and utterly normal.

— Maddi N., Grade 11