

I wake up.



I dress.



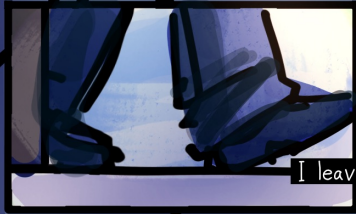
I eat.




I grab my suitcase.



I leave.

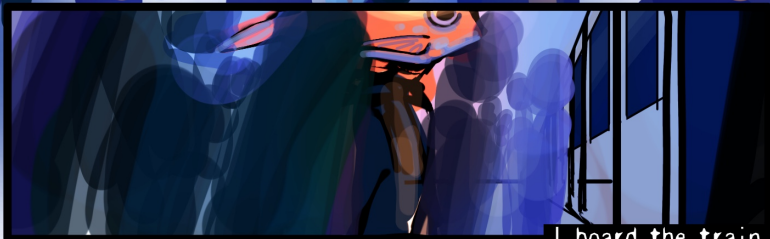





I drift along the crowd
to the train station.
They seem to know where
they' re going.

They' re so
assured. They' re
strangers so
comfortable with
their steps around
each other.


I try to match
them; I' m not sure
if it works.



I board the train.



The train sways.
I sway with it.
I try to keep my
footing.

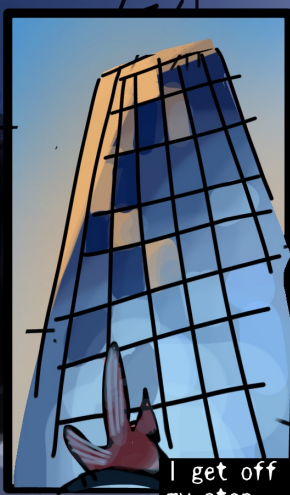


I keep my head down.



I try not
to make
eye
contact,
lest they
see
through my
fragile
act.

Lest they
figure
out I am
failing
at this
game of
charades
I was
never
told the
rules of.



I get off at
my stop.

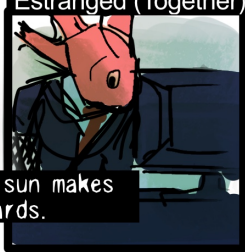
I clock
in.



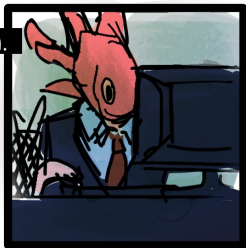
I work as the sun makes
its dip downwards.



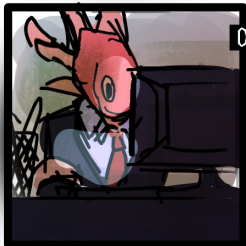
Estranged (Together) 4



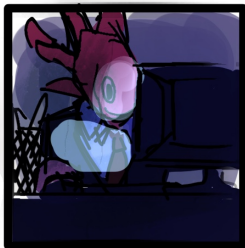
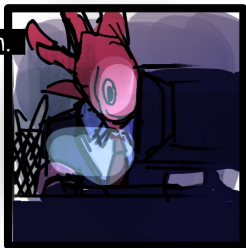
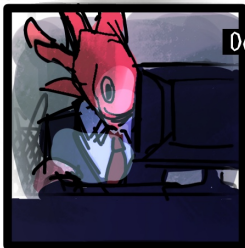
Down.



Down.



Down.



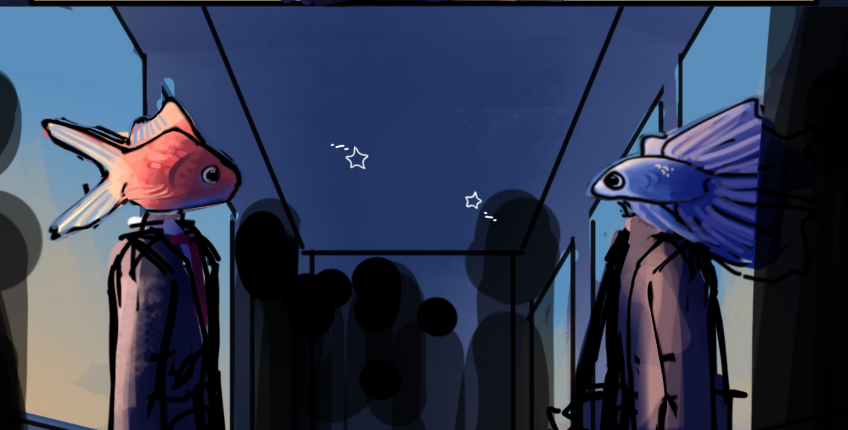
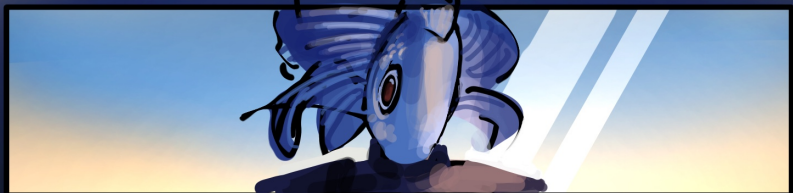
And days after that, I board the train.



The train sways.



I keep my head down.





Ah. You get it, don' t you?

...Should I say something?

I should say
hi. Would
that be
weird?

My stop is almost here.

They have an Asterism keychain.
Should I mention it?

How did the saying go? Stars passing
in the night?

But. I clear my throat. Maybe, maybe—



Would...would you like to attend the Asterism exhibition that opened downtown with me?



I was going to ask the same thing.