

In Our America

by megan e. evans

If I floated about this coffee cafe,
Like a spirit, just watching.
In this room of framed fake memories,
A room of ambient light,
marketing to the masses,
(It works; it gets 'em in the doors.)

If I floated, I'd see
These people sitting—
eating, drinking, sipping, typing, watching screens, making things,
reading,
Talking on phones, working through their important conversations,
(This could be our next big chance.
This will be my big break.
I have a house payment to make.)

I'd hear, in our America,
melodies and harmonies abounding,
a hum of humans,
voices rising, falling, laughing,
and the rhythm of drums from some other place,
but they do also belong in this space—
These drums,
Violin crescendos,
Oboes blaring—
Soft then loud and monstrous.

And if I floated here watching these people,
I would see
souls, lives, living—
and each one is asking, who am I?
There are many possibilities.

We want to be important, we want to be ok.

