A Stranger Life

While walking through crowded streets,
I cannot help but wonder,
Who are the people I shove by,
And curse for every blunder?

I glance into a stranger’s eyes,
And wonder what they’ve seen;
Exotic places around the world,
Or just images on a screen?

Is my life very different,
From the one you know,
Or are our lives similar,
In a way that does not show?

Do we see the same bright colors,
Reflected in the sky,
After the rain has fallen,
And clouds have passed us by?

Is every sound the same to you,
As it is to me,
Or do people experience sounds,
Completely differently?

Does your life fit as well,
As the one I wear,
Or are you uncomfortable,
While I don’t have a care?

Do you look at me in passing,
And wonder much the same,
Or do you never stop to wonder,
The history behind the name?

Am I simply just another face,
In a much too crowded world,
Or does my story hold value,
As it is unfurled?
You may not really know or care,
What time has sent my way,
But I still choose to ponder the life,
I will not live today.

The shoulders that I’ve brushed against,
May ne’er touch me again,
But each was uniquely different,
And in another world, my friend.