

Revolutions of Sonder

I know I am not the center of the universe.
That this
is not *my* universe.
Earth is just a planet in the solar system
made up of other planets,
Maybe even... other life.

Interactions with others
give me brief glimpses into their lives.
How they act around strangers,
a fleeting idea of who they are as a person
and how they present themselves to others.

Although what they show on the surface
is not all who they are.
Their profile is made up of memories
moments, places, and people
who have shaped them into *this* person.

When they get off work,
they will go home, whether house or apartment.
To their child and pets, whether that be one or more.
Kiss their loved one or not,
and they will not give me another thought
because I am not the center of their universe.

