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Observe, Feel, Reflect

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Observe, Feel, Reflect

Alexis Crane

While you walk around campus
Observe.

Observe the guy walking by himself to class,
Hands in his pockets, air pods in his ears
Listening to the song his boyfriend played for him with his guitar.
His cheeks flush, not from the cold, but from the memory of that night.

Observe the girl with headphones partially on, walking to the library with
her two friends,
Listening to the song that reminds her of home,
And listening to the conversation at the same time.
Wanting to participate, but not knowing what to say. All she can think
about is
How she feels so excited to see her family for the first time in months this
weekend.

Observe the professor on the phone,
Walking to his car, talking with his wife.
Reassuring her about the appointment that afternoon
That the doctor will bring better news this time
That even if not, he vowed in sickness and health.

Observe the freshman,
Walking with their head held high, even though they don't feel the
confidence.
A single earbud in their left ear, needing the reassurance the music brings.
Mind racing with everything that needs to get done and worries of
everything and nothing all at once,
They're hoping to feel more comfortable with where they are,
With who they are,
But it's hard to feel confident when feeling so alone.

You can observe all this but don't forget to observe yourself.
Observe where you are sitting right now.
Maybe it's one of the brown leather chairs at the Starbucks in the Union,
Or in the study room on the third floor of the Chester Fritz Library by the
elevator,
Or in your friend's dorm room sprawled out on their rug.

Why did you choose this spot?
Comfort? Convenience? Need?
Maybe you're about to do the homework assignment you've been
pushing off all week,
Or you're sitting on your bed waiting for your parents to get to town to
visit you,
Or you're outside soaking in the sun and enjoying the first sixty degree
day of the year.

Observe who surrounds you.
Family? Friends? Strangers?
Observe those perceiving you.
What do they see?
Who do they see?

Alexis Crane is currently a sophomore majoring in social work. She is minoring in psychology, with a focus on substance use and misuse, with a certificate in Spanish. Her goal is to work in child welfare or as a school social worker. Alexis likes to write poetry in her free time to put difficult subjects and feelings into words, hoping that she can reach those who can relate, to reassure them that they are not alone.