

sign in a crowd

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a sea of dark green black and khaki

the smell of sweat and cardboard linger in the air

all of them twinning with another

tripleting

quadrupletting

over eighty of the same

copy paste polo

slightly see through yet moisture trapping

too tight in the neck

leave the two buttons open

too long in the waist

tuck it in away from sight

bunched up

swarm of bees

humming and mumbling

bumbling around without a care

not the stars of the show

yet move like starlings

portraying emotion through synchronized gestures

or lack thereof as some are still as statues

others flutter and fidget in their seats

hidden phones

turned away faces

closed eyerolls

tapping fingers and feet

waiting for the choir of clapping to cease