

OBSERVATIONS *from* THE BACK CORNER

Brookelyn Taylor Harrison

To the wanderers and quiet kids, the drifters
and dreamers, the visionaries whose feet
were never destined to touch the ground—
may you be enchanted with every corner of
the world and get lost in the beauty of your
own minds.

THE BACK CORNER

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THE BACK CORNER is a unique vantage point from which you can view the entire room. You can eavesdrop on the conversations of others or conduct your own without fear of being disturbed.

You witness the entire scene, how each face, each person, each gesture intertwines with its unique dynamic—its comings and goings, its sittings and stirrings.

BTH

Your spirit sails with the glow of laughter,
dims in the shadow of melancholy exchange,
softens at the sight of lovers whose world
exists solely in eyes and smiles and carefully
touching finger tips.

To an outsider, you may seem beyond the
rhythm of the arena but have instead laid
claim to the one posture where nothing is
lost behind you.

THE BACK CORNER

This posture, perspective, attitude, ethos, surpasses time or station, the limitations of any one person. It is not bound by a form of physicality, but rather exists as its own cadence of encounters—moments which are manifested as vastly and distinctly as the iris of the mind's eye. It reveals the light in the world, the color, the movement, the good.

And you carry it with you.

BTH

You carry it as you would a rolled-up book in the shelter of your back pocket, the perfect panacea for the brilliant or bored, the wild or wonderful mind.

You find it in the embrace of a beloved arm chair, its irritable springs fatigued by your oppression—you curl your body into its tired contours, rain pecking your toes by invitation of your open window.

THE BACK CORNER

You find it in green and blue and yellow,
the very sigh of nature. It fills your lungs
and steals your breath like a powerful kiss.
You bury the small of your back in the hollow
of a poplar tree, feeling its vital core strain
and stir against the confines of its shell—
the world gleaming with green. Clover and
daisies, buttercups and violets bemused
with sun and gales and gusts; but trees dig
deep and drink even deeper.

BTH

They rise overhead like glassy skyscrapers
whose bony figures crowd at crosswalks and
cast their shadows at one other.

You stand in their midst, waiting, watching,
enduring the instances before potential
energy converts into kinetic, red to blue,
barriers broken in a rush, a thrill. Each side
welcomes the other with curious eyes and
dexterous feet.

THE BACK CORNER

And you are at once bewitched by dozens of others, not because you know their names or recognize their faces, but because you are somehow all charmed by pizza and art, gelato and theater, park swings and music, the wonder of encountering another soul.

You may detect a similar posture reflected in the eyes of a passing stranger, a kindred spirit instantly realized yet suddenly lost.

These kindred spirits, these dreamers and romantics, these beautiful minds, they seek in anticipation and cultivate life wherever they go. They soon become the sunshine and starlight, the movement and color in the world. They haunt back roads and fields, sunsets and stars, the very memories of who they once were. They see and understand, they love—they love deeply—and they behold light even as they carry it inside them.

THE BACK CORNER

You already know their eyes and recognize their words. You fathom the gravity they carry even before you meet. You are warmed by the goodness they give to the shadows and captivated by the geniality of their smile.

You most likely do not acknowledge these features within yourself, but often encounter a similar soul in the same corner as your own, listening, waiting, watching, learning.

BTH

You may speak very little to one another,
but together, you witness, you sail, you dim.
You exist in your own cadence of encounters
and manifest moments as rare as your mind's
eye. You soften in the sight of those you love,
and all the while, you reveal light and color
and movement and depth. Without realizing,
you become the good.

And nothing is lost behind you.

