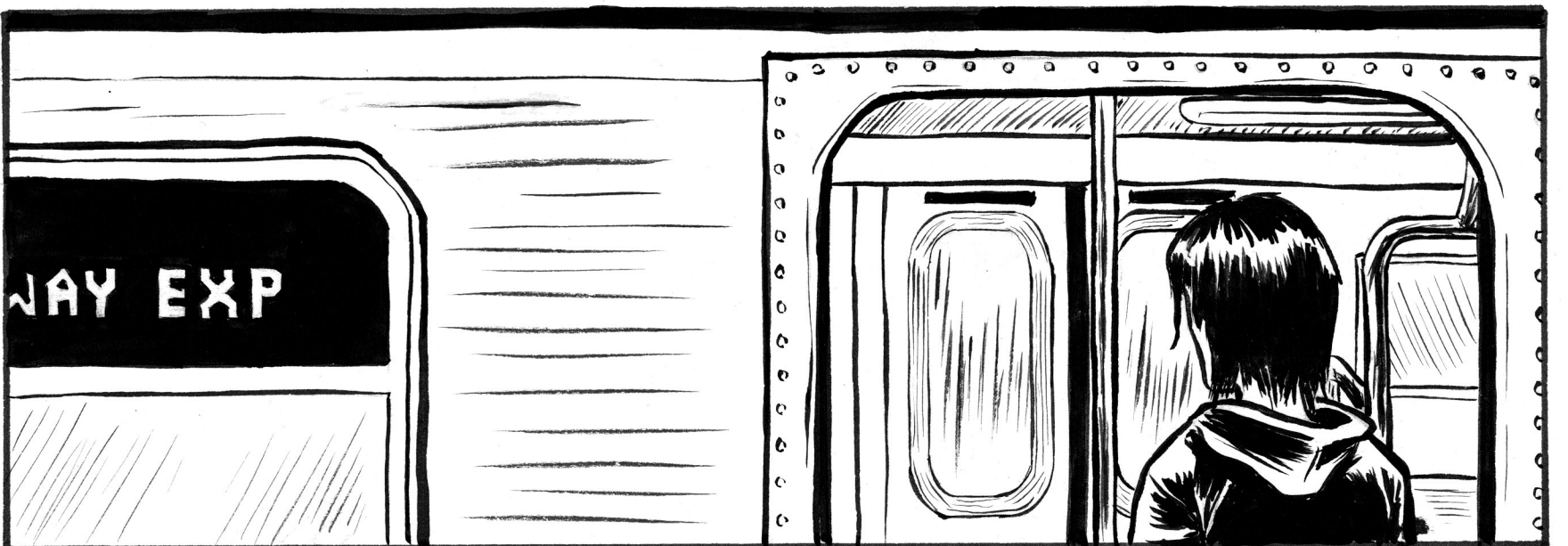
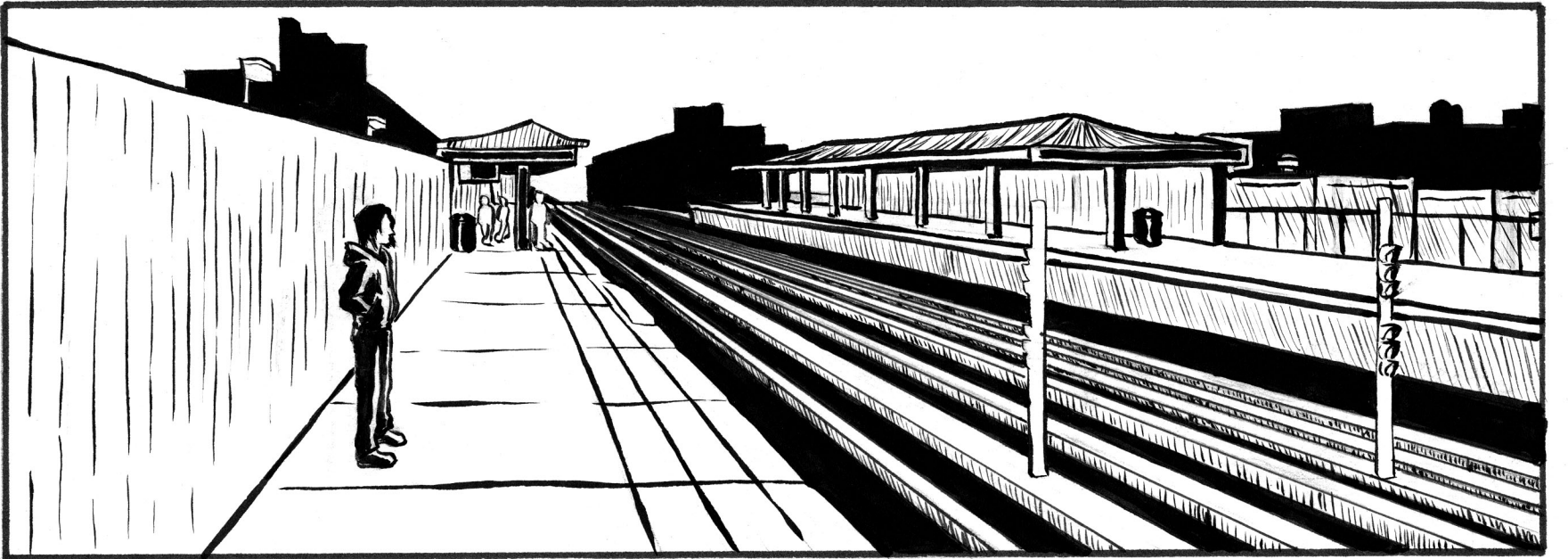
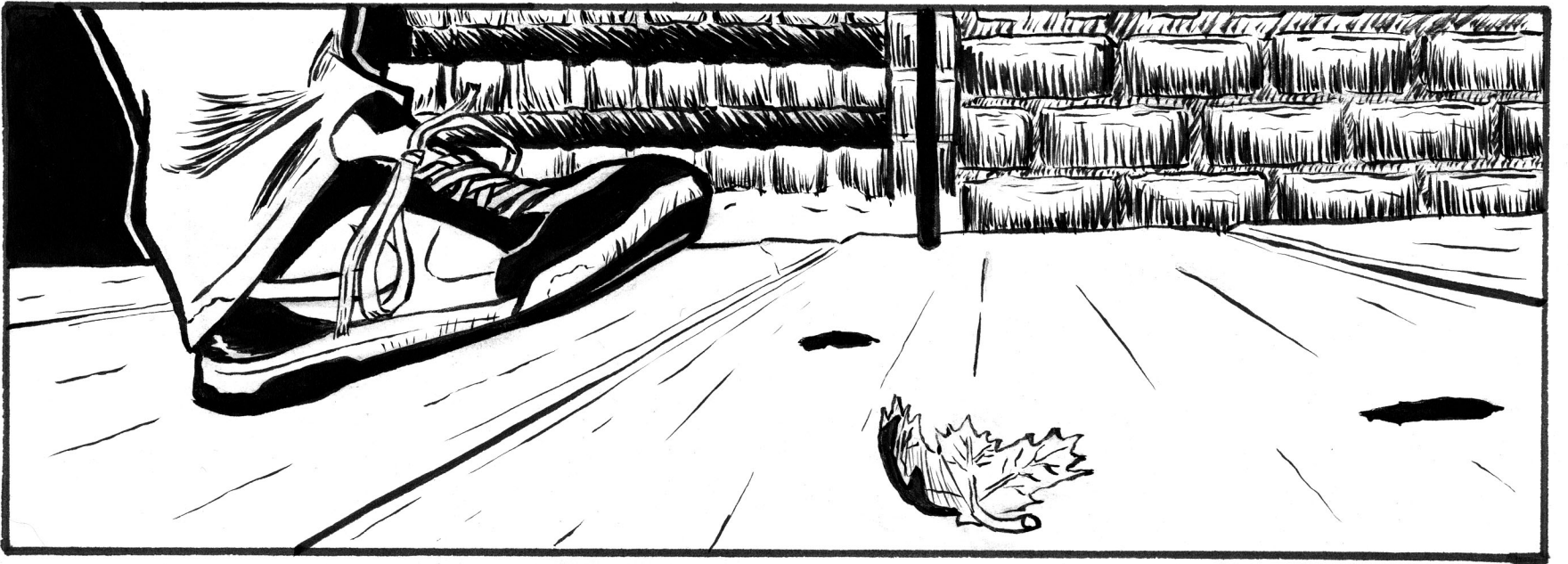


# TRANSIT

PETER QUACH



1







WHEN I FIRST MOVED TO NEW YORK, I WAS SO INTIMIDATED I AVOIDED THE SUBWAY FOR AN ENTIRE MONTH.



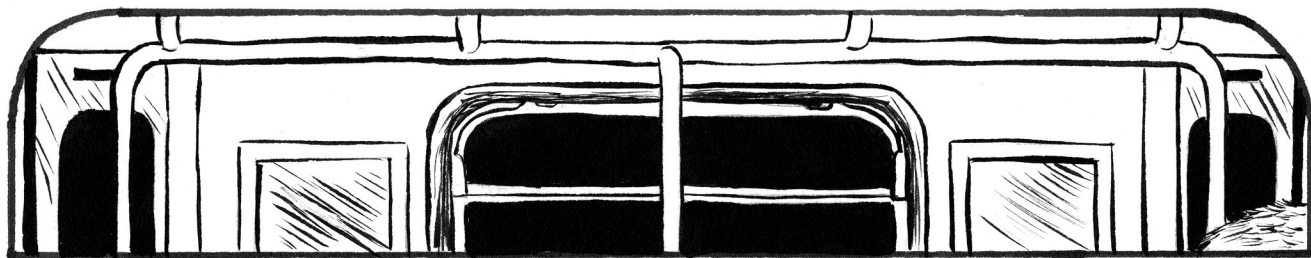
(MY FEET WERE REALLY, REALLY SORE.)



NOW THE SUBWAY IS ONE OF MY FAVORITE THINGS ABOUT THE CITY.



EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, AN EXPRESS AND A LOCAL TRAIN WILL LEAVE THE STATION AT THE SAME TIME, AND THE TRAINS WILL TRAVEL SIDE-BY-SIDE.



IF THE WINDOWS LINE UP, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE DIRECTLY INTO THE OTHER TRAIN.



FOR A BRIEF MOMENT--



--IT'S AS IF THE PEOPLE  
IN THE OTHER TRAIN WERE  
OLD FRIENDS--



--AND YOU'RE CATCHING  
UP ON YEARS OF SORROW  
AND JOY.



AND THEN YOUR TRAIN SLOWS  
DOWN FOR THE NEXT STOP, AND  
THE EXPRESS KEEPS ON GOING--



--AND THEN THEY'RE  
GONE, FOREVER.



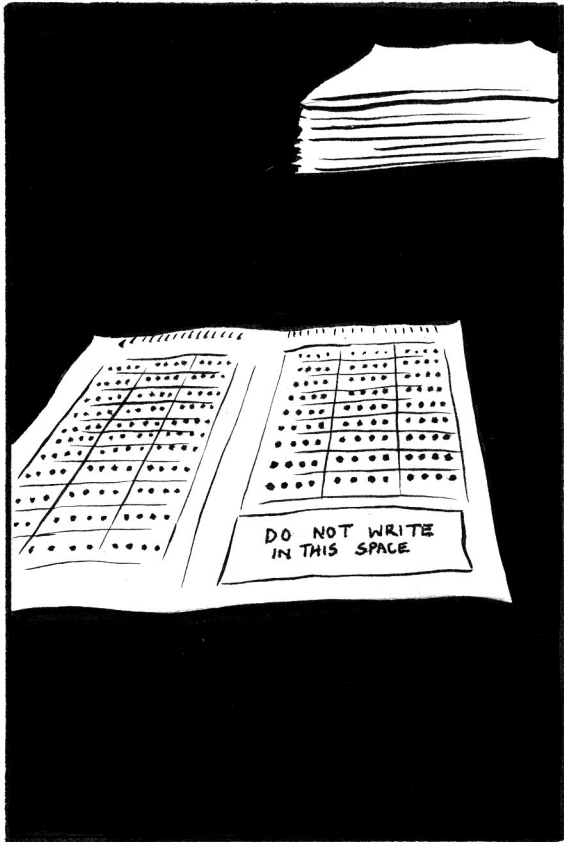
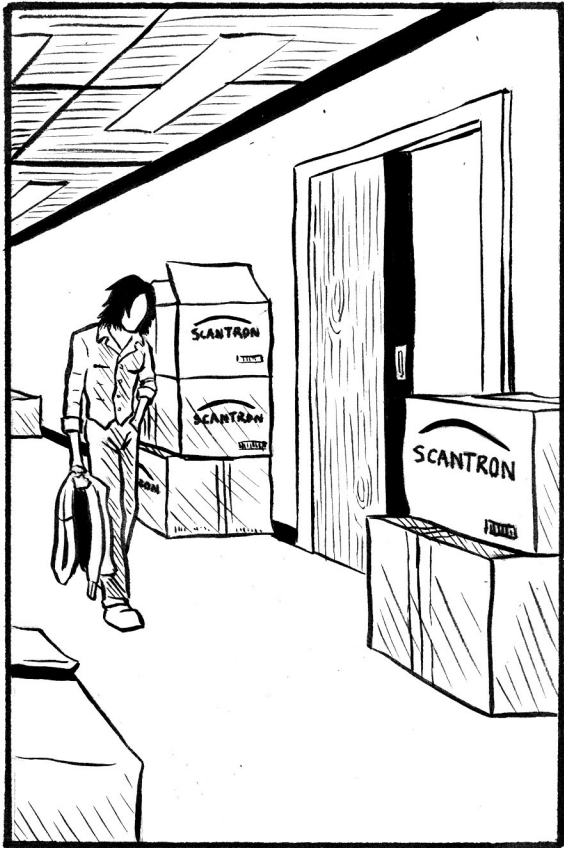


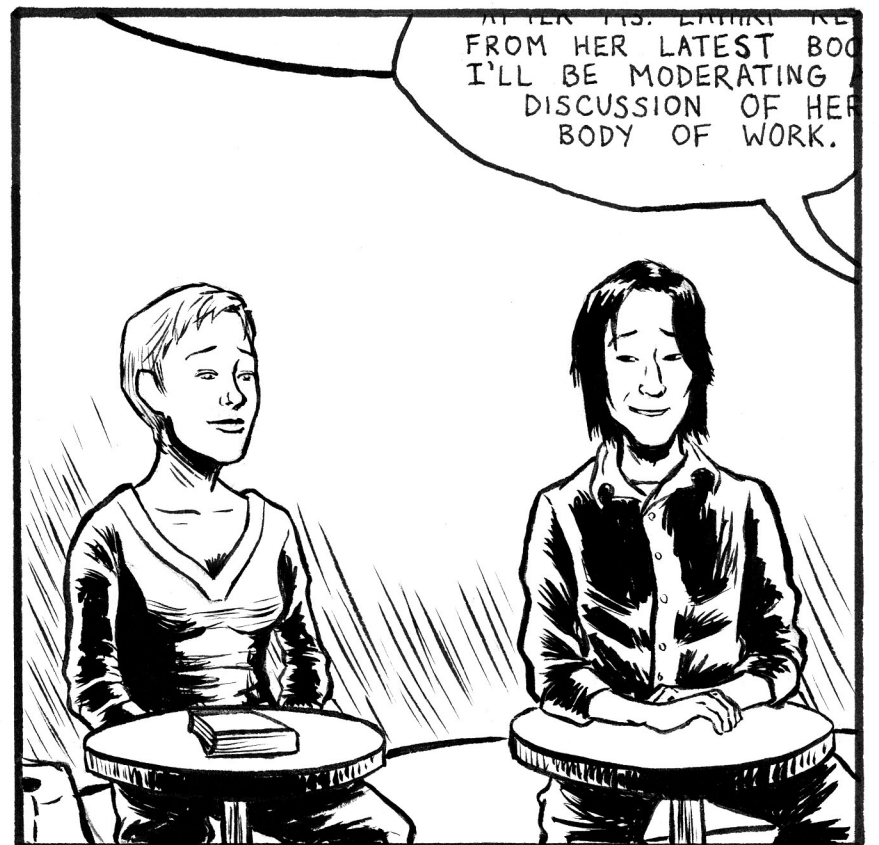
# TRANSIT

© 2009  
Peter Quach





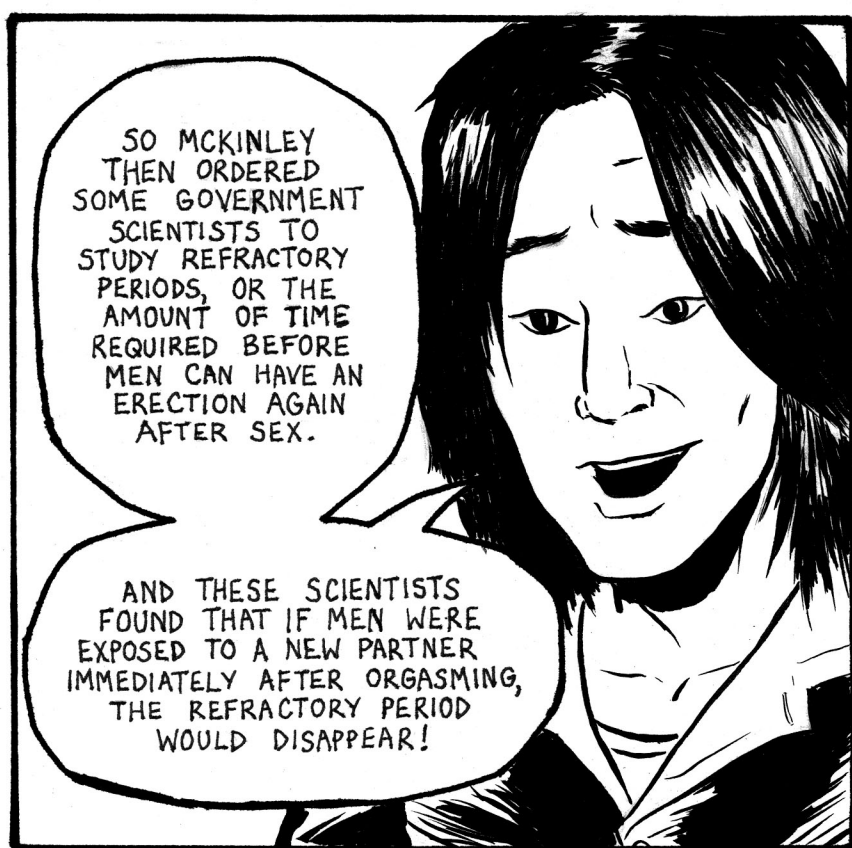
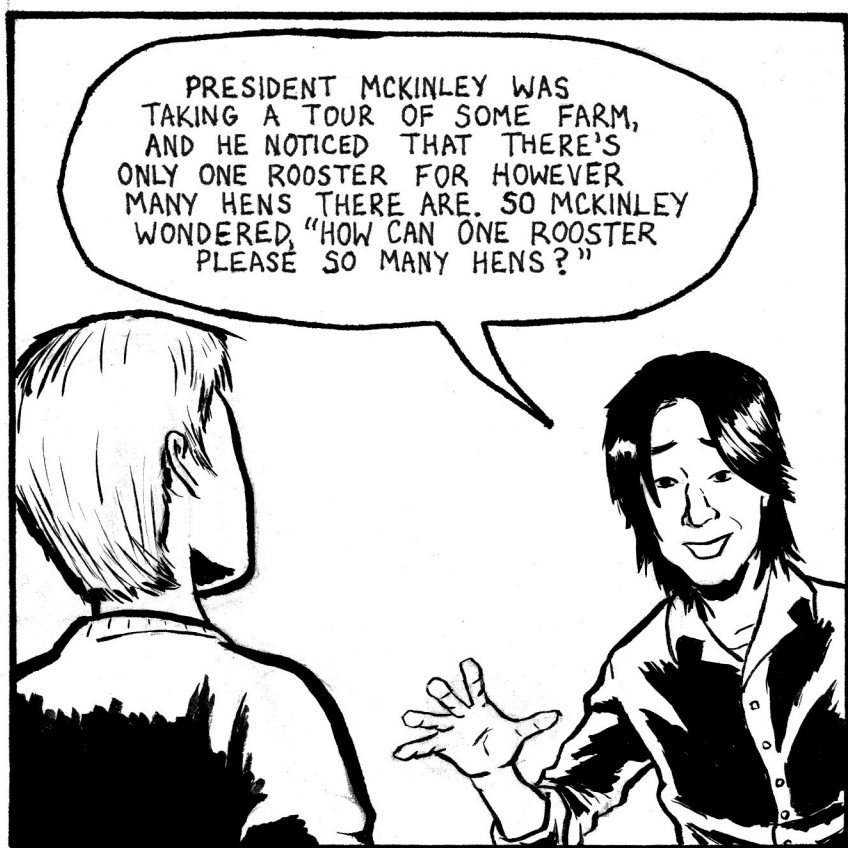
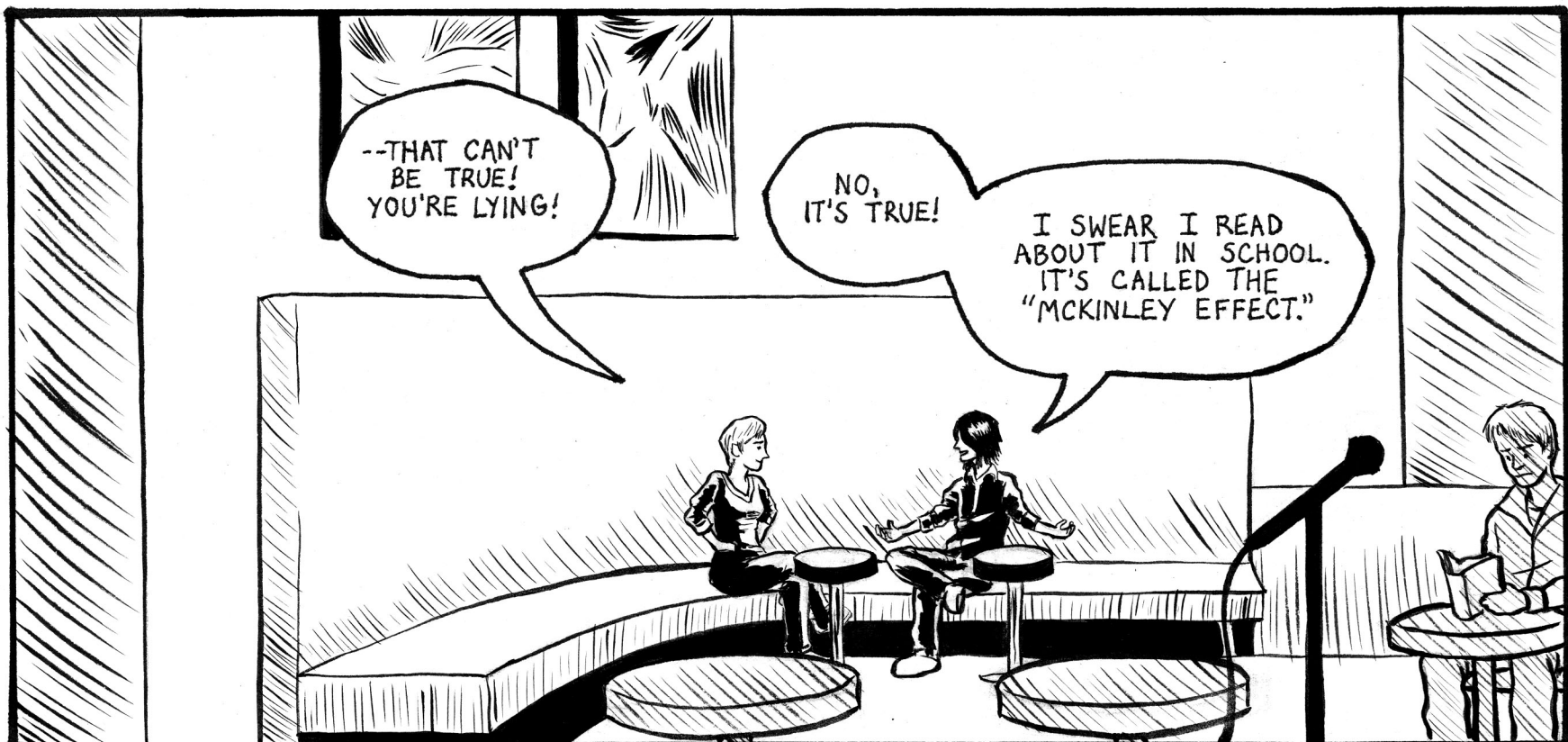






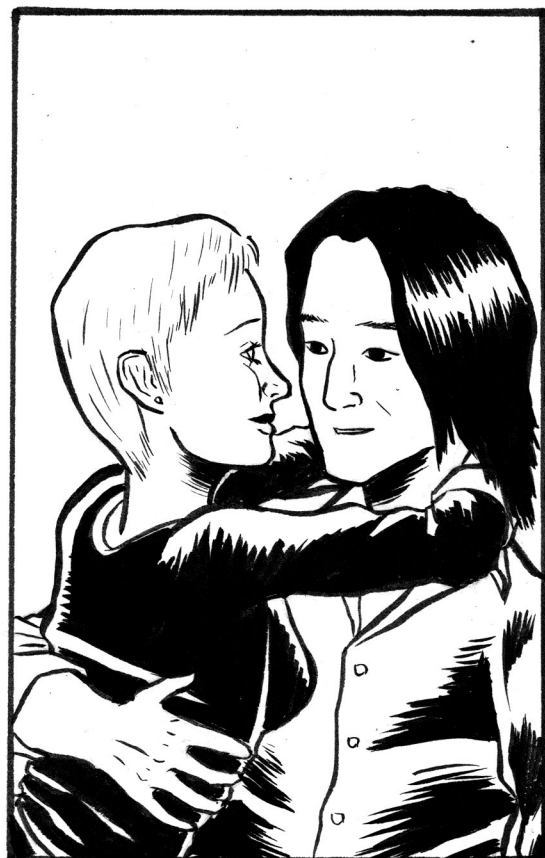














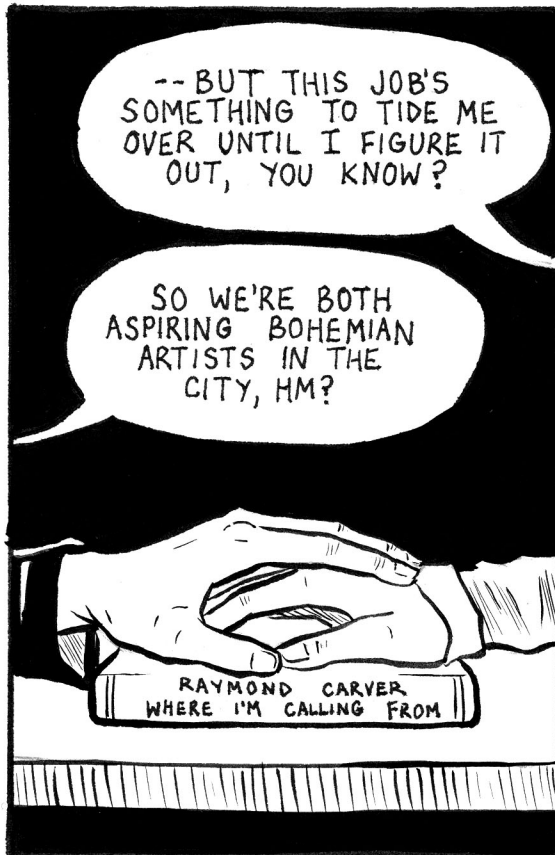
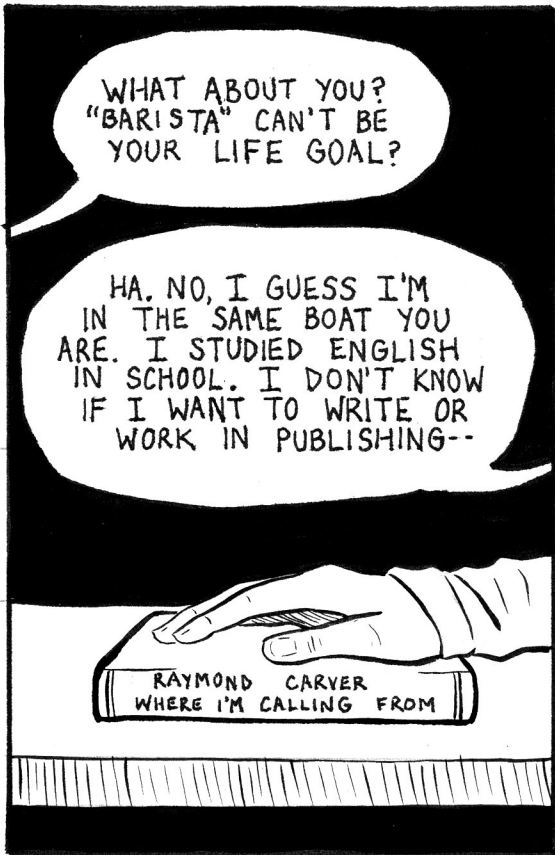


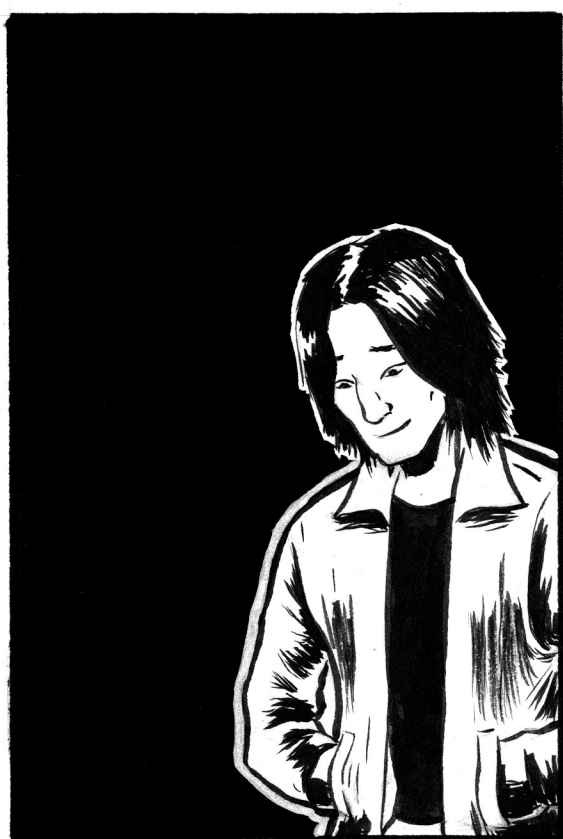
















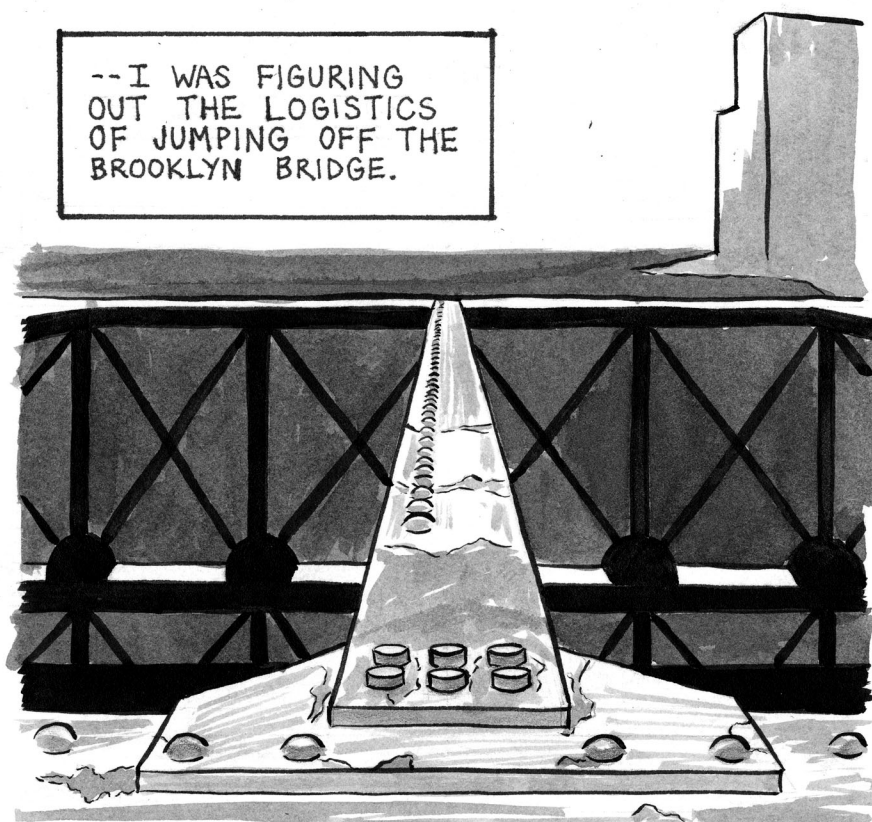


ALL MY FRIENDS ABANDONED ME  
AFTER MY DAD DIED, AND I  
SPENT THE NEXT YEAR OR TWO  
ALONE. WHEN I FIRST MOVED  
HERE, I WAS SUICIDAL.



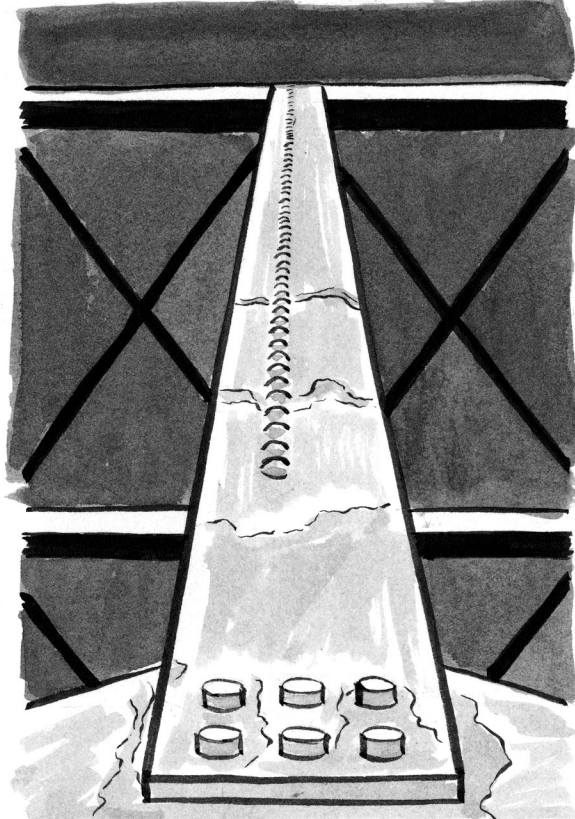
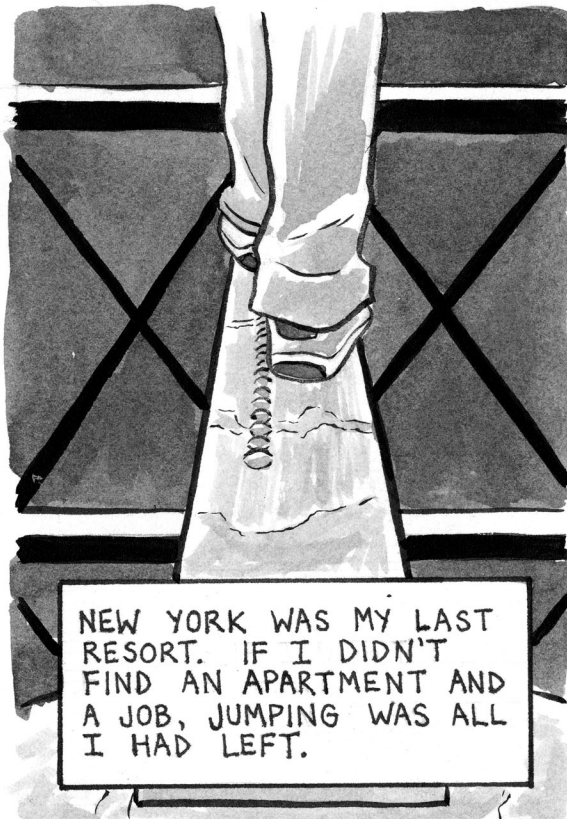
--I WAS FIGURING  
OUT THE LOGISTICS  
OF JUMPING OFF THE  
BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

AND I WASN'T JUST  
VAGUELY CONTEMPLATING  
KILLING MYSELF--



WHEN SHOULD I JUMP?  
WOULD ANYONE STOP  
ME? HOW COULD I  
AVOID WASHING UP  
ONSHORE?

NEW YORK WAS MY LAST  
RESORT. IF I DIDN'T  
FIND AN APARTMENT AND  
A JOB, JUMPING WAS ALL  
I HAD LEFT.



I'M JUST NOW GETTING  
OUT OF MY DEPRESSION.  
I'D LIKE TO HANG OUT WITH  
YOU, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
I COULD GIVE YOU.



I'LL TAKE  
WHATEVER  
YOU CAN GIVE.



HONESTLY,  
I WOULDN'T  
MAKE A GOOD  
GIRLFRIEND.  
I PROBABLY  
TREAT MY  
FRIENDS  
BETTER THAN  
MY BOYFRIEND  
ANYWAY, DAN.

