

Man With the Yellow Hat

by Addison Lindsay

We're all just lonely travelers, searching through a world of unknown to find a sense of Home.

We all make up a beautiful and collectively diverse experience, tears and laughs and pain and joy all seem to find their way into our hearts no matter the path it takes to get there.

We all get to share in whispers of the Divine, we all find our mirrored selves in mutual loves and pleasures, in the shared passing smile that we politely exchange to another, in a spark that ignites from a simple shared interest of a favorite ice cream flavor or movie...perhaps we feel great comfort in knowing we aren't as alone or as different as sometimes we perceive that we are?

You, man over there on the crowded street, wearing a yellow hat and remotely staring off into the distance...aloof and fixated on something that seems to spin the wheels of whatever you are thinking just a little more...is that hat you are wearing a gift from someone you love? Is that coffee you're holding your favorite flavor? Is it one you order often? What did you have for breakfast this morning? What is behind those distant and glossy eyes of yours?

I walk the streets and these intricate and complex human beings are just a short sentence observation that will forever be. The man with the yellow hat. The girl with blonde hair. The guy singing a pretty song off the street. The familiar smile of a stranger as I walk past her without so much as a quick glance.

How beautiful, yet ruthlessly unfair it sometimes is to just be known as a passing thought that holds no context or backstory... just a mere 3-second unconscious judgment that will never be able to tell the true, underlying, hidden story. I may not know you more than the man with the yellow hat, the girl with the blonde hair, the guy singing a pretty song off the street, the familiar smile of a friendly stranger...but you stay with me. We belong together. We are connected by the ground of this same universe, in this same existence out of seven billion people where we somehow had the privilege of connecting over a passing smile or just the simple observation of a yellow hat. May we always look for the essence of our mirrored selves in the miracle of the familiarity of a stranger.