What if you wake up one day to find out you existed in a solitary state? To find out you lived in a cell just big enough to contain all that you know and your world suddenly became limited to the Caramel Macchiato that you sip and the 1,236 songs that live inside the microchip memory housed in your pocket.

The crossword that you concentrate on in the back row of a lecture hall that lacks a single familiar face. The meaningless conversations that occupy the three seconds it takes to walk past someone you used to know at some point in your life.

What can any of us really hope to gain from the other solitary people out there if we never take the time to connect?

Maria Kelton