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The Crowded Room

Kaylee G. Simmons
Butler University

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The Crowded Room

Kaylee G. Simmons

It's nice to sit in the waiting room
For my appointment with Dr. Brown.
To my left, little Susie is playing with the toy train,
Obviously coughing and sneezing all over the place.
And to my right, an elderly man is sitting beside his wife,
Trying to comfort her, as she looks extremely ill.
As I look all around me, there are people everywhere
In this waiting room. Even though it is December,
I am starting to feel extremely hot,
But I ignore it and keep reading my *People* magazine.

Little Susie gets called back by the nurse
As a pregnant woman takes her spot.
As one goes, one comes.
A little boy is running around the waiting room
Looking at the fish in the tank and pretending to be a plane.
The receptionist is arguing about insurance
To a single mom with four kids.
I notice the elderly couple to my right;
The man is no longer comforting her
As they both take their coats off.

Why is it so hot in this waiting room?
Why am I sweating in the middle of December?
They call this idea thermodynamics.
This crowded room obeys
The first and second law.
The first law is that energy cannot be created or destroyed;
It can only be transferred.
The second law is that entropy of the universe
will only increase, never decrease.

Why do I love to think about things that
Are so hard to wrap my head around?
As I sit in my soft, comfy waiting room chair
I watch the little boy acting like an airplane.

Him running around seemingly increasing
And increasing and increasing his body temperature.
The room is getting hotter and hotter as he goes on,
As people continue to come in, as there is more movement...

I have deliberated the heat and
The sweat coming out of my pores,
Like a waterfall rushing downwards.
My body heat is turning into my sweat.
As my sweat is absorbing more and more heat,
It's evaporating from my body, transferring heat
Into the air around me, around the elderly couple,
Around the airplane flying in the room.
And the temperature is rising and rising
And here, in this crowded room,

The elderly couple stand up
And walk with the nurse to their room.
The pregnant woman gets up slowly,
Walks over to her nurse,
And walks to her room.
As I sit here observing, sweating, and contemplating,
I think about that little boy once again.
His shirt sweaty, his hair matted down with wetness,
And I think about this crowded room,
And how much thermodynamics plays a part in both.