

## SIX

*A change in the lighting.*

*The fingers of the left hand, still affixed to the chair, have become slightly more cramped. Otherwise, same as before.*

There was a moment, not long  
 Before the moment of which I am thinking—  
                                   The moment  
 Of which I must always think,  
                                   In which  
 I think, for it stretches  
 Relentlessly into my present—but before that, as I say—  
                                   Not long before—  
                                   There was another  
 Moment, when the music, such as it was,  
                                   Vanished—  
 When all activity there in that station, all the recursive  
                                   Wandering and the endless idle  
                                   Pacing, happened, at once,  
                                   To cease.

As if on cue  
 All four of us, in the same instant,  
                                   Stopped  
                                   Moving and the great  
 Empty hall became hushed and still. I listened  
                                   To this sudden silence as it filled  
                                   With hums  
                                   And buzzings of obscure  
 Mechanical origin—and as I listened I could feel  
                                   Myself getting smaller,  
                                   Shrinking down.

Now as grateful  
 As I was to this stillness for bringing  
                                   To a halt  
 That synesthetic harmonizing which then  
                                   Tormented  
 And now provides me with distracting recollection, the abrupt  
                                   Conclusion of that music was, to my surprise,  
                                   A loss—without  
                                   That maddening

Random melody, I was no longer part  
Of a quartet—  
No longer a vertex of a shifting,  
Twisting  
Sharp-edged tetrahedron—now I was only  
One person  
Alone on a bench, a single  
Unmoving  
Occupant of an equally unmoving  
Point  
In that public space. Like a deactivated  
Genie  
Being sucked into the confinement of its bottle, in the first  
Moments of that moment, my reluctant  
Consciousness  
Squeezed itself back down into  
The unmagic contours  
Of one isolated  
Body.