

## STREETCAPTURE

Where am I ?

I don't know where I am. I only know it's New York but then, it's not.

Either.

It's somewhere she has found.

An intermediary place, where colors and shapes are free to live their eternal, individual cry.

Their lonely call catches you, chips off your mind, overturns you flat on your back. Opens your black heart wide, lights up your windows and whispers the names of forgotten places.

The music of buildings : a flight of pipes, choir organs standing straight up to the sky. Is there any way out of the dense lonely planet filled with silent individuals ?

Shutters, shuttered down, down, right into the pavement. So tight.

Tight mansions of brick in a deafening rhythm.

The meaning is there. Layer upon layer.

Then gentle pillars of wisdom mingle with gray curtains of light.

What do the houses say ?

We are silent, we are fragile sheaths, we glide between life and death, we hover.

New York appears directly to the eye without the bluster and the legend.

New York is alone with you. A heartbeat.

Very big and very small. Like us. Too high and too low. Like us. Full of life and emptiness. Like us.

No Parking. No Parking. No Parking. No Parking.

Please.

Don't park here.

Then up, up to the top of a building, so high, you can't even hear the cars, just see them parked like toys, just feel the green, green tree tops : one last flying image before a suicide.

That is before all surfaces slide into each other, before taxis reflect and bounce on vertical pavements.

People driving away or driving back, bleeding head-lights in the rain, until the town turns into stone lace, a tapestry heaving, piling, fragile in the sun, just before a bomb explodes.

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