

# **THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL**

Volume 4 | 1995

## **Painful Are The Inside Sounds** Peter Wortsman

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

*The Prose Poem: An International Journal* is produced by  
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)  
for the Providence College Digital Commons.  
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

**Peter Wortsman**

PAINFUL ARE THE INSIDE SOUNDS

The fourth wall of the bedroom disappears and I awaken stark naked as if on a stage or in a doll house, with the landlady and my mother (larger than life) commenting and shifting things about. Give me my fourth wall back! I myself, shrunken to toy soldier size, want to cry out but cannot, being made of plastic. The swish of the street. The snoring apartment. No, these are not the real culprits, I realize too late. Nor is it the groan of the refrigerator. Painful are the inside sounds: the thump and thud of heavy machinery being dragged about, the clank of the boiler, the call of the pipes, the cruel absence of love.