PAINFUL ARE THE INSIDE SOUNDS
Peter Wortsman
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.