Fugue - of Other Rooms

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fugue—of other rooms

by thom pigaga

english, soph.

the silent man downstairs is playing his violin tonite
such sad quiet musik, he does not hear
the noise, the cars and people on the outside drown him out
i have paid visits as many as proper
and do not know his name
he never speaks
when the old world is enough
enough to live from/
on occasions i ask him questions
but he only shakes his head and closes his eyes
he does not hear; i have tried to leave at night
there is so much more on the streets outside
sidewalks frosted chocolate and lime
the people dead as insects windows as flowers
they stare at my clothes
these are the quiet hours
alone and dark, is it meant
meant to remain on/
from this, i always return home to my room
the man downstairs still plays, his nights must be so long
from what there seems, this is all
the rest is so forced so hard and here i can cry
lonely in kinship dark web stretched between
he stops for a moment and i ask him to play more
he does not hear;

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