

NO MATTER THE DETAILS

Inside this gray building, the after-effects of hours illuminate a sickly demeanor cultivated in shade as the sun pauses behind a chance form, as I am turning on a swivel chair. Inside or out, we are kept under the sky like a prototype for places departed or inextricable from. The symbolism is personal inside this architecture, all symbols are. Always the same disturbance grows bodies, surrounds us, me. I leave my door open. Set bias aside, turning down a familiar corridor, beige carpet runner well-worn with a given course inside a building between floors. It is incumbent when surrounded by figures in a mood one wishes a curse upon, to conjure an errand to walk away.

Another package has arrived in the lobby. I'm closing the door behind me. Whatever the cause, defer further implications until a coffee-break, a silent moment within a commercial space beside the atrium's abstract sculpture titled for a general or statesman. Invariably whatever the design, inventions hold us in their gaze. You can't forget where you're from. I try to forget I'm barely here myself half-awake to having given up, stationed like a head with good ear placed firmly on pillow, the other attending a vibrating almost overheard, indications merely of conversations going on. I will smoke less, control my temper, smile at the customers. In hindsight it's a practical matter: conversations originate in errors, most commonly theirs, and left unresolved develop into a portable darkness carried in facial structures. No matter the factors the details recall the repetitive stress in recalling anything at all. It is incumbent to remember the increased cost of cigarettes. It will pass, five minutes becomes ten—I wait the length of a summer's storm, a fragment more before the day hooded in fog encroaches

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BRETT FLETCHER LAUER

with analogous feeling. It's possible if a feeling appears just once in a certain light, inside a gray building, we are justified in holding in the same conditions it reappears always the same. It's possible in hindsight it has to end. This day, all feeling, with my head on a pillow adopting the course of the moon: mostly present most of the time distributing seven versions of night with six thousand visible stars and fifty-two cloud types passing like facsimiles.