

City Crossing

by Dorothee Lang

Cars going. Cars coming. Cars whizzing through the night, in endless streams, forming a line of red leading inwards, a line of white leading outwards. On the side of a four lane road, a house with three towers and silver roof, fully alit, shining like an ufo that fell from the sky. The door, wide open. But no one there, at the door, in the rooms behind the countless windows. A life size still life.

In town, mazes of metal, of stone. Two yellow buses crossing on a bridge, in the very moment the traffic light underneath them turns green. Three trees on the left side, remnants of the time before asphalt. Prisoners of the city, they are. There is no way out for them, not to the left, not to the right. So they stand. Reaching for the sky with their black arms.

At the train station, a sign saying Agra. As if it was close. As if it wasn't two continents away. Between a media maxistore and a company called clockhouse: a plastic half moon, dangling in the air, accompanied by pink and green stars.

At a crossing, a woman in a long white coat. On the other side of the street, a guy in an orange jacket. Maybe their eyes will meet, for a moment, while they cross to the other side. Maybe we all met, somewhere, in between streets.

