

Monitor

by stephen hastings-king

In the darkness I lay waiting for the day to dissipate then I follow the footfalls that follow: night after night the insomnia of another & it's night after night pacing around the edges of another room.

During the day I talk about footfalls. My colleagues follow my following. But I was never satisfied with my descriptions. The followings were not the same. So I began to make recordings and learned the slight delay that separates two rhythms foot-falling through the ceiling.

Mornings wake me sitting at a table and fill my hearing with electricity.

Sometimes my monitoring becomes remembering.

In a different next door was an amorphous boy who was every day locked in. All day he sang softly to himself the same little phrase and scratched with his nails at the wall.

Every morning through the keyhole I watched a man leave the apartment. He walked up the hallway tossing a doorknob into the air and catching it, into the air catching it. As he opened the front door he put the doorknob into the pocket of his trench coat. He stepped out into the sun and disappeared into the street.

Then came the singing and the digging through the wall.

