

Taj (0:14)
December 5, 2020

Taj (0:21)

At a small cast iron table, on a small cast iron chair, neither of which seem made for American girth or bodies over 40, you hold the folded paper in one hand and the croissant flakes in the other. The street walks past you in industrial variation, smelling of perfume and motor oil. There is no wider world, there is only this view and the light. The music is in your head and the vehicles, the passersby, the shouts and the honking, dance in a grand, physical imitation of a Stockhausen composition, pixelated in time according to an unknowable structure that does not rule the world, but plays with it, as mere description.